

ORATION.

ON THE DEATH OF
Lieut. Gen. George Washington,

COMPOSED ON THE SPECIAL REQUEST OF THE COMMANDANT AND HIS BROTHER OFFICERS, OF THE CAMPMENT IN THIS VICINITY, AND DELIVERED AT STAUNTON, ON THE TWENTY SECOND DAY OF FEBRUARY LAST PAST, 1800.

By Rev. JOHN GLENDY, Minister of the Gospel.

2d Chron. XX. 12.--" We know not what to do, O our God, but our eyes are upon thee."

Deut. XXXIII. 27.--" The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath is the everlasting Arm."

Psalms. XLVI. 1.--" God is our rock and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

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M D C C C.

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To the Public:

THE Author in yielding cordal and prompt compliance with the earnest requisition contained in the annexed Address, trusts that an enlightened, candid and liberal Public, will ascribe it to pure and honorable motives.

If the Oration shall have any claim to your protection or regard, it must flow from that Spirit of Liberty which it breaths; and that the Immortal Washington the Champion of fair freedom is its favorite Theme; which must forever be dear and grateful to **AMERICAN CITIZENS.**

The goodness of the Committee has already forestalled my hopes; and my anxious wishes, even at this early period, are nearly accomplished.



S I R,

IN presenting to you the thanks of your Fellow-Citizens, for the elegant Oration delivered upon the late melancholy occasion, we cheerfully discharge a duty honorably imposed upon us by the Resolutions of that day; and in this declaration of general approbation most unequivocally express our own.—In the further pursuance of that duty, we have to request you will furnish a copy for publication, and in so doing render a just tribute to unequalled worth; comply with an unanimous expression of the public mind; particularly gratify the wishes of this Committee; pay the highest compliment to your own enlightened understanding, and render important service to a grateful country.

By order of the Committee.

ALEXANDER S. CLAIR, CHAIRMAN.

Teste.

JOHN COALTER, Sec'y.

ORATION, &C.

Psalms. 89. 48. --- "What Man is he that liveth, and shall not see Death ?"

MOMENTOUS question! yet awfully solved every returning day, by the exit of the mighty and mean, the noble and base, the renowned and inglorious.—

Could moral excellence and manly worth; could illustrious deeds and untroubled honour; could the purest patriotism conjoined with rational piety; could the love and veneration, the gratitude & admiration of MILLIONS rescue from the stroke of death, your Washington had never died—And yet he is gone—the political saviour of your Country—the pride of your nation—the favorite of Heaven—your Washington is gone to happier Climes—It must be so—Heaven's will be done.

Why should we pause here for a fleeting instant, to announce what is the awful dispensation of the most High, that directed my attention to this solemn theme? The deep-rooted sorrow, the woe-worn hearts, and grief-wrung spirits, of many dignified characters present; and the grave sympathizing countenance of this crowded august Assembly, anticipate me on the occasion.—The heart-interesting solemnity of this day has a double retrospect.—In its vast importance, it takes cognizance of the BIRTH and DEATH of the greatest George.—It proclaims to the universe, a Republican Government issuing a requisition, with which the heads and hearts of ten thousand times ten thousand, chime in sweet unison, without one jarring, or one discordant note, equally honourable, to the governor and governed, to the first Magistrate and the People—kindling in our breasts, the mingled emotions of triumph and condolence. All hail Columbia! I would felicitate myself indeed, could I participate individually in that high honour which America may justly claim to herself, of being the kind Foster-Mother of THAT MAN whose love of glory was devoid

devoid of Ambition—whose generous Soul embraced no object but the emancipation of his country—whose fidelity was equal to your unbounded confidence. “ Whole prudence and valour, were at once the shield and sword of his native soil.” These are glorious outlines, that will forever illumine the page of your history, that can never be erased from your dear remembrance, and will be indelibly engraven on the minds of your posterity. But alas! the mournful solemnity of this day reverses the lovely scene, and darkens the gilded prospect.—Mourn America! Your greatest, bravest, best beloved Son is now no more—Mourn ye sons of freedom **GEORGE WASHINGTON** is gone, and you are bereaved indeed—yes, we are well aware, that undisguised are your compunctions of sorrow, unfeigned the sensibilities of your nature—yes, ever since the unwelcome doleful tidings winged their flight to this Village and its Vicinity, the deepened sigh was heaved, and the heart throbbled in silent anguish.

Humanity is deeply interested in the heart confounding query of my text—every man living perceives & feels that he must depart his life, and ere long death will push him off the stage of time. “ For life is soon cut off, and we fly away.” That we must shortly yield up our breath and be lodged in the gloomy caverns of the grave is most assuredly an awful thought, and were it unceasingly to dwell upon the mind with that powerful energy with which it sometimes comes home to the heart, our state would be pitiable indeed. The beneficent Father of all however has framed the human heart with such happy sensibility, such spirit and animation, as are absolutely necessary for agenting the grand business of life and time with vigour and activity. Yet surely the fate of others, should impress mortal man, with grave feeling and devout reflection—“ Man is as the grass indeed ” He springs up, blooms, fades, and perishes from the earth as if he had never been. Yet the swelling vanity of mortal man will lift itself into importance—Hark child of the dust! The gay and airy scene begins to change apace—Mark the hoary head and wrinkled face, sad ravages of time! with what certainty can man promise himself to-morrow? when we take a retrospective glance at those who were the endearing companions of our boyish days, the heart sickens at the doleful recollection.

As travellers on the way to our eternal home, shall we pause to linger this world and forget our destination? Shall we trifle with all-important time, and lavish the precious hours away? We sojourn in a vale of tears, where all things have changed, are changing, and may change again. The dreary tomb is the last abode of erring man, even there is laid low your Washington the magnanimous.

Woeful event! Here are we convened to commemorate a nation's loss, a loss I had almost said irreparable. The painful yet pleasing task, assigned me in the important transactions of this day, is to be the organ, for expressing the part we bear in the universal mourning. I feel confident from the sensations of my own heart, that there is not a bosom in this great assembly to callous, or not to melt, and mourn and sadden, at Columbia's woe.

Various causes combine to announce my inequality to the duties of the day. Little schooled in political researches, a stranger to the din of arms and clangor of war; equally unknowing and unknown, in acts of chivalry or the thunder of battle, in the tactics of sap or storm; a foreigner, yea an Alien on your shore, of a few "little months," standing. The ground on which I tread is truly delicate and embarrassing. We are well aware that servile adulation, and unmerited encomium, are only adapted to the taste and genius of mean temporizing sycophants; yet surely, when an undeviating virtuous character holds an exalted station, is indefatigable in promoting the public good, even national felicity, to withhold praise from such honourable men, is ungenerous, ungrateful, criminal: for the plaudits of the wise and good in every age, have proved incentives to the noblest deeds. Fullsome adulation we detest, and unmerited compliment either to DEAD OR LIVING, would be satire in disguise. In our feeble attempts to delineate the character of your immortal Washington, (whose death we deplore this day) there is little danger of transcending his real worth; and it would betray the weak head or bad heart, to keep within common bounds, when we either think, write, or speak, of such an UNCOMMON MAN. When Washington is the theme of our honest eulogium; the subject is almost too vast for regular thought. In reviewing the assemblage of his endearing virtues, we feel extremely difficulties which we shall most admire, the mild and amiable

able virtues of the man in the tranquil walks of life ; the philanthropy of the citizen, the love of country in the patriot, the valour of the hero, the wisdom of the general, the policy of the statesman, or the piety of the christian. In tracing this extensive range of character, I trust the earnestness of my zeal and purity of my intention, will, in your indulgent estimation supply the lack of talent.

Let the mighty nations across the Atlantic, boast of their Scipio's, their Cæsar's and Alexanders—their Gustavus Adolphus and their Ferdinand—their Marlborough and their Buonaparte ; yet you will be constrained to resolve their blazoned achievements, into mad ambition, false love of glory, or tyrannic conquest. Contrast them with your beloved Washington as Patriot-Heroes, and as the stars of Night fade away before the glory of the rising day, so shall they hide their diminished lustre and sink into obscurity.

The bravest Potentate of Europe immortalized himself in yielding to this fact ; we mean the late Frederic of Prussia, who, after the acknowledgment of your Independence, transmitted a golden-billed Sword to your Hero, with this signal inscription, “ from the oldest to the greatest General.”

It is true, transatlantic countries have given birth to individual rare characters, who may vie with your late Chief, in some one of the sublime excellencies that adorn humanity ; and it seems to be characteristic of our nature, that to excell in any one grand pursuit, will command the whole attention and absorb the noblest powers of man ; yet, it would appear as if propitious Heaven intended, that your Washington should stand unrivalled in all.—Select all the characters of Ancient and Modern History, where the man to be found, exhibiting such depth of penetration, such versatility of talent, such active, energetic, bold, comprehensive powers of mind ; bearing down all obstacles that opposed their progress ; piercing through the various combinations and relations of surrounding circumstances ; seeing all things with an equal eye, in their just dimensions ; and attributing to each its due proportion ?

What shall we think of that rich fountain, which, while it was poured out through so many different channels, flowed through

each, with a full and equal stream—On all sides he touched the extremes of human character; and his great soul was only bounded by that impenetrable circle, which prescribes the limits of human nature.

From so rich an aggregate of materials, we must content ourselves, with sketching only a few outlines, of the lovely portrait of your dignified citizen. When we behold a character from the retired walks of humble life “starting early in the career of true glory,” by an undeviating progress through a life of honor, arriving at the first dignities of the state—organizing a great nation, and raising America to her proper altitude in the scale of the Universe, manly curiosity is roused into energy, and pure philosophy delights to trace the path of fair fame, from the vale of obscurity, to the zenith of elevation. There is scarce any circumstance so trivial or minute in great characters, as not to command the attention, and interest the heart. The laudable curiosity of generations yet unborn will be strongly excited, to learn even what were the air and mein, the form and feature of your lamented Washington. From connoisseurs in what constitutes the elegance of human frame, I have learned that it would have puzzled the most minute observer, to have discovered one single deficiency in his whole form, or thought of one beauty that could enrich it—essential virtue was clothed in the form of Washington.

Those divine characters imprinted on his luminous Heaven-directed countenance, would have whispered, where his hope entered, where his confidence was stayed,—There was an uncommon inexpressible something about the man, that would have announced to every spectator, this is the American Chief, this the Conqueror of Heroes. Behold him, so soon as he had counted the days of manhood, delegated by the Burgesses of this State—traversing the trackless desert, (part of it savage country) for four hundred miles, even to the banks of the Ohio, where foreign marauders infested your Territory—Follow him through his early deeds of valor, and military manoeuvres, at the defeat of Braddock, that overbearing, incautious, ill-fated man—There buds his laurels, which ere long ripened into full maturity—There dawned the day, that ushered in his meridian glory.

In the progress of human events, the period wheeled around, when the British Parliament, intoxicated with prosperity, and in the delirium of policy, pretended a right to legislate for this great continent—outraging every principle of rational liberty and equal representation. Heaven justified your resistance even to blood. My feelings recoil at the contemplation of those black days; and were it not to unrake the dying embers of national jealousy, we could here narrate a gloomy memorial.

Merciful Heaven, what a sight! Your country, your dear country become the abode of carnage and desolation! a formidable host of foes overspread your plains, possess your cities—prepared are the internal engines of destruction for your ruin—The sword is drawn—Vengeance and rage have lighted up their torches—The enemy thirst for conquest, and for plunder—You opposed with courageous resistance—Vain were your efforts in a thousand instances—Blood flows—Death flies—The flame rages—Righteous God! shall millions fall the victims of a few ambitious mortals? Children be murdered at their mother's breast—The gray hairs of the venerable old man be dragged in blood and dust—Innocent beauty become the prey of the foul ravisher, or brutal murderer? merely because the covetousness of a monster, thirsts for increased revenue, or a tyrant pants for increased territory.—But we forbear, and trust you have done forever with those dismal scenes.—Here your Hero rises to view, rises to the admiration of the world, in accumulation of interesting circumstances, delineation of character, and important scenery of action.

He could no longer witness, without feeling greatly indignant, the sparkling sword of despotism, or the odious chains of slavery. At the call of his country, worthy to command, willing to obey, he “girded on the harness without boasting,”—conscious of his intrepidity, yet diffident of his talents. The elegant apostrophe of Col. Humphreys (that fine Poet, and finished Scholar) to General Washington on taking command of the army, sublimely expresseth my conceptions on the occasion.

“O first of Heroes, fav’rite of the skies,
To what dread toils thy country bade thee rise!
’Twas thine to change the sweetest scenes of life

For public cares—to guide th' embattl'd strife—
 Unnumber'd ills of every kind to dare—
 The winters blast, the summers sultry air,
 The lurking dagger,—and the turbid storms,
 Of wasting War, with death in all his forms—
 Nor aught could daunt unspeakably serene,
 Thy conscious soul smil'd o'er the dreadful scene."

Then lay at stake his earthly all—His feeble pile of estate in his
 native soil—his precious life—his honour superior to both—his
 country dearer than all.

Though possessed of undoubted talents for military exploits, and
 unequalled sagacity to avail himself of every possible advantage:
 yet, he was nobly superior to that avarice of dominion, which
 blindly aims at extensive possession. The war he waged, was a
 war of resistance against tyrannic invasion—a war for security,
 not for increased territory.

He was not insensible to the charms of ambition—No, but his
 ambition was not to grasp at aggrandizement by envious accumu-
 lation of wealth, his ambition was to serve his country gratis.

In his military career you may always note him bold, hazard-
 ous, and enterprizing, when and where, there was rational hope
 of success—prudentially cautious, where circumstances appeared
 desperate—lavish of any thing, rather than the blood of his brave
 and beloved Countrymen—like the renowned Fabius he conquered
 by delay.

Follow him to Cambridge—Hear him address the army—Who
 are they? A band of undisciplined husbandmen—many without
 arms, all at different times nearly destitute of ammunition—great
 in nothing, but their unconquerable love of Liberty, their merito-
 rious cause, and firm confidence in Heaven. To whom are they
 opposed? To the first Admirals—the first Generals—the bravest
 troops of Europe. Established in your cities, garrisoned in your
 strong holds: Mark the issue, environed, hemmed in by your He-
 ro; cut off are their resources, constrained to abandon the enter-
 prize, and fly for refuge to the watery element. Yet here, the
 upright Politician, the fire-side General, or half-concealed Tory
 dared to cavil.

Hard is the task indeed, to discharge with decided approbation the complex duties of Commander in Chief in troublous times; to carry on with vigour an extensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to organize a vast armament—"to contrain those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend;" to maintain due subordination of rank, to conduct at the same time a complicated variety of operations, from the burning lands of Georgia, even to the Fort of Quebec; and to accomplish every valuable purpose, in spite of envy, faction, and disaffection; to effect all this, O Americans! was reserved for your Washington.

The Heroism of your General was not the offspring of low-minded pride, established by habit, and confirmed by discipline—No, his sprung from an happy commixture of blood and spirit; a soul elevated and noble; an understanding strong and refined; a self-denial and self-command that raised him greatly superior to misfortune. These bornish by education, warmed with the love of country, and roused into energy by a sense of duty, constituted the bravery of your chief Commander.

Halle with him to New York, see him straining every nerve, exerting every power, to establish that Independence, which your Congress had proclaimed on the memorable Fourth of July 1776; applauded by the citizen, rejoiced at by the soldier—THAT WAS THE DAY when the equestrian Statue of the British George was levelled with the dust.

Here vain alas! were the efforts of your illustrious Chief—He had no adequate force, either to oppose or resist the invading foe; feeble even his attempts to oppose the inglorious flight of some of his troops, on the first approach of the enemy—He drew his sword, threatened instant death, cocked, snapped his pistol.—Perilous in the extreme was then the situation of your brave Commander—to extricate him from it, his faithful attendants snatched the bridle rein and gave his horse an opposite direction.

But as men feeling for the infirmities and pitying the misfortunes of our fellow-men it would become us, to "drop a tear on this paragraph and blot it out forever."

No alternative now remained for your beloved Washington, but either to evacuate the city, or by an unequal contest, to hazard
your

year Independence and political salvation for ages to come. His retreat, dark was his path; the prospect on all hands gloomy and tremendous—with a remnant of his army he retreats to Newark. At no other period did he ever conceive the American cause as verging on desperation. Said he to Col. Reid, “If we retreat to the back settlements of Pennsylvania will the inhabitants support us?” Doubts and fears rested on the Colonel’s mind. On which your General waving his hand across his throat observed, “My neck does not feel as though it was made for a halter, we must retreat to Augusta County in Virginia, and if overpowered by numbers we will cross the Allegheny.

At that trying heart-agonizing moment; few men would have exchanged feelings, situation, and circumstances with your Hero, for the empire of the world.

Follow him next to Brandywine, it was there that the celebrated La Fayette first bled in the cause of Liberty, which he had espoused with enthusiastic ardour, and still renders him dear to Americans. Accompany your Chief through sleepless nights and anxious days, through toil and tumult, blood and death, to Philadelphia and German-Town; to Trenton, Princeton, Monmouth and back to New-York. In every step you trace wisdom, prudence, valour; all the dignified virtues of a great, patient, persevering heroic mind. At this critical period Burgoyne’s defeat was announced through the union. It produced a mighty revolution in Cabinet and Camp. Joy sang hosanna, where dilmay had poured a black deluge on the heart; hope fixed her anchor where despair had taken up her abode.

Thus the rise and fall of the mightiest empires may depend on the minutest incidents. “Lives there a man, who dare consider these as blind unmeaning casualties?” No, they are the direct acts of a superintending Providence that governs the affairs of the Universe; establishing his own august purposes, through the jarring devices of mortals—“making the very wrath of man to praise him, and restraining the remainder of wrath.”

During this year and for some time after, the views of a few factious men, were strongly bent, on rendering the Commander
in

in Chief unpopular : Ungenerous, ungrateful men ; who would meanly envy, and basely traduce, conscious, they could not nobly emulate. He was well aware of their sinister plot ; and his conduct on the trying occasion, displays the purest patriotism, truest magnanimity, and unsullied honour.

Hear his own words, in a confidential letter to his friend : “ I am told a scheme of that kind is now on foot by some (namely the change of Commander in Chief,) whether true or false, serious or to try the pulse, I neither know nor care. Neither ambitious nor interested views, led me into the service ; I did not solicit the command, but accepted it, after much entreaty with all that diffidence which a conscious want of ability and experience, equal to the discharge of so important a trust, must naturally excite in a mind not quite devoid of thought ; and after I did engage, pursued the great line of my duty, and the grand object in view, as pointedly as the needle to the pole. So soon as the public gets dissatisfied with my services, or a person is found better qualified to answer her expectation, I shall quit the helm with as much pleasure, and retire to a private station with as much content, as ever the wearied Pilgrim felt upon his safe arrival, at the Holy Land or haven of hope ; and shall most devoutly wish that those who come after, may meet with more prosperous gales than I have done.” Such was the avowal of Washington the GREAT, worthy of himself.

Now the cloud that obscured your political horizon, began to be wafted far away—The mist that enveloped your military glory, began to be dissipated—a new era dawned—a treaty with the French, that magnanimous nation was formed, negotiated by the Illustrious Franklin and his worthy colleague, faithful servants of the people. Fleets and armies, were destined to wing their speedy flight across the wide atlantic, for your safety & salvation. The siege of New York was then planned, by wise heads and dauntless souls.

But the tardy returns of your reinforcements, the destination of Count De Grasse's fleet for the Chesapeake, the arrival at New York of three thousand additional troops from Europe, and Lord Cornwallis having posted himself at Yorktown, as Head Quarters, Depot, and general rendezvous for the approaching winter—all, all conspired to change the mighty scene of action.

Thither,

Thither, Heaven-directed, your Washington bent his way, and there achieved the mighty deed, that gilds his well earned fame—Lo! here a glorious combination—an allied army indeed! not for the inglorious purpose of annihilating, but for the noble end of establishing revolution. Delightful harmony! differing in nought but the manly contest, of who shall excel in hardest deeds and boldest enterprize. We should pause here to bewail, nay to execrate, the Policy of that inauspicious day that ever made you twain.

Feats of valor and martial prowess distinguished the great Cornwallis on the momentous event, that we have now in contemplation; “Great let me call him though conquered by your Hero; every manoeuvre hazarded, torties, resistance, all proved fruitless! To retire impossible, to retain intolerable, submission must ensue; your Hero shall prevail. Opened were your batteries! your cannon thundered! the elements of nature seemed convulsed! Citizen-soldiers mount, they scale the strongest bulwarks, storm redoubts that were deemed impregnable! Then and there, many a brave man bled, many a father, brother, husband, son, levelled with the dust!

Justly may we exclaim—O God of mercy! never more let us hear the sighs of misery, or groans of despair—let us never more behold man destroying his fellow creature. The British army broken down in strength, exhausted in spirit, hope fled, no succour at hand, were constrained to surrender.

The gallantry of your hero on that day was truly signalized, even in the choice of his officer (Lieutenant Colonel Laurens) for arranging the terms of capitulation.—That at the very period; while the father was immured in the gloomy dungeons of a British bastille, the son was penning articles, whereby an English nobleman and British arm, became prisoners of war.

That was the day of Columbia's triumph! That the day, whence her free-born sons may date their Independence.—As such your Washington displayed it—no doubt he exulted—But then it was the triumph of a pious grateful soul wafted to Heaven in fervent adoration, and lively thanksgiving—“Giving glory where glory was due.”—Not like the deistical Heroes of modern days in Europe, who after unvalued deeds of military renown, seldom if ever

never, daign to acknowledge an over-ruling Heaven; but infidel like, ascribe all the praise to brilliant Generals and intrepid Soldiers.

Your Hero manifested his rational exultation, by a general release of all who lay under arrest; that there might not be (as he expressed himself) a single American, who should not participate in the universal joy—By orders of your Chief Commander, divine service was performed two days after the capitulation, in all the brigades of the American army; in testimony of their gratitude to the Most High, for his surprising Interposition at that decisive event. How unlike this, was that blasphemous Te Deum of Catherine late Empress of Russia; a disgrace to all the sensibility, refinement and falciation of women; chanted by her savage soldiery, howled rather by her blood-hounds of war, after their cold deliberate murder of twenty two thousand aged men, women, and children at the gates of Warsaw, the capital of unfortunate Poland.

No doubt your Washington at the period alluded to above could avow in the presence of the immortal God, that he would not then have given up, (even without the sweet hope of an eternal recompence in a more perfect state) the noble feelings of his heart, that elevation of mind, which ever accompanies, active, suffering, triumphant virtue, for the seductive smiles of a Court, the gaudy trappings of Royalty, or the glories of a Crown.

A few months after the capture of Lord Cornwallis, the British government cured of their mania for conquest, and yet in the very paroxysm of wounded ambition, after seven years bloody experience, were compelled to abandon all offensive operations on your continent—Their hostile operations converged to a point, and the grand catastrophe of the American war opened to the astonished world.

Having terminated the renowned exploits at York Town, your Chief returned with part of his exulting victorious troops to the vicinity of New-York—Few deeds of heroism remained for him now to achieve—The definitive treaty was signed—Your Independence reluctantly acknowledged with bleeding hearts, amid exhausted finances and tarnished glory, on the third day of September, 1783—

Ancient history records no exploit superior to this, and it will ennoble

enable the moderns, whenever another Livy or Plutarch shall arise to do justice to it—when another Cicero with his glowing diction, or a Demosthenes with his fascinating elocution shall set your Hero in the true perspective.

Your Washington could boast the noblest of Empires, the Empires he gained over the minds of his countrymen—Military force, or popular caprice, may give power, but nothing can give lasting authority, except pure wisdom and spotless virtue—By these your Hero obtained, by these he preserved, a dominion in the hearts of his fellow citizens, unstained by bloody usurpation—a dominion conferred by public affection, continued by public gratitude.

The British and their mercenary hirelings evacuate New-York, and bade an inglorious farewell—Your Great Washington makes a triumphant entry, amid the heart approving, joyful acclamations, of surrounding thousands. To his dignified virtues which command admiration, to his exalted services, from which have flowed great and durable advantages, “may the honest tribute of praise be rendered without the reproach of flattery.”—

Now ceased the bloody rage of war, the Olive-Branch waved all around, and sheathed we trust forever here the gore stained weapon—Then your beloved Chief (decidedly resolved to retire to the tranquil walks of life) bade an affectionate “warm hearted fond adieu” to his brother officers and victorious troops—Then were roused into energy the mingled emotions of the heart, joy and sorrow, lively gratitude and deep regret, more easily conceived than expressed—Then heaved the heart-felt sigh, then flowed the busy drop, that would not disgrace a Hero’s cheek. Your country’s political Saviour repairs to Philadelphia—There he delivered in his accounts to the Comptroller General, from June 1775, to December 1783, all his own manuscript, stating every item, producing every voucher, and accounting for every disbursement.—Happy will it be for America—happy for every nation, if their Chancellors of Exchequer, if all through whole hands, the glittering tempting metal circulates, may prove as correct, as honest and as honorable. “Crushed to the Vipers! who for a palp of ore or paltry office would sell their country to the foe,” or sink a nation into Bankruptcy.

What though your great George could not trace a venerable line of Ancestors, through what is vainly, perhaps absurdly called noble blood—What though he could not boast Garter, Star or Ribbon, these Symbols of hereditary foppery, were creatures of the imagination—What though he could not boast the bewitching titles of Lord or Earl, often the appendages of cruel fraud, or vile oppression—Yet your Washington could hold up to view illustrious deeds—His “good works” praise him, which can alone confer nobility on man—He dared to be great—“He could display the Standards, Colours, Trophies, torn from the vanquished foe”—He could boast of honors, not the fruit of inheritance, but well yet dearly-earned by toils, by abstinence, by valor; amidst clouds of dust and tears of blood—He could boast of laying crow-nant the crowning Lion of British glory that appalled the nations—that for successive years, through every quarter of the globe, waved victorious by sea and land.

He arrives at Annapolis—waits on Congress—begs leave to resign his Commission; But here vain is description! Language fails in picturing duly the heart-interesting scene.

Having taught an awful lesson of moderation to ambitious Royalty—having taught political slaves what a nation may achieve under the auspices of Heaven, by union, valor, and perseverance—having established the standard of Liberty on this wide extended continent—having laid the foundation for revolutionary movements, through every quarter of the globe, where tyranny invades the rights of oppressed humanity—He retires from this GREAT THEATRE of action—Great in himself—Great in the plaudits of admiring thankful millions—Who but your Washington would not have been elated? who but him, would not have felt one ray of vain-glory dart across the soul?

This man approved of Heaven, closed that last act of his official life, by commending the dearest interest of his country to the protection of the Almighty, and those who have the superintendence thereof, to his holy keeping.

Having established the Independence of this mighty continent, he seized the critical moment to retire—his retirement immortalized

Had his character—He has left an honorable memorial to the generalissimo's of other continents—that the glory which is acquired in the field by deeds of military prowess, without guilt or ambition, may be retained in the shade of private life, without false power or dazzling splendor—He retired to Mount Vernon loaded with benedictions.

A new Era now dawned on your political hemisphere—Your confederated government of 1778 proved inefficient, could not apply to the exigencies and situation, either of State or People—Jealousy of power; the licentiousness of war; habits of luxury; the depreciation of your paper currency which Congress could neither fund nor pay; the influx of British goods; want of specie; vile speculation and cruel swindling; gross and open outrage against several Acts of Congress; and fearful symptoms of approaching insurrection; all, all, preached aloud the rapid accomplishment, of the humiliating, hateful prediction of your foes; to wit, that your Independence would ere long prove your greatest curse. Your government destitute of energy; devoid of a sanction to its laws; destitute of a guarantee for the State-Governments, rendering the salvation of ONE the preservation of ALL, and in fine, devoid of a judiciary power—These grievances rung through the nation—These defects were felt, heard, and understood from the President to the peasant. Hence the irresistible necessity of renovating the system, of establishing your federal government.—Here again your well tried, long approved friend, your illustrious favorite rises to view, presiding in the grand council of the nation. composed of men, whose heads and hearts, whose principles and talents, were equal to the magnitude of the task.—Behold the venerable Sages with unprejudiced coolness, with mature deliberation, with dignified freedom of sentiment, with harmony and candor, digesting your glorious and happy constitution; sanctioned by the States; celebrated by the wise and good of every nation; by every true friend of rational Liberty; approved by Heaven. We have contrasted it with the governments of Europe, (for constitutions they have none) they sink into contempt; it rises into great and sacred importance; for security of property and

Pursing

parity of legislation superior to all; for energy of government perhaps inferior to none. Would to God that your Constitution and Government may always harmonize and chime in sweet unison.

To give motion to the wheels of this mighty machine, your beloved Washington again, at the unanimous call of his country, must renounce the joys of retirement, to seal by his administration in peace, what his bravery had achieved in war. "Ask now of the days that are past, since the day that the omnipotent God first created man on the earth" where ever before the precedent, of an enlightened people, by free election, calling the chief in their arms, to watch over and guard their civil and political rights and privileges! no usurpation here by force and arms—terror was not the order of the day.

The great the important period of inauguration came around, magnificent indeed, novel in the history of the universe, more splendid by far than all the false blazon of royal coronation.—We think I see your Washington the beloved father and deliverer of his country, advance to the open gallery of the Federal-Hall, under the inspection of Heaven and in view of enraptured thousands; methinks I hear him with devout fervency repeat the sacred oath, and behold him bowing with profound reverence to seal it with an impressive kiss on the volume of inspiration. Superlative transaction! all conspired to render it one of the most august, interesting human scenes, that perhaps, has ever been exhibited on the theatre of our world.

Firm in the inflexibility of his patriotism, he hazards his unpolluted soul, his untarnished fame on the tempestuous ocean of political life. Propitious omen! Glorious prognostic! He commences his political, as he terminated his military career, by an ardent ejaculation to Heaven; fervently supplicating the Almighty, who rules the universe, and presides in the councils of Nations, to consecrate his Administration. He renders homage to the great Author of all Good, and adores that invisible hand, that providential agency, signally manifested in every step of your progress to Independence—Here "boasting was excluded," here vain-glory could find no place.

From him you anticipated, in him you recognized, the happy union of liberty and law; lenity and vigour; justice and mercy. "The enlightened policy of a mind calm amidst the influence of power, and uncorrupted by the fascinating charms of ambition."— This was the soul that animated and pervaded your federal system; superior to the emolument of office, to pension or to salary. In his retirement you behold dignified simplicity—no vain pomp inconsistent with pure Republicanism—destitute of trippery gaiety and volatile dissipation—of expensive parade and foolish ostentation. But even to mark a few outlines of his political and military character in the future history of his life, would carry me far beyond that portion of time allotted to services of this kind—Justice it to observe, they were such as adorned the Statesman and ornamented the Hero. I feel that I have trespassed, and must haste to the heart-lickening scene that opens now before us.

Your Hero is arrested, arrested by a gloomy foe; resistance here is vain; the conqueror of heroes vanquished; the black angel usurps the seat of life; vital warmth forsakes him; exhausted nature sinks. Words are needless here to paint the awful scene to your feeling hearts—language is unnecessary where, as to day, the image of a nation's weep is presented to view. But shall we retire from contemplating his dissolution and bid him an eternal adieu? No, grace and reason, revolt at the idea—He died as he lived, with undiminished greatness and dignity of mind—with one hand he closed his eyes that were tinged with the blue of Heaven—with the other, he sealed those lips in the icy embrace of death, that summoned you to victory, to liberty and peace.

That majestic princely form, which seemed as if designed by nature to command the empire of the world, is laid full low—mute is that tongue, which wailed orations to Heaven—announced you, Independence, and preached peace, union and harmony, to Columbia's sons—cruel death has torn him from you, and your hearts still shed drops of blood at the parting pang—Men, Brethren, Citizens! here cherish the dear remembrance; here without cause of blush may flow the manly tributary tear.

He is gone! and much we fear you never will behold his like again; he was the rallying point, the standard, where adorning,

faction, party-spirit, all, all, were melted down into pure patriotism, all absorbed in public good—And is he gone? Why is the light of his righteous Heaven! continued to the wretched captive under clanking chains—to tottering old age with its load of woes—to abject poverty in tattered rags and pining with want, and yet the Father of his Country called away? Have pity O our God! show mercy to poor weak creatures who adore thee, who are unable to lean thy administration, and have hearts perhaps too susceptible of a Nation's ills.

When the sculptured monumental marble in your house of Supreme Legislature shall moulder & decay—When the speaking canvas shall lose expression, and become the prey of cankering moths, still shall the name and fame of GEORGE WASHINGTON “survive the wrecks of matter,” and the ruin of corroding time—Still live dear to the grateful remembrance of American Citizens generation after generation, when hundreds of millions may have peopled your vast continent.

Does a disordered fancy deceive us, or is he on yonder cloud? If ever immortal spirits are permitted to quit their immortal abode, and hover over this terraqueous globe; look down beloved Washington, from that height of felicity to which you are raised; behold millions at this moment testifying their profound attachment; behold the unexampled sympathies and sorrows of a nation for your ills; nor will it disgrace even your celestial nature, to feel the glory of the sacrifice.

Ah! why should ever Americans forget they are Brethren?—Why sever the ties of nature and country, that should unite your souls together, in one sweet bond of amity and friendship? As freemen you can, you dare, you will think for yourselves. In vain shall man pretend to arrest the progress of the rising Sun, or stay the swelling of the mighty deep—no lets vain the attempt, to controul the intellectual world, which scuffs the clumsy restrictions of bolts and bars, of lines and chains.

You may differ in political opinion, you may view through a different medium, the measures of administration,—yet I would summon you to confidence, and entreat, that your only contest in future his may be, who shall most excel in PROMOTING PUBLIC GOOD.

We detest spirit-of-party—it is the bane of social life—it is the curse of dear communion—When the fell-monster lifts his head, every loyal citizen, every gentleman, every considerate father of a family, indeed every man of common humanity beholds it with horror.

In the vile traits of this pernicious monster, this murderer of social bliss, you may easily perceive the snakes of envy, the black treasures of malice, the yellow tinge of jealousy, and the distorted grinings of disappointment. We early admired the speaking importance of one borrowed device in your National Army, to wit: **THE BUNDLE OF RODS**—to break them when combined exceeds your power, separate them, they are easily delivered—Who can resist American valour combined? **UNITED**, you bid defiance to the Universe; **SEPARATED**, you might be easily crushed, and become the prey of every daring invader. On you I call ye Heroes, officers and men, brave Soldiers! who fought, and bled, and triumphed with your dear Generals—at the tap of whole drum you marched quick thro' perils, toils and blood, to fame and glory—when rakedets, cold and hunger, were your portion, his generous soul, his feeling heart was agonized—He bemoaned your fate with bowels of compassion—And shall Washington the Great and Good, “born to love his country,” die without regret? Can you retain the memorials of his gallant spirit, and withhold the tear of sorrow—Happy America that gave him birth! Her sons will be black ingrates indeed, if ever his dear remembrance is erased from their hearts. Men of valor, Soldiers! you will never be taught to cringe and stoop and lick the hand of tyranny—Your untamed generous souls, will dare to assert your Independence and your Freedom. My soul is up in arms against EVERY EUROPEAN FOE, who shall dare to insult your Great Republic, and we adore the memory of your patriotic Brothers, who nobly died, in asserting the Independence of your States, and the Liberty of your Nation.

We would now glance the sympathetic eye with tender tenderness, on the disconsolate situation of the amiable & heart-wrung Relief of your departed Father, Protector, Friend. We are well aware, that her grief is of no common kind; she rankles in her breath, “to feel be her sorrows,” great were her sacrifices. Worthy woman, glory of her sex; I had almost said, Fellow-Labourer, in the heroic & Divine
Work

Work of delivering and emancipating our Country! To be frequently severed from her Wedded-Love, during eight long tedious years, exposed as he was to "death in all its forms," what tearful forebodings must overwhelm and sink the heart? Let virtuous, female, refined sensibility, picture the melting scene:—Awful probation! She outlives that husband; lives his wife no longer; divorced by cruel death; much rather had she died a thousand deaths.—Revered **Widow!** live worthy your great Peer—ere long the day will dawn, and the day-star arise on your beclouded mind—live in the sweet persuasion, that ye shall again be united after melancholy absence, "united never more to separate." Surely there is not an hour of the short span of life allotted her here below, since the departure of that best of men, in which she would exchange the honest pride, and rational joy, that she constantly feels in hearing his praise, and beholding the monuments of his glory, erected in this great Commonwealth, for all the delights this world could afford.

I would now assume the privilege of addressing for a few moments, you Gentlemen of the Brotherhood; distinguished by the ancient and honorable appellation of Free and Accepted Masons: Perhaps silence here would better far become me, stranger as I am to the sacred mysteries of your Craft. Yet surely, after the ennobled testimony afforded this day, of your poignant sorrow, and exquisite regret, for the loss of your Illustrious Brother **General George Washington**, silence in me would border on a crime.

Gentlemen, the eyes of the world are upon you; PERHAPS I might have added, (without a breach of the laws of charity) of a prejudiced bigotted and censorious world. In every clime and in every country, you will find sneaking dastardly souls; cowardly assassins, who gratify their black hearts, in deceitfully whispering away moral character, merely to bring down manly excellence and sterling worth, to a level with their own contemptible insignificance; no doubt, your fair fame has been corroded by the venom of slanderous aspersions; doubtless the tongue of calumny has prated to your disadvantage: but you you will take care gentlemen, to demean yourselves with such circumspection and correct propriety, (like the dignified philosopher of antiquity) as that nobody will believe

Believe the babblers—If Sirs, your institution is founded on the immutable pillars of Faith, Hope & Charity (and it must be so, otherwise your renowned Washington would not have lived and died a master-builder thereof) without peradventure it will stand unmoved, as it has stood for ages, in defiance of all opposition, and “will shine more and more unto the perfect day.”

From the history of the world, Masonry has been patronized in every age, by the wise, the great, the good—Your enemies have never as yet dared to cavil this position—and yet it is a doleful truth, that not a few of the fraternity, have by irreverent language, and inglorious deeds, disgraced the profession, and afforded lamentable cause for gainfayers to open their mouths; this however is no valid objection against the excellence of the institution itself—for that pure, spotless, all perfect system of Religion promulgated by the sacred Jesus, has been dishonoured by thousands of worthless votaries—If though after your various gradations in Masonry, you should **GENERALLY** prove more ungracious and immoral—less pure in heart—less temperate in enjoyment—less guarded in expression—less reverential to Heaven, than in the former history of your life; in that case, it would undoubtedly proclaim aloud, that there was something in the craft, that had a fatal tendency to corrupt morals, and deprave the heart. But you will take care Gentlemen Free Masons, to prove the reverse to the world, by that most convincing of all arguments, a holy life and honorable deportment—that you are indeed and in **TRUTH MEN, BRETHREN, CHRISTIANS.** When through future life, in the retirements of your Lodge, you may glance the anxious eye of fraternal condolence, on the lively Emblems exhibited to day, of your deceased Brother and America in mourning—That weeping Urn and that drooping Eagle—Be taught, to lift the tearful eye to yonder Heaven, to that celestial temple above, where your Washington dwells in ceaseless harmony and love divine. Be taught, to copy his bright example; let his humility teach you, to stand upon a level with the brotherhood—like him, learn to keep within compass—like him, walk by rule, as children of the light; and I most unfeignedly pray, that the fountain of life and light,

may

may inspire you with wisdom from above, and grace from Heaven, to regulate your whole conduct, by the eternal laws of piety and purity, of truth and virtue, of sobriety and honor.

In fine, I would beg leave to address you Gentlemen Citizens-Soldiers, Militia, who have taken up arms in the cause of your country; we entreat you to persevere in opposition to every difficulty, until you have fully attained the use of arms for the service of your country, which you have nobly in view. Then every little hill will become a strong-hold, and every village pour forth an host to defend itself; you have a COUNTRY, you have a CONSTITUTION, well worth contending for.

In the energetic superior style of my reverend and dearly beloved friend and countryman, I would ask you "with what composure could you behold the wives of your bosoms, with whom ye sweetly shared life's toils and pleasures wantonly abused, insulted by an abandoned soldiery, or driven to distraction by the piercing cries of an infant offspring? How bear the sight of your habitations in flames, the fruits of your honest industry consigned to destruction, and the tender pledges of your love, reduced in a moment to beggary, slavery or death?

How could you give up forever a brother, with whom you have trodden youth's flowery path in love and peace, and mutually exchanged friendships hallowed vows warm from the heart? Or with what feelings behold your dear country wasted with the desolating sword and drenched in blood?" Religion revolts and the spirit of man rises in arms against it. PERHAPS the fame of your preparations has already impressed your enemies with terror—manly consideration—bold—comforting reflection! to bid defiance to an imperious foe—give energy to the good laws of the land, and secure tranquility to your country; the honorable rank you hold in civilized society will attract the attention of mankind; dignity ought to stamp the whole of your demeanor; intemperance or dissipation should never be known amongst you, or the gross outrage of bold profanity ever stain your conversation; the very appearance of this would blast your character, and the reality

render you odious to our God and contemptible in the estimation of good and worthy men.

Do your duty citizen-soldiers and leave the event to Heaven's Lord; the womb of Providence teems with mighty events; convulsions shake the European nations; whether despotism shall prevail or the standard of liberty wave victorious "is the question?" Indeed when or where these unexampled commotions shall terminate, God, even our God only knows? Persevere, ye chosen bands—go on—be the temporal guardians of your wide extended continent and the dread of surrounding foes—so shall the morning and evening incense of a grateful nation be wafted to Heaven in your behalf; tottering old age will pour forth blessings upon you; the rising youth will be trained to noble and virtuous deeds under the captivating influence of your example "and generations unborn will revere your memory." Persevere brave and worthy men! may the almighty though invisible arm of Jehovah defend you as with a shield whilst here, and the peaceful abodes of an immortal Paradise be your everlasting inheritance hereafter.

F I N I S