

Andrew T. McCormick

(1761 – 27 Apr 1841)

The National Intelligencer, August 9, 1813

Rev. A.T. McCormick and Miss Hannah Pleasonton were married August 6 by the Rev. Noble Young.

McCormick. Yesterday morning, at 2 o'clock, after an illness of four days, the Rev. Andrew T. McCormick, aged about 80 years. This venerable servant of God has resided in Washington for forty-five years, and for twenty three years was the Minister of the First Episcopal Congregation formed in this city. Love to God and good will to his fellow-man were the prevailing sentiments of his heart. His end was peace.

The body of the deceased will be removed from his late dwelling to Christ Church at 4 o'clock this afternoon, where appropriate services will be performed. The friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend the funeral.

National Intelligencer, Monday, May 3, 1841

The Rev. A.T. McCormick

Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch high the grave above--that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude; we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplor'd,
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot.
What a leveler is death!
The high and the low the illustrious and the obscure,
alike find repose in the bosom of their parent earth.
All the conflicts of ambition, the agitation's of passion;
and the bitterness of hatred,
are hushed forever in the cold embrace of death.
How lov'd, how valued o'?, avail thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all Thou art, and all the Proud shall be."

The loftiest elevation or the lowliest obscurity cannot shelter us from the unerring shaft of the insatiate archer. The decree has gone forth--"Man is dust, and to dust he must return." The helplessness of infancy, the vigor of manhood, and the decrepitude of age, alike sink under the inevitable stroke of the fell destroyer, and all are hastening to commingle their dust with the kindred element which is to cover and surround them.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty space from day to day,
Till the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted man
The way to dusty death."

These reflections have been suggested by the death of an old and venerable friend, whose body I followed to the grave a few days ago. He was among the oldest citizens of Washington, of which he had been a resident for forty-five years. How few who came here then, now remain! The graveyards of our city have become populous with those who existed since, and their very memories have sunk into oblivion, and have gone

"Glimmering through the dream of things that were."

A few of his early pupils, now old men, followed, like myself, his remains to the tomb. What a world of reminiscences must the contemplation of his inanimate body have called up? How melancholy and solemn must have been the contrast between the memory of the past, when, in the joyousness and buoyancy of youth, they received instruction from his lips, and the sad and somber reality of the present, when he who had once been

"Their guide, philosopher, and friend,"

who had first taught their youthful minds to think, and to whom they had looked up with veneration and love, was now, after the lapse of near half a century, reposing in "cold oblivion" before them.

Mr. A.T. McCormick was a native of Ireland, and came to this city in the year 1795-6. He was among the first to open a classical school, and the very first to establish an Episcopal church in Washington. The building had been a barn, on the land of Mr. D. Carroll, one of the original proprietors of the city, and, by the individual and unaided exertions of this worthy and pious man, it was converted into an humble but decent temple of Christian worship. The illustrious Jefferson was wont to attend Divine service in this lowly chapel. He usually rode alone on horseback; his pew was handsomely cushioned, and his prayer-book was a French translation. Mr. Jefferson was much pleased with Mr. McCormick's reading, which he thought excellent. In this humble church he officiated till a larger and more commodious one of brick was erected near the Navy Yard in 1807, and continued its pastor till 1823, when he retired from its pastoral duties. Though unambitious of distinction, he endeavored to render himself useful to his fellow-beings and to society. He was appointed several years ago by the Board of Trustees of the Eastern Free School, established by the Corporation of Washington, their President, and acted in that capacity till the period of his death, to the satisfaction of the trustees and the Corporation. Mr. McCormick was a good classical scholar, of great simplicity of heart, kind, unoffending, and gentle, and a man like the brother of Goldsmith, whose

"Very failings leaned to Virgine's side"

Domestic in his habits and pious in his feelings, he was respected by all who knew him, and died, as he had lived, without an enemy.

He rests by the side of the body of the beloved and venerated Harrison, whose funeral he attended but a few short weeks before. They sleep together in peace, the exalted and the humble, and both alike

"In trembling hope repose

The bosom of their Father and their God."

George Watterston

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ANDREW T. McCORMICK

1761 - 1841

Rector

Christ Church

1798-1823

The Reverend Andrew T. McCormick, a native of Ireland and originally a Presbyterian, second rector of Christ Church following one George Ralph, whose grave we mark today in the cemetery he helped to found 167 years ago, was an energetic man. He began his ministry to the widely scattered Episcopalians of Washington before the turn of the century, when they were still worshipping in an old tobacco barn

on New Jersey Ave. (where Thomas Jefferson is said to have tethered his horse when he rode over for Sunday services from the White House).