

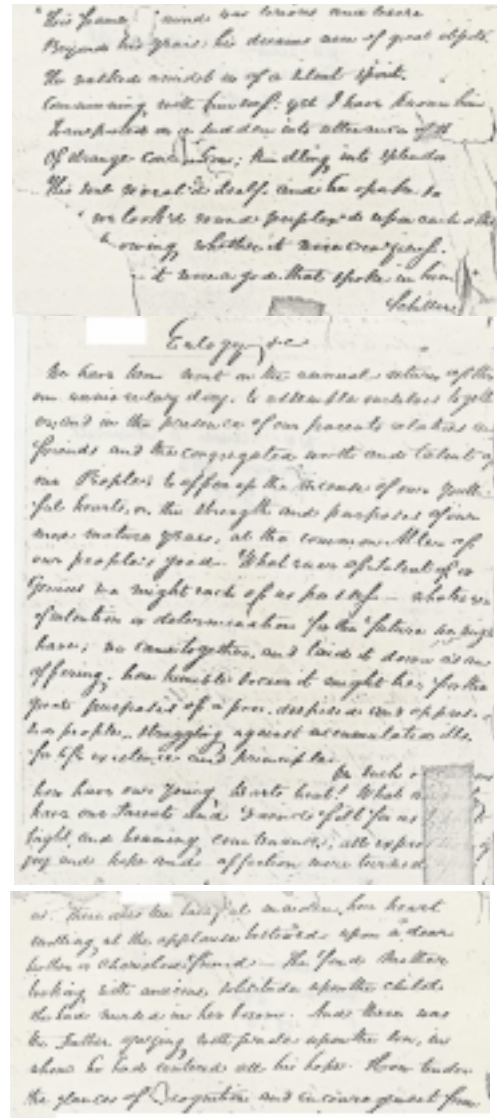
“His [frame] [of] mind was serious and severe
 Beyond his years: his dreams were of great objects.
 He walked amidst us of a [silent] spirit.
 Communing with himself: yet I have known him
 Transported on a sudden into utterance [of st]
 Of strange [conceptions]; kindling into splendor.
 His soul reveal’d itself, and he spake so
 [...] we look’d round perplex’d upon each other
 [not] knowing whether it were [craziness].
 [...] it were a god that spoke in him.”

Schiller

Eulogy—&c

We have been [wont] on the annual return of this
 our anniversary day, to assemble ourselves together;
 and in the presence of our parents relatives and
 friends and the congregated [worth] and talent of
 our People; to offer up the incense of our Youth=
 ful hearts, or, the strength and purposes of our
 more mature years, at the common Alter of
 our people’s good. What ever of talent [of] or
 Genius we might each of us possess—whatever
 of intention or determination [for] the future we might
 have; we came together, and laid it down as an
 offering, how humble so ever it might be, for the
 great purposes of a poor, despised and oppres=
 sed people, struggling against accumulated ills,
 for life existence and principle.

On such occasions
 how have our young hearts beat! What anxiety
 have our Parents and Friends felt for us[!] What
 bright and beaming countenances, all expressive of
 joy and hope and affection were turned [upon]
 us. There was the bashful maiden, her heart
 swelling at the applause bestowed upon a dear
 brother or cherished friend—The fond mother
 looking with anxious solicitude upon the child
 she had nursed in her bosom. And there was
 the father gazing with pride upon the son, in
 whom he had centered all his hope. How tender
 the glances of [re]cognition and encouragement from



each and all, falling upon the youth of love and promise.—Indeed but a few of the best and purest and noblest sentiments of the heart; but what were called forth by the recurrence of these our annual meetings.

But a great change has come over the complexion of this occasion Our sky, always bright with the exception of a few gloomy scattering spots—now hangs heavy with dark and mournful clouds. Our Anniversary is turn[ed] into an occasion of sorrow! Our Annual Festival, divested of its accustomed appearances of intellectual rejoicing, is accompanied with the weeds of mourning! We have assembled beneath the concave of the weeping skies to express a hearty regard for Truth Talent and Character as [manifested] as developed in one of humanity's noblest forms. We have met to pay a tribute of respect to departed worth and greatness. In the exercise of a natural sentiment have we collected together, to express a natural veneration for ability as lately developed among us.

The love we have for the manifestation of power is not the offspring of either instinct or passion; but one of the plainest and spontaneous exercises of Reason.

It is an universal and native sentiment; and thus attests divine origin. The various objects of the grand and stupendous;—the boundless extent of the firmament, the hoary headed mountains, the broad Ocean: the powerful operations of nature; the impetuosity of the mountain torrent, the fierce conflict of contending winds and waves, and the deep thunder of the mighty Cataract leaping from its

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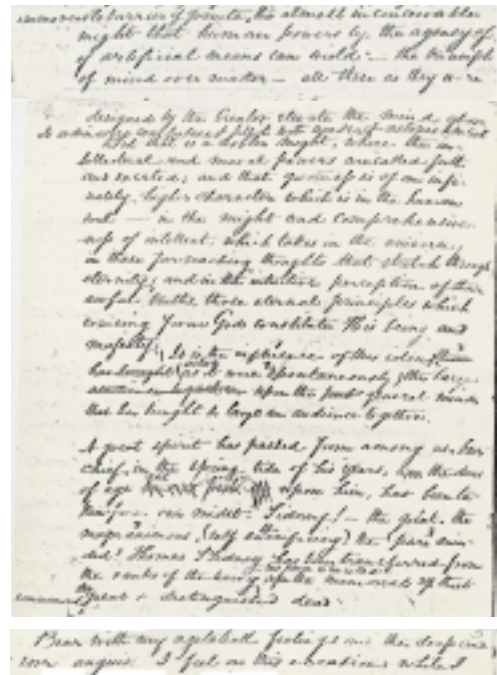
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immoveable barrier of granite, the almost inconceivable might that human powers by the agency of of artificial means can wield:—the triumph of mind over matter—all these as they were designed by the Creator elevate the mind above its ordinary composure & fill it with wonder & astonishment

But that is a nobler might, where the intellectual and moral powers are called forth and exerted; and that greatness is of an infinitely higher character which is in the human Soul—in the might and comprehensiveness of intellect, which takes in the universe; in those far-reaching thoughts that stretch through eternity; and in the intuitive perception of those awful truths, those eternal principles which coming from God constitute His being and majesty.



(It is the influence of this idea) ² ~~that~~ ^{has brought} (acting as it were spontaneously) this large ~~[audience together]~~ upon the ^{pub} general mind, that has brought so large an audience together. A great spirit has passed from among us. Our chief, in the spring tide of his years, ~~[ere]~~ the dews of age yet ~~[reassured]~~ fresh ¹ ~~[dy]~~ upon him, has been taken from our midst. Sidney!—the great, the

² magnanimous, (self sacrificing) ⁴ the (pure mind=³ ed) Thomas S. Sidney has been transferred from

— his [name] is enrolled the ranks of the living; upon the memorials ~~[of]~~ that commemorate the great & distinguished dead

Bear with my agitated feelings and the deep and lose anguish I feel on this occasion: while I

attempt a feeble deliniation of a character, which, by its singular blending of great [and] peculiar traits and talents: baffles all successful description.—

Here in the midst of us—here where he was gathered unto his [fe-Fat] Sires—was he born. In his im=mediate ancestry he was greatly blessed. His Fa=ther was Thomas York Sidney, much distinguished in the counsels of his brethren, and who manifest=ed no little interest in the welfare of the People. His mother was the daughter of the late Thomas Sipkins, a man who [by] his worth and industry contributed much to the respectability of our peo=ple in this city.

From childhood our Friend gave marks of Talent and Wisdom. In his infantile days he was thoughtful and observing. As he emer=ged from childhood into youth, these propensi=ties more fully developed themselves. His aim and object at all times, was to gain information treasure up thought and study character. So greatly was this last trait developed in him, that, as he has frequently told me, being brought in connection with individuals while with his Grand Father in bus=iness, he then formed opinions of the character of various personages, which subsequent [kno] ac=quaintance and observation fully established and confirmed.

His youth augured his manly strength and vigor of mind and purity of conduct. Free open and generous in [a] his [as] deportment; strong and decisive in his opinions, fixed and unalter=able in his determinations; he was the object both of strong regard and respect on the part of his school mates, and of marked dislike on that of an unprincipled School Master.

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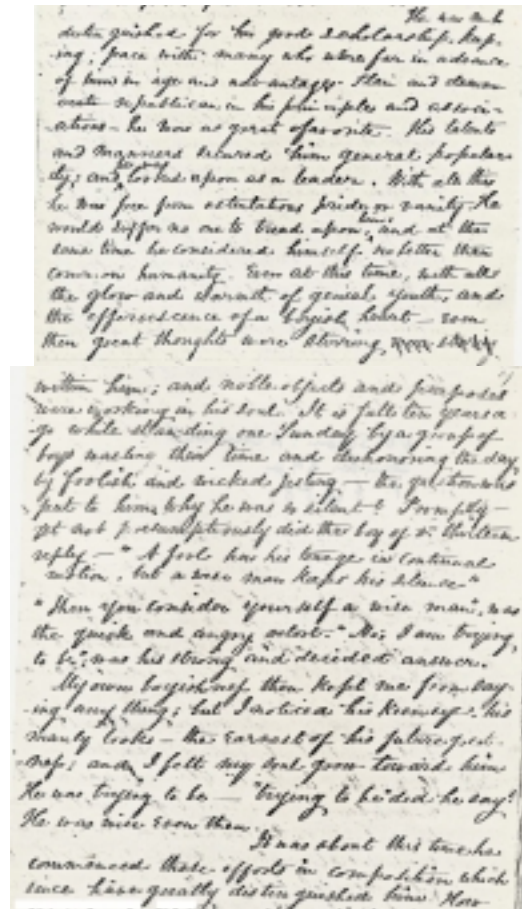
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He was [much] distinguished for his good scholarship, keeping pace with many who were far in advance of him in age and advantages. Plain and [democratic] republican in his principles and associations—he was a great favorite. His talents and manners secured him general popularity; and he was looked upon as a leader. With all this he was free from ostentatious pride or vanity. He would suffer no one to tread upon him; and at the same time he considered himself no better than common humanity. Even at this time, with all the glow and warmth of genial youth, and the effervescence of a boyish heart—even then great thoughts were stirring [were stirring] within him; and noble objects and purposes were working in his soul. It is full ten years ago while standing one Sunday by a group of boys wasting their time and dishonoring the day by foolish and wicked jesting—the question was put to him why he was so silent? Promptly—yet not presumptuously did the boy of [4] thirteen Reply—“A fool has his tongue in continual motion, but a wise man keeps his silence” “Then you consider yourself a wise man,” was the quick and angry retort. “No; I am trying to be,” was his strong and decided answer.

My own boyishness then kept me from saying any thing; but I noticed his keen eye, his manly looks—the earnest of his future greatness; and I felt my soul grow toward him. He was trying to be—“trying to be” did he say? He was wise even then.

It was about this time he commenced those efforts in composition which since have greatly distinguished him. How



often has he told me of the delight he felt the
2 first time he [~~became~~] conscious of a thought
1 the fruit of his own reflection—[became aware
of his own originality of mind.

The first efforts of his youthful mind were de=
voted to the degraded condition of his People.
Not only did he thus give expression to his thoughts
in Prose, but his muse strung the harp to mourn=
ful strains over the oppressions and woes of his
down=trodden brethren. His poetical com=
positions were of no mean worth. Had [~~they~~
~~been~~] this Talent been cultivated and brought to
maturity; it would have secured him fame;
and reflected honor upon the intellectual char=
acter of his People. But his soul was now given
to thought and effort of a more severe cast and
graver character.

It was in the year 1831 that
he began to look round, and stir himself.
He was then in his 14 year. It was at that pe=
riod when the passions begin to assert unwon=
ted control, on the one hand; and on the other, the
great purposes of existences, begun gradually to un=
fold themselves to youthful observation.

With hardly a pause for choice and reflec=
tion, he pursued the road of Public Service and
Patriotism.

With him it was not a matter that
required much consideration. He had few, if
any struggles [~~b~~] with bad inclinations and seduc[=]
tive influences. It was the spontaneous bias of
a great [mind.] “Whatever of Talent or Thought or
possession I have” has he often told me, “they are
not mine – they are devoted to the cause of the
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not live over twenty two. While I live I must throw my whole weight of influence in the scale of Truth." And thus he did. [With such views] [In] With the expression of such views was his boyish conversation occupied. In the Miltonic language in which his soul delighted—

"all his mind was set
 serious to learn and know and thence to do
 What might be public good; himself thought he
 Born to that end, born to promote all truth
 And righteous things.

To gaze with scorn
 upon earth's pageantry and power; to despise
 the enfeebling luxuries and [vain] amusements
 of the many, and to turn with unmingled disgust from vice and profligacy required no effort in him. There was no congeniality between such things and himself.

At this early
 age upon his suggestion a few of us met every
 day after school hours and debated various
 questions upon the rights of man and the liberties of our People. Here while in intellectual combat, we became more aware of that strength of thought, and that winning and powerful eloquence, which, while it dealt destruction to the shallow hindrances of Errors, completely unfolded Truth, and carried the mind along to gentle acquiescence in [to] its high commands.

During the Winter of the ensuing year 3 or 4 lads, might have been seen every Saturday evening bending their course to the hall of the Philomathean Soc in Duane St. It was a cold Winter that. The fierce winds often drove the drifted snow against us, and dashed

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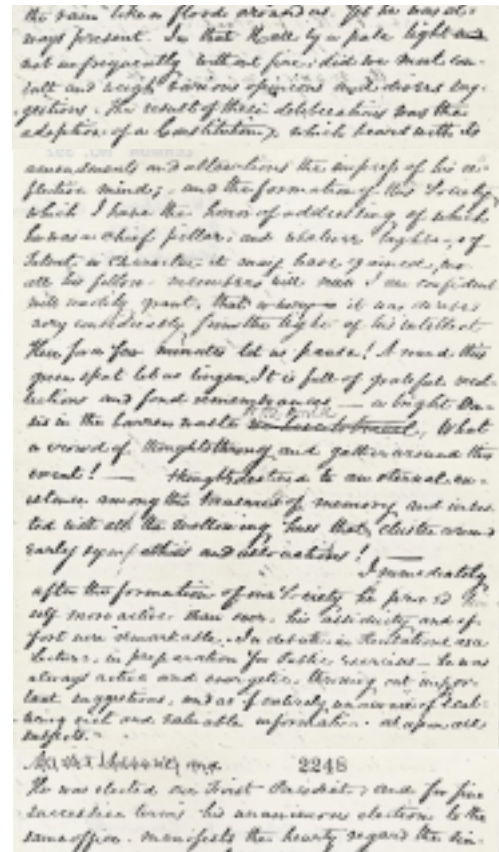
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the rain like a flood around us. Yet he was al=ways present. In that Hall by a pale light [~~and~~] not unfrequently without fire; did we meet con=sult and weigh various opinions and divers sug=gestions. The result of these deliberations was the adoption of a Constitution, which bears with its amendments and alterations the [impress] of his re=flective mind; – and the formation of this Society which I have the honor of addressing of which he was a chief pillar, and whatever [brightness] of Talent or Character it may have gained, [~~we~~] all his fellow=members will [~~read~~] I am confident will readily grant, that [~~as very as~~] it was derived very considerably from the light of his intellect Here for a few minutes let us pause! Around this green spot let us linger. It is full of grateful recol=lections and fond remembrances – a bright Oa=sis in the barren waste of the world [~~we have to travel,~~] What a crowd of thoughts throng and gather around this event!—thoughts destined to an eternal ex=istence among the treasures of memory and inves=ted with all the mellowing hues that cluster around early sympathies and associations!—

Immediately after the formation of our Society he proved him=self more active than ever. his assiduity and ef=fort were remarkable. In debate, in Recitations, as a Lecturer, in preparation for Public Exercises—he was always active and energetic, throwing out impor=tant suggestions, and as if entirely unaware of it, scat=tering rich and valuable information [~~at~~] upon all subjects.

[~~At the Annual and~~]

He was elected our First President; and for five successive terms his unanimous election to the same office manifests the hearty regard the sin=



cere respect and the brotherly affection we all en-
 tertained for him.

At the Annual and Semi-An-
 nual meetings he always had something fresh
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 on such occasions we may say and not in the
 least disparage others – were the chief points of
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Anniversaries
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His efforts and exertions
 at this time, his increasing acquaintance with
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2 vantage of the Oppressor by means of [Science

1 and [Literature, impressed him with a [lance]
 of deficiency; and determined him to seek
 some means of improving those talents his Ma=
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[In] the Spring of 1835, a school under the super=
 intendence of some distinguished friends of man
 in New England was opened at Canaan New
 Hampshire for the instruction of youth aside from ar=

[in this city]
 bitrary distinctions. A few of us with like views and
 feelings, gladly welcomed the offer, and anxiously
 set about appropriating its advantages to ourselves

Sidney was then in the strength of his
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Institution
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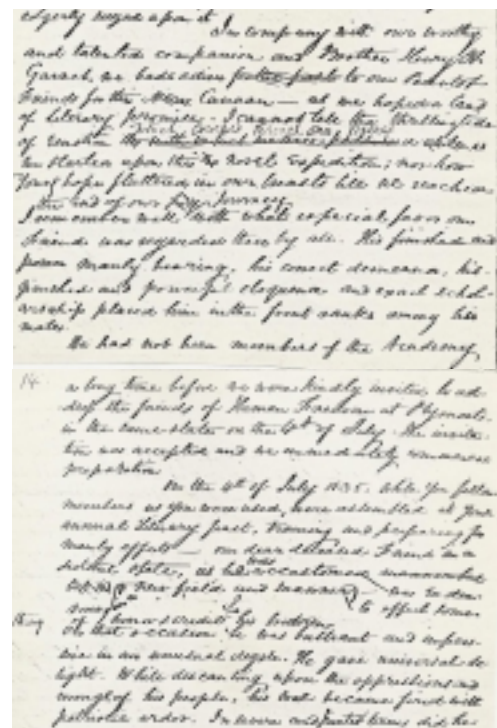
In company with our worthy and talented companion and Brother Henry H. Garnet, we bade adieu [~~for the first~~] to our Parents & Friends for this [~~New~~] Canaan—as we hoped a land of literary promise. I cannot tell the thrilling tide

which coursed through our frames of emotion [~~the with which we were possessed while~~] as we started upon this [~~ex~~] novel expedition; nor how young hope fluttered in our breasts till we reached the end of our [~~long~~] journey I remember well with what especial favor our Friend was regarded there by all. His [~~finished and power~~] manly bearing, his correct demeanor, his finished and powerful eloquence and exact scholarship placed him in the front ranks among his mates.

We had not been members of the Academy a long time before we were kindly invited to address the friends of Human Freedom at Plymouth in the same state on the 4th of July. The invitation was accepted and we immediately commenced preparation

On the 4th of July 1835, while you fellow= members as you were used, were assembled at your annual Literary feast, training and preparing for manly efforts – our dear deceased Friend in a

was distant state, as he accostomed [~~manner but but in &~~] was endeavoring in a new field and manner to effect something of honor & credit for his brethren. On that occasion he was brilliant and impressive in an unusual degree. He gave universal delight. While descanting upon the oppressions and wrongs of this people, his soul became fired with patriotic ardor. In severe and pointed terms did he



dissect [~~upon~~] the hypocrisy of American Christianity and Republicanism. As he progressed warmly and Eloquentlly dide he vindicate the character of his Brethren.

Winning graceful and felicitous in his style and manner: he stole upon the feelings of his hearers and carried them along with him.

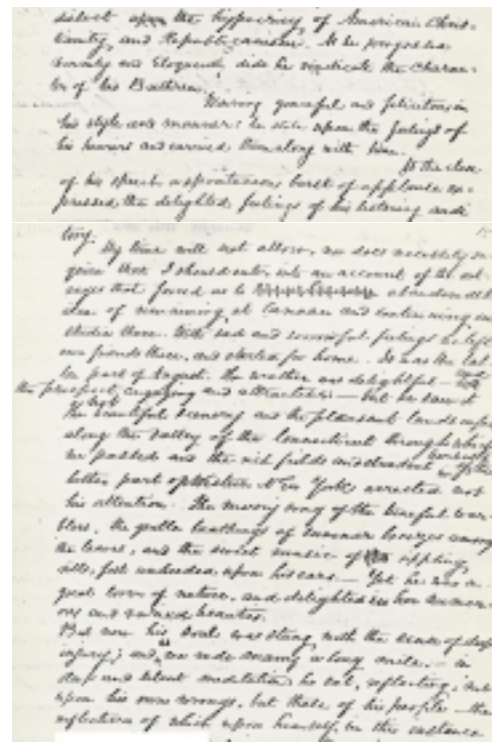
At the close of his speech a spontaneous burst of applause expressed the delighted feelings of his listening auditory.

My time will not allow, nor does necessity require that I should enter into an account of the outrages that forced us to [~~leave Canaan~~] abandon all idea of remaining at Canaan and continuing our studies there. With sad and sorrowful feelings we left our friends there, and started for home. It was the latter part of August. The weather was delightful—and [~~but~~] the prospect engaging and attractive:—but he saw it not

The beautiful scenery and the pleasant landscapes along the valley of the Connecticut through which

[harvests] we passed and the rich fields and abundant [~~of~~] in the hither part of Western New York arrested not his attention. The merry song of the tuneful warblers, the gentle breathings of summer breezes among the leaves, and the sweet music of [~~the~~] rippling, [rills,] fell unheeded upon his ears.—Yet he was a great lover of nature, and delighted in her numerous and varied beauties.

But now his soul was stung with the sense of deep injury; and as we rode many a long mile;—in deep and silent meditation he sat, reflecting, not upon his own wrongs, but those of his people—the infliction of which upon himself in this instance



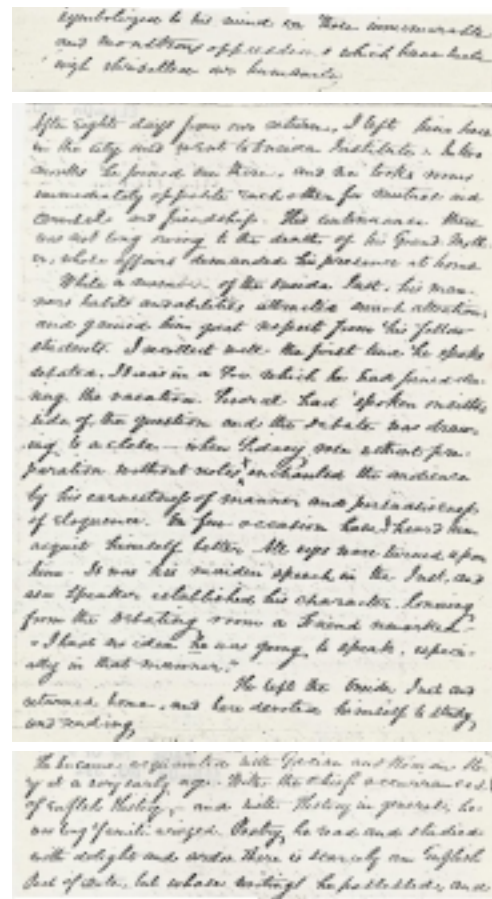
symbolized to his mind [the] those innumerable and monstrous oppressions which have [well] nigh shrivelled our humanity.

After eight days from our return, I left him here in the city and went to Oneida Institute. In two months he joined me there, and we took rooms immediately opposite each other for mutual aid counsel and friendship. His continuance there was not long owing to the death of his Grand Mother, whose affairs demanded his presence at home.

While a member of the Oneida Inst. His manners habits and abilities attracted much attention; and gained him great respect from his fellow students. I recollect well the first time he [spoke] debated. It was in a Soc. which he had joined during the vacation. Several had spoken on either side of the question and the debate was drawing to a close – when Sidney rose without preparation without notes [x] enchanted the audience by his earnestness of manner and persuasiveness of eloquence. On few occasion have I heard him acquit himself better. All eyes were turned upon him. It was his maiden speech in the Inst. and as a Speaker established his character. Coming from the Debating room a Friend remarked—
 “I had no idea he was going to speak, especially in that manner.”

He left the Oneida Inst and returned home, and here devoted himself to study and reading

He became acquainted with Grecian and Roman Story at a very early age. With the chief occurrences of English History – and with History in general, he was long familiarized. Poetry he read and studied with delight and ardor. There is scarcely an English poet of note, but whose writings he possessed, and



whose chief and choice passages he had committed to memory. Especially was this the case with Shakspeare and Milton and Coleridge and Wordsworth

His attainments in Science were by no means inconsiderable. In the Latin Greek and Helsein languages he had made much proficiency; and he commenced not long since the study of German and French in such a manner, as promised before long with the blessing of good health, large results

– But it was in metaphysical investigation he chiefly delighted. In one so young, who had spent but eighteen months in schools of a high character, and who was almost entirely his own Teacher in the higher branches: an intimate acquaintance with the minutia of speculative science could not be expected. There are hidden recesses where the eye of philosophy has never pierced; there are depths and [recesses] profundities which have never been fathomed; and there is a shoreless ocean of divine Truth whose borders the vessel of the hardy navigator in thought has never passed and whose virgin waves her keel has never parted. Much less then from our Friend could a great deal be anticipated.

He had studied the leading writers in the two great schools of Philosophy—the Sensual and Spiritual. Before his 16th year he had read and paid much attention to Locke; and as he grew older he devoted much time to mental science. It was not a mere fondness for abstruse theorizing and abstractions, an inclination to catch at shades and split hairs;— which disposed him thus. By no means. He thought the effects of Metaphysical Study, were to open and expand the mind—to develop powers of whose existence we were hardly conscious—by severe exercise to impart acuteness [to the] and perspicuity to the

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perceptive faculties—to give insight into our own spir-
 itual consciousness, that we might admire the
 mysterious frame work of our own being, and stand
 in wonder and admiration before the inconceivable
 greatness and majesty of the eternal mind. It
 was this that made him prefer the Spiritual Philos-
 ophy. — In his own words once addressed to me “I pre-
 fer the Spiritual Philosophy because it increa=
 — ses our regard and reverence
 for human nature as the image of God and makes
 us love God himself more.” On this account did
 he ardently pursue the Study of Int. Phil. The
 Human to him was a grand object, and any thing
 that could [give] it strength, vigor and might and
 [reveal] its hidden powers, he eagerly availed him=
 self of it.

Beside his own mental activity inclined
 him to this study. He lived in thought and great
 Truths emanated from him continuous and glittering
 as “sparks from a Blacksmith’s forge” Nor was
 it mere abstract – speculative thought. It was
 practical in the highest degree. The Laws & Truths
 were Principles he was continually revolving in his
 mind; he transformed into effective instruments
 the active Agents of [Truth] Right and [Holness].
 Though death snatched him from us in his Youth
 yet while he lived he did the work of a strong
 man. Many a mind has he made conscious of
 latent power and breathed into it with life giving
 influences the love of Truth. The seed broad=cast
 among his youthful companions, has already
 put forth. Great and abundant will be the har=
 vest.

Though he numbered but few years—yet he lived
 His was a long life. He did not lessen the length

perceptive faculties—to give insight into our own spir-
 itual consciousness, that we might admire the
 mysterious frame work of our own being, and stand
 in wonder and admiration before the inconceivable
 greatness and majesty of the eternal mind. It
 was this that made him prefer the Spiritual Philos-
 ophy. — In his own words once addressed to me “I pre-
 fer the Spiritual Philosophy because it increa=
 — ses our regard and reverence

for human nature as the image of God and makes
 us love God himself more.” On this account did
 he ardently pursue the Study of Int. Phil. The
 Human to him was a grand object, and any thing
 that could [give] it strength, vigor and might and
 [reveal] its hidden powers, he eagerly availed him=
 self of it. Beside his own mental activity inclined
 him to this study. He lived in thought and great
 Truths emanated from him continuous and glittering
 as “sparks from a Blacksmith’s forge” Nor was
 it mere abstract – speculative thought. It was
 practical in the highest degree. The Laws & Truths
 were Principles he was continually revolving in his
 mind; he transformed into effective instruments
 the active Agents of [Truth] Right and [Holness].
 Though death snatched him from us in his Youth
 yet while he lived he did the work of a strong
 man. Many a mind has he made conscious of
 latent power and breathed into it with life giving
 influences the love of Truth. The seed broad=cast
 among his youthful companions, has already
 put forth. Great and abundant will be the har=
 vest.

Though he numbered but few years—yet he lived
 His was a long life. He did not lessen the length

of his days by idleness and folly; but added to them by constant intellectual exercise His was life – life in its highest exercise; bursting forth with the alacrity of fire and burning clear steady and continually with godlike strength and brilliancy. It was life with but few of those clogs and infirmities generally associated with human existence. There was Principle working with resistless energy in his soul and inciting him to the [f] maintenance of Righteous Duty “Stern daughter of the voice of God” was his constant attendant through all life’s circuitous ways

As a Scholar he was astonishingly industrious He was always gathering and treasuring up something valuable – Ever reviewing his old [books] and buying new ones for perusal—[w]herever he might be matching the movements of his mind and noting in his Common=place book (which he always carried with him), whatever thoughts were suggested to his mind. He gave himself up to unceasing thought and continual investigation. After rising in the morning, long after his breakfast hour have I known him to remain in the bed room undressed, reading and thinking and noting; and many an hour has he devoted to study, that he should have given to sleep

His whole life was one continual round of activity – assiduous and untiring. [~~The~~] Inclination to ease could not get the better of [h] him and disposition to idleness – was kept far from him

The tongue will blister with its own mendacity, that ever charged him with indolence!

[see page 20th – “though he numbered &c”]

You all know that he had devoted himself to

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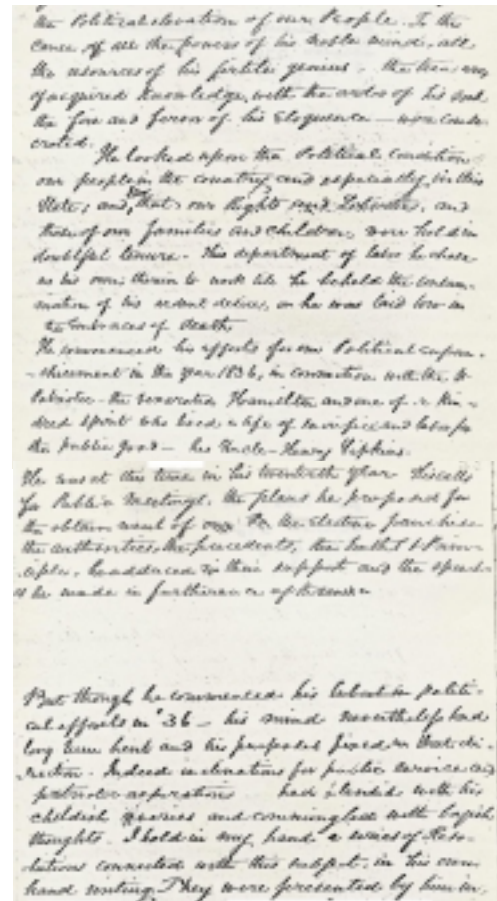
You all know that he had devoted himself to

the Political elevation of our People. To the cause [of] all the powers of his noble mind, all the resources of his fertile genius—the treasures of acquired knowledge with the [ardor] of his soul the fire and fervor of his eloquence—were conse=

crated.
 He looked upon the Political condition of our people in the country and especially in this State; and saw that our Rights and Liberties and those of our families and children were held in doubtful tenure. This department of labor he chose as his own; therein to work till he beheld the consummation of his ardent desires, or he was laid low in the embraces of death.

He commenced his efforts for our Political enfran= chisement in the year 1836, in connection with the [se] Patriotic—the venerated Hamilton and one of [a] kin= dred spirit who lived a life of sacrifice and labor for the public good—his Uncle—Henry Sipkins.

He was at that time in his twentieth year His calls for Public Meetings, the plans he proposed for the obtainment of [our] [Pe] the elective franchise the authorities, the precedents, the Truth & Prin= ciples, he adduced in their support and the speech= es he made in furtherance of the [essu[+]]e



But though he commenced his [labor in] politi= cal efforts in '36—his mind nevertheless had long been bent and his purposes fixed in that di= rection. Indeed inclinations for public service and patriotic aspirations had blended with his childish reveries and commingled with boyish thoughts. I hold in my hand a series of Reso= lutions connected with this subject in his own hand writing. They were presented by him in

his 17th Year, and adopted by the Phoenix-
 nian Society the 4th of July 1834, and trans=
 mitted to me in the form of a note while Sec=
 retary

Young Men of New York!—the
 hope and stay of the People, hearken to the
 strong language, the sage reflection, the
 manly counsel of our late com=patriot & Friend!

[Resolutions]

I said that he had devoted his mind and
 talents to the political elevation of our peo=
 ple. The dedication in this matter was un=
 reserved and entire—embracing all that he
 had and all that he was.

He lies in the cold
 grave and the voice of praise, and the re=
 lation of his sincerity can neither reach nor
 offend. And now fellow citizens listen to
 the settled design and strong determination
 of this great man.

A few days before I left
 the city, we were talking together about the
 theme that ever occupied his mind—Our
 People”, when he made the following obser=
 vation —“I tell you confidently and you will
 not mention it, what my intentions are as far as
 it respects our political enfranchisement
 From the property that has been left me,’ he remarked
 I derive all the benefits—Rents &c—but it will not
 be entirely mine until I reach my 25th year
 I think strictly speaking I have no right to vote
 I have been to my physician who says I am una=
 ble to stand any great exposure or strong ex=
 citement at this time. I believe the Law that de=
 prives us of the right of voting, while we pay taxes
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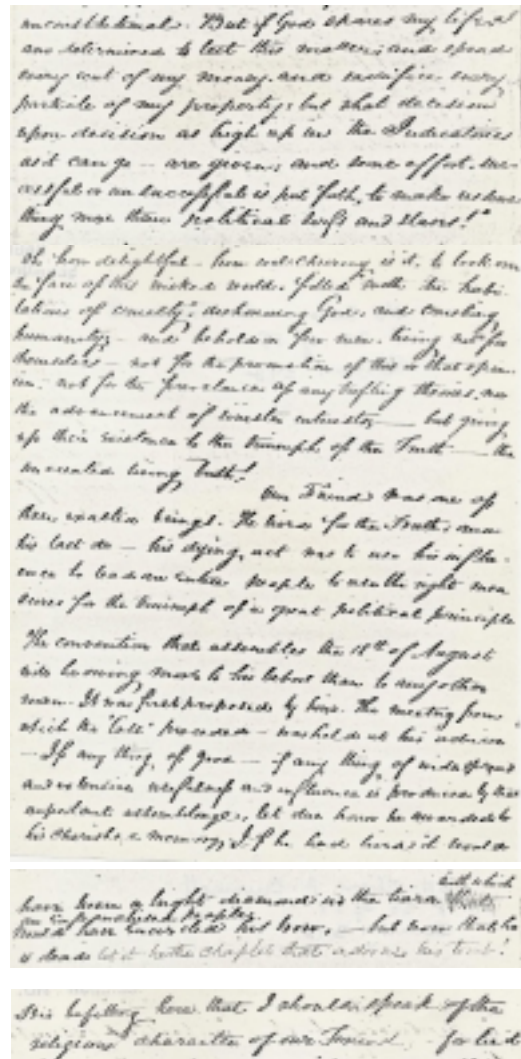
citement at this time. I believe the Law that de=
 prives us of the right of voting, while we pay taxes
 and help support the burdens of the State—to be

unconstitutional. But if God spares my life, I am determined to test this matter; and spend every cent of my money and sacrifice every particle of my property; but what decision upon decision as high up in the Judicatories as it can go—are given; and some effort, successful or unsuccessful is put forth, to make us something more than political serfs and slaves!"

Oh how delightful—how soul-cheering is it, to look over the face of this wicked world, filled with the habitations of cruelty," dishonoring God, and crushing humanity;—and behold a few men living not for themselves—not for the promotion of this or that opinion, not for the prevalence of any trifling theories, nor the advancement of sinister interests—but giving up their existence to the triumph of the Truth—the uncreated living Truth!

Our Friend was one of these exalted beings. He lived for the Truth, and his last [de]—his dying act was to use his influence to lead an entire people to use the right measures for the triumph of a great political principle

The convention that assembles the 18th of August will be owing more to his labors than to any other man. It was first proposed by him. The meeting from which the 'Call' proceeded—was held at his advice—If any thing of good—if any thing of wide spread and extensive usefulness and influence is produced by that important assemblage, let due honor be awarded to his cherished memory. If he had lived it would have been a bright diamond in the tiara [that] with which an enfranchised people would have encircled his brow;—but now that he is dead let it be the chaplet that adorns his tomb! It is befitting here that I should speak of the religious character of our Friend—for be it



known to you he was a religious man. He never joined any christian denomination. "He preferred" to use his own language "to be a christian like Milton and his namesake the great [Sidney] a christian after his own manner."

It was in the year 1835 we went to the Oneida Inst. Though not entirely indifferent to the claims of God our Father upon us, we were nevertheless in a state of sinful rebellion—without God and without hope in the world. Our situation was made the subject of special prayer by faithful men, the exceeding love of God in the Saviour was held up to us, and earnestly and kindly were we entreated for a long while to renounce sin and the world, and become the followers of Christ. These efforts and prayers excited the hearts of natural opposition. Strongly and wickedly for some time were they striven with. I noticed being in continual association with him, the change that came over our Friend. He became remarkably thoughtful and serious

Long—long in the imperishable colors of [re] man will remain the recollection of the evening he knocked at my door, and [comeing in] [and] sat down and [re] with a beaming countenance spoke of the change that had taken place in his feelings, and his determinations for the future. His whole life and habits under went a remarkable transformation. Sabbath after Sabbath in Mid summer did he go 4 miles to [to] Sunday School [and] teaching and explaining the Holy Scriptures and by pointed and pungent remark and eloquent entreaty labor [th] for the best and highest interests of [man] [At] the Inst. I have said we roomed immedi=

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ately opposite each other We were accustomed to rise before day break and aid each other in our lessons; and we had agreed whoever rose first should enter the other's room and awake him. Several times for this purpose I entered his room: but instead of being in bed asleep I found him in the dark, not unfrequently undressed, sometimes the room cold—in deep and fervent prayer!

That singular and original genius Bunyan who has adorned ~~[invested]~~ with all the charms of Poetry and Imagination, the course of the Christian to the Heavenly Jerusalem; represents it as ~~[a]~~ rugged and difficult. ~~[associated with dangers and ————— with enticements.]~~ The Christian in his course like any other traveller is often beset with temptations, his ardor meets with damps and chills, and not unfrequently he relapses.

At one time the ~~[P]~~ Pilgrim is perplexed with inward doubts, at another beset with ~~[temptations]~~ allurements; once he falls into a dangerous slumber and loses an important ~~[roll]~~ and then he is beguiled from the narrow pathway, and becomes entangled in a snare

This is more less descriptive of the experience of all christians: and thus I believe was it with our friend But during the last year he became more serious than usual and gave himself up to meditation and prayer. In his religious views Sidney was deep, strong, and ~~[deep]~~ decided – though silent and peculiar—less in talk than in conduct. Religion with him was a matter of daily practice and continual ~~[presentatures]~~ manifestation

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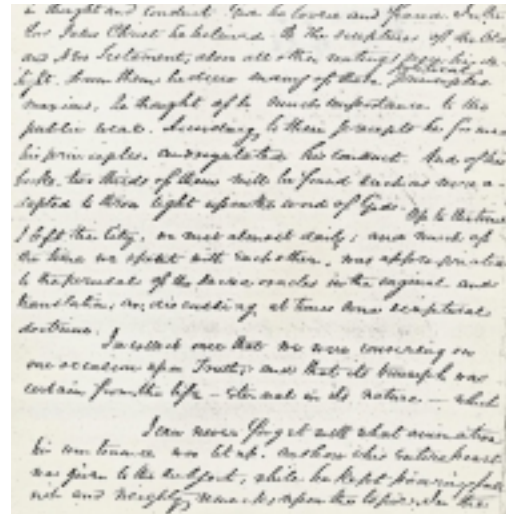
in thought and conduct God he loved and feared. In the Lord Jesus Christ he believed. [Le] The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, above all other writings were his de=
 light. From them he drew many of those [principles] political maxims, he thought of so much importance to the public weal. According to their precepts he formed his principles, and regulated his conduct. And of his books, two thirds of them will be found such as were a=
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Up to the time I left the City, we met almost daily; and much of the time we spent with each other, was appropriated to the perusal of the sacred oracles in the original and translation; or discussing at times some scriptural doctrine.

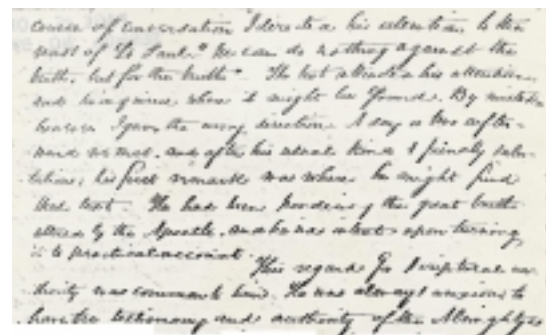
I recollect once that we were conversing on one occasion upon Truth; and that its triumph was certain from the life—eternal in its nature—which

I can never forget with what animation his countenance was lit up, and how his entire heart was given to the subject, while he kept pouring forth rich and weighty remarks upon the topic. In the course of conversation I directed his attention to the words of St. Paul—"he can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth" The text attracted his attention, and he inquired where it might be found. By mistake however I gave the wrong direction. A day or two after=
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in thought and conduct. Upon the love and favour of the Lord Jesus Christ he believed. To the scriptures of the Old and New Testament; above all other writings; they were his de-light. From them he drew many of those [principles] political maxims, he thought of so much importance to the public weal. According to their precepts he formed his principles, and regulated his conduct. And of his books, two thirds of them will be found such as were adapted to throw light upon the word of God. Up to the time I left the City, we met almost daily; and much of the time we spent with each other, was appropriated to the perusal of the sacred oracles in the original and translation; or discussing at times some scriptural doctrine. I recollect once that we were conversing on one occasion upon Truth; and that its triumph was certain from the life—eternal in its nature—which I can never forget with what animation his countenance was lit up, and how his entire heart was given to the subject, while he kept pouring forth rich and weighty remarks upon the topic.



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revealed in his word in favor of any position he might take.

It was about a year since that he and myself were appointed a joint committee in our soc. to present the usual weekly essay. The subject given was the “power of Mind” We had given several illustrations of its power and I was about folding the Essay up as finished—when he reprov- ingly suggested that I had omitted the most important point. He then took the Essay and finished it in the following manner.

The race not unfrequently has been blessed with a superior class of men, whose intense desire has been to be controlled by Principle as the habit of the soul – to go through the world unmindful of the inclinations of sense and passion, with cheerful godliness, submitting to the dictates of Reason working continually for the glory of God and the spiritualization of man. Such a Spirit was our Friend. He loved the Truth for its truthfulness. He could see more beauty in her than in all the gay scenes and [grand] splendid objects of created nature. The Stern mandates—the imperative call of duty was far more musical to him than all the melody of streams and fountains, or the gentle sighing of summer winds. He was decidedly the most conscientious man of my acquaintance. Unlike the most of us, he had [no] few struggles with selfish inclinations with regard to duty. With him the perception of Truth was intuitive; and when he saw where it led there he immediately took his position. It mattered not whether he was accompanied, or whether he stood alone; whether he was assailed in the course, or whether he had to remove hollow-hearted and unprincipled encumbrances from the way—in the path of duty he would go. Alas!

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how often alone. Our Dear Friend would have gone to the Stake or Gibbet rather than yield one jot or little of those eternal truths which constituted his being's might.

Love in him sprung from the deep fountains of his existence and flowed in unison with the soul of universal humanity, and connected him with the heart of God.

And Faith strong vigorous and unswerving, "which looks through death," and fastens itself upon the unseen but living realities of spiritual existence in him was a predominant trait.

It was this latter characteristic—the power of Faith which was of so much importance to him in his public efforts. In his plans and suggestions he not unfrequently met with opposition from those, who from utter inability, could not understand him. To such our Friend was a complete mystery. Truth is always a hidden and unsightly existence to error. It is the most mysterious thing [in existence] possible, to those whose mental vision has been blurred by their habitude to error; and whose [mental vision] moral sensibilities have been blunted by a life of wrong, and [long] unhealthy associations.

There is not task in this universe as difficult [than] as for those to fathom the depths, or comprehend the [the] propositions of great Principles who from childhood to youth or from Youth to age have been devotees of either Vice Expediency or Improbability.

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[...] ments of such, he was the most patient being I ever saw. How often have I heard him at such times, in the most complacent manner, use the words of the French Abbe who was opposed on account of his principles—"I can wait."

"What I have brought forward" he would say "are fundamental principles; and the measures [~~are~~] I have proposed, according to the course of nature will most certainly at some time have to be acceded to." And then perhaps in his pleasant and contented way, he would repeat the sweet & stately language of the great [~~was~~] Wordsworth, which he always quoted with pleasurable emotions [~~given his soul delight~~]. "Like all great principles" he would [~~say~~] continue, "they are—

—"the fountain light of all our day,
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 our noisy years seem moments in the being
 of the eternal silence: truths that wake;
 To perish never;
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What a far insight into the future does a great Truth give us! How luminous,—how full of prophetic spirit is a fundamental principle! The veil that intercepts our vision, they remove, and instantly open upon our straining eyes visions of glory and splendor, and light—eternal light bursts in from without and quarters Hence Sidney after he had suggested a Truth and the measures he thought necessary to effect its consummation — he gave himself no unconcern about it. He has frequently told me it

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was not much matter to him whether he lived to see it accomplished or not "But" in his own emphatic manner he would observe "they will have to come up to it!"—And look at the call for a State convention of our People: which has gone over mountain and Lake and Stream—along the sea borders, to the inland towns and up the rivers; breaking up the deep leth=argy of a long night of slumber, and calling forth a whole people to a mighty [effort] for Freedom

This predominancy of Principle and faith in it, seemed to be the master [pronbiarity] of his character. It was ever present. Entirely unconscious of it, it mingled with [the] his liveliest and gayest Sallies, and his most grave & severe thoughts.—No one could be in his company long without becoming impressed with this idea.—In conversation—and how delightful was he in conversation—it glided along in the various meanderings of its flow [whether] smooth, slow, and brilliant, or, whether as at times it was—quick and impetuous.

In company with him, when all reserve was cast off, when he was free from the depressions of sickness and the friends with whom he sympathized were around him—there to hear him converse, was charming and delightful. He most always had some great point to which all was tending; and to it he would make every thing [tributary];—the spark and liveliness of wit, the kindness of Im=agination, the charms of treasured poetry, and the stores of acquired knowledge. You would find your= self in company with one, who though he numbered but few years; was, I the words of another,* who not long since left us and who was a great man himself

* Or John Brown

was not much matter to him whether he lived to see it accomplished or not "But" in his own emphatic manner he would observe "they will have to come up to it!"—And look at the call for a State convention of our People, which has gone over mountain and Lake and Stream—along the sea borders, to the inland towns and up the rivers; breaking up the deep leth=argy of a long night of slumber, and calling forth a whole people to a mighty [effort] for Freedom

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it was—quick and impetuous. In company with him, when all reserve was cast off, when he was free from the depressions of sickness and the friends with whom he sympathized were around him—there to hear him converse, was charming and delightful. He most always had some great point to which all was tending; and to it he would make every thing tributary;—the spark and liveliness of wit, the kindness of Im=agination, the charms of treasured poetry, and the stores of acquired knowledge. You would find your= self in company with one, who though he numbered but few years; was, I the words of another,* who not long since left us and who was a great man himself

* Or John Brown

—one who was “an old man”: one who had studied and [reflectia] Philosophised upon nearly all profane History; and was familiarly acquainted with Sacred: one who had made extensive acquirements in learning; and whose general knowledge of facts and men was astonishing. For a long time would he delight you with his conversation; and he would carry you along with the rich musical tones of his voice, and you would sympathize with his sympathies, and [condemn] what he disliked, and love what he admired; and thus with a love of truth that amounted to ardor, and sparkling with eloquence, he would hear you “above the stir and smoke of this dim spot men call Earth and reveal to you the light and splendid visions of a more spiritual existence [to you].

How often have I sat; and lost to earthly consciousness, my being blendid in the celestial thoughts and burning words he was giving utterance to, —have imagined that live coals from the “Alter round the throne had been placed upon his lips, while a rich living burning stream of divine truth was being poured forth from his capacious intellect

I think I can hear him now at times:—but it is only memory! But a little while since he was among us—a Brother, yet in much our Teacher and guide. It seems but yesterday. But in the retrospect, time is not far and distant, but close and near. How rapid is the stream of time! And in its course, how with impetuosity does it sweep along and bear away often that which is fair and delicate, and sometimes that which is strong and stately.

It is but a little while since spring was

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here. How did we welcome its approach. We rejoiced when the fierce blasts and the drifted snows of Winter were gone; and spring with smiles and bright sunshine, and delicate flowers walked abroad with life and beauty. And yet the winds of Spring are often chill and freezing; and not unfrequently [a]—

“A frost like death comes in, to change the
 face
 of tree and herb” *

How many a flower just opening its petals to the air, and trying to catch the warm sun-shine, has had its infant blossoms nipped by the [dull winds] keen blasts

How have its strong winds cast down and broken many a young tree [etc]; and withered its slender stems in the warm & liquid dew of youth
 The Spring came—but it came to blight and nip a flower—one whom we all knew and loved, who had numbered but a score of years—in her beauty and her bloom. Regard for the living will not allow for me to mention the name of the dead. But the cold east winds of Boston [a] may sweep over [the] her many hills with bitter keenness but they cannot again af-

fect her whose lies in the cold clod, but whose spirit is dwelling where “everlasting spring abides” in the sweets of a celestial existence.

But ah! him the wise, the reflective, the noble minded—cut off in his pride—[remove] taken from us in his strength—removed when he was about commencing his career of [happiness] greatness—[has] snatched from us when we calculated him to be a tower of strength a rock of [defence]. Oh! language cannot express

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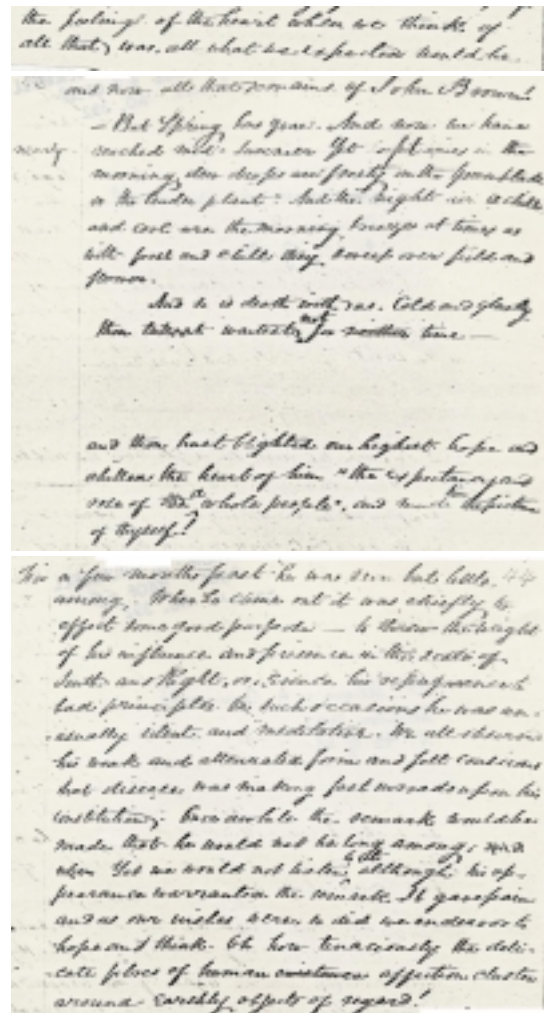
the feelings of the heart when we think of all that was, all what we expected would be and now all that remains of John Brown! —But Spring has gone. And now we have nearly reached mid-summer Yet [oft] times in the morning, dew drops are frosty in the Greenblade in the tender plant. And the night air is chill and cool are the morning breezes at times as with frost and chill they sweep over field and flower.

And so is death with us. Cold and [ghastly] thou [~~takest~~] waitest not for [~~neither~~] time—

and thou hast blighted our highest hope and chilled the heart of him “the expectancy and

[rose] of [~~the~~] a whole people”, and [made] the [picture] of thyself!

For a few months past he was seen but little among. When he came out it was chiefly to effect some good purpose—to throw the weight of his influence and presence in the scales of Truth and Right, or, evince his repugnance to bad principles. On such occasions he was unusually silent and meditative. We all observed his weak and attenuated form and felt conscious that disease was making fast inroads upon his constitution. Once awhile the remark would be made that he would not be long among; [~~and~~ ~~when~~] Yet we would not listen to it although his appearance warranted the remark. It gave pain and as our wishes were, so did we endeavor to hope and think. Oh how tenaciously the delicate fibres of human [~~existence~~] affection cluster around earthly objects of regard!



He had [re=]
 moved from the city, and was about taking up
 his residence at Kingston on the Hudson. Some
 business however requiring his presence in
 the city he came here. He was quite feeble I
 am informed, as he had been for a long time
 previous. On Sunday 14th indisposition increa=
 sed and he was laid upon what was to be
 the bed of death. Without any manifestation
 of uneasiness, apparently without pain—
 still calm and meditative, he lingered till
 Wednesday morning the 17th when quietly
 and unmurmeringly he yielded his spir=
 it into the hands of his maker!

The [Sun] had been
 but few hours on its course, and the stars that
 the night before had lit up the heaven had
 [like]
 blended with its glories; and he as a star of the
 first magnitude

“which goes
 not down behind the darkened west, [while],
 obscured among the tempests of the sky” *
 melted away “unto the light of [an] heaven” and
 commingled with the glories of an eternal
 day!

My own feelings would dictate me to bring
 my remarks to a close here. But I have a
 duty to perform – a duty to the dead and to
 the living. In the words of another now present
 “His spirit seems around me at every turn”
 And I imagine that I hare the rich melody
 of his clear voice bidding me to incite you
 onward in the path of Truth and Freedom.
 Brethren! are we not brethren? Do not a
 common ancestry, and common wrongs and
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oppression bind us together? And standing here this day when one of our best and noblest has been taken from us [a] should we not feel our hearts binding us together in bonds of brotherhood? Brethren! a great man has gone from among us—one who labored to raise his people from deep degradation &c &c We live in this our native land the most oppressed people in its numerous and wide spread population. We find ourselves down trodden, almost abject in poverty, contending with a people strong powerful and enlightened, with every earthly advantage on their side—and nothing but the pure naked [Spirit] Truth In this contest we need all the available instruments we can possibly bring to bear against the combined powers of prejudice cupidity and tyranny For upward two centuries we have been working our way up from the deep and dire degradation into which slavery had plunged us. We have already made considerable headway, and our People are fast emerging from the brooding darkness of Ignorance and Oppres. into the genial light of Science and Learning. As indications—as great Land marks of progress God has vouchsafed us now and then some great and noble Spirit, who with a trumpet-call has aroused our dormant faculties and awoke us to light and Freedom. Oh Brethren our hearts ache and fain would the tears stream from our eyes at the fall of the “Shield of the amighty—at the loss of the [beau] “Beauty of Israel.” Yet let us but pause and shed the tear of affection

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over him, and stop to gather grateful and refreshing influences from his grave—and then girding up our loins let us press with renewed vigor in the path, in which with such undeviating purpose he walked!

Dear Friends and Companions! It was ours to know him. Us he favored with long and peculiar intimacy. To us he frequently revealed the deep purposes, the strong determinations of his great and mighty heart. How shall we manifest the friendship we entertained—the love we bear him? How—but by living as he did—a life Principle. How—but by doing what in life he would have considered the best evidence of regard—yielding to the strong and earnest appeals he frequently addressed to us to devote ourselves to the cause of our people, ~~and dede~~ & the high and holy purposes of Truth.

And now standing over the cold corpse—the fresh grave of Thomas S. Sidney, will you not join me in a renewed pledge to remain steadfast in our adherence to our people's best interests—that

as he did
 to their cause we will consecrate the vigor of our days, the strength of our intellects and the best affections of our hearts—and that in imitation of him in singleness of purpose and strength of devotion, we will ~~part from our rest~~ sever the tenderest ties, ere that sacred cause shall be [hazarded] in the least by us ~~and~~ or ever jeopardized for the want of our aid and maintenance

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Sidney! sainted Spirit in the far upper
 skies, with cherubim and Seraphim rolling
 the tide of ceaseless praise along the eternal
 arches;—look upon us thy late companions,
 while we renew the promise we were often
 wont to take with thee—that our life our
 talents our intellects—our all—we devote to
 the cause of man, the promotion of Truth and
 the maintenance of Right;—that as thou
 didst grapple with Pride and Avarice and
 Error—so will we;—that in thy hatred of
 bad principles and opposition to bad [men]
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How strong is the power of association in the
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 of great principles, to those who nobly advocated
 them! And speaking of [men] Principle our minds
 naturally revert to the Principles with which they
 identified themselves. Thus are our minds brought
 back again to our departed Friend. Our theme
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 and honored—But Sidney is not [more] here!

I look round and cast my eyes upon you the long
 tried band; and see him not: and better is the con=
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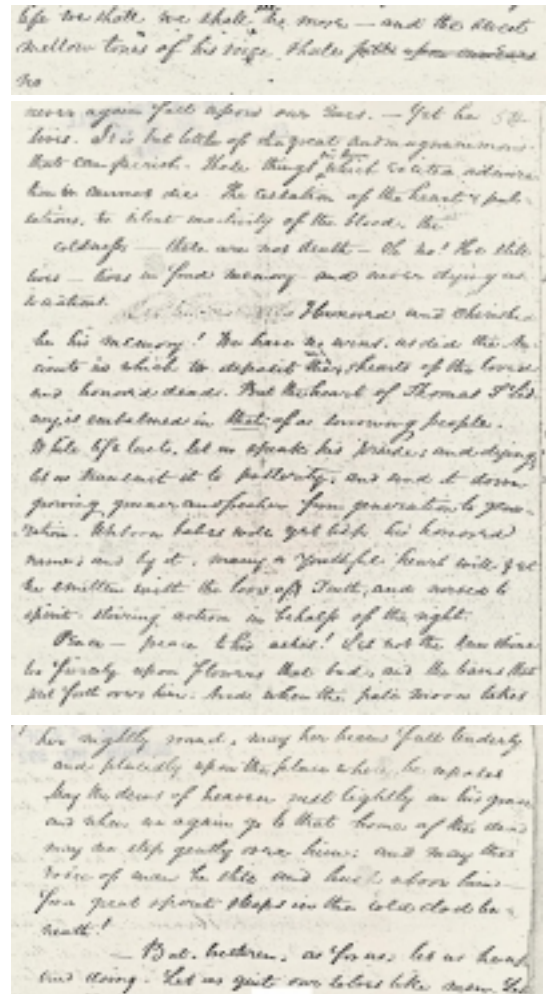
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life we shall we shall see no more—and the sweet mellow tones of his voice shall [~~fall upon our ears~~] no never again fall upon our ears.—Yet he lives. It is but little of the great and magnanimous that can perish. Those things in him which excited admiration [~~in~~] cannot die. The cessation of the heart's pulsations, the silent inactivity of the blood, the coldness;—these are not death.—Oh no! He still lives—lives in found memory and never dying associations.

Honored and cherished be his memory! We have no [words], as did the Ancients in which to deposit the [w...] hearts of the loved and honored dead. But the heart of Thomas S. Sidney, is embalmed in that of a sorrowing people. While life lasts, let us speak his praise; and dying, let us transmit it to posterity; and send it down growing greener and fresher from generation to generation. Unborn babes will yet [lisp] his honored name; and by it, many a youthful heart will yet be smitten with the love of Truth, and [nerved] to spirit-stirring action in behalf of the right.

Peace—peace to his ashes! Let not the sun shine too fiercely upon flowers that bud, and the leaves that put forth over him. And when the pale moon takes her nightly round, may her beams fall tenderly and placidly upon the place where he reposes. May the dews of heaven nest lightly on his grave and when we again go to that home of the dead may we step gently over him; and may the voice of man be still and hush above him—for a great spirit sleeps in the cold clod beneath.

—But, brethren, as for us; let us be up and doing. Let us quit our selves like men. Let



us show that we [~~have wea~~] are worthy of the gift
 of a great man. The path of greatness and the line
 of duty he trod; it should be ours to pursue
 —But we may prove recreant to Truth.

We may give way to those bad principles at
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For if [dignity] and purity of manners—if strong
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“Then o’er his mould, a sanctity shall brood,
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