

















G. WASHINGTON.



*J. H. Robinson* 1851

A  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
THE LIFE AND DEATH,  
VIRTUES AND EXPLOITS,  
OF  
General George Washington.  
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*A life, how glorious, to his country led!  
Below'd while living, as rever'd now dead.  
May his example, virtuous deeds inspire!  
Let future ages read it, and admire!*

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BY THE REV. M. L. WEEMS,  
OF LODGE No. 50—DUMFRIES.

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8 [1850]

# DEDICATION.

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TO MRS. MARTHA WASHINGTON,

THE ILLUSTRIOUS RELICT

OF

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

*Very Honored Madam,*

**T**HE author hopes he shall escape the charge of presumption for dedicating this little book to you, as it treats of one, to whom, you, of all on earth, were, and still are, the most *tenderly related*. One of my reasons for writing this sketch of your husband's life, and virtues, is derived from those virtues themselves, which are such *true brilliants* as to *assure* me, that even in my simple style, like diamonds on the earth, they will so play their part at *sparkling*, that many an honest youth shall long to place them in the casket of his own bosom.

Should it contribute, in any wise, to diffuse the spirit of WASHINGTON—in any degree to promote those *virtues*, which rendered him the *greatest*, because the most *serviceable* of mankind—Should it serve to soothe the sorrows of WASHINGTON's *dear Relict*, during her short separation from that *best* of husbands, now brightest of saints—And O! should it be so favoured as to suggest to the *children*, now that their father is dead, the great duty of burying their quarrels, and of heartily uniting to *love*, and to promote each other's good—It will be matter of great joy to one, who can sincerely subscribe himself the lover of all, who, *fear God, honor the President (Adams or Jefferson,) revere the laws, and are not given to change.*

May God's everlasting consolations attend the bosom friend of WASHINGTON! is the prayer of orphan'd America; and the prayer of

*Honored Madam,*

*Your Sincere, though Unknown Friend,*

M. L. WEEMS.

February 22d, 1800.

# THE LIFE

OF

## GEORGE WASHINGTON, Esq.

**T**HIS truly great man, the third son of a Mr. Augustin Washington, was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, on the 22d day of February, 1732. He was the first son of a *second* marriage; a circumstance which ought, in all conscience, to quiet the minds of those who have their doubts with respect to the lawfulness of second marriages.

His education was of the *private* and *proper* sort. Dead languages, pride, and pedantry, had no charms for him who always preferred sense to sound, the kernel to the shell. *A grammatical knowledge of his mother-tongue—the mathematics—geography—history—natural and moral philosophy*, were the valuable objects of his youthful studies: And in these he made the proficiency of one who always loved to go deep.

At school he was remarkable for *good nature* and *candour*; qualities which acquired him so entirely the hearts of his young companions, that a reference to him was the usual mode of deciding all differences. After leaving his tutor he acted, for a few years, as a county surveyor, in which profession, his industry, as also the *neatness* and regularity with which he did every thing, were *universally admired*.

In 1753, the French and Indians began to make inroads on our western frontiers along the Ohio. Governor Dinwiddie was very desirous to get a letter of *remonstrance* to their commander in chief. He had applied to several young gentlemen of his acquaintance; but they were all so exceedingly tender of their *night-caps*, that they could not be prevailed on, for love or money, to venture out among the savages. Washington happening to hear of it, instantly waited on his excellency, and offered his services, but not without being terribly afraid lest his want of a beard should go against him. However, the governor was so charmed with his modesty and manly air, that he never asked him a syllable about his age, but, after thanking him for "*a noble youth*," and insisting on his taking a glass of wine with him, slipped a commission into his hand. The next day, accompanied by an interpreter and a couple of servants, he set out

on his expedition, which was, from start to pole, as disagreeable and dangerous as any thing *Hercules* himself could have wished.—Soaking rains, chilling blasts, roaring floods, pathless woods, and mountains clad in snows opposed his course; but opposed in vain—The glorious ambition to serve his country imparted an animation to his nerves, which rendered him superior to all difficulties, and happier far than the little souls he left behind him in Williamsburg, carousing and card-playing in the Rawleigh.\*

Returning homewards, he was waylaid and shot at by a French Indian, and though the copper-coloured ruffian was not 15 steps distant when he fired at him, yet not even so much as the *smell* of lead passed on the clothes of our young hero; so true still is the promise on record in the good old book, viz.

“ The hosts of God encamp around  
The dwellings of the just;  
And mighty angels wait on all,  
Who in his mercy trust.”

On his return to Williamsburg it was found that he had executed his negotiations, both with the French and Indians, with so much fidelity and judgment, that he received the heartiest thanks of the governor and council for the very important services he had done his country.

He was now (in the 20th year of his age) appointed major and adjutant-general of the Virginia forces. Soon after this, the French continuing their encroachments, orders were given by the English government, for the colonies to arm and unite in one confederacy. Virginia took the lead, and raised a regiment of four hundred men, at the head of which she placed her darling Washington.

With this handful of brave fellows, Col. Washington, not yet 23, boldly pushed out into the Indian country, and there, for a considerable time, Hannibal-like, maintained the war against three times the number of French and Indians. At the Red-Stones he came up with a strong party of the enemy, whom he engaged and effectually defeated, after having killed and taken thirty-one men. From his prisoners, he obtained undoubted intelligence, that the French forces on the Ohio consisted of upwards of a thousand regulars and many hundreds of Indians. But, notwithstanding this disheartening advice, he still pressed on undauntedly against the enemy, and at a place called the Little-Meadows, built a fort, which he called Fort-Necessity. Here he waited, hourly and anxiously looking for succours from New-York and Pennsylvania; but he looked in vain—nobody came to his assistance. Not long after this, his small force, now reduced to three hundred men, was attacked by an army of

\* Note. A famous tavern in Williamsburg, christened Rawleigh, in honor, I suppose, of the great Sir Walter.

1100 French and Indians. Never did the true Virginian valour shine more gloriously than on this trying occasion.

To see three hundred young fellows—commanded by a smooth-faced boy—all unaccustomed to the terrors of war—far from home, and from all hopes of help—shut up in a dreary wilderness, and surrounded by four times their number of savage foes, and yet, without sign of fear, without thought of surrender, preparing for mortal combat. Oh! it was a noble fight! Scarcely since the days of Leonidas and his three hundred deathless Spartans had the sun beheld its equal. With hideous whoops and yells the enemy came on like a host of tygers. The woods, and rocks, and *tall tree* tops,\* were in one continued blaze and crash of fire arms. Nor were our young warriors idle, but, animated by their gallant chief, plied their rifles with such spirit, that their little fort resembled a volcano in full blast roaring and discharging thick sheets of liquid fire and of leaden deaths among their foes. For three glorious hours, Salamander-like, enveloped in smoke and flame, they sustained the attack of the enemy's whole force, and laid two hundred of them dead on the spot! Discouraged by such desperate resistance, the French general, the count de Villiers, sent in a flag to Washington, extolling his gallantry to the skies, and offering him the most honorable terms. It was stipulated that Col. Washington and his little band of heroes, should march away with all the honors of war, and carry with them their military stores and baggage.

In the spring of 1755, Washington, while busied in the highest military operations, was summoned to attend general Braddock, who, in the month of February, arrived at Alexandria with 2,000 British troops. The assembly of Virginia appointed 800 provincials to join him. The object of this army was to march through the country, by the way of Will's-Creek, to fort du Quesne (now Pittsburgh or Fort-Pitt). As no person was so well acquainted with the frontier country as Washington, and none stood so high in military fame, it was thought he would be infinitely serviceable to general Braddock. At the request of the governor and council he cheerfully quitted his own command, to act as volunteer aid-de-camp to that very imprudent and unfortunate general. The army, near 3,000 strong, marched from Alexandria to the mournful ditty of "over the hills and far away," and proceeded unmolested within a few miles of Fort-Pitt. On the morning of the day (9th of July) on which they expected to arrive, the provincial scouts discovered a large party of French and Indians lying in ambush. Washington, with his usual modesty, observed to general Braddock what sort of enemy he had now to deal with. An enemy who would not, like

\* Note. Numbers of the Indians, climbing to the tops of the trees, poured down their bullets into the fort.

the Europeans, come forward to a fair contest in the field, but, concealed behind rocks and trees, carry on a deadly warfare with their rifles. He concluded with begging that general Braddock would grant him the honor to let him place himself at the head of the Virginia riflemen, and fight them in their own way. And it was generally thought that our young hero and his 800 hearts of hickory, would very easily have beaten *them* too, for they were not superior to the force, which, (with only three hundred) he had handled so roughly a twelve month before. But general Braddock, who had all along treated the American officers and soldiers with infinite contempt, instead of following this truly salutary advice, swelled and reddened with most unmanly rage: "High times, by G—d," he exclaimed, strutting to and fro, with arms a-kimbo, "High times! when a young Buckskin can teach a British general how to fight!" Washington withdrew, biting his lip with grief and indignation, to think what numbers of brave fellows would draw short breath that day, through the pride and obstinacy of one epauletted fool. The troops were ordered to *form* and advance in *columns* through the woods!!!! In a little time the ruin, which Washington had predicted, ensued. This poor devoted army, pushed on by their mad-cap general, fell into the fatal snare which was laid for them. All at once a thousand rifles began the work of death. The ground was instantly covered with the dying and the dead. The British troops, thus slaughtered by hundreds, and by an enemy whom they could not see, were thrown irrecoverably into panic and confusion, and in a few minutes their haughty general,\* with 1200 of his *brave*, but unfortunate countrymen, bit the ground. Amidst all this fearful consternation and carnage, amidst all the uproar and horrors of a rout, rendered still more dreadful by the groans of the dying, the screams of the wounded, the piercing shrieks of the women, and the yells of the furious assaulting savages, Washington, calm and self-collected, rallied his faithful riflemen, led them on to the charge, killed numbers of the enemy who were rushing on with tomahawks, checked their pursuit, and bro't off the shattered remains of the British army.

This *glorious action* confirmed his admiring countrymen in the very high opinion which they had conceived of their Washington. His valour and military talents were extolled to the skies. The

\* Note. Poor Braddock closed the tragedy with great decency. He was mortally wounded in the beginning of the action; and Washington had him placed in a cart ready for retreat. Close, on the left, where the weight of the French and Indian fire principally fell, Washington and his Virginia riflemen, dressed in *blue*, sustained the shock. At every discharge of their rifles the wounded general cried out, "O my brave Virginia blues! would God I could but live to reward you for such gallantry." But he died. Washington buried him in the road, and, to save him from discovery, and the scalping knife, ordered the waggoners on their retreat to drive over his grave! O God! what is man? Even a thing of nought.

bravery of the Virginia troops, on this trying occasion, rejoiced the good old mother country, and was surely enough to have taught her to despise that execrable fire-brand, general Amherst, who, a few years afterwards, most impudently asserted, that *the sight of a grenadier's cap would put an American army to flight*, and even boasted in parliament, that *he could march through all North-America with 5000 men!!!!!!*

With respect to our Washington, I cannot but mention here two very extraordinary speeches that were uttered about him at this time, and which, as things have turned out, look a good deal like prophecies. A famous Indian warrior who assisted in the defeat of Braddock, was often heard to swear that Washington *was not born to be killed by a bullet*, "for," continued he, "*I had 17 fair fires at him with my rifle, and, after all, I could not bring him to the ground.*"—And, indeed, whoever considers that a good rifle, levelled by a proper marksman, hardly ever misses its aim, will readily enough conclude, with this unlettered savage, that some invisible hand must have turned aside his bullets.

The Rev. Mr. Davies, in a sermon occasioned by Braddock's defeat, has these remarkable words—"*I beg leave to point the attention of the public to that heroic youth, col. Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has preserved for some great service to this country.*" Yes, reverend Sir, for some great service indeed.—He was preserved of God to be the political saviour of his country. He who inspired the flaming fancies of a Barlow and a Dwight: He who imparted the ken of angels to Franklin and to Rittenhouse, even he, the same all-gracious power, raised up Washington, to be his minister of mercies to America. Oh! that there were an heart in us to adore the giver, and to emulate the bright virtues of his precious gift.

After the defeat and death of general Braddock, Washington continued to press forward, the foremost man to fall upon every difficulty or danger that threatened his beloved country. *And the Lord was with him whithersoever he went, and whatsoever he did the Lord made it to prosper.* On every occasion he displayed so much wisdom, industry, and valour, as gained him his country's heartiest approbation, a reward which, next to the smiles of his own conscience, he valued more than all things else.

In 1759, he resigned his command, and entered into the married state, in the 27th year of his age, with the young and amiable widow of Mr. Custis, with whom he received one of the handsomest estates in Virginia. From this period he became as assiduous to serve the state as a senator, as he had hitherto been active to defend it as a soldier; thus teaching us, by his own great example, that a real patriot thinks nothing done for his country, while there remains any thing to be done for it.

In the year 1773, when the lamp of God was burning with peculiar brightness in our land, and both Britain and her colonies enjoyed a measure of blessings seldom indulged to the most favored nations—When, at the very mention of Old-England, our hearts leaped for joy, as at the name of a great and venerable mother, and that mother felt an equal transport at thoughts of us, her flourishing colonies—When all the produce of these vast and fertile regions was poured into her beloved lap, and she, *in return*, not allowing us the trouble to make even a hob-nail, heaped our families with all the necessaries and elegancies of her ingenious artists.—When, tho' far separated by an ocean's roar, we were yet so *united* by love and mutual helpfulness, that the souls of Rawleigh and Columbus, looking from heaven on the enchanting scene, enjoyed the consummation of their wishes, and felt an accession to their bliss: At this happy period, lord North brought in a bill *to tax the colonies without allowing us a voice in their councils!!!* The colonies were thunderstruck, and Britain herself, “fishing through all her island, gave signs of woe that all was lost.”

Millions of that magnanimous and *freedom-loving* people execrated the measure as unconstitutional and wicked.

London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Bristol, &c. poured in petitions on petitions, praying the minister, in compassion to their half-ruined trade and families, to repeal the act. Petitions and remonstrances, without number, were sent also from America to the king, to the parliament, and to the people of Great-Britain; but these, like the unfortunate petitions just mentioned, were all consigned to the “*committee of oblivion*,” as opposition humourously styled it. The ministry would not honor them even with a reading! They had attempted in 1765, eight years before, to impose on the colonies an unconstitutional tax, under cover of the *stamp-act*. This had blown up such a flame of opposition throughout the continent, especially at Boston, that the ministry prudently suffered the matter to die away. But the gall of disappointment was still bitter on their minds, and they now thought to have satisfaction by laying a tax of three pence in the pound on all teas consumed in the colonies. This set the old flame agoing again. The colonists at first employed, as we have seen, moderate measures, but finding that these were treated with contempt, and that the face of North, black as the cloud of winter, was hard set against them for evil, they rose up as one man, from Dan to Beerseba, resolved, like true sons of Britons, to live *free*, or *not to live at all*. Soon, therefore, as the ships, laden with the ill-fated tea, arrived at Boston, in the fall of 1773, immense quantities of it (£.18,000 sterling's worth) were thrown into the sea; large parcels of it were destroyed in other colonies, and still larger parcels (to the amount of £.300,000) were returned unfold.

On the arrival of this news in England, the countenance of the



minister was dark with fury, and he proceeded, without delay, to mix up for the colonies a cup of fiery indignation, of which Boston, it seems, was to have the largest dose. As that most undutiful child had always led off the dance in outrage and rebellion against the parent state, it was determined that she should pay the piper for *old and new*—that her purse should answer for all the tea that had been destroyed—that her luxuriant trade, which had made her so wanton, should be taken away from her—and that, maugre her high looks and proud stomach, she should sit on the stool of repentance until his gracious majesty, George III. should be pleased to pronounce her *pardon*.

On the receipt of this intelligence at Boston, the passions of the people flew up, five hundred degrees above blood-heat! throughout the continent the fever raged with equal fury. The colonies all extolled Boston for the firmness with which she had stood up for her chartered rights—liberal contributions were made for her relief—and this ministerial attack on her liberties, was considered as an attack on the liberties of the whole, which were now thought to be in such danger, as loudly to call for a general Congress from all the colonies, to deliberate on their common interests. This most unkingly body sat down, for the first time, in Philadelphia, Sept. 5th, 1774. They began with publishing a *bill of rights*, wherein, “they repeated their loyalty and love to the mother country, together with an earnest wish for a *constitutional* dependance on her; but, at the same time, they begged leave to assure, that though she, in her excess of parental fondness, might suffer herself to be bound and insulted by North and Bute, and other Philistine lords, yet they, for their parts, were resolved, like true sons of British Sampsons, to rise and fight to the last hair of their heads.” They asserted, and begged leave to do it pretty roundly too, as it was getting now high time to speak plain, that, by the *immutable laws of nature*—by the *principles of the British constitution*—and by their *several charters*, they had a right to liberty, the liberty of British colonies; and, moreover, that their ever-honored *fathers*, at the time of their emigration to this country, were entitled to all the rights of freemen; and since, by such emigration, they had neither forfeited nor surrendered these rights—that they, their children, were determined, at the risk of every thing short of their eternal salvation, to defend and to transmit them entire to their posterity.

Millions of choice spirits in England, Scotland and Ireland, cried out “*that’s well said, and may God’s arm strike with our American brothers;*” this was coming to the point, and produced the effect that might be expected. For, instantly, all exportation of arms and ammunition to America was prohibited—large reinforcements were sent to the king’s troops at Boston—and every step was taken to compel the colonies to submission. This filled up the mea-

fure of American hatred to the ministry, and called forth the most vigorous preparations for war. Every ounce of gunpowder was husbanded like so much gold-dust; powder-mills and musquet-manufactories were erected in most of the colonies, while others, as not liking this slow way of doing things, laid violent hands at once upon all the king's arms and ammunition that came in their way. The hell-fraughted cloud of civil war was now ready to burst, and April the 19th, 1775, was the fatal day marked out by mysterious Heaven, for tearing away the infant colonies from the shrivelled paps of the old mother country. Early that morning, gen. Gage, whose force in Boston was augmented to 10,000 men, sent a detachment of 1,000 to destroy some military stores which the Americans had collected in the town of Concord, near Lexington. On coming to the place, they found the town militia assembled on the green near the road. "*Throw down your arms, and disperse, you rebels,*" was the cry of the British officer, which was immediately followed by a general discharge of the soldiers; whereby eight of the Americans were killed and several wounded. The provincials returned the fire with good interest, and strewed the green with the dead and wounded. Such fierce discharges of musquetry produced the effect that might have been expected in a land of freemen, who saw their brave countrymen suddenly engaged in the strife of death. Never, before, had the bosoms of the swains experienced such a tumult of heroic passions. They flew to their houses, snatched up their arms, and, in spite of their wild screaming wives and children, flew to the glorious field where liberty, heaven-born goddess, was to be bought for blood. Pouring in now from every quarter, were seen crowds of sturdy peasants with *flushed cheeks*, and *flaming eyes*, eager for battle! Fast as they came up their ready musquets began to pour the long red streams of fiery vengeance. The enemy fell back appalled; while the gathering thousands hung upon their flight. Every step of their retreat was stained with trickling crimson; every hedge or fence by which they passed, took large toll of hostile carcases. They would, in all probability, have been cut off to a man, had not gen. Gage, luckily recollecting that, born of Britons, these Yankees might still perhaps retain some of the old *lion's fire*, sent on 2,000 men to support, if necessary, his troops. This reinforcement met the poor fellows, faint with fear and fatigue, and brought them safely off to Boston. In this their first field, the young American farmers gleaned of the British about sixty-three in slain, and two hundred and eight in wounded and prisoners. The fire of civil discord now broke out, a roaring flame, and, with equal ardor, both parties hastened to clap on the horrid kettle of war.

On this day, June 12, 1775, general Gage issued his proclamation of rebellion, with threats of heaviest vengeance against the rebels; extending however, in the king's name, the golden sceptre of mer-

cy to all true penitents, Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, excepted. The British 10,000 strong were still in Boston where, ever since the affair of Concord, they had been surrounded by an army of 20,000 Provincials,\* all so eager to try the city by storm, that it was with the greatest difficulty their officers could restrain them.

On the night of June 16, with a view of driving the British from Boston, the Provincial Generals sent a body of fifteen hundred men, to throw up some works on Bunker's hill. Next morning General Gage pushed off a detachment, three thousand strong, with a suitable train of artillery, to dislodge them. The attack was made with great fury on the part of the British, while the Americans did not return a shot, until the enemy had come up within ten steps of the works. A well directed and most horrid fire then took place. The British fell back. Their gallant officers led them a second time to the charge; a second fire equally close and deadly, drove them back again. But, led on a third time, by dint of bayonet they at length carried the works; and the Americans destitute of that weapon, were obliged, after an obstinate resistance, to quit their little dirt fort, the *ever green* grave of the immortal Warren, and many more of weeping Liberty's martyred sons. On the other hand, the British drew back to town with *solemn steps and slow*, having nearly one half of their whole detachment killed and wounded.

The bloody Rubicon was now passed, and Congress, having closed with the British in an awful appeal to the sword, saw the necessity of appointing a *Commander in Chief*. In a moment the great name of Washington was buzzed from Georgia to New-Hampshire. Congress hastened to meet the wish of the nation; and Washington was unanimously elected *Commander in Chief* of the armies of his country. On the third day of July, 1775, he arrived at the continental camp near Boston, where he was received with great joy, after having been treated on his way through the states, with all the attention due to that great and virtuous man, to whom, under God, the whole continent looked for safety and freedom. During the autumn and winter of 1775, Washington could do no more with the British, than to hold them close confined in Boston, where the scurvy got in among them and proved very fatal. To remedy this evil, immense quantities of livestock and vegetables were shipped from Britain—5,000 fat oxen—14,000 sheep—12,000 hogs—22,000 pounds sterling worth of four crout

\* How adorable the goodness of God for ordering that the ministerial attack on our liberties, should fall on the *populous* and high toned New-Englanders! The heroic spirit with which they repelled it, should, to eternity, endear them to their *fort* *ern* *brothers*.

—and nearly the same amount in hay, oats and beans, for a *single regiment of cavalry*!! A proof, that *nations*, as well as *individuals*, had better sometimes *to pocket an injury*, and save the expence.

In the spring of 1776, Washington gave orders to erect on the heights near Boston, three large batteries, whose heavy fire both of balls and bombs soon rendered the town so intolerably hot, that General Gage was glad to evacuate it on the 17th of March, when Washington marched in with the honours of a triumph, and was welcomed by the people and by the state assembly, as Heaven's agent of their deliverance. In consequence of some disturbances, this year in Carolina in favour of the ministry, Sir Peter Parker was dispatched with nine ships of war, from fifty to twenty guns each, with a large land force commanded by Clinton and Cornwallis, to make an attempt on Charleston the capital of South Carolina. Before the ships could be brought to pay their respects to the town, they must, it seems, pass a little *fort* on Sullivan's island.— This, however, being defended only by the raw militia, was hardly looked on as an obstacle. Happily for America, Washington had committed the command of it to General Moultrie. About ten o'clock, June 28th, Sir Peter Parker having brought his ships of war close along side the fort, began a tremendous canonade upon it, not without expecting to see the militia fly, like frightened rats from an old barn on fire. But, very contrary to his hopes, the Provincials stood their ground as though they grew to the soil, and levelling their eighteen pounders with good aim, they bored the ministerial ships through and through at every fire. Their third broadside cut the springs of the Commodore's cables, so that swinging around, stern on, towards the fort, she was raked fore and aft, most dreadfully. The slaughter on board the ships was very great. The quarter-deck of the Bristol (the Commodore's ship) was at one time cleared of every soul, except the Commodore himself, whose *small clothes* were rudely torn off by a cannon ball. So that Sir Peter was the first Sans Culotte ever heard of in America. *Would to God he had been the last.*

The heroes in the fort won immortal honour. One brave fellow, a Serjeant, observing the flag staff shot away, jumped down from the fort on the beach, in the hottest fury of the battle, snatched up the flag, and having returned it to its place, streaming defiance, waved his hat with a—*Hurra, my boys, God save Washington and America forever,*" Congress rewarded him with a sword. Another, while roaring away with his 18 pounder, was terribly shattered by a cannon ball. When about to expire, he lifted up his dying eyes and said—*"My brave Countrymen, I die, but don't let the cause of Liberty die with me."* Now louder and louder, still peal on peal, the American thunder burst forth with earth

trembling crashes ; and the British ships, after a long and gallant struggle, hauled off with a good fortnights worth of work for Surgeons, Carpenters and Splicers.

About this time the great question of *Independence*, was proposed in Congress. The honourable Samuel Chase, Esq. the Demosthenes of Maryland, was the first who had the honor to say on the floor of Congress, that, *he owed no allegiance to the King of Great Britain.*" On the ever memorable 4th of July, 1776, the United States were declared A FREE AND INDEPENDENT NATION. God Almighty grant us virtue enough, for ever to live so !!!

A few days after this, Lord Howe came upon the coast with a huge forest of men of war and transports, shading far and wide the frightened ocean, and bearing nearly forty thousand men, British, Hessians and Waldeckers. Supposing that this had intimidated the American commander, Lord Howe wrote a letter to him, directed " *to George Washington, Esq.*" This Washington refused to receive, looking on it as an insult to Congress, under whom he had the honour to bear the commission of Commander in Chief, and should have been addressed as such. General Howe then sent an officer to converse with him on the subject of *reconciliation*.— Having heard what he had to say, Washington replied, " by what has yet appeared, sir, you have no power but to grant *pardons* ; but we, who have committed no faults, want no pardons, for we are fighting only for our rights, as the descendants of Englishmen."

The unfortunate defeat, of Long-Island, now took place, on August 28th, which though the *bottest* day in the *year*, had like to have been the *freezing point* in the American affairs. For, on this day, the British, with an infinite superiority of force, after having defeated the Americans with great loss, were investing the slender remains of their army, and had actually broke ground within six hundred yards of the little redoubt that feebly covered their front. Soon as it was dark Washington ordered the troops to convey their baggage and artillery to the water side, whence it was transported over a broad ferry all night long, with amazing silence and order. Providentially a thick fog continued next morning till ten o'clock ; when that passed away, and the sun broke out, the British were equally surpris'd and enraged to see the rear guard with the last of the baggage, in their boats and out of all danger.

Lord Howe, supposing that such a run of misfortunes must have put Congress into a good humour to think about *peace*, signified a willingness to have a *grand talk* on the subject. Congress sent Dr. Franklin, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Rutledge, each with his belt of wampum. But finding that his lordship was still harping on the old string, *pardons, pardons* ; not liking such music, they took up their hats, and very *erectly* stalked off. Towards the close of this try-

ing campaign, it is a fact, that Washington had not 3,000 men, and even these were so destitute of *necessaries*, that nothing but their love and veneration of him kept them together. And with this handful he had to oppose a victorious army of nearly fifty thousand veterans!! But Jehovah, the God of Hosts, was with him, and oft' times, in the ear of the slumbering hero, his voice was heard, "*fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God.*"—Hence, under all the disheartening circumstances of this campaign, Washington not only kept up his own spirits, but cheer'd those of his drooping comrades. "*Never despond, my friends,*" said he "*let matters come to the worst, we can but retire over the mountains, whence we shall never lack opportunities to harass, and finally to expel the enemies of our country.*" Hearing his officers talking one day about the gloominess of the American affairs, he humourously clasped his neck with his hands, and said with a smile, "*I really cannot believe yet that my neck was ever made for a halter.*"

For four months, during the summer and fall of '76, the Americans had been obliged to retreat before the enemy, who had now completely over-run the Jerseys, filling every town and hamlet with their victorious red-coats, Washington hovered around them, waiting for an opportunity to strike. An opportunity soon offered.—Learning that the enemy, at Trenton, (in number about 2,000, chiefly Hessians) were lulled into that state of security which frequent victories and contempt of an enemy too naturally inspire; he formed the design to surprize them. Christmas night ('76) was pitched on for the purpose. Having divided his little force into three bodies, he gave the command of two of these, to generals Ewing and Cadwallader, with orders to cross the river just *below* Trenton. Assisted by gen. Greene, Washington himself led the principal body over M'Konky's ferry, 9 miles *above*. It was his plan to reach town about day *break*; but, by reason of the immense quantities of ice in the river, and a violent storm of hail and snow, he did not arrive till 8 o'clock. The troops under Cadwallader and Ewing, could not cross at all. The instant before the attack, he animated his men by the following speech:

"*My brave countrymen—Now is the important moment to strike a blow, which, however inconsiderable in appearance, may draw after it consequences the most desirable and glorious. When, therefore, you come to the charge, give me, which is all I ask on earth, to see you behave like men who are fighting for country, for liberty, and for life. For my own part, I solemnly vow to God, that I will never survive a defeat, if that defeat be owing to any inattention to your welfare.*" He would have proceeded, but was interrupted by the eager cries of his men—"Lead us on—lead us on to the enemy." In an instant, like lightning, they came up with the out-guards, and pouring in their fire, drove them

back into town, seized their artillery, and were on the eve of discharging on their main body, a storm of cannon and musquet balls, when they prudently threw down their arms and cried out for quarter. The brave col. Rhal, with 40 of his men, were killed, and 1000 taken prisoners. The rest, at the beginning of the action took down the road to Bordentown, and so *cleared* themselves. If Ewing and Cadwallader could but have crossed the river, and seized the Trenton bridge according to Washington's orders, the whole of the British forces at Trenton, Bordentown and Burlington, would have been as completely taken as ever was a gang of partridges in a fowler's net. However, this bold stroke threw gen. Howe into such a tremor, that he instantly called off all his cantonments from the Delaware to Brunswick and Amboy, within the welcome sight and smell of their men of war.

Tho' this victory was gained on the 26th of December, and Washington, in order to animate his countrymen, had marched his prisoners to Philadelphia, yet we find him again, on the 1st of January, across the angry Delaware, and raising aloft his country's flag, bold-waving over the heights of Trenton. Lord Cornwallis advanced to attack him. Finding that the enemy, greatly superior in numbers, were endeavouring to surround him, and seeing no possibility, on account of the ice, to re-cross the Delaware, Washington was obliged again to recur to stratagem, of which no general, perhaps, ever had a larger stock. He kept up a heavy cannonade on the enemy till night, then lighting a vast number of fires, and leaving guards at the bridges, he pushed off about midnight for Princeton, and at sun-rise, came down upon another heavy body of the British, who had just struck their tents, and were coming on in high spirits to attack him at Trenton. To it, in a moment, both parties fell like heroes. Flash and clash went the musquets and bayonets.— Here the servants of George, and there the sons of liberty wrapped in sulphurous clouds and torrid flame, together rush'd to mutual wounds and death.

“ God save the king, the British heroes cry'd,  
 “ And God for Washington! Columbia's sons reply'd.”

The great name of Washington imparted its usual animation to his troops. The enemy gave way in all quarters, and were pursued 4 miles. The victors returned with 400 prisoners; the bayonet had stopp'd 120 on the field. But they fell not alone. The gallant Mercer, and 63 of his brave countrymen, sleep with them. But the strife of the heroes was but for a moment; and they have forgotten their wounds. Together now, they feast in Paradise, and when meet their eyes of love, their joys are not dasked by remembrance of the past.

The British officers gave our Washington full credit for such fine strokes of generalship, and began to look thoughtful whenever his name was mentioned.

The enemy now (January 15th) drew in all their forces to winter-quarters at Brunswick, where Washington continued to thin their number by cutting off their foraging parties; so that every load of hay, or dish of turnips they got, was at the price of blood.

Thus gloriously, in ten days, was turn'd the tide of victory in favour of America, by him whom heaven, in mercy, not to America alone, but to Britain and to the world, had raised up to found here a wide empire of liberty and virtue. The character of Washington was exalted to the highest pitch, even throughout *Europe*, where he was generally styled the American Fabius, from the famous Roman general of that name; who opposed Hannibal with success. A distinction to which he was justly entitled, from the invincible firmness with which he rejected every bait and finesse of the British generals; as also, from that admirable judgment with which he suited the defence of his country to the genius and abilities of the people, and to the natural advantages of the country itself; thereby not allowing the enemy to profit by their great superiority of *numbers, discipline, and artillery*, and constantly cutting them off by skirmishes and surprise.

The ministerial plan for this year (1777) was to reduce the Americans, by cutting off all communication between the northern and southern states!! To effect this, general Howe, with 20,000 men, was to go round from New-York to the Head-of-Elk, and thence march on, due north, thro' Philadelphia, while general Burgoyne, with 10,000 men, setting out from Canada, was to pass along down the lakes, and thence due south to meet his brother Howe; the strait line, formed by the junction of these two gentlemen, was to possess such virtue, that, it was supposed, no American could ever be found hardy enough to set foot over it!!

Accordingly, July 23, general Howe left Sandy-Hook, sailed up the Chesapeake, and landing at the mouth of *Elk-River*, marched on with but little interruption, except at Brandywine, to Philadelphia. Into this elegant city, on the 26th of September, 1777, he entered in triumph; fondly supposing, that, in America as in Europe, the capture of the city was the same thing as the reduction of the country. But, instead of finding himself master of this great continent, whose rattle-snakes alone, in the hand of heaven, could scourge his presumption; it was with no small difficulty he could keep possession of the little village of Germantown. For, on the morning of the 4th of October, Washington made an attack on him with such judgment and fury, that his troops gave way in every quarter. "*The tumult, disorder and despair in the British army,*" says Washington, "*were unparalleled.*" But, in the very moment



of the most decisive and glorious victory, when some of the provincial regiments had more prisoners than men, the Americans began to *retreat!!* Washington's grief and mortification were inexpressible.

But while he was annoying the enemy by land, he did not lose sight of their fleet, which was now forcing its way up the Delaware, to keep open to the army a channel of supplies. They arrived, without molestation, within 8 miles of Philadelphia, at a marsh called Mud-Island. On this poor harmless spot, the fittest, however, that nature in this peaceful land of Friends could furnish, Washington had ordered a fort to be thrown up, the command of which, with 230 men, he assigned to lieutenant-colonel Sam. Smith. On the eastern or Jersey side of the river, at a place called Red-Bank, he ordered a strong redoubt, the command of which, with 205 men, was given to Col. Greene. These, with some chevaux-de-frize sunk in the river, and a few galleys, formed all the barrier that Washington could present against the British navy. The strength of this barrier, was soon put to a fiery trial. Great preparations were made to attack the Americans, at the same instant, both by land and water.—Count Donop, with a host of Hessians, was sent over to be in readiness to attack Red-Bank, while the tide of flood, groaning under their enormous weight, brought up the men of war. The morning was still, and the heavens overcast with sad clouds, as of nature sympathizing with her children, and ready to drop showers of celestial pity on their strifes. No sooner had the ships floated up within three cables length of the fort, than they began a most tremendous cannonade: while cannon balls and fire-tailed bombs, like comets, fell upon it thick as hail. The gallant Smith and his myrmidons stood the shock to a miracle, and like men fighting under the eye of their Washington, drove the two and thirty pounders through them with such spirit and success, that, in a little time, the *Augusta*, a heavy 64 gun ship, took fire and blew up, the horrid balloon of the greatest part of the crew. Another ship, called the *Merlin*, or *Black-Bird*, soon got on the wing, and followed the *Augusta*.

At the same moment, Col. Donop, with his Hessians, made a gallant attack on the fort at Red-Bank. After a few and well directed fires, Greene and his men artfully retired from the *out-works*. The enemy now supposing the day *their own*, rushed on in vast numbers along a large opening in the fort, and within twenty steps of a masked battery of 18 pounders loaded with grape-shot and spike nails. All at once, Hell itself seemed to open before their affrighted view. But their pains and their terrors were but for a moment. Together down they sunk by hundreds, into the sweet slumbers of death, scarcely sensible of the fatal blow that deprived them of life.

Heaps on heaps the slaughter'd Hessians lie :

Brave Greene beholds them with a tearful eye.

Far now from home, and from their native shore,  
They sleep in death and hear of wars no more."

Poor Donop was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. The attentions of the American officers, and particularly the kind condolance of the Godlike Washington, quite overcame him;\* and his last moments were steeped in tears of regret, for having left his native land, to fight a distant people who had never injured him.

After six weeks of infinite fatigue, with great loss of men and money, the British forced a passage large enough for their provision ships to Philadelphia, where general Howe and his officers held their balls this winter; while 16 miles distant, the great Washington, well pleased with his campaign, retired and huted it at Valley Forge.

While such ill success attended this part of the ministerial plan, viz. to choak the colonies by a *military noose*, so tightly drawn from Chesapeake to Champlain, as to stop all circulation between the northern and southern states; a worse fate frowned on their attempt in the north. General Burgoyne, with 10,000 veterans, besides a host of Canadians and Indians, issuing forth from Canada in June '77 came pouring along down the lakes, like the thundering Niagara, with an impetuosity that swept every thing before it. The hatchets of the Indians were drunk with American blood. No age, no sex could soften them. The widow's wail, the virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry, was music in their ears. In cold blood they struck their cruel tomahawks into the defenceless head of a Miss McRae, a beautiful girl, who was that very day to have been married! Such acts of inhumanity called forth the fiercest indignation of the Americans, and inspired that *desperate* resolution of which the human heart is capable, but which no human force can conquer. The New-Englanders, who were nearest to these infernal scenes, turned out in mass. Washington hurried on Gates and Arnold with their furious legions; and to these he joined the immortal Morgan with his dreadful phalanx, 1000 riflemen, whose triggers were never touched in vain, but could throw a ball a hundred yards at a squirrel's head and never miss.

The first check given to Burgoyne's career, was at Bennington. Hearing that the Americans had laid up large provisions in that town, he detached a Col. Baum, with 600 Germans, to surprise it; and, at the same time, posted Col. Breyman in the neighbourhood, with an equal number, to support him if necessary. Finding the

\* On hearing of his misfortune, Washington sent an officer to console with him. The officer was conducted to his apartment and delivered the message. The wounded count appeared much affected—a tear swelled in his eye—and he said to the officer, *present to general Washington the thanks of an unfortunate brother soldier—tell him I expect to rise no more—but, that if I should, the first exertion of my strength shall be, to return him my thanks in person.*

place too well guarded either for surprize or storm, Baum fortified himself at a little distance, and sent back for Breyman. The American commander, the brave general Starke, thinking these enemies fully enough, at least not wishing for any more, sallied out, and with great fury attacked Baum's intrenchments. At the first onset, the Canadians and British marksmen took to their heels, and left the poor Germans in the lurch. After a gallant resistance, Baum was mortally wounded, and his brave countrymen killed or taken to a man. In the mean time, Breyman, who had not heard a syllable of all this, arrived at the place of action, where, instead of the cheering huzzas of joyful friends, he was saluted, on all hands, with the deadly whizzing of rifle-bullets. After receiving a few close and scorching fires, the Germans were fain to try their thanks. The neighbouring woods, with night's sable curtains, enabled the fugitives to save their *bacon*, for that time at least. The enemy lost in these two engagements not less than 800 men, in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

About the same time, all their forts on the lakes were surprized—Col. St. Leger was defeated at Fort-Stanwix—the Indians began to desert—Arnold and Morgan were coming up like mountain-storms—and the militia from all quarters were pouring in. Burgoyne began to be alarmed, and wrote to New-York for help; but, finding that Clinton could give him none, and that the salvation of his army depended on themselves, he gallantly determined, on the 7th of October, 1777, to stake his all on the cast of a general battle.

His army, in high spirits, was formed within a mile of the American camp. Burgoyne himself, with the flower of the British troops, composed the centre—brigadier-general Frazer commanded the left—the Germans, headed by major-generals Phillips and Reidsdel, and Col. Breyman, formed the right. With a fine train of artillery, flying colours, and a full roll of martial music, from wing to wing the tow'ring heroes moved. On the other hand, *fired* with the love of *Liberty*, the Americans poured out by thousands, eager for the glorious contest. Their *dear* country's flag waves over their heads; the thoughts of the warriors are on their *children*, and on the *chains* now forging for their tender hands. The avenging passions rise and the battle moves. On either side the thundering cannon begin to shake the solid earth, while, from host to host, the long black pillars of smoke, and glaring flame, enwrap the dreadful field. The action fell with utmost fury on the centre of the British army, and extending along the left wing. The grenadiers behaved with their usual gallantry, but were obliged to give way. Perceiving that they were sinking under the weight of the American fire, Gates ordered a strong body to march round their flank, while Morgan, with a heavy reinforcement, hastened to the left to decide

the action there. These charges were made with such impetuosity, that the enemy were thrown into the utmost confusion. To save them from total destruction, the brave general Frazer flew to their assistance. In this attempt he lost his life, and great numbers of his men were slain. The situation of this part of the royal army becoming now exceedingly critical, and the danger encreasing every moment, a retreat was ordered. But scarcely had they entered their camp, when the Americans stormed it with all the fury of lions; with trailed arms rushing to the charge through a severe fire of grape-shot and musquetry. The British fought with equal desperation, for their *all* was at stake, and the Americans, like a whelming flood, were bursting over their entrenchments, and, hand to hand, with arguments of bloody steel, were pleading the cause of ages yet unborn. For some time the mortal strife was maintained, on both sides, with a bravery that was never exceeded. But, in that moment of danger and of glory, the impetuous Arnold, who led them on, was dangerously wounded and forced to retire, and several regiments of British infantry pouring in to the assistance of their gallant comrades, the Americans, after many hard struggles, were finally repulsed. In another quarter, where the strength of the Germans fought, the Americans, led on by Morgan, carried the entrenchments sword in hand. Col. Breyman, with the greatest part of his countrymen, were killed, and their baggage, tents and artillery, all fell into the hands of the conquerors. This was a bloody day to both armies; but so peculiarly disheartening to the British, that they were obliged to retreat that night to Saratoga, where, in a few days, (on the 13th of October, 1777,) they surrendered to Gates and the Americans, by whom they were treated with a generosity that perfectly astonished them. For, when the British were marched out to lay down their arms, there was not an American to be seen! They had all nobly retired, for a moment, as if unwilling to give the pain, *even to their enemies*, of being spectators of so humiliating a scene! Worthy countrymen of Washington! this deed of yours shall out-live the stars; and the blest Sun himself, *smiling*, shall proclaim, that in the wide travel of his beams, he never looked upon its like before.

Thus, gloriously for America, ended the campaign of '77. '78 began as auspiciously. In May, Silas Deane arrived from France with the welcome news of a *treaty* with that powerful people, and a letter from Lewis XVI. to Congress, whom he styled—*Very dear great friends and allies*. On the 6th of June commissioners arrived from Britain with lord North's conciliatory plan, wherein was offered every thing that America *once* contended for, or coveted. But things were now gone too far to admit of the idea of reconciliation on any basis short of *independence*. Negotiation was, of course,

at an end on the part of Britain, who took instantly to the sword again.

On the 18th of June the British army, now under the command of Clinton, evacuated Philadelphia for New-York. The figure they made on the road had something the air of the *sublime*; for their baggage, loaded horses, and carriages, formed a line not less than twelve miles in length. Gen. Washington, whose eye, like that of the sacred dragon, was always open and fixed upon the enemies of America, immediately crossed the Delaware after them—pushed on detached corps to obstruct their advance—all their flanks—and fall on their rear, while he himself moved on with the body of the army. By the 27th, Clinton had got on as far as Monmouth, and Washington's troops were close on his flank and rear. Next morning he ordered general Lee, with 5000 men, to begin the attack; himself moving on briskly to support him. But, to his astonishment, as he advanced he met Lee retreating, and the enemy impetuously pursuing. Here Washington was seen in all his splendor; for the moment of danger and confusion was always the orb in which he shone the brightest. At sight of *him* his troops recovered their wonted spirits, and wheeled around furiously to the charge. The enemy, finding themselves now warmly opposed in front, made an attempt to turn his left flank, but were gallantly attacked and driven back. They then made a rapid push to the right, but the brave Greene, with a choice body of troops and artillery, repulsed them with considerable slaughter. At the same instant, Wayne advanced with his *Game Chickens*,\* and poured in so severe and well directed a fire, that the enemy were glad to get back to their defiles. Morgan's rifles were full hot that day. Washington and his heroes lay upon their arms all night, resolved to fall on the enemy the moment they should attempt their retreat next morning. But during the night they moved off in *silence*, and got such a start that Washington thought it dangerous, in such hot weather, to make a push after them. Washington lost 58 killed—140 wounded. The British had 249 killed, and the wounded in proportion. Numbers, on both sides, died of the extreme *heat*, and *cold water*.

In September 1780, an attempt was made to take off our Washington, and by means which I can hardly believe the old British Lion was ever well pleased with. The brave general Arnold, having been appointed to the government of Philadelphia, was, alas! over-persuaded by the devil to make a *shaving affair* of it; but, unskilled in the use of the swindling razor, he unfortunately cut many of his customers, so near the quick, that they never gave over bawling until they had gotten him into the star-chamber. Congress, unwilling to expose the man who had fought so bravely in the

\* Every body has heard of Paoli.

cause of liberty, thought they would make what the musicians call, a *piano slur* of it, and be done with it; for it was a piece of vile discord to generous American ears. For the same reason, the god-like Washington hurried it over, and after a gentle reprimand of Arnold, gave him the command of West-Point, with a large body of American troops! The history of Arnold's embarrassments and his quarrel with his countrymen, soon got down to New-York to the British commander, who, well knowing the ticklish situation of a *proud* man caught on the horns of *poverty*, sends him up a major Andre, with money in his pocket. The major, by means yet unknown to the public, got near enough to Arnold to *probe* him, and, alas! found him, both in principle and purse, hollow as an exhausted receiver, and very willing to be filled up with English guineas. English guineas are offered him, and Arnold agrees. Oh! shocking to humanity! Arnold agrees to sacrifice Washington to the British! To be certified of this delightful truth, Andre, during Washington's absence from West-Point, comes ashore from a sloop of war, with a furtout over his regimentals, spends a day and night with Arnold, sees, with his own eyes, the dear train laid, the matches lighted, and every thing in readiness, a few nights hence, to send the old Virginia farmer and his republic a-packing. Every thing being settled to satisfaction, Andre wishes to set off to carry the glad news to general Clinton; but, behold! by a fine stroke of Providential interference, he cannot get on board the ship!! Arnold gives him a horse and a pass to go to New-York by land. Under the name of Anderson he passes, in safety, all the guards. Now, like an uncaged bird, and light as the air he breathes, he sweeps along the road. His fame brightens before him—stars and garters, coaches and castles, dance before his delighted fancy—even his long-loved, reluctant Delia (Miss Seward) is *all his own*—*she joins in the nation's gratitude*—softly she rolls her eye of love, and, brightening in all her beauty, sinks on his enraptured breast! In the midst of these too happy thoughts, he is met by three young militia-men: Though not on duty, they challenge him; he answers by the name of Anderson, shews his pass and bounds away. Here the guardian genius of Columbia burst into tears—she saw the fall of her hero, and her country's liberties crushed forever. Dry thine eyes, blest saint, thy Washington is not fallen yet—the thick bosses of Jehovah's buckler are before the chief, and the shafts of his enemies shall yet fall to the earth, accurst. For, scarce has Andre passed the young militia-men, before one of them tells his comrades, that "*he does not like his looks,*" and insists that he shall be called back and questioned again. His answers prove him a spy. He would have fled, but they level their musquets. Trembling and pale, he offers them an elegant gold-watch to let him go; no! he presses on them a purse bloated with guineas; no! he

promises each of them a handsome pension for life—but *all in vain*. The power that guarded Washington was wroth with Andre. On searching him they find in his boot, and in Arnold's own *band writing*, a plan of the whole conspiracy!! Sons of the generous soul, why should I tell how major Andre died? The place where his gallows stood is overgrown with weeds—but smiling angels often visit the spot, for it was *bathe*d with the tears of his foes.

His candour, on his examination, in some sort expiated his crime, it melted the angel soul of Washington, and the tears of the hero were mingled with the ink that signed the death-warrant of the hapless youth. The wretched Arnold fled. British historians have wondered that he left his wife in the dangerous power of Washington. But Arnold knew in whom he trusted; and the god-like man behaved exactly as Arnold had foreseen; for he immediately sent him his clothes and baggage, and wrote a polite letter of condolance to his lady, offering her a conveyance to her husband, or to her friends in Pennsylvania.

Washington now waged the war with various success. On the one hand, his hero of Saratoga (Gates) was defeated, with considerable loss at Camden; on the other, the British lost, on the King's-Mountain, the brave Col. Ferguson, with all his army, 1,400 men. After the defeat of Gates, Washington sent on his favourite Greene to head the southern army against the victorious Cornwallis and Tarleton. With Greene he joined the famous Morgan, whose riflemen had done such signal service during the war.

To draw Cornwallis's attention from a blow meditated against the British post at Ninety-Six, Greene detached Morgan with 300 regulars, 500 militia, and 100 horse, to Paulet's river, near the neighbourhood of Cornwallis and Tarleton. Immediately the pride of Tarleton rose. He begged of his friend, lord Rawdon, to obtain for him the permission of the commander in chief to go and attack Morgan. "By Heaven, my lord," said he, "I would not desire a finer feather in my cap than Col. Morgan. Such a prisoner would make my fortune." "Ab, Ben," replied Rawdon very coolly, "you had better let the old waggoner alone." As no refusal could satisfy, permission at length was granted him; and he instantly set out with 1000 choice infantry, 300 horse, and two pieces of cannon. His force was to Morgans, at least as 5 to 4. At parting, he said to lord Rawdon with a smile, "My lord, if you will be so obliging as to wait dinner, the day after to-morrow, till four o'clock, Col. Morgan shall be one of your lordship's guests." "Very well, Ben," said the other "we shall wait."

Morgan bravely stood his ground, and, at a place called the Cowpens, drew up his men with most admirable judgment. He paraded his militia in a large field, but near a piece of thick woods:

this was made to appear as his whole force ; but close behind them and in the edge of the woods, he concealed his regulars. Scarce was this arrangement made, before the thundering rattle of Tarleton's drums were heard : And the enemy, horse and foot, poured in on the other side of the field in all their glittering steel. The militia suffered them to advance within a hundred yards, and then gave them a well directed fire, and, according to orders, *broke*, to gain the woods, and form behind the regulars. The British, supposing Morgan's whole force now put to the rout, advanced with such impetuosity that Tarleton's horse had like to have cut down some of the fugitives before they reached the woods. Suspecting no danger nigh, and rushing on as to certain victory, the enemy were now within ten steps of Morgan's riflemen, with every man his finger on the fatal trigger, and his unerring sight drawn upon his brother's heart. Sons of Columbia! let the curtain drop : For who, without weeping eyes, can behold the horrid tragedy that ensued, or the pale cloud of shrieking ghosts that suddenly ascended from the bloody field ! Oh ! that they may have wing'd their way to that blest world, where *strife*, and *groans*, and *death* are unknown !— The survivors, Tarleton and a few horse excepted, were taken.

Washington's heroes continued the war against the British till July '81 ; when Cornwallis resolved to push into Virginia and to fortify himself at York-Town. But the eye of Washington was upon him, and with an address hardly ever equalled, concerted a plan that ended in his total destruction. He artfully wrote letters to Greene, informing, that "*in order to relieve Virginia, he was determined immediately to attack New-York.*" These letters were so disposed of as to fall into the right hands. Clinton took the alarm. But while Clinton was in daily expectation of a visit from him, Washington and his army, now across the Delaware, were in full stretch to the south, darkening the day with their clouds of rolling dust. Cornwallis saw now that the day of his fall was at hand. He had done all that man could do, but all in vain. On the last of September, Washington sat down before York with about 100 pieces of heavy artillery. On the 7th of October, this dreadful train began to thunder ; and the British works sunk before them. Lord Cornwallis, unwilling to expose his gallant army to the destruction of a general assault, agreed on the 17th, to surrender. This was justly considered as the close of war ; which having been *begun* with *supplication*, Washington piously ordered to be finished with *thanksgiving*. In the siege of Cornwallis, the behaviour of the Americans\* was, as usual, generous

\* The amiable colonel Scammel, adjutant-general of the American army, and uncommonly beloved by them, was badly wounded, and taken prisoner by some British dragoons, who trotted him on, before them three miles, into town, where he presently died !! Great was the mourning for Scammel. In a few nights, Washington gave



and noble. The conduct of the French also, was such as to entitle them to equal immortality.

For, when the British marched out to lay down their arms, the French troops were seen to shed tears—they consoled with the British, and tendered them their purses!—Glorious proof, that God never intended men to be, as some wickedly term it, *natural enemies*.

At the conclusion of the war this truly illustrious man, with a soul far superior to the low ambition of governing, surrendered up to Congress all the authority with which he had been invested.—Never was there a more glorious display of the power which virtue possesses over the human heart, than on that memorable occasion. Congress was then sitting at Annapolis. Washington had informed them of his intention to resign on the following day. The house was crowded with the most respectable characters in the universe. Washington arose, and with a dignified modesty, presented into the hands of the President of Congress, the commission which he had received from them seven years before. They now saw the man whom they had long considered as sent of God to save them and their children from slavery—*the man* who, for this greatest of all purposes had cheerfully relinquished every pleasure of life, and bravely exposed himself to all its evils—*the man* who, for seven long years of difficulty and danger, had manifested the most unflinching zeal for his country, and had been made the honored instrument of securing to them liberty, property, and every thing most dear and valuable—*the man* who, in consequence of all this, possessed so entirely the hearts of his army, and of the nation, that he could easily have made himself their master—They now saw this man scorning to abuse his power to the dishonor of his mother country; but, on the contrary, treating her with the most profound respect—dutifully bowing before her *delegated presence*, the Congress—returning the commission she had entrusted him with—piously laying down his unbounded power at her feet—and cheerfully falling back into the humble condition of the rest of her children. The sight of this great man, acting in so generous, so god-like a manner, produced an effect beyond the power of words to express. Virtue appeared to stand before them arrayed in more than mortal charms. Their feelings of admiration and delight were too delicious—too big for utterance. A flood of tears gushed from every eye, which, though a *silent*, was perhaps the richest offering of veneration and esteem ever paid to a human being.

On the 4th of February, 1789, when the federal constitution

orders to storm one of the enemy's redoubts, which was carried almost in an instant. The British called for quarters: A voice of death was heard, "*Remember poor Scammel.*" "*Remember, gentlemen, you are Americans,*" was rejoined by the commander, and instantly the points of the American bayonets were thrown up towards heaven.

was adopted, he was, by the unanimous voice of his country, elected President of the United States, and before the expiration of 4 years, for which he had received his appointment, he was, with equal unanimity, re-elected to the same honorable station. During the first part of his administration he gave the most entire satisfaction; but afterwards when Mr. Pitt was pleased to turn loose his cruisers upon our defenceless commerce, and when the French Directory and their agents, abusing the friendly sentiments which we entertained towards them on account of their former services, endeavoured to draw us into the war—when our citizens, impiously forgetting their own country, were divided and distracted by foreign politics, then it was that Washington failed to please some. But indeed it was not for an angel of God to please such opposite parties, one of whom was furiously clamorous for a war with Britain, the other as keen set on a game of logger-heads with France. In the midst of these violent commotions, Washington turned not to the right hand nor to the left to humour any party. Placed by his country at the sacred helm of her government, with no polestar but her good, no compass but duty, like a brave and heaven-assisted pilot, he steered our great national bark safely through the Scylla and Charybdis, the dangerous rocks and whirlpools of French and English politics.

Little minds are dazzled with pomp and show, to such Washington must have appeared little less than a God, when at York, amidst the thunder and lightning of the war, the British lion crouched before him, and Cornwallis and Tarleton, with seven thousand veteran troops, grounded their arms and acknowledged his superiority. But, however great, however glorious, he might have appeared as a triumphant conqueror, he must appear far greater, far more glorious as the noiseless statesman, whose wisdom and firmness preserved his country from the ruin and horrors of war, and secured to it all the blessings of peace and flourishing commerce. And however this wise, this beneficent conduct of his may have been reprobated by some, yet the day is at hand, when he, whom no clamours could persuade to let slip the hell-hounds of war to feast on the cries and blood of mankind, will be revered and beloved as one of the guardian angels of the human race: Yes, when those unfeeling rulers, who, to monopolize the sale of sugars and of spices, could, without remorse, deluge the earth and dye the ocean with human gore, shall be remembered only to be accursed, then shall the name of Washington sound in the delighted ears of posterity as the name of some gentle angel of God, sent on errands of love to his country: When bloody kings and conquerors, with all their eclat, shall have passed away like the black storms of night which desolated nations in their course, then shall our Washington, like the sun, blest instrument of light and joy to our world, roll on

in his eternal race, gilding distant lands and ages yet unborn with the sweet beams of his *beneficent life*.

When our children, and our children's children, hearing the great name of Washington re-echoed from every lip, shall ask their fathers, "what was it that raised Washington to this god-like height of glory?" let them be told, that "it was *his great virtues*, those precious plants of life, the native shoots of a soul, like his, early watered with the dews of heaven-born religion." Yes, let them be told, and O! may they never forget! that the fame of Washington, which hath gone forth throughout the earth, and ascended the highest heavens, arose from his early sense of *religion*, that only source of human virtue and of human greatness. For how shall frail man, prone to inglorious ease and pleasure, ever ascend the arduous steeps of virtue and of glory, unless animated by the mighty hopes of religion? Or what shall arrest him in his swift descent to infamy and vice if unawed by that dread power which proclaims to the guilty that their secret crimes are seen and shall not go unpunished? Hence the wise, in all ages, have pronounced, that *there never was a truly great man without religion*. There have indeed been great generals, great statesmen, &c. without religion; but let it be remembered that mere courage or cunning, however paramount, never yet made a great man.

"Admit that this can conquer, that can cheat,

"'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:

"Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,

"Is but the more a fool, the more a knave."

Were it not so, the prince of devils would out-top the topmost hero of them all, for he had wit to out-wit Solomon, and courage enough to throw down his black gauntlet to the Almighty. No, no, to be truly great, a man must have not only great talents but great virtues, and these must have nerves of steel too, to bear him strongly up till death, for if he should ever turn aside to vice, farewell forever his reputation as a hero. Hence, when Epaminondas was asked which was the greatest man, himself, or Pelopidas (another illustrious character of the times) he replied, "wait till we are dead," thus implying, that the all of heroism depends on a perseverance, till death, in virtue and in great actions. But what motive on earth can give such perseverance to our virtue, as true religion? For want of this most animating, this only tone-giving principle, how many, who once dazzled the world with the glare of their abilities, are now eclipsed and set, to rise no more? There was Arnold, who, in courage and military talents, glittered in the same firmament with Washington, and, for a while, his face shone like the star of the morning, but, alas! for lack of Washington's religious principles, he soon fell, like Lucifer, from a heaven of glory into an abyss of never-ending infamy. But why should I sum-

mon the Arnolds, the Cromwells, the Bacons, the Cæsars and Alexanders of the earth, to give sad evidence that no valour, no genius *alone* can make men *great*? Do we not *daily* meet with melancholy instances of youth, lovely as innocence, sparkling as wit, and promising to the full of their fond parents' wishes, who, yet, merely for lack of religion, soon make shipwreck of all this precious cargo; sacrificing their gold to gamblers, their health to harlots, and their glory to grog; making conscience their curse, this life a purgatory, and the next a hell!! In fact, a man, though of the greatest talents, without religion, is but like a gorgeous ship without ballast—highly painted, and with flowing canvas she launches out upon the deep, and during a smooth sea and gentle breezes, she moves along stately as the pride of ocean; but, soon as the stormy winds descend, and the black'ning billows begin to roll, suddenly she is overfet and disappears forever. But who is this coming thus gloriously along, with masts towering to heaven, and his sails white looming like the mountain of snows, the strength of ocean roars beneath his prow, while his course through the waves is as the course of the mighty Leviathan? Who is it but the servant of God, the friend of man, and guardian angel of his country! Who is it but the pride of Columbia, Washington the great and good, whose talents like the sails of a mighty ship, spread far and wide catching the gales of heaven, while his capacious soul, stored with the rich ballast of religion, remains firm and unshaken as the ponderous rock? The warm zephyrs of prosperity breathe meltingly upon him, the chill storms of adversity descend in all their fury; the big billows of affliction dash violently against him, but nothing can move him; his eye is fixed on God, his thoughts on the same that remaineth after death—the present joys of an approving conscience, and the glory that fadeth not away, these comfort and support him.

Never, perhaps, had human being a more vivid sense than Washington, of that great truth which lies at the bottom of all our religion and of all our joys; I mean, the belief of a *particular Providence*. His strong, vigorous mind clearly discerned that mighty God, whom nature through all her wond'rous works proclaims aloud: that mighty God who fills the heaven of heavens with his glory, yet every where present with his works, paints the humble lilly of the vale, and feeds with parent care the crying tenants of the sparrow's nest; that Almighty God who is thus regardful of his *meanest* creatures, must, surely, be more regardful of man than of millions of sparrows. This through life, was Washington's firm belief. And this through life animated his hopes, sweetened his resignation, taught him humility, and inflamed his gratitude. To this ever-present parent and preserver of men, Washington ascribed all those rich mercies which crowned his life—his favored birth at

so singularly important a time and place—his extraordinary rise from obscurity to a throne ! a throne in the hearts of five millions of freemen—his miraculous escape from the deadly rifle's aim, and from all the casualties of war—his preservation from the dark designs of Arnold and of Andre—his capture of veteran armies, and defeat of a mighty nation—his subversion, in part, of a great monarchy, and establishment of a pure and happy republic—These wonderful events for which admiring millions extolled him, his enlightened mind deemed it equal insanity and sacrilege to take to himself. “ Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thyself O God be all the glory,” was the style of WASHINGTON. When called by his country in 1775, to lead her freedom-loving sons against the arms of Britain, what charming modesty, what noble self-distrust, what pious confidence in heaven, appeared in all his answers ! How widely different from the behaviour of Suwarrow on a similar occasion ! When that butcher of the Poles was appointed by the Emperor of Russia, to command his forces against the French, he replied, “ I thank your Highness, and *will beat the French !*” Vain mortal ! Shall the Father of mercies desert the souls that he has created, let drop his everlasting reins of government, and suffer a Dæmon to break the nations before him like a potter's vessel ! No ! WASHINGTON thought not so. Firmly persuaded that he who formed “ this universal frame thus wonderous fair,” formed it on some great plan worthy of infinite wisdom and goodness, he wisely concluded, that God would never give to *another his glory*, the glory of governing it : nor allow to angels, men, or devils, to act but in subserviency to his adorable design. Filled with this sublimely delightful idea, WASHINGTON found no place for pride—saw himself but as a mortal man whose breath is in his nostrils—whose place is but a point—his time a moment—and himself an atom in the hand of God to accomplish his mighty will. Hence when called to the chief command, by his countrymen who expected every thing from his great abilities, how utterly did he renounce all self-sufficiency ? how earnestly did he conjure his countrymen “ to cease from man, nor trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God, whose alone the victory is, with whom it is all one to save by many or by few.”—Who, in the flame of battle, can strike a sudden panic through the hearts of the brave, or give the lion's courage to the timid, as may best serve his all wise purposes.

And when after, having conducted his countrymen through the great revolutionary war with such singular success, he again received an unanimous call to the PRESIDENT'S CHAIR, accompanied with the heartiest thanks of the Union for his great services past, and an assured anticipation of equally great to come, read his answers. “ *When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the revolution, in*

*preparing us for the reception of a general government, and in conciliating the good will of the people of America towards one another after its adoption; I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed, with a sense of the divine munificence. I feel that nothing is due to my personal agency in all those complicated and wonderful events, except, what, can simply be attributed to the exertions of an honest zeal for the good of my country."*

And when he presented himself, for the first time, before that august body, the Congress of the United States, April 30, 1789—when he saw before him in full conclave the pride of Columbia in her chosen sons, her Adamses, her Jeffersons, her Jays, her Franklins, her Lees, &c. &c.—Immortal heroes! whose wisdom and valor had stood around her a wall of fire, during her long and arduous struggle for liberty and independence—when he saw those illustrious faces, which the knowledge of their GREAT VIRTUES rendered still more illustrious; and whose eager eyes all fixed and shining on HIM, darted the sweetest beams of admiration and of filial affection, then it was, that our WASHINGTON felt sensations unutterable; sensations that were left to more expressive silence—that sacred pause of exquisite bliss which belongs alone to virtue to impart! and one moment of which far outweighs a whole eternity of prosperous vice. And his address to Congress on that important occasion infinitely deserved the solemn silence with which it was heard; infinitely deserves to be remembered by every council, parliament, or congress, that may be held to the end of the world!

The delegated Fathers of his country were before him to consult on measures, of all others, the nearest to his heart, on measures the best calculated to strengthen the chain of love between the States—to preserve friendship and harmony with foreign powers—to secure the blessings of civil and religious liberty, of peace and prosperity to the union, and to build up our young republic, a great and happy people, among the nations of the earth. Never patriot entered on such important business with fairer hopes, whether we consider the unanimity and confidence of the citizens, or his own and the abilities and virtues of his fellow-counsellors; but all this would not do, nothing, short of the divine friendship, could satisfy WASHINGTON. Feeling the magnitude, difficulty, and danger of managing such an assemblage of communities and interests; dreading the machinations of bad men, and well knowing the insufficiency of all second causes, even the best; he piously reminds Congress of the wisdom of imploring the benediction of the great first cause, without which he knew that his beloved country could never prosper.

*"It would say he, be peculiarly improper, to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that almighty being who rules over the universe, who presides in the councils of nations, and whose providential aids can supply every human defect, that his benedic-*

tion may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes, and may enable every instrument employed in its administration, to execute with success, the functions allotted to his charge. In tendering this homage to the great author of every public and private good, I assure myself that it expresses your sentiments not less than my own; nor those of my fellow-citizens at large, less than either. No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency.—These reflections arising out of the present crisis, have forced themselves too strongly on my mind to be suppressed. You will join with me, I trust, in thinking, that there are none under the influence of which the proceedings of a new and free government can more auspiciously commence.”

And after having come near the close of this the most sensible and virtuous speech ever made to a sensible and virtuous representation of a free people, he adds—“ I shall take my present leave; but, not, without resorting *once more* to the benign parent of the human race, in humble supplication, that, since he has been pleased to favour the American people with opportunities for deliberating with perfect tranquillity; and dispositions for deciding with unparalleled unanimity, on a form of government for the security of their union, and the advancement of their happiness; so his divine blessings may be equally conspicuous in the enlarged views, the temperate consultations, and the wise measures, on which the success of this government must depend.”

But if the conduct of our WASHINGTON was so lovely in the eyes of angels and good men, because so respectful to the great parent, in *public*, it was not less so in *private* life. The learned and facetious Mr. LEE MASSEY, long rector of the parish in which WASHINGTON lived, has often told me, that he never knew so constant a churchman as WASHINGTON. “ And his behaviour in the house of his God was so exceedingly decent, added the same Rev. gentleman, that it produced the happiest effect on my whole congregation, and greatly assisted and comforted me in my moralizing labours; and he always made it a point, to bring with him to church whatever friends happened to be at his house. The amiable Judge Harrison, secretary to Washington, used often to say, that *whenever the General could be spared from camp, on the Sabbath, he never failed riding out to some neighbouring church, to make one of those, who were publicly worshipping the great Creator.*

And while he resided at Philadelphia, as President of the United States, his cheerful and constant attendance on divine service, was such as to convince all who were destitute of religion and true taste,

that he deemed no pleasures equal to those of devotion, and no business a sufficient excuse for neglecting his supreme benefactor.—Greatest of sentimentalists ! Patron of propriety ! Noble devotee of duty ! No wonder that he, whom thou so signally honoredst through life, should through life, so signally have honored thee !

The pillars of heaven are not more immoveable than is this great truth ; which in WASHINGTON'S own language runs beautifully thus—“ there exists in the œconomy and course of nature an indissoluble union between virtue and happiness ; between duty and advantage ”—between religion and glory. For what is religion but a firm belief of the great things of eternity, and a reverential, affectionate intercourse between the soul and its almighty creator ? Now what motives could human wit devise, comparable with these of religion, to kindle our love, to enrapture our hopes, to alarm our fears, to inflame our ambition, and, in short, to touch every spring and passion of our souls, in favour of virtue and happiness ?

Did the sense of shame, restrain Alcibiades from base actions in the presence of Socrates ? Behold, says religion, a greater than Socrates is here. Does the love of created beauty and worth, refine and improve the soul ? Religion leads to the eternal beauty ! the love of whom exalts human nature to divine.

Did the ambition of a civic crown animate Scipio to heroic deeds ? Religion holds up a crown, at sight of which the laurels of a Cæsar fade to weeds. Does the hope of gain call forth noblest industry and worth ? Religion points to treasures in heaven, compared with which, whole beds of diamonds and rocks of massy gold are trash. Did Titus and Aurelius study the happiness of their subjects, for the sake of this world's fame ? Religion displays that world of glory, where good kings, who have made their subjects happy, shall shine like the stars for ever and ever.

Are subjects withheld from crimes ruinous to society, through fear of death ? Religion adds infinite horrors to that dread, it warns them of a death both of soul and body, in hell, in torments exquisite and eternal.

In short, what motives under heaven can restrain men from vice and misery, or urge them on in full stretch after individual and national happiness, comparable with those of Religion ? Hence those great Legislators of nations, Moses, Lycurgus, and Numa, desired nothing for their dear countrymen, in comparison of Religious principles. “ *I ask not gold for the Spartans*, said Lycurgus, *virtue is better than gold.* ” the event shewed his wisdom. The Spartans were invincible all the days of their virtue even 500 years ! “ *I ask not wealth for Israel*, cried Moses, *but O ! that they were wise, that they did but fear God and keep his command-*



ments! *The Lord himself shall be their sun and shield.*" The event proved Moses a true prophet. For while they were virtuous they were independent and happy. In short, look throughout the world, and you will see this eternal truth written on the fates and fortunes of all nations, that according as they were virtuous or vicious, they were strong or weak, united or divided, prosperous or unfortunate.

Hence, WASHINGTON, in his consultations for our good, laid more stress on religious principles, than on all other means whatever. "Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to the prosperity of a nation, religion, says he, is the indispensable support. Volumes could not trace all its connections with private and public happiness." That is, to say nothing of all those duties, generally called duties of imperfect obligation, such as meekness, hospitality, charity, &c. Nor of those ten thousand little, nameless tenderesses and endearments of looks, speech and manners, which, like the graces in a fine piece of music, make up the sweetest harmonies of social life; but which have no more to do with human laws, than angels have with fetters and handcuffs: To pass over all these: "Let it be simply asked, continues WASHINGTON, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life itself, if there be no sense of God or religion on the minds of those who give their oaths in courts of justice."

Human laws!—Human nonsense!—How often, even where the cries and screams of the wretched call aloud for lightning-speeded vengeance, have we not seen the sword of human law loiter in its coward scabbard, afraid of angry royalty? Did not that vile Queen Jezebel, having a mind to compliment her husband with a vineyard belonging to one of her poor subjects, stubborn a couple of villains to take a false oath against innocent Naboth, and then cause him to be dragged out with his little motherless, crying babes, and most barbarously stoned to death?

Great God! what bloody tragedies have been acted on the poor ones of the earth, by kings and great men who were above the laws, and had no sense of religion to keep them in awe!—And if men be not above the laws, yet what horrid crimes! what ruinous robberies! what wide-wasting flames! what cruel murders may they not commit in *secret*—if they be not withheld by the sacred arm of religion! "In vain therefore says WASHINGTON, would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should do any thing to discountenance religion and morality, those great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens.

“The mere politician equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them.”

But some have said, and with a serious face too, that a sense of honour is sufficient to preserve men from base actions ! O blasphemy to sense ! Do we not daily hear of men of honour, by dice and cards, draining their fellow-citizens to the last guinea, reducing them to a dunghill, or driving them to a pistol ? Do we not daily hear of men of honor corrupting their neighbours wives and daughters, and then murdering their husbands and brothers in duels ? Bind such selfish, such inhuman beings, by a sense of honour !! Why not bind roaring lions with a cobweb ? “No” exclaims WASHINGTON, “Whatever a sense of honour may do on men of refined education, and on minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail, in exclusion of religious principles.”

Indeed he seems never to have lost sight of the importance of religion to national safety. When he was told that the British troops at Lexington, on the ever memorable 19th April, 1775, had fired on the Americans and killed several of them, he replied, “I grieve for the death of my countrymen, but rejoice that the British are still so determined to put God on our side :” alluding to that noble sentiment which he has since so happily *expressed*, viz. “The smiles of heaven can never be expected on a nation that disregards the eternal rules of order and right which heaven itself has ordained.” And truly WASHINGTON had abundant reason from his own happy experience, to recommend religion so heartily to others. For, as religion never had a more dutiful son than WASHINGTON, so WASHINGTON never had a more generous mother than religion. Setting aside all those secret comforts and joys with which she refreshed him in his frequent visits to the great King ; setting aside all those incalculable favours which he received from her at the hands of her celestial daughters, the virtues—that fine health which *rosey-cheek'd temperance* gave him—that clearness of head which *genteel sobriety* furnished him—that firm tone which *blushing chastity* dispensed him—that horn of abundance which *firm-nerved industry* bestowed on him—that tranquillity which *prudence in business*, preserved to him—that cheerfulness which *smiling innocence* presented to him—that bold undaunted heart which *good conscience* gave him—I say, setting aside these, and the ten thousand other choicest presents which religion sent him by the hands of her daughters the virtues ; she threw over him her own venerable mantle, which, like the Aegis of Minerva, makes little men great

and great men little less than gods. It was this mantle of religion which immortalized our WASHINGTON. By inspiring every body with the profoundest veneration for him as the best of men, it naturally smoothed his way to the supreme command. For when war, that monster of hell, came on roaring against us, with all his death-heads and garments rolled in blood, we unanimously elected WASHINGTON our commander in chief, from a natural persuasion that so good a man must be the peculiar favourite of heaven, and the fastest friend of his country. How far this precious instinct of nature in favour of goodness, was correct, or how far WASHINGTON'S conduct was honourable to religion, and glorious to himself and country, bright ages to come, and happy nations yet unborn, will, I trust, declare.

The life of WASHINGTON adds one more to the already innumerable proofs of the incalculable importance of good character to all men, but especially to great men. "Very gladly, said George Villars, would I give ten thousand pounds for a good character, because I could easily make thirty thousand pounds by it. But WASHINGTON'S good character was worth to himself and to his country, more thirty thousand pounds than all the golden sands of Gambia, and precious ore of Potosi could furnish! It obtained for him the supreme command of the American armies! a command which his great abilities conducted with such skill and success, that he fully established the liberties of his country; and erected for himself a monument whose base covers the United States and its summit reaches the sky: a monument that shall shine in the Cabinets of the Almighty, when the moon has shrowded forever her silver face, and the great sun himself has ceased to gladden the earth with his golden beams.

But before I quit this article, permit me to add (for which I hope his brethren in arms will thank me) that Washington's piety rendered him one of the brightest ornaments of his profession as a soldier. It inspired him with that heroic kind of courage, so honourable to *reason* and to *man*, and so necessary to a general; that calm deliberate valour, which, even in the maddest rage of battle, enabled him to look coolly on, and improve every advantage which the errors of the enemy afforded. Braddock's bloody field bears glorious testimony to this. For there in the midst of horrors unparalleled, while profane dram-drinking veterans were flying in every direction, like gun-shot deer, this virtuous youth, unconcerned as Mars, was riding along the line of his Virginia riflemen, incessantly calling out "well fired, my brave fellows!

“remember the fate of our little army depends now on your rifles.”

An officer said one day at head-quarters, that in his opinion a field of battle called for valour not virtue. “There is no call, sir,” replied Washington, “prior to that of virtue, none of comparable magnitude and importance. By fighting we serve our country; by virtue we serve him who made us, we serve mankind, we serve ourselves and even we serve our country the better in the article of valour. For how a man can fight in a bad cause and under a guilty conscience, I do not know. Under such circumstances I think I should be the veriest coward alive; but give me the happiness to live and to fight, so as to have God on my side, and I hope I shall never know fear.”

This is near a-kin to a noble sentiment of a great captain in former ages “I fear my God, O Abner, and know no other fear.”

The great Gustavus Adolphus used constantly to say, that “a foldier always fights the better for being a good man.”\*

Washington proved to a demonstration that virtue is the soul of courage. No beau ever went with more composure to a ball than he did to a battle. Hannibal-like, he was the first on the field, and the last off. Providence, in love to America, made his body bullet-proof, and his great virtues rendered his mind fearless of fear.

His conduct in camp was correspondent with his principles.—He was never absent from public prayers. And as to his private devotions, we have every evidence, save that of the eye, that they were duly discharged. He whose feelings through life, were so exquisitely alive to duty and propriety, that he could not lie down under the weight of an *hundred pence* due to his neighbour; surely could never have slept under the enormous burden of *ten thousand talents* due to his God.

### WASHINGTON'S PATRIOTISM.

The next duty to piety is *patriotism*, or the *love* of our *country*.

In this first of all republican virtues, the whole life of Washington may justly challenge a comparison with that of the greatest Heroes, whether we consider the majesty of its stream or the purity of its source. His was not the patriotism of a Cæsar, or an Alexander, human devils! who could rob and murder millions of mankind to enrich their own states. No, his was the patriotism of an enlightened and virtuous mind, which, looking on the whole hu-

\* On the morning of the battle of Monmouth, an officer happening to say, “I believe we shall have a hot day of it,” Washington replied, *Well, thank God, we have a good cause, and I trust a clear conscience, what could we desire more?*”

man family as his brethren, felt for all, the tenderness of a brother; rendered unto all, the same great duties of humanity and justice. But knowing that the proper sphere of activity to the individual lay in his own country, he nobly exerted on that beloved spot, all the influence of his prayers, his example, and his advice.

As to his prayers—"I shall carry with me to my grave, says he, addressing himself to us, by unceasing vows, that heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution which is the work of your own hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that in short the happiness of the people of these states, under the blessings of heaven, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation, and so prudent an use of liberty, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection and adoption of every nation which is stranger to it." O divine prayer! would to God it could be uttered every Sabbath, in all places of prayer throughout the Union, and with the same heaven-assaulting fervour with which it flowed from *his* full soul!!

As to his advice, hear how earnestly he intreats us—"to improve the extraordinary opportunities of happiness which heaven has put into our hands." How particularly does he conjure us to reflect on the infinite importance of national union to our collective and individual welfare—to cherish a cordial and immovable attachment to it—to accustom ourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of our political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event ever be abandoned; and indignently frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts. For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you as a nation, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any title taken from the state in which you may have been born. With slight difference you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause, fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess, are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes."

O ! let us consider that our country is the common mother of us all—the cradle of our existence—the nursery of our youth—the guardian of our manhood—the sacred circle that embraces our wives, our parents, our children, our liberties, our laws and every thing on earth dear and valuable to us. She is also the precious bank in which we all have, in common, our shares, and must therefore bear our part in whatever good or ill befalls her. If her liberty be destroyed none of us can escape the chains. If her credit sink, each man's fortune sinks with it. If foreigners press our seamen, beggar our merchants and ruin our trade, every man suffers.

If national vice abound, if luxury, sloth, duelling and sedition prevail, increasing the debt and hastening the downfall of the country ; every individual must bear his part of the heart-ache and wretchedness that ensue. On the contrary, if public virtues flourish, if unanimity in council, valour in the field, industry and æconomy every where prevail ; the blessing extends to all : Every man is crowned with glory, feasted with the plenty, and partakes in the joy that gladdens the dear common mother !

O for Washington's flaming patriotism ! That divine cement of nations ! Without which a people, tho' numerous as the sands of the desert, are but as the sands of the desert, loose and scattered before every blast. While a nation, though few in number, but welded together, by patriotism, and edged with public virtue, become like an ax of steel, sufficient to cut its restless way through whole forests of foes. For proof, see the little republics, of Greece ! mere mole-hills on the map of nations ; but nurseries of immortal patriots, educated in the school of virtue, and led on by Leonidas and Liberty. See, I say, these little republics, these virtuous few, this noble band of brothers, invaded by the great King of Persia at the head of an army of at least *fifteen hundred thousand men* ! Expectation stands in horror, looking to see the Greeks suddenly swept away by the bosom of destruction. But, accustomed from earliest infancy to love their country—invigorated by rigid temperance—enured to manly toil—and closely united in the same great interests, this handful of brave republicans met Xerxes and his host of slaves, and gave them the most signal overthrow ever recorded in history.

But no nation under the sun, ever exhibited a more brilliant display of the power of patriotism than the ancient Romans. When Carthage, proud Mistress of the Sea, made war, with all her wealth against the Roman poverty, she found the result very differ-

ent from her expectations. The reason is plain. Gold and silver may easily be exhausted, but public virtue and fortitude never can. Even after loosing two hundred and fifty thousand of their best troops, the Romans would not hearken to any terms. "No! Let us die, to a man, rather than out-live the ruin of our country," was the universal cry. Every citizen threw aside his own business and pressed to take up arms in defence of his country; and not only refused to receive pay, but eagerly offered for the public good, all the gold and silver in his possession. The *behaviour* of the women, to their immortal honour, was equally great and disinterested. The Romans prevailed. Indeed it is hardly possible for human force to prevail against such magnanimous patriots who feel, that, "*without virtue, life is pain and woe, and that without liberty, even virtue mourns and looks around for happiness in vain.*"

Such was the patriotism which raised the republics of ancient Greece and Rome to be the Mistresses of the world. And such, thro' life, was the patriotism of Washington. While yet a youth, the tender down hardly formed on his ruddy cheek, he hears that the French and Indians have lifted the tomahawk and are butchering the frontier inhabitants. He sees the grim ruffians bursting into the unguarded Cabin.—The father and the husband, shot down, lies weltering in his own heart's blood—while the wretched mother and her helpless little ones, with heart-piercing shrieks, and eyes wild-starting from their sockets, fly, but fly in vain, from their bloody pursuers!—He starts up burning for vengeance. The Alleghanies are not seen before him; rivers shrink into rills, and immense forests to scanty groves. Full-nerved with patriot rage, he rushes upon the murderers of his countrymen, as the bounding Lion upon the wretch who has invaded his brindled cubs.—Bloody were the balls of his rifles in the battle of the roaring Kanhaway, when the painted children of the foe fled to their distant lands.

And in 1774, when Lord North had resolved, Uzzah-like, to lay his unhallowed hand upon the sacred ark of our liberties, then it was that the patriotism of Washington broke forth in a blaze of glory to himself, and of honor to human nature.

He saw, with aching heart, the black cloud that was gathering over his country, the fearful odds marshalled in dread array against us; thirteen millions, against three! Veteran armies, against raw militia! Powerful natives, bridging the Atlantic, against sloops and schooners! Britain, in fine, wealthy, warlike Britain coming on, in step-mother wrath, resolved that her children should down on

marrow bones and take her yoke. Possessing a princely fortune Washington might easily have slipped away from a storm which, indeed, he had very little of *this world's reason* to persuade him to encounter. For he knew very well what sort of promotion the Scotch Lairds met with in 1745, and had abundant cause to expect, that, in case of equal success, he should be equally promoted.— And besides, he had no children for whose dear sakes nature might rouse him up to meet such risks. No daughters, meanly studious of ornaments to please the enslavers of their country; no sons to wear the galling chain, and tread lightly in presence of her haughty Lordlings. Hence one of his European friends advised him to quit a scene of danger to which he had such slender ties, and fly with him to the safe and pleasant shores of Europe. “*What, replied Washington, shall I forsake my mother, because she is in danger?*” The other observed that Col. Washington had not perhaps duly appreciated the pleasures, he was renouncing, the dangers he was incurring. “*God forbid, rejoined Washington, that I should ever appreciate pleasure, opposite to duty, or shrink from dangers when my country calls. No! I had rather suffer with her, than reign with her oppressors.*” His conduct was agreeable to his principles. In the ever memorable 1775, he embraced his weeping consort, and went forth the Leonidas of his country resolving to fix her liberties or find a glorious grave. For seven long years he kept the fields of iron war, with no dainties, but common soldiers fare;\* no music, but clashing arms and thundering guns, no pleasures, but his toils and watching for us. At any period of this long conflict, he might, no doubt, have exchanged our liberties for myriads of shining gold, or highest seats of purpled honor. But Washington was not born to blast the hopes of millions, or bid the Genius of his country hang her head and weep.

Greece and Rome have boasted, and justly too, of their great patriots, who after rendering immortal services to their country, would accept no pecuniary rewards. Of the same disinterested and noble quality was the patriotism of WASHINGTON. For after having steered the trembling bark of his country through all the storms and tempests of a perilous war;

\* A gentleman assured me that dining one day at head-quarters in company with a number of officers, he expected, as was very natural, to have had a fine swig at some good drink, such as Porter, Punch, Wine, &c. but how did his palate fall, on hearing the general call out, “*Come gentlemen, here's plenty of Whiskey and water, or, of water and Whiskey; or here's Whisky by itself, or water by itself; don't be bashful but call freely.*”



after having by the help of the Almighty, conducted her in safety into the port of honourable peace and glorious independence, he would receive no Gold. No: Gold is the counterpoise of services done; but say, Americans! what Gold could counterpoise services like his, when, after the dread explosion at Yorktown, he saw the black storm of war passing away, and the sweet beams of liberty gilding again our happy plains?

The patriotism of the Roman Emperor, Alexander, has been celebrated through all ages, because he was never known to give any place thro' favour or friendship, but to employ those only whom both himself and the Senate looked on as the best qualified to serve the country. In OUR WASHINGTON we meet this great and honest Emperor over again. For in choosing men to serve his country, WASHINGTON knew no recommendation but merit; had no favourite but worth. No relations, however near, no friends, however dear, stood any chance for places under him, provided he knew men better qualified to fill them. His great soul was so truly *republican*, so perfectly abhorrent of every thing like *selfishness*, that during the whole of his administration he was never known to advance even an individual of his own name and family.

The British, with good reason, admire and extol Admiral Blake as one of the bravest and best of Patriots, because, though he had no love for Oliver Cromwell, yet he fought like a hero for him, and with his dying breath exhorted his men "*to love their country as a common mother, and, no matter what bands the government might chance to fall into, to fight for her like good children.*"

The same truly filial spirit was in WASHINGTON. Equally anxious was he that we should all so dearly love our country as to shudder at the idea of party spirit, that leaven of hell, whose fatal fermentation dissolves the sacred cement of union, and introduces all the horrors of civil war.

The Roman historians have extolled their Cincinnatus to the heavens, because that after having, in a day of great public danger, taken command of his country's forces, and entirely defeated the enemy, he hastened, laden with honours, to the Senate, piously resigning the powers with which they had entrusted him, and then cheerfully returned to cultivate his *little farm* (of four acres) from which he had been called to lead the armies of his country. O wondrous man! O prodigy and pride of purest republican virtue! May each exalted American imitate thy glorious example. WASHINGTON imitated! WASHINGTON equalled it! For after having begun, continued, and ended for his country, the most glorious revolution that this or any other age ever beheld; after having, through his unparalleled worth, obtained a

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confidence

confidence and power supreme and absolute,\* he hastened, at the call of duty, to resign that power into the revered hands of Congress, and returned to the dignified station of a virtuous private citizen; yes, he returned, with heaven in his soul, and glory eternal on his name, to enjoy the welcome shade, and delicious fruits, of that blessed tree of liberty, which, with divine help, his own right-hand had planted.

### WASHINGTON'S INDUSTRY.

But of all the virtues that adorned the life of this great man, there is none more worthy of our imitation than his admirable industry. It is to this virtue in her WASHINGTON, that America stands indebted for services past calculation; and it is from this virtue, that WASHINGTON himself, has snatched a wreath of glory, that shall never fade away. O that the good genius of America may prevail! That the example of this her favourite son may but be universally adopted! Soon shall our land be freed from all those sloth-begotten Demons which now haunt and torment us! For, whence do all our miseries proceed, but from our lack of industry? In a land like this, which heaven has blessed above all lands: A land abounding with the fish and flesh-pots of Egypt, and flowing with the choicest milk and honey of Canaan; a land, where the poorest Lazarus may get his *fifty pence* a-day for commonest labour; and buy daintiest bread of Corn flour for *less than a penny a pound!* Why is any man hungry, or thirsty, or naked, or in prison? Why, but for his own unpardonable sloth! But alas!—What would it avail, though the blest shade of WASHINGTON were to descend from his native skies, and, with an angel's voice, recommend industry as the handmaid of *health, wealth, innocence, and happiness* to man! A notion from the land of lies, has taken too deep root among some, that "*labour is a low-lived thing, fit for none but Negro-slaves! and that dress and pleasure are the only accomplishments for a gentleman!*" But does it become a gentleman to saunter about living on the charity of his relations—to suffer himself to be dunned by his creditors—and, like a hunted wolf, to fly from the face of Sheriffs and Constables? Is it like a gentleman to take a generous woman from her parents, and reduce her to beggary—to see even her bed sold from under her, and herself and weeping infants turned out of doors?—Is it like a gentleman to reduce one's children to rags, and to drive them, like the birds of heaven, to hedges and highways, to pick berries

\* At one period of the great revolutionary war Congress offered, and actually settled the supreme power on our WASHINGTON, but, thinking it a dangerous precedent, the Hero returned it.

berries, filling their pale bloated bodies with diseases? Or is it like a gentleman to bring up one's sons in sloth, pleasure, and dress, as young Noblemen, and then leave them without estates, profession, or trade, to turn gamblers, sharpers, or horse-thieves? "*From such gentlemen, O save my country, Heaven!*" was WASHINGTON's perpetual prayer, the emphatical prayer of his life and great example! In the ear of wisdom, that was heard incessantly calling aloud, "He is the real gentleman, who cheerfully contributes his every exertion to accomplish heaven's favorite designs, the *beauty, order, and happiness of human life*—whose industry appears in a plentiful house, and smiling wife, in the decent apparel of his children, and in their good education and virtuous manners—who is not afraid to see any man on earth, but meets his creditor with a smiling countenance, and with the welcome music of gold and silver in his hand—Who exerts an honest industry for wealth, that he may become as a water-course in a thirsty land, a source of refreshment to a thousand poor."

Yes, my dear countrymen, this is to be the real gentleman, whose life is filled up with honorable toils, crowned with plenty, enjoyed with health, dignified by usefulness and sweetened by the blessings of the poor! How charming the thought

"That each sweet hour flies well improv'd away,

"That gen'rous deeds distinguish ev'ry day."

This was the life, this the example set by WASHINGTON. His whole inheritance was but a small tract of poor broken land in Stafford County, opposite to Fredericksburg, (where he once lived) and a few Negroes. This appearing utterly insufficient to those purposes of honor and usefulness, with the charms of which his mind seems to have been early smitten, he resolved to make up the deficiency by dint of great industry and economy. For these virtues how excellent! how rare in youth! WASHINGTON was admirably distinguished when but a boy. At a time when many young men have no higher ambition than a fine coat and a frolic, "*often have I seen him*, says the Reverend Mr. Lee Massey, *riding about the country with his surveying instruments at his saddle*," enjoying the double satisfaction, of obliging his fellow citizens by surveying their lands, and of making money, not meanly to hoard, but generously to lend to any *worthy* object that asked it. This early industry was one of the first steps to WASHINGTON's preferment. It attracted on him the notice and admiration of all his very numerous acquaintance, and, which was still much more in his favor, it gave such strength to his constitution, such vigor to his mind, such an ardor and spirit for adventure, that he was ready, like a young Lion, to leap on any

any glorious enterprize, no matter how difficult or dangerous. Witness the expedition from Williamsburgh, through the Indian country to the Ohio, which he undertook for Governor Dinwiddie, in 1773, and when he was but 21. Indeed his uncommon attachment to industry and useful life, made such an impression on the public mind in his favor, that by the time he was *one and twenty* he was appointed Major and adjutant General of the Virginia forces.\* For these services he received a handsome salary from the crown. By the death of an elder brother he acquired the Mount-Vernon estate, and a much larger, by the affections of the young and amiable Mrs. Martha Custis, who, in the year 1759 and 27th of his age, with her hand and heart give him possession of one of the finest estates in Virginia. Here was a rise for you! a rise which to little minds would have appeared a sufficient apology for *slöth, bigb living,* and the *gout*. But on WASHINGTON, whose industry was founded on principle, it produced no other effect than gratitude to heaven, and, if possible, an increase of exertion to gratify more amply his favorite wish, the wish to be useful.

Never was the great Alfred more anxious to improve his time than our WASHINGTON; and it appears that, like Alfred, he divided his time into the four grand departments of *sleep, devotion, recreation,* and *business*. On the hours of business, whether in his own or in his country's service, he would allow nothing to infringe. While in camp no company however illustrious, no pleasures however elegant, no conversation however agreeable, could prevail on him to neglect his business—The moment that his hour of duty was come, he would fill his glass and with a smile call

\* There was at this time a young fellow in Williamsburgh, by the name of Jack B— who possessed a considerable vivacity, great good nature and several accomplishments of the boon companion sort; he could tell a good story, sing agreeably, scrape a little on the fiddle, and cut as many capers to the tune of old Roger as any Buck a-going.—And being, besides a young fellow of fortune, and son of an intimate acquaintance, Jack was a great favorite of the governor, and very much at his house. But all this could not save poor Jack from the twinges of envy. For, on hearing every body talk in the praise of Major WASHINGTON, he could not help saying one day at the governor's table “ I wonder what makes the people so wrapped up in Major Washington; I think, begging your excellency's pardon, I had as good a right to expect a majority.” “ Ah, Jack, replied the governor, when we want a little diversion, we send for you, but when the country wants a man for business, we send for Major Washington.”

call out to his friends around the social board, "well gentlemen here is *bon repos*,"\* and immediately withdraw to business.

While he was employed in choosing a place on the Potomack, for the Federal City, his industry was no less remarkable. Knowing how little is generally done before breakfast, he made it a rule to rise so early as to have breakfast over, and be on horseback by the time the sun was up. Let the rising generation remember that he was then sixty years of age!

On his farm, his husbandry of time was equally exemplary. He contemplated a great object; an object worthy of WASHINGTON. He aimed at teaching his countrymen the art of enriching their lands, and, consequently, of rendering the condition of man and beast more plentiful and happy. He had seen thousands of acres, which, by constant cultivation, had lost the power of covering their nakedness even with a suit of humble sedge; he had seen thousands of wretched cattle, which, driven out houseless and hayless into the cold wintry rains, presented such trembling spectacles of starvation and misery as were more than enough to start the tear into pity's eye. To remedy these *cruel evils*, (which certainly they are, for he who lent us these animals, never, surely, meant that we should make their lives a curse to *them*, much less to our *children*, hardened by such daily fights of misery) WASHINGTON generously set himself to make artificial meadows, to cultivate fields of clover, and to raise the most nutritious vegetables, such as Cabbage, Turnips, Scarcity and Potatoes; of which last article he planted in one year 700 bushels!

To

\* *Bon repos*, is a French cant for good night. WASHINGTON drank it as a signal to break up; for the moment the company had swallowed the General's *bon repos*, it was *hats* and *off*. General WAYNE, who happily for America, understood fighting better than French, had some how or other taken up a notion, that this same *bon repos*, to whom WASHINGTON always made such conscience of giving his last bumper, must have been some warrior of the times of old. Having by some extraordinary luck gotten hold of two or three dozen of good old wine, he invited a parcel of hearty fellow-officers to dine with him and help him to break them to the health of America. Soon as the cloth was removed and the bottles on the table, the hero of Stony Point cried out "*come my brave fellows, fill your glasses, here's old bon repos forever.*" The officers were thunderstruck, but having turned off their glasses, rose up one and all, to go. "Hey-day! what's all this, gentlemen what's all this? why did not you drink *bon repos* or *good night*?" "what! is that the meaning of it?" "Yes" "Well then damn *bon repos*, and take your seats again, for by the life of WASHINGTON, you shan't stir a peg, till we have started every drop of our drink."

To render these vast supplies of food the more beneficial to his cattle, he built houses of shelter for them all. " *He shewed me a barn, says Briffot, upwards of a hundred feet square, and of brick, designed as a store-house for his corn, potatoes, turnips, &c. around which he had constructed stables of an amazing length, for his cattle,*" every one of which had a stall well littered with leaves or straw; and a rack and manger well furnished with hay and provender.

The pleasure and profits arising from such an arrangement, are incalculable. How delicious must it have been to a man of WASHINGTON's feelings, to reflect that, even in the worst of weather, every creature, on his extensive farms, was warm and comfortably provided! To have seen his numerous flocks and herds, gamboling around him thro' excess of joy, and fullness of fat! To have beheld his steps washed with butter, and his dairy floated with rivers of milk! To have seen his once naked fields and frog-croaking pocofins, now by clearance or manure converted into meadows, standing thick with heavy timothy and clover! While his farm-yards were piled with such quantities of litter and manure as afforded a constantly increasing fertility to his lands!

Here was an employment worthy of WASHINGTON; an employment which we might indeed have expected from *him*, who, through life, had studied the best interests of his countrymen; who, first, as a *soldier*, had defended them from slavery and crowned them with liberty; then as a statesman, had preserved them from war, and secured to them all the blessings of peace; and now, as the last but not least service of his life, was teaching them the great arts of improving their farms, multiplying their cattle, enriching their lands, and thus pouring a flood of plenty and of comfort thro' the joyful habitations of man and beast.

Full of this greatly benevolent idea, no wonder that he was so frugal of his time, and that, tho' the most hospitable of all the hospitable Virginians, he would not suffer the society of his dearest friends to take him entirely from his business. Long accustomed to find his happiness in doing his duty, he had attained to that Royal-Arch degree of virtue, as to be restless and uneasy while duty was neglected. Hence of all men that ever lived, WASHINGTON was the most rigidly observant of those hours of business which were necessary to the successful management of his vast concerns. " *Gentlemen,*" he would often say to his friends who visited him, " *I must beg leave of absence a few hours in the forenoon; here is plenty of amusements, books, music, &c. and consider yourselves at home, and be happy.*" He came in about 12 o'clock, and then, as if animated by the conscioufness

sciousness of having done his duty, and that all was going on right, he would give himself up to his friends and to decent mirth the rest of the evening. But his mornings were always his own. Long before the sun had peeped into the chambers of the floggard, WASHINGTON was on horseback and out among his overseers and servants, and neither himself, nor any about him were allowed to eat the bread of idleness. The happy effects of such industry were obvious. Well manured and tilled, his lands yielded a grateful return, and it was at once pleasing and astonishing to behold the immense quantities of fine hay, of fat meats and choice grain that were raised on his farms. His servants fared plentifully, his cattle rarely had the *bellow-born*, and the surplus of his produce, sold to the merchants, furnished bread to the needy, and a revenue to himself more than sufficient to defray his vast expenditures, and to spread a table of true Virginia hospitality for those crowds of friends and foreigners whom affection or curiosity led to visit him.

O! Divine Industry? Queen-Mother of all our virtues and of all our blessings! What is there of GREAT or of GOOD in this wide world that springs not from thy royal bounty? And O! thou infernal sloth! Fruitful fountain of all our crimes and curses! What is there of mean or of miserable in the lot of man that flows not from thy hellish malice?

What was it that betrayed David, otherwise the best of kings, into the worst of crimes? IDLENESS. Sauntering about *idly* on the terrace of his palace, he saw the naked beauties of the distant, bathing Bathsheba. Lust, adultery and murder were the consequences:

What was it that brought on a ten years war between the Greeks and Trojans? IDLENESS. Young Paris the Coxcomb of Troy, having nothing to do, strolls over to the court of Menelaus, (a Greek Prince) whose beauteous wife, Hellen, the black-eyed Queen of love, he corrupts and runs off with to Troy. A bloody war ensues; Paris is slain; his Father, brothers, and myriads of wretched subjects are slaughtered; and Troy, the finest City of all Asia, is reduced to ashes!

What was it that hurried poor Mr. A——d to that horrid act of suicide which froze the blood of all who heard it? Idleness.—His young wife was all that we could conceive of sweetness, tenderness and truth in an Angel's form; and his three beauteous babes were the three graces in smiling infancy. But! Oh wretched man! Having *nothing to do*, he strolled to a tavern and to a card-table, where he lost his all! *Five thousand pounds*, lately settled on him by a fond father! He awakes to horrors unutterable! What will become of his ruined wife! his beggared babes! Believing the torments of the damned far more tolerable, he

he drives the scorching bullets thro' his brain, and flies a shrieking ghost to join the mournful throng!

What is the cause of all that horrid uproar which often throws our towns into such fear and trembling, on the evenings of our great hollidays? Idleness. *Merciful heavens!* what wild tumultuous throng is that, on yonder *restless, beaving* field? What clouds of dust! What stunning din of ten thousand discordant voices, *whooping* and *ballooning*, *cursing* and *swearing!* Why surely the Devil's millennium is begun, and all hell has turned out to celebrate the joyous occasion! No, it is no more than the tag-rag-and-bob-tail of a town, just escaped from the sobering hand of *industry*, and got out there together with sharpshin in pocket, drinking and roaring, racing and cock-fighting, betting, boxing, and playing the D—l in a thousand shocking shapes.

O sad sight! See yon tall genteel young man, in powder and ruffles, standing before his judges, trembling like an Aspen, and pale and blank as the picture of guilt; while in the crowded court-house, every countenance, filled with pity or contempt, is fixed upon him. Alas! what could have brought him to this? Idleness. His father, happening to possess 500 acres of poor Land, and a few Negroes, thought it would be an eternal disgrace to his family to bring up this son (though he had many) to be a mechanic. No, he must, like the rest of his brothers, live the fine gentleman. Grown to man's estate, and having no profession, trade or habit of industry to support this pleasant life, he took to *Horse-stealing!* If we had leisure to wait, we should presently see this unhappy youth, on receiving sentence of death, bursting out into sobs and cries sufficient almost to make us wish we had never been born. But let us make haste and leave these accursed scenes of *shame*, misery and death, into which *idleness* never fails to bring poor deluded youth. Yes, let us hurry away from these haunts of horror, and joyfully return to our beloved WASHINGTON and to his health—wealth—and glory-giving goddess, *industry.*

What is it that braces the nerves, purifies the blood, and hands down the flame of life, bright and sparkling, to old age! What but *rosy-cheeked industry.* See WASHINGTON so invigorated by constant exercise, that, tho' close on the heel of three score and ten when he fell asleep, he was still fresh as at *forty*, straight as a young Grenadier, and girding on his patriot sword, ready, once more at his country's call, to lead his eager warriors to the field. What is it that preserves the morals of young men, and secures to them all the blessings of unblemished character and unbroken health? What but *snow-robed Industry.* See WASHINGTON, under the guardianship of industry, walked the slippery paths of youth  
safe



safe and uncorrupt, though born in a country whose fertility and climate furnished both the means and the invitation to vice. Early smitten with the love of glory; early engaged in the noble pursuit of knowledge, of independence, and of usefulness, he had no eyes to see bad examples nor ensnaring objects, no ears to hear horrid oaths nor obscene language, no leisure for impure passion nor criminal amours; hence he enjoyed, O! blessed gift of industry! that innocence, that purity of soul, which is rightly called its '*sunshine*;' and which impressed a dignity on his character, and gave him a beauty and loveliness in the eyes of men, that contributed more to his rise in the world than young people are aware. And what is it that raises a young man from poverty to wealth, from obscurity to never-dying fame? What but *Industry*! See Washington, born of humble parents, and in humble circumstances—born in a narrow nook and obscure corner of the British Plantations! yet, lo! what great things wonder-working Industry can bring out of this unpromising Nazareth? While but a youth, Washington manifested such a noble contempt of *sloth*, such a manly spirit to be always learning or doing something useful or clever, that he was the *praise* of all who knew him. And, though several years yet on the forenoon side of *twenty*, so high were the hopes entertained of him, he was appointed a county surveyor! Arduous task! But WASHINGTON'S industry was a full match for it. Such was the alertness with which he carried on his surveys; such the neatness and accuracy of his plats and drafts, that he met with universal applause. Full-fed, and flushed with so much fare of *praise*, a fare of all others the most toothsome and wholesome to generous minds, our young Eagle began now to flap his wings of honest ambition, and to pant for nobler darings. A fair occasion was soon offered; a dangerous expedition through the Indian wilds, as before mentioned, to the French Mamelukes, on the Ohio. Nobody else having a stomach to such an adventure, WASHINGTON'S offer was gladly accepted, and he executed that hazardous and important trust with such *diligence* and propriety, that he received the thanks of the governor and council. Honors came down on him now in showers; He was appointed Major and Adjutant General of the Virginia forces—then a Colonel—after, a member of the house of Burgesses—next, Generalissimo of the armies of the United States; and finally, Chief Magistrate of the Union.

All these *great* and *arduous* appointments served but the more to display the wonderful effects of his industry. For such was his economy of time, and so admirable his method and regularity in doing business, that he always kept a-head of it. No letters of

consequence were unanswered—no reasonable expectations were disappointed—no necessary information was ever neglected.—Neither the Congress, nor the governors of the several states, nor the officers of his army, nor the British generals, nor even the overseers and stewards on his farms, were uninformed of what he expected from them. Nobody concerned with him, was *idle* or *fretted* for want of knowing what to do.

O admirable man! O great Preceptor to his country! no wonder every body honoured *him* who honoured every body; for the poorest beggar that wrote to him on business, was sure to receive a speedy and decisive answer. No wonder every body loved him, who, by his unwearied attention to the public good, manifested the tenderest love for every body. No wonder that his country delighted to honor *him*, who shewed such a high sense of their honors, that he would not allow even a leaf of them to wither; but so watered them all with the refreshing streams of his industry, that they continued to bloom with ever-increasing glory on his head.

Since the day that God created man on the earth, none ever displayed the power of industry more signally than did GEORGE WASHINGTON. Had he, as Prince of Wales, or, as Dauphin of France, rendered such great services, or attained such immortal honours, it would not have seemed so marvellous in our eyes.—But, that a poor young man, with no King, Lords, nor Commons to back him; with no Princes, nor Whores of Princes, to curry favor for him—with no gold but his virtue, no silver but his industry, should with this old-fashioned, King David's coin, have stolen away the hearts of all the American Israel, and from a sheep-cot, have ascended the throne of his country's affections, and gotten himself a name among the mighty ones of the earth! This is marvellous indeed! It is surely the noblest panegyric ever yet paid to that great virtue, industry, which has "*length of days in her right-band, and in her left-band riches and honors.*"

Reader! Go thy way, think of WASHINGTON, and HOPE.—Though humble thy birth, low thy fortune, and few thy friends, still think of WASHINGTON, and HOPE. Like him, honour thy God and delight in glorious toil; then, like him, "*thou shalt stand before kings; thou shalt not stand before common men.*"

The motives to industry are as numerous as HEALTH, INNOCENCE, LONGEVITY, INDEPENDENCE, and in short, all the *Honors* and *Felicities* that man can enjoy between the cradle and the grave. But among these there is none so animating to a generous mind, as the godlike pleasure it affords of doing GOOD.

## WASHINGTON'S BENEVOLENCE.

If ever man rejoiced in the divine administration, and cordially endeavoured to imitate it, by diffusing blessings around him, it was WASHINGTON. Taught by *religion*, that “*God is love,*” and that he must, by the laws of his own nature, delight most in those of his rational creatures who most resemble him in love, and in doing good to their brethren.—Taught by *experience*, that betwixt *souls*, love is the only principle of *union* and of bliss, which by uniting our hearts gives us the fullest and sweetest participation of each other’s joys, and at the same time enables us to bear one another’s infirmities and injuries, with a brotherly generosity.—Taught by *observation*, that love is the only cosmetic, or beautifier: that however youth, beauty, and wit may dazzle for a moment, it is goodness alone that can captivate our hearts forever; convinced, I say, of these three precious perquisites of love, WASHINGTON seems early to have been smitten with her heavenly charms, and early to have studied that goodness which made him so singularly the delight of all mankind. It was this amiable quality which completed the character of our WASHINGTON, and by spreading over his great virtues and talents the sweetly-beaming veil of goodness, rendered him at once the most endearing and venerable of human beings.

The Marquis De Chastellux, who visited him in camp, tells us that he was astonished and delighted beyond measure, to see this great American living among his officers and men, as a father among his children, who at once revered and loved him with a filial tenderness.

Brissot, another famous French traveller, assures us, that, throughout the continent, every body spoke of WASHINGTON as of a father.

This dearest and best of all appellations, “*The father of his country,*” was the precious fruit of that noble spirit of *benevolence* which he so carefully cultivated through every age and stage of his life. A singular instance of which we meet with in 1754, and the 22d year of his age.

He was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment, the only one in the colony, and of which he was Colonel. There happened at this time to be an election in Alexandria for members of the Assembly, and the contest ran high between Colonel George Fairfax and Mr. Elzey. WASHINGTON was the warm friend of Fairfax, and a Mr. Payne headed the friends of Elzey. A dispute happening to take place in the Court-house yard, WASHINGTON, a thing very uncommon with him, got warm, and, which was still more uncommon, said something that offended Payne, where

whereupon the *little* gentleman, who, though but a cub in *size*, was the old Lyon in heart, raised his sturdy hickory, and, at a single blow, brought our hero to the ground. Several of WASHINGTON's officers being present, whipped out their cold Irons in an instant, and it was looked that there would have been murder off-hand. To make bad worse; his regiment hearing how he had been treated, bolted out from their barracks, with every man his weapon in his hand, threatening dreadful vengeance on those who had dared to knock down their beloved Colonel. Happily for Mr. Payne and his party, WASHINGTON recovered time enough to go out and meet his enraged foldiers, and after thanking them for this expression of their love, assured them that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, as they loved him or their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks. As for himself, he went to his room, generously chastising his imprudence which had thus struck out a spark, that had like to have thrown the whole town into a flame. Finding, on mature reflection, that he had been the aggressor, he resolved to make Mr. Payne honorable reparation by asking his *pardon* on the morrow! No sooner had he made this noble resolution, than, recovering that delicious gaiety, which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball in town that night and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened: Glorious proof that great souls, like great ships, are not affected by those little puffs which would overset feeble minds with passion, or sink them with spleen!

The next day he went to a tavern, and wrote a polite note to Mr. Payne, whom he requested to meet him. Mr. Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern, not without expecting to see a pair of pistols produced. But what was his surprise on entering the chamber to see a decanter of wine and glasses on the table! WASHINGTON arose, and, in a very friendly manner met him, and gave him his hand. "Mr. Payne, said he, "to err sometimes is nature; to rectify error, is always, glory. "I find I was wrong in the affair of yesterday, you have had, I think, some satisfaction; and if you think that sufficient, here's "my hand, let us be friends."

Admirable youth! Noble speech! No wonder since it charms us so that it had such an effect on Mr. Payne, who from that moment became the most enthusiastic admirer and friend of WASHINGTON, and ready at any time, for his sake, to charge up to a battery of two and forty pounders.

What a lesson for our young countrymen! Had WASHINGTON been one of the race of *little men*, how sadly different would have been his conduct on this occasion! Instead of going that night

to the ball, and acting the lively agreeable friend, as if nothing had happened, he would, like an angry viper that had been trod on, have retired to his chamber. There he would have found no such entertainments as WASHINGTON had at his ball; no sprightly music—no delicious wines—no sweetly smiling friends: on the contrary, all the tortures of a soul brooding over its indignities, until reflection had whipped it up into pangs of rage unutterable, while all the demons of hell with blood-stained torches pointing at his bleeding honor, cried out revenge! revenge! There in his chamber he would have passed the gloomy night, in preparing his pistols, moulding his balls, or with furious looks, and hard-gritted teeth, driving his bullets through the body of his enemy chalked on the wall. The next morning would have seen him on the field, and, in language, lately heard in this state, calling out to his hated antagonist, *You have injured me, Sir, beyond reconciliation, and by G—d I will put you to death, if I can.* While his antagonist, in a style equally musical and christian, rejoins, *Kill and be damned!* Pop go the pistols, down tumbles one of the combatants; while the murderer, with knocking knees and looks of Cain, flies from the avenger of blood. The murdered man is carried to his house, a ghastly, bloody corpse.—Merciful God! what a scene ensues! some are stupified with horror, others sink as lifeless to the floor. His tender sisters, wild-screaming with despair, throw themselves on their dead brother, and kiss his ice-cold lips; while his aged parents, crushed under unutterable woe, go down broken-hearted to the grave.

Thus bloody and miserable might have been the end of WASHINGTON or of Mr. Payne, had WASHINGTON been one of those poor deluded young men, who are determined to be *great*, and to be talked of in *news-papers*, in spite of God or devil. But WASHINGTON was not born to exemplify those horrid tragedies, which cowards create in society by pusillanimously giving way to their bad passions. No! he was born to teach his countrymen, what sweet peace and harmony might for ever smile in the habitations of men, if all had but the *courage*, like himself, to obey the sacred voice of JUSTICE and of HUMANITY. By firmly obeying these, he preserved his hands unstained by the blood of a fellow man; and his soul unharrowed by the cruel tooth of never-dying remorse. By firmly obeying these, he won those smiles of God which convey to the souls of the virtuous, that joy which the stranger meddles not with. By firmly obeying these, he preserved a life, which crowned with deeds of Justice and benevolence, has brought more glory to God, more good to man, and more honor to himself, than any life ever lived since the race of man began.

Sons of Columbia! would you know what is true courage? see it defined, see it exemplified in this act of your great, young countryman. Never man possessed a more undaunted courage than WASHINGTON: but in him, this noble quality was the life-guard of his reason, not the assassin; a ready servant to *obey* her high commands, not a bully to insult them; a champion to defend his neighbour's rights, not a tyrant to trample them under foot.—Transported by a sudden passion, to which all are liable, he offended Mr. Payne, who resented it much too roughly, by knocking him down on the spot. WASHINGTON had it in his power to have taken ample revenge; and cowards, who have no command over their passions, would have done it; but duty forbade him, and he had the *courage* to obey. Reason whispered the folly of harbouring black passions in his soul, poisoning his peace; he instantly banished them and went to a ball, to drink sweet streams of friendship from the eyes of happy friends. Again, reason whispered him that having been the aggressor, he ought to ask Mr. Payne's pardon, and make friends with him. In this also he had the courage to obey her sacred voice.

In what history ancient or modern, sacred or profane, can you find in so young a man, only 22, such an instance of that TRUE HEROIC VALOR which combats malignant passions, conquers unreasonable *self*, rejects the hell of *hatred*, and invites the heaven of *love* into our own bosoms, and into those of our brethern with whom we may have had a falling out; Joseph forgiving his brethern in the land of Egypt; David sparing that inveterate seeker of his life, Saul; Sir Walter Rawleigh pardoning the young man who spat in his face; afford, it is true, charming specimens of the *sublime* and *beautiful* in action, and certainly such men are the worthies of the world and brightest ornaments of human nature. But yet none of them have gone beyond WASHINGTON, in the affair of Payne.

A few years after this, Payne had a cause tried in Fairfax Court, and WASHINGTON happened on that day to be in the house. The lawyer on the other side, finding he was going fast to leeward, thought he would luff up with a whole broadside at Payne's character; and after raking him fore and aft with abuse, he artfully bore away under the lee of the jury's prejudices which he endeavored to inflame against him. "Yes, please your worships, continued he, as a proof that this Mr. Payne is a most turbulent fellow, and capable of all I tell you, be pleased to remember, Gentlemen of the Jury, that this is the very man, who some time ago treated our beloved Col. WASHINGTON so barbarously. Yes, this is the wretch who dared in this very Court-House-yard, to lift up his impious hand against that greatest and best of men,  
and

and knocked him down as though he had been but a bullock of the Stalls."

This roared out in a thundering tone, and with a tremendous stamp on the floor, made Payne look very wild, for he saw the countenances of the court beginning to blacken on him. But WASHINGTON arose immediately and addressed the Bench—

"As to Mr. Payne's character, may it please your worships, said he, we all have the satisfaction to know that it is perfectly unexceptionable: and with respect to the little difference which formerly happened between that gentleman and myself, it was instantly made up, and we have lived on the best terms ever since; and besides, I could wish all my acquaintance to know, that I entirely acquit Mr. Payne of blame in that affair, and take it all on myself as the aggressor."

Mr. Payne used often to relate another anecdote of WASHINGTON, which reflects equal honor on the goodness of his heart.

"Immediately after the war, said he, when the conquering hero was returned in peace to his home, with the laurels of victory green and flourishing on his head; I felt a great desire to see him, and so set out for Mount Vernon. As I drew near the house, I began to experience a rising fear lest he should call to mind the blow I had given him in former days. However, animating myself, I pushed on. WASHINGTON met me at the door with a smiling welcome, and presently led me into an adjoining room where Mrs. WASHINGTON sat. "Here, my dear, said he, presenting me to his lady, here is the little man you have so often heard me talk of, and who, on a difference between us one day, had the resolution to knock me down, big as I am. I know you will honor him as he deserves, for I assure you he has the heart of a true Virginian."—He said this, continued Mr. Payne, with an air which convinced me that his long familiarity with war, had not robbed him of a single spark of the goodness and nobleness of his heart. And Mrs. WASHINGTON looked at him, I thought, with something in her eyes which shewed that he appeared to her greater and lovelier than ever.

"A good tree, saith the divine teacher, *bringeth forth good fruit.*" No wonder then that we meet with so many and such delicious fruits of CHARITY in WASHINGTON, whose soul was so rich in *benevolence.*

In consequence of his wealth and large landed possessions, he had visits innumerable from the poor. Knowing the great value of time and of good tempers to them, he could not bare that they should lose these by long waiting, and shuffling, and blowing their fingers at his door. He had a room set apart for the reception

reception of such poor persons as had business with him, and the porter had orders to conduct them into it, and to let him know it immediately; and so affectionately attentive was he to them, that, if he was in company with the greatest characters on the continent when his servant informed him that a poor man wished to speak to him, he would instantly beg them to excuse him for a moment, and go and wait on him.

WASHINGTON'S conduct shewed that he disliked another practice too common among some great men, who, not having the power to say yes, nor the heart to say no, to a poor man, are fain to put him off with a "*come again, come again,*" and thus trot him backwards and forwards, wasting his time, wearing out his patience and shoes, and after all give him the mortification of a disappointment.

WASHINGTON could not away with such CRUEL KINDNESS. If he could not oblige a poor applicant he would candidly tell him so at once; but then the goodness of his heart painted his regret so sensibly on his countenance, that even his refusals made him friends.

A poor Irishman, wanting a little farm, and hearing that WASHINGTON had such an one to rent, waited on him. WASHINGTON told him that he was sincerely sorry that he could not assist him, for he had just disposed of it. The poor man took his leave, but not without returning him a thousand thanks! "*Ab! do you thank me so heartily for a refusal?*" "Yes, upon my shoul, now please your Excellency's honor, and I do thank you a thousand times. For many a great man would have kept me waiting like a black Negro; but your Excellency's honor has told me strait off hand that you are sorry, and God bless you for it, that you can't help me, and so your honor has done my business for me in no time and less.

The Potomac abounds with the finest Herrings in the world, which, when salted, furnish not only to the wealthy a charming relish for their tea and coffee, but also to the poor a delicious substitute for Bacon. But fond as they are of this *small boned bacon*, as they funnily call it, many of them have not the means to procure it. WASHINGTON'S heart felt for these poor people, and provided a remedy. He ordered a seine and a batteau to be kept on one of his best fishing shores on purpose for the poor. If the batteau was lost or the seine spoiled, which was often the case, he would have them replaced with new ones immediately. And if the poor who came for fish, were at any time too weak-handed to haul the seine themselves, they needed but to apply to the overseer, who had orders from WASHINGTON, to send hands to help them.

Thus



Thus, all the poor of his large neighbourhood had it in their power to come down in the season, and catch an abundance of the finest fish for themselves and their families. In what silver floods were ever yet caught the herrings, which could have given to WASHINGTON what he tasted, on seeing the poor, driving away from his shores with carts laden with delicious fish, and carrying home, whooping and singing, to their smiling wives and children, the rich prize, a whole year's joy and plenty!

In all his charities, he discovered great judgment and care in selecting proper objects. Character was the *main chance*. Mount Vernon had no charms for lazy, drunken, worthless beggars. Such knew very well that they must carry their pigs (their *vices*) to another market. He never failed to remind them of the great crime of robbing the public of their services, and also the exceeding cruelty and injustice of snapping up from the really indigent, what little charity bread there was stirring. But if the character was good; if the poor petitioner was a sober, honest and industrious person whom Providence had by sickness or losses, reduced to want, he found a brother in WASHINGTON. It is incredible what quantities of wool, corn, bacon, flour, clothes, &c. &c. were annually distributed to the poor from that almost exhaustless heap, which the blessings of heaven had heaped on this its so *industrious* and *faithful* steward.

"I had orders, said Mr. Peake, a sensible, honest manager of one of WASHINGTON's plantations, to fill a corn house every year for the sole use of the poor in my neighbourhood! to whom it was a most seasonable and precious relief; saving numbers of poor women and children from miserable famine, and blessing them with a cheerful plenteousness of bread."

Mr. Lund Washington, long a manager of his Mount Vernon estate, had similar orders. In one year when corn was so dear (a dollar per bushel) that numbers of the poor were on the point of starving, Mr. L. Washington, by order of the General, not only gave away all that could be spared from the granaries, but bought at that dear rate *several hundred bushels*, for them!

But it were an endless task to enumerate all the thousand, thousand sweet and seasonable charities of this good angel to the poor. The wondering stranger beheld them in the shining eyes and devouring looks of ALL, wherever he went.

When the young men saw him they flocked to the door, and the aged arose and stood up.

The great men refrained from talking in his presence, and the hearts of the *little ones* leaped for joy.

Because he fed the poor that cried unto him, and his garment covered the naked.

He was a father of the fatherless, and stood up mightily for him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the heart of the widow to sing for joy.

Blessed be thy soul, O WASHINGTON, child of generous love ! Thou wast as the black storm of winter to the foes of thy country ; but to the children of the poor, like the soft cloud of summer that droppeth down marrow and fatness ! Thou hast ceased among men and the tears of millions have flowed ; but thou art with HIM who is MIGHTY TO REWARD. For the bread which thou gavest to thy poor brethern, thou art now fed with purest manna, and honey from the rocks of heaven, even Angels food. And for the cloth with which thou didst cover their nakedness, thy covering now is from the looms of Paradise, even robes of floating gold.—Bright sun beam of goodness, thou hast ceased among men, but thy shining is with him who is mighty to reward !

But though so kind to the *bodies*, WASHINGTON was still more kind and costly in his charities to the *minds* of the poor. Sensible that a republican government, that is, a government of the people, can never long subsist where the minds of the people are not enlightened ; he earnestly recommended it to the citizens of the United States, to promote, as an object of *primary importance*, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In this, as indeed in all other cases, where any thing great or good was to be done, WASHINGTON led the way.

He established a Charity-School in Alexandria, and endowed it with a donation of *four thousand dollars* ! The interest was regularly paid and expended on the education of fifteen boys. In 1785 the Assembly of his native state, Virginia, desirous “ to embrace as they said, every suitable occasion of testifying their sense of the unexampled merits of GEORGE WASHINGTON, ESQ. towards his country, presented him with fifty shares in the Potomac, and one hundred shares in the James River Navigation Company ; making in the whole, not less than the enormous sum of fifteen thousand pounds sterling !

Of this public act, they requested the Governor to transmit WASHINGTON a copy. In answer to which he addressed a very elegant letter to the Governor, “ in which I take the liberty” says he “ of returning to the General Assembly, through your hands, the profound and grateful acknowledgements, inspired “ by so signal a mark of their benificent intentions towards me.”

He goes on to beg that they would be so good as to excuse his determined resolution not to accept a farthing of it for his *own use*. “ But,” continued he, “ if it should please the General Assembly to permit me to turn the destination of the fund vested “ in

“in me, from my private emolument, to objects of a public nature, it shall be my study in selecting, to prove the sincerity of my gratitude for the honor conferred on me, by preferring such as may appear most subservient to the enlightened and patriotic views of the Legislature.”

They were very cheerfully submitted to his disposal; and, according to promise, he appropriated them to works of the greatest public utility; viz. His shares in the James river canal, to a College in Rockbridge county, near the waters of James River, and his Potomack shares to a national University to be erected in the Federal district, on the Great Potomack.

How immortal were his wishes for the good of his country! As if incapable of being satisfied with all that he had done for her while living, he endeavoured by founding those noble institutions for the diffusion of knowledge and virtue, to make himself her benefactor when he could live no more. Charming evidence, that, like Cato, he tasted no happiness equal to that of making others happy.

Since the idea is perfectly correct, that the great Governor of the world must look, with peculiar dignity and benediction, on those of his children, who have most distinguished themselves by their dutifulness; may we not indulge the pleasing hope that these Colleges, founded by *such a band*, shall prove the nurseries of brightest genius and virtue, and that from their sacred halls will walk forth in endless succession, the mighty WASHINGTON'S, and ADAMSES, the FRANKLINS and LEES, the JEFFERSONS and MADISONS, &c. &c. of future times! O that Columbia may live before God! and that the bright days of her peace and prosperity may never have an end!

### WASHINGTON'S JUSTICE.

But of all the virtues that shed such dignity and grace on the character of WASHINGTON, there was none so venerable and majestic as his Justice, or Honesty. This from his youth, he seems to have revered, as the precious pillar that supports the fair fabric of all social order and happiness.

The Marquis de Chastelleux observes, that WASHINGTON'S reputation for incorruptible justice, stood so high, even while a young man, that all the neighbouring gentlemen, if they could but get him as an executor to their wills, closed their eyes in peace; from a sweetly satisfying sense, that justice would be done to the families they left behind them, at his care.

Being asked which he thought the greatest man, Aristides the just, or, Cæsar the generous; *Ob! Aristides a thousand times!* replied

replied he, with eyes sparkling with admiration and love of that great man, " Had every body been as just as Aristides, there " would have been no Cæsar. The one was more than a man, " the other worse than a beast of prey." With such exalted sentiments of justice, no wonder that the firm-toned WASHINGTON stood through life so immoveably by her sacred standard: So immoveably, we trust, will our Captains of men of war stand by the *four and twenty pounders* of their country, with duty and her sixteen stripes waving over their heads.

The great Turenne is deservedly celebrated by his countrymen the French, for his delicate sense of justice. The magistrates of a large district, dreading the march of his numerous army through their fields, vineyards, &c. waited on him and offered a bag of *one hundred thousand crowns*, if he would take another rout. He refused their money. Seeing them greatly distressed he hastened to relieve them. " Gentlemen, said he, I did not *intend* to march through your country; justice therefore will not allow me to pocket your money for not doing what I really did not intend to do." Glorious Turenne! Equally Glorious WASHINGTON! For when offered by his native state the enormous sum of seventy thousand dollars! he refused it all, because he had formerly made something like a promise that he would never take pay for any services done to his mother country. " To this promise, says he, I have invariably adhered—and from this promise if I had the inclination, I do not consider myself at liberty to depart\*."

It was partly on account of his veneration for Justice, that he always held slanderer and slander in such utter abhorrence.— " Vile practice" said he, " Vile offspring of injustice, cowardice " and spleen." For the same reason, he was, through life, the declared enemy of *gambling*. There are persons, now living, who have often heard him say that he looked on the practice of sitting down to play, with the wish to get a man's money from him, as having something in it so *mean, selfish* and *disbonest*, that it was to him inconceivable how a gentleman could ever reconcile it to his feelings! " To give an equivalent for what we receive, " said he, is the ground of all dealing amongst honest men; but to " take a sum of money from a man, (and what is still worse, from " his wife and children) and give him nothing in return but heart-aches,

\* That famous British minister, sir Robert Walpole, used to say, in open day, that there was no man so honest but he might be bought, if you would but bid boldly up to his price! How would he have dropped his beef-steak if he had heard this anecdote of WASHINGTON?

“ aches, bitter reflections, family quarrels and wretchedness, is “ utterly incompatible with common *honesty*, not to say *humanity*.” Impressed with these sentiments, WASHINGTON shunned a gaming table, as he would have shunned a pillory; and knit his awful brow as sternly at a Gambler as at a Cut-purse. And yet for complaisance sake, or to amuse his friends on a winter’s evening, he had no objection to a hand at whist: but he always played for pleasure, not for pence; to divert his friends, not to strip them.—So that all the choice dinners and suppers which his friends got at his table, (and no man in America, perhaps none in the world gave so many) were all clear gain to them. WASHINGTON would have died a thousand deaths, rather than have allowed the slightest ground for such vile dirt to be thrown on him as Quin the Player daubed on a *Nobleman* with whom he had supped. Bolting out after supper along the splendid passage, lined with servants, each looking for a fee, Quin cried out, “ Give me the way, gentlemen, and spare me to-night, for ’pon honor, I’m as naked as a bird: your master gave me a good supper, and he has taken my purse to pay the reckoning.”

It was this delicate sense of honor that set WASHINGTON so point blank against making purchases, when he had not a dead certainty of paying at the time due. He said, that, he would rather take a turn on the *rack*, than be sitting momentarily expecting to see the face of a creditor, when he had no money to give him. A gentleman assured me, that he once heard him say, that, “ He “ thought a man who owed money to a great many people, was “ in almost as bad a condition as the man in the gospel who was “ possessed with a legion of devils.” Meaning, I suppose, that when one slipped out, a hundred whipped in, to torment him. Sometimes they had him in the *fire*, sometimes in the *water*, and if he ran through *dry places*, seeking rest, he found none. They gave him no rest, says the parable, until they had run him plump into the tombs! Merciful God! how cruelly does man invert thy kind intentions. Thou madest him to sing along the flowery paths of honor, free and happy as the birds of heaven, but pride and folly, true hawks of hell, soon spoil all his melodious notes!

That great philosopher, Socrates, slipped one day into a large store, something, I suppose, like what the New Englanders call a *Variety Store*; after looking, for sometime, over the vast variety of curiosities which pride and folly had struck out, such as gold-laced jackets, diamond necklaces, full bottomed perriwigs and I know not what, he lifted up his eyes and exclaimed, *O! Jupiter! what a world of trumpery is here that I have no use for!!* Socrates was a heathen. But what numbers of us Christians must have every gim-crack article that Socrates despised, ay, and a great

great many *more*, or we can't be happy. We must have gold watches, and Turkey carpets, and gilt chariots, and so on, and so on: and, (*worse* than the Indian who gives a fat bullock for a two-penny string of beads) we are ready, for this *trumpery*, to give not only our fat bullocks, but even our wives and children to abuse and curses, and to coop ourselves up in *prison bounds*, to lead the lives of criminals, fearing every body, pitied by none, damned by many, and despised by *all*.

It was a frequent saying of WASHINGTON, that, "to dive deep into a merchant's Ledger, was a sure sign of a failing fortune, or a callous conscience." For this reason his life was a practical comment on that wholesome old proverb, "*Cut your coat according to your cloth.*" Hence, like the famous Pilot boats of his native state, he always sailed nearer the wind, than did his income, be that as scanty as it would. I have been told by his old friend and pastor, the Rev. Mr. Lee Massey, who, (if wit and worth could have given bishoprics, would have had a mitre long ago) that while WASHINGTON received no more than the salary of a county surveyor, he always had a dollar at the service of a friend: and never suffered a creditor to tip him the wink, and take him aside to shove an account into his fist. And when by the generosity of his brother, he inherited the Mount Vernon estate, and by the far greater generosity of the young Mrs. Martha Custis, he was made one of the wealthiest men in America, he continued the same, independent and good. He walked with *justice*, and justice is one of the mighty pillars that support the throne of him who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

WASHINGTON used often to say, that, "*to be just*, a man must sometimes cease to be generous. Generous minds have been known, especially when young, to gratify their benevolence even at the expence of their honesty. The reason is, acts of Generosity give great pleasure to ourselves; they attract on us the admiration and love of others; and every sermon we hear, every novel we read, dwells on the praises of charity. But let no *bonest* youth despair, because he is not able to be *generous*. Let him reflect that we are under greater obligations to the one than to the other. Society may subsist without Generosity, but not without Justice!"

It was on this account that WASHINGTON could never bear a character so hypocritical as his who makes *rich presents*, keeps *open* house, and makes his Guests drunk with old Madeira; and yet can shake hands familiarly with a creditor of *ten years standing!!!*

From the same divine principal (*the love of justice*) Washington though the most *benevolent* of men, was the most rigid of economists.

nomists. " We should all, says he, calculate on great and continual expence. We are liable to sickness—we may be involved in law suits—new taxes may be laid—the price of provisions may rise—servants may sicken—and our houses may burn. Our debtors, though honest, may be in straits—our tenants may be unfortunate—our friends may come to want, and our neighbours may ask our help. There is a luxury in doing good, for which a wise man would cheerfully dispense with a little superfluous eating and show. And besides, by living frugally, we shall seldom know the heart ache of borrowing, or the insolence of creditors.

From the same profound veneration for justice, Washington was always eminent for the punctuality of his promises and payments. Never man more clearly discerned its close connection with dignified character, or its importance to those with whom we deal, especially if they be poor. 'Tis pity, said he, that the rich do not more generally reflect on the disadvantages which the poor labour under in getting their money. Tho' much wrong'd, they are afraid to go to law with one mightier than themselves. Law is slow, and though not always sure, is always costly. A poor tradesman may have his credit and his bread at stake, and yet be afraid to offend his wealthy customer. And thus between the dread of losing that customer, on the one hand; and the rage under ill treatment from him, on the other hand, he may be much more miserable than any good man can wish to see his brother.

His admiration of that golden precept, "Owe no man any thing," early led Washington to combat false shame, that weakness, which under the specious mask of Good Nature, and Delicacy, keeps many a young man from asking for his own! Paying others with great punctuality, he expected that they should be equally punctual: And looked on him as but ill entitled to the character of a good man, who puts you to the pain of asking for your money, and less of an honest man, who suffers you to want it, when he could easily procure it for you. Unless the debtor was a poor man, Washington never lost a debt for want of demanding it, and that pretty early and earnestly too.

It was a remark of Washington, that, he who would enjoy, undisturbed, the pleasures of honesty, must learn, sometimes at least, to say No, even to his dearest friends. Few are the pleasures equal to those of meeting the requests of a beloved wife, or child. But if they ask for dress, or, for amusements, above your income, it is duty, it is kindness, even to them, to refuse. If it cost a struggle; let it be remembered, that it is the struggle of virtue; and they themselves, sooner or later, will revere and commend you for it.

But

But if you indulge, you contract the pangs of guilt, and your weak indulgence will be requited with reproach. Perhaps an evil, still worse, ensues; the virtue of the family is shaken. When the husband and the father yields to guilt, it is difficult for the wife and children to retain their integrity. Plans of fraud are too often, unanimously adopted, whereby they live in sloth on money with which debts should be paid.

Of all men, Washington was the most correct and regular in his business and dealings:—"The richest fruits of industry," said he, "may easily be lost by confusion. To finish one piece of business before you begin another—to put every thing in its proper place,—to give and take short memorandums of your bargains, what you are to perform, and what to expect—to keep receipts and vouchers of every thing you pay—to enter carefully your expences and incomes—and to post\* all these so correctly, that by a single glance you may tell the true state of your affairs; and never suffer the vexation of being called on by a creditor, when you are not prepar'd to send him away with a *light heart*. These are, what some have been pleased to call, small matters, but they are such small matters as will yield you a great deal of safety and comfort, save you much time and trouble in the course of life, snatch you from many a dispute and law-suit, and preserve perhaps your purse from a second payment of the same money, and your character, from ill natured suspicion. It is a sad thing to see a young man, suddenly called on for a valuable paper, at his wits end to know where he has laid it, turning the house upside down, and, after all, unable to find it, obliged to sit down in a high fever of rage and disappointment."

And yet this may be a great scholar, and can tell you in Latin, Greek, or French, the name of every four-footed beast, and creeping thing, that boarded with Noah in the ark! Thus preposterously, in the education of his son, does a father sacrifice more to sound than to sense, to pride than to prudence; and had rather hear him challenge his company with a smart *Parlez vous Francois*, than teach him

\* He was taken ill on Friday. An intimate friend asked him if he wished to have any thing done on the arrangement of his *temporal affairs*; he shook his head and replied, "no, I thank you, for my books are all posted to Tuesday!" That industry and method must be truly astonishing, which in the management of possessions so vast and complicated as his, kept every thing, so harmoniously adjusted, that when he was called on at a short notice, to leave the world, he had not a wish to alter a tittle.



like Washington, to do his business with regularity and exactness with writings and receipts; though the neglect of these gives rise to more than half the quarrels, law suits, and duels, that distract the world! Washington passed through life without any of these curses; for in all his dealings, every thing was so clearly understood, so fairly expressed, that there was no room for heart-burnings. His exactness in business extended to all, not excepting even those whom he most dearly loved. He said, "It was one of the best means to preserve love. Some think exactness unnecessary between relations and friends. But alas! love is apt to wax cold, and then selfishness returns. When an account is old, and much tangled, both sides are too prone to suspicion. Suspicion is a painful feeling, and quarrels among relations are the disgrace and bane of life."

The inconsiderate may say, that *such attention* manifests a littleness of mind unworthy of Washington. But in reply, Washington himself assures, that, *every thing great, good, or happy in the lot of man, is connected with his industry and attention to business. Tho' neglect of these, his estate melts away, and debts are contracted. Debt haunts the mind—Creditors dun and harass—a wife mourns for comforts which she enjoyed under her father's roof—his children cry for bread—and his daughters turn away their tearful eyes from prospects on which they must no longer look—These things are distressing, they sour the temper; and mar his happiness. The morning of his days, which rose so bright, is overcast—waxed is his attachment to life, and the sight of the horrid pistol is welcome.*

*Such are the sorrows of the debtor, while he continues honest. But alas! such trials are found too heavy for most men. By degrees they undermine the moral principles, and reconcile a man to practices which he once abhorred. His first failure of payment, or breach of promise is painful to him: when he considers at how low a rate his word must hereafter pass, he sinks in his own eyes; but by degrees his difficulties bring him to study deceiving as an art, and at last he lies to his creditors without a blush!! With the loss of truth the silken cord of friendship is dissolved. He seizes the moment of unsuspecting affection to ensnare the generous friends of his youth; borrowing money which he will never pay, and binding them for debts which they must hereafter answer.*

*Thus he sells the dear bliss of loving and being beloved!! His calls still are pressing; and now, an ingenuity, which in a better cause might have immortalized his name, is exerted to evade the law, to deceive the world—to pervert the relation of father and son, transferring goods from the one to the other to defraud his creditors. Pic-*

*icious bills, false securities ! dark conveyances ! mysteries of iniquity ! O my soul, come not thou into his secrets, into his assembly mine honour be not thou united ! Bankruptcy now at hand, he makes a last grasp with his expiring credit, takes what he can, once more, from friends and neighbours, from the ignorant and unsuspecting--- purchases goods, at any rate, from all who will trust him, and sells them for ready money, at half their value ! Inhuman wretch ! One would suppose that when the bustle is over, painful reflections must arise, on friends, whom he has brought to ruin ; on neighbours, whose generosity he has abused ; on the savings of the poor labourer, which he has seized, disappointing his hopes of honest comfort ; on the staff of the aged, which he has snatched away, dashing him, infirm and helpless on the cold ground of charity ; on the dignity of human nature, which he has disgraced ; and on the credit and character of his country which he has contributed to blast ; but his heart is a stranger to the relentings of humanity.*

The cruel sacrifice of other's comforts, is often made that the successful speculator may accumulate wealth to figure in the Great World, and to excite admiration like that we felt for Washington. Mistaken Man ! Washington won our hearts, not by his wealth, but by his worth. 'Twas his great virtues and services, that poured around him such an atmosphere of the lovely and venerable, that no human eye could look on him without feeling unutterable things." The most illustrious characters from Europe, have declared that they could never approach him without awe. While, on the nerves of his countrymen, the sight of their Washington impressed those sentiments, which a bad man, with the riches of ten thousand worlds could never command. When the roar of Washington's wheels was heard in our streets, men, women, and children flocked to the doors and windows, like doves to the beams of the morning. All eyes were fixed upon him ; and the eager look, the heaving bosom, and the tear-bathed cheek, evinced the power of virtue. Dear, delicious feelings of veneration and love ! Sweet heaven-flavoured offerings of the soul to goodness ! When alas ! shall we ever taste your luxuries again ! O Columbia ! thy Washington is gone ! Thy great moralizing teacher, whose progress through thy cities, though silent, yet louder than the preacher's voice, proclaimed to admiring thousands the charms of virtue ; he is gone !! But rise Barlow, Dwight and Humphreys rise ! take the sacred harp of Columbia, now fallen from her grief struck hand : Tune the notes above a mortal pitch, and raise the sweetly-mourful song. Let your voices rise, equal to the theme, and down to distant ages pour the solemn sound. The children of the times to come shall gather around the song : they shall hear of their father's virtues, and may emulate his fame.

Oh! That the *great example* of Washington may teach us---

I. The infinite importance of *virtue*, to *true glory*. Some, seek a fame like Washington, and would set the world a-stare on them, by the glitter of their wealth though gained by means which, *virtue would blush at*.

Let such gentlemen read the following letter, written during the last war, from an English gentleman, to an English duke.

‘ Yes, you are a duke ! and we see your ducal coronet on your ‘ strumpet’s coach ! Your builder and baker, your butcher and ‘ taylor *gnaw their nails unpaid* ; while the jockey and brother ‘ gambler, receive ready cash with ostentatious profusion. Sharp- ‘ ers and prostitutes with all the *qualities of thievery*, riot in those ‘ riches which ought to be paid to honest men, who, with their fa- ‘ milies are starving in consequence of feeding and clothing you. ‘ When such a *wretch* as you, can be the *companion* of a *prince*, ‘ and privy counsellor to the king of Great-Britain and *defender* ‘ of the *faith* ; who can be surprized, or who can *lament* that the ‘ subjects *rebel*, and that the Empire is dismembered ! Under a ‘ Ruler like you, who would not glory in the illustrious character ‘ and conduct of a---WASHINGTON ? ? ?

What a compliment to *virtue* ! Here is a *nobleman*---a favour- ite of his prince, and in the highest seat of honor ; laden with *wealth* and *glittering with titles* ; and yet, *all this availeth him no- thing*. He is vicious ! A companion of sharpers and prostitutes, and will not pay his debts ! Hence in spite of his gold, he is held up, an object of scorn and execration to the world. And when his chariot rolls into the streets, instead of being followed, as was that of Washington, by the affectionate looks and benedictions of all beholders, it serves worse than the crier’s bell, to call angry mer- chants and disappointed tradesmen to their doors, to point at and curse the passing scoundrel, who buys of every body and pays nobody.

While on the other hand, there is Washington ! a stranger to the *beau monde*, simply an American Farmer, and wearing no *stars*, nor *titles*, save those of *brightest virtues*, and yet in these he appears so *lovely*, so *venerable*, that *honest Britons* can’t look on him without pleasure they forget that he is fighting against them---they heap him with commendations, and soon as the war is over, they ship off to him innumerable presents. British farmers send him their *cheeses* ; British authors, the incense of their praises ; British *Bi- shops*, elegant bibles, and British Lords, e. g. The Earl of Bu- chan and his friends, a precious box lined with gold, and made of the oak that sheltered the great Sir William Wallace after the bat- tle of Falkirk. This was sent to Washington as to, “ the *great- est* and *best* man in the world.”

Dear countrymen ! If honest Britons so loved Washington, how ought *honest Americans* to love one another ; tho' from difference of *education* they may happen to differ a little in their political opinions !!

II. Let us admire and imitate Washington's sacred regard for *order* ; and due submission to *lawfully-ruling power*.

All human society requires government. Even the smallest families must be unprosperous and miserable *without it*. What then is to be expected in large societies of thousands and millions of *selfish* and *ambitious* mortals, unawed by divine or human laws ! What, Oh ! Americans ! but the most horrid tragedies, springing from pride, fraud, lust, hate, revenge, &c. and wrought up at length to such bloody battles, and inhuman massacres, with such death-screams, and dying groans, as to give horror-struck humanity, a perfect picture of the habitations of the damned ? But no sooner has *just* and *effective* government raised aloft her awful form ; than all these hell-begotten monsters disappear. The sons of violence are bound in chains, or cut off by the sword of justice ; the cries of the weak and oppressed, distress our ears no more ; sweet peace smiles over all ; and secure now, of enjoying her own delicious fruits, industry springs up, with eye sparkling with honest ambition ; millions fall to work ; the rich store-houses of nature are broken up ; earth, water, air, and fire, lend their mighty aids ; and arts, sciences, manufactures, and commerce pour a flowing tide of blessings round the world.

These are thy peaceful precious fruits, O blessed government ! Thus it is that thou enablest man, created in his Maker's image, and touched with heaven's own fire, to imitate his God ; and, like him, to call *beauty* out of deformity, and *order* out of Chaos !

Washington's life exhibits immortal monuments of *his* sense of the blessings of government, and the great duty of cheerful submission to it. Frequent were the opportunities which he had to wear the brightest gold and purple that sceptre-seeking ambition could covet : But he despised them all. Charmed with that heaven which results from good government, and a prompt obedience to it, he readily returned the glittering sword of the victorious Generalissimo,---stepped down from the exalted chair of supreme magistracy---mixed as a commoner among the citizens---obeyed those whom he had been accustomed to command---honoured the President---revered the laws---paid his taxes, and, in every respect, behaved as became the man, who was fully possessed of this great idea, that, in exact proportion to our *union*, will be our strength, our peace and prosperity at home, and our respectability and success abroad.

Let us my fellow-citizens, as we revere the memory of George Washington---As we honor the mighty God of order, whom Washington honored---As we would live the life and die the death of that righteous man, O let us imitate this *greatest* because *best* example in his most exemplary life.

If ever there was a people under the canopy of heaven, who had reason to be cheerfully obedient to their government, we are that people. The form of our government, is of all others, the most conducive to our *best interests* ; and therefore the most perfect. Widely different from the liberty and safety of our republican form, most of the nations of the world, groan under the caprice and cruelty of kingly governments. That a people may be happy under the administration of a *wise and good* king, we all agree, because, thank God, there have been charming instances of it ; but then alas ! wise and good kings are very rare, almost as rare as Washingtons. The pride and ambition common to man, nursed in the hot-bed of a court, and high fed on luxury and flattery, too generally run up into the vilest monsters, at once the disgrace and curse of human kind.

“ When I look around me (says the Rev. Dr. Chandler, one of the ornaments both of English learning and piety) on the present *kings of Europe*, I am apt to ask myself, what is there in most of them that should make their subjects wish their lives, or regret their deaths ? Actuated by ambition or revenge, or sunk in indolence and pleasure, they waste the riches of their people in the most abominable extravagance and dissipation ; or rush their subjects into war, to the certain murder and ruin of thousands of them. And as to our *own kings*, some of them involved us in all the calamities of civil wars ; others impoverished and oppressed us by illegal exactions ; and the generality of them, either by their own choice, or led by wicked ministers, sacrificed the national interest to their own accursed ambition, revenge, and national debauchery.”

And when the ancient Jews, in evil hour, applied to God for a king, he told them they did not know what they were asking for. “ This,” said he, by his prophet Samuel, “ will be the character (meaning the *general* character) of the king that shall reign over you : he will take your sons to be his horsemen, and some shall run before his chariots. And he will set them to ear his ground, and to reap his harvest. And he will take your daughters to make his pastry, and to be his cooks and bakers. And he will take your goodliest young men, and your asses and put them all to his work : and ye shall be his servants. And ye shall cry out in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen unto you ; and the Lord will not hear you in that day.”

What thanks do we not owe to God that we and our dear children are not under such curses ; the too frequent fruits of a kingly government ! Curses, from which, as we have just read, it is so exceedingly difficult to be delivered. For when once a king (though not worse in grain than other men) gets seated on a throne, his spirits are put in such a delicious tumult by the pomps and pleasures of royalty, that he cannot think of ever letting them go out of his hands. To secure these forever in his family, he raises all the money he possibly can by taxes, and creates innumerable offices, places of honour and profit, which he artfully gives to his *own friends and creatures*. Thus he *fleeces* the people to pay for their own fetters. For every officer under government, from the prime minister to the tax gatherer, receiving his place from the king, "eating his majesty's bread," is ready for throat-cutting if he hears but a dog bark against him. So that the poor slaves may groan and cry, they and their children from generation to generation.

But blessed be God, the *friend* of America, who has given us a government under which we are not liable to such sufferings.—At the end of the war in 84, having thrown off the British monarchy, we wanted a government for ourselves. And never, sure, was a nation favoured with a fairer chance to get a *good one*. We were *innocent* and perfectly *free* : We had WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, ADAMS, JEFFERSON, HENRY, MADISON, and a great many others the most enlightened and virtuous patriots in the world.—We were wise enough to ask their assistance, and they gave us a *pure Republican government* ; that is, a government which preserves the supreme power sacred in our own hands, where God intended it should be—a government which contains wholesome laws aiming equally at the happiness of every honest man (of the poorest peasant as well as John Adams) with a regular course of law and justice for the redress of grievances—A government which make wise provision for *amending itself* whenever necessary, which appoints an uninterrupted succession of officers, in the way of a free election—a government which commits not the administration of such inestimable blessings to any one man, (which were madness indeed) but to a number of men ? and not to these as forming one body (which were as mad as entrusting it to *one man*) but three bodies, President, Senate and House of Representatives, and these so nicely balanced as to check each other in their smallest attempts on our liberties—-and a government which orders these her servants, President, Senate, and Representatives, to make quick returns to us of the power with which we entrusted them ; the President, at the end of every *four years* ; and the Representatives, of every *two years* ; and therefore does not allow them

time to hatch their infernal eggs of ambition even if they were such Dæmons as to be impregnated with them ; but strongly binds them to their best behaviour, that they may be beloved as Washington, and be *electèd again* ; and obliges them to make the *best laws* as they themselves are so soon to obey.

Other wretched nations, even in passing from the slavery of one tyrant to another, have been obliged to wade through seas of their own countrymen's blood : but we obtained ours without any struggles among ourselves ; without the loss of a single drop of American blood.

Who can reflect on that gracious guardian power of America, which brought us safely through our alarming war against Great Britain, which not only enabled us to repel Lord North's attempts on our liberties, but, far beyond our first and most sanguine expectations, to establish ourselves Free and Independent States ; and then, without the least struggle or blood-shed among ourselves, kindly spread over our favoured heads, the heavenly canopy of an excellent government, pouring down on us all the blessings of just and equitable society ; securing to every honest man and his family, the sweet and precious safeties of his liberty, his life, his health, his character, his property, his religion, and in fine, of every blessing connected with his highest happiness in this world, and with his preparation for eternal happiness in the next—who, I say, can think of this profusion of riches, mercies conferred on our country, above all other countries in the world, without feeling his soul oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine munificence, as Washington expresses it ? or without joining him in, *unceasing prayers to God, that he may continue to us the choicest tokens of his beneficence—That our union and brotherly love may be perpetual.* But, if the blessed effects resulting from order and good government cannot prevail on us to join in this divine prayer, let us at least take a view of the horrors which may result from writing and talking so as to create parties and factions among us.

Cast your eyes over ancient Rome, while virtuous and united the mighty Mistress of the world ! but no sooner had the evil spirit of party and faction crept in among them, than the old Roman steel became as a rope of sand falling into pieces of itself. One of these devoted parties snatched up Sylla, swearing by Pluto and the Styx that he was the honestest fellow in all Rome ; the others damned themselves by Jupiter, and all the Gods, Celestial, Terrestrial and Infernal, that Sylla was a villain and not fit to hold a candle to Marius. Of course Marius was pitied. Fluent orators mounted the tud. Parchments (for they had no paper in those days) were stained as black as ink with *Latro* and *Frr*, and all the Latin words that stood for scape-gallows, and damned scoundrel, and so on.—

Such fuel as this soon blew up the flame to a pitch beyond restraint. Marius first opened the horrid scene and glutted, his followers with the blood and wealth of the friends of Sylla; Sylla repaid the Marian faction in the same coin, and with interest. In these unnatural contests thousands of Roman citizens were butchered; their wives and children barbarously turned out of doors, and their estates confiscated and sold to cram the purses and to fatten the vices of their diabolical destroyers. Bloody battles were often fought in the very streets: and wretched Rome more than once experienced from her own citizens all the horrors of a city taken by storm.

And in the histories of the civil wars of Great-Britain, and, here lately of France, we may behold the same horrid features of faction. Here are two parties, Whigs and Tories, or Aristocrats and Democrats. A little time ago, while they had a government, though a very imperfect one, they loved each other as children of the same country and constitution, and would in a moment have fought for one another with all the heroism of magnanimous brothers: But now, split into parties and driving at different interests, they regard each other as *enemies*. Jealousy and hatred, true microscopes of hell, are before their eyes and conceal from *each* all the good *qualities* and *intentions* of the *other*; and at the same time, to *distort*, *magnify* and *blacken* all their designs and actions, that they appear to each other as little better than devils. Their News-Papers too, as if warm and smoking from the presses of the damned, lend all their fire and brimstone to feed the infernal flame. "*The Aristocrats!* (cries the passion-choaked printer on the other side.) *The Aristocrats! A set of unfeeling Kingly Villains! Monsters of Pride, who would as lieve drive their gilt chariots over a poor man, as over a dog: and would devour widow's houses for a stake at an O. E. table! Vile miscreants, who only want a kingly government that they may fleece and lord it over the poor!*"

On the other hand, the Aristocrat Gazette give chapter and verse for it, that "*The Democrats are a lazy vicious race, whose poverty and lice make them envy and hate the rich; and who will never be at rest, until, having trampled down religion, laws, and government, they are at full liberty, like wild Arabs, to rob and plunder their wealthier neighbours.*"

Grounded now on something like love of public good, the bad passions of the two parties rage with redoubled fury. They seldom meet in company without fierce contentions and bloody frays.--- Duels and murders are frequent. The devoted wretches, as they pass each other in the streets, can read *death* in one another's dark



faces and glaring eyes. The horrid tragedy ripens fast, and the dreadful storm is on the very eve of bursting. Numerous ravens, with ill-brooding croaks and terrifying screams, are seen flapping their wings slow and sad, over the fated city. All night long fearful noises are heard in the air, as of groans from dying persons; while frightful meteors, in shape of fiery balls, shoot thro' the gloom, leaving long hideous tracks behind them, like streams of blood. In the morning, the awful roar of guns is heard in the midst of the city. Trembling siezes on the aged; while the feeble sex sicken with terrors unfelt before. The men snatch up arms, and rush, in tumultuous crowds, to the place whence the noise proceeds. Immense is the concourse. The orators on both sides get up to address the eager throngs, and with bitterest abuse inflame their passions against each other to madness. The fierce uproaring crowds can withhold no longer. With horrid imprecations, with faces black with rage, and eye-balls flashing fire, they fly at each other like tygers. They plunge their knives, swords, and daggers into each others hearts. Pale and staggering, with mutual curses in death, they sink to the ground. The streets are floated with blood. The dead bodies lie heaps on heaps, while women and children, with wringing hands, and heart-piercing cries, demand their husbands, their fathers, and their brothers.

These, *O accursed Faction and Party!* These are your bloody fruits! Thus it is, that by filling our souls with the passions of the damned, you turn man into a devil to man, you turn the fairest cities into slaughter-houses, you turn earth itself, the goodly creation of God, into the hell from whence you came!

These unutterable curses of Faction and Party, rose often on the mind of WASHINGTON, and shook his parent soul with trembling for America. Hence it was, that, during the *uncertainty* whether these states would adopt a *Federal Government*, WASHINGTON was *never seen to smile*; a dark gloom hung constantly on his face, and his eyes often looked as if he had been weeping; and hence it was that he poured out his soul, "*in unceasing vows to God, that our union and brotherly love might be everlasting.*"

O my countrymen! If we would partake; with our WASHINGTON, of those eternal delights which are prepared for the children of peace; let us, with him, make a covenant with our souls to fly from party spirit, as from the bane and damnation of all Republics; and the only demon that can prevent favoured America from rising to be the *greatest and happiest* among the nations. Let us all (whether Peasant or President) whether for Adams or Jefferson) as dear *children* of God, and *brothers* of WASHINGTON, *shun*, as we would *bell-fire*, every word and act that may needlessly provoke each other to *wrath* and *strife*. These are not the

weapons of conversion, but, of obduracy; they have been potent to cut the throats of millions of our race; but have never yet reclaimed *one soul* from error and prejudice.

In the foregoing pages we have seen a sketch of the life of Washington; of *him*, who was the pride of America, and boast of human kind; who united in himself such a Constellation of virtues as *sweetly* assure us of *Immortality*—of our relation to ANGELS—and of our capacities for glories and felicities, that shall know no bounds.

It is hardly exaggeration to say that WASHINGTON was pious as Numa; just as Aristides; temperate as Epictetus; patriotic as Regulus; in giving public trusts, impartial as Severus; in victory, modest as Scipio; prudent as Fabius; rapid as Marcellus; undaunted as Hannibal; as Cincinnatus disinterested; to liberty firm as Cato; and respectful of the laws as Socrates. Or, to speak in plainer terms; he was religious without superstition; just without rigour; charitable without profusion; hospitable without making others pay for it; generous but with his own money; rich without covetousness; frugal without meanness; humane without weakness; brave without rashness; successful without vanity; victorious without pride; a lover of his country, but no hater of French or English; a staunch friend of government, but respectful to those who pointed out its defects with decency; true to his word without evasion or perfidy; firm in adversity; moderate in prosperity; glorious and honoured in life; peaceful and happy in death.

Thus singularly virtuous was the man, whom Heaven was pleased to select as his honoured instrument to establish this great WESTERN REPUBLIC. And if every thing be duly considered, I trust it will appear WASHINGTON was raised up of God as a forerunner to some mighty event. In 1774, when a dark gloom hung over the spirits of our Fathers: a gloom, occasioned by the alarm of a mighty nation coming forward, with her armies and fleets, (shading the Ocean) to strike at our dearest liberties; then it was, *that the Spirit of God came mightily on WASHINGTON*, and raised him up as an Ensign of Hope to our trembling countrymen. And when we consider how wonderfully this man was enabled to inspire *confidence*; inasmuch that thirteen little Colonies, which, a few years before, had been thrown into a panic by a handful of French Indians, now headed by WASHINGTON, were resolved to oppose one of the most formidable powers in Europe. When we consider, how wonderfully he inspired *Union*; inasmuch that all the souls of thirteen Colonies, so widely distant in their situation, religion, customs, and interests, clave to him even as one man, beyond all conjecture of reason, and all suspicion of

Lord North—when we consider, how miraculously this man was preserved to us, during our long and critical struggle, notwithstanding the attempts (one or two of which have come to light) that were made to take him from us—when we consider, how wonderfully he kept up the spirit, and the Union, of these states, during the long contest of eight years, notwithstanding the many horrors and distresses of war, the great want of luxuries for the rich, and of necessaries and pay for the Soldiers—And, after the establishment of Heaven-born freedom in our land; how wonderfully, his parental influence led the people of these states to adopt one grand system of pure Republican policy, happily uniting civil liberty with effective government—when, I say, all this is considered, who but must feel a sweet flutter of hope that great events are connected with us, and that God has sent on his servant WASHINGTON, as a Day-Star to some mighty Revolution, big with blessings to mankind, which will ere long dawn on the land where WASHINGTON, was born? Perhaps, God may be about to establish here a mighty empire, for the reception of a *happiness* unknown on earth, since the days of blissful Eden. An Empire, where Religion shall continue, through immemorial time, to unfold aloft her sacred banner celestial white, untorn by state violation, and unstained by the impious touch of wordling priests. An empire, that shall afford a welcome retreat to all the uncorrupted sons of freedom, when Liberty is forcibly driven from every other realm—An Empire, that shall open a vast Theatre for the display of the grand transactions of providential wisdom—Transactions marked with more than human manners and characters, that shall not relate to this or to any other nation alone—That shall bear, in-stamped upon them, the broad seal of God himself; either evidently pointing to, or accomplishing the grand designs of his providence, Fulfilling ancient prophecies—Leading our posterity, happy in future days, to see the glorious kingdom of Messiah, rising by degrees out of the Revolutions and destruction of the kingdoms of this world. When nation shall no more lift up the sword against nation, nor torrents of human blood flow down from shameful variance betwixt man and man.—When the creature travelling in pain, shall no more lift the piteous eye, with groans unutterable, to God—But, when the uninjuring, the unsuffering kingdom of Christ being come, men shall no longer hurt nor destroy in the earth, but the Leopard and Kid shall lie down together; and the young Lion and the Calf; and a little Child shall lead them—When glad songs of peace shall warble through every land, and the fruits of love shall overspread the earth as waters cover the sea.

Who without tears of joy can think of such a glorious day of happiness

happinefs about to dawn, e're long perhaps, on the land of WASHINGTON? Or without feeling himself under new and sacred obligations to do every thing that may invite it? And it is in our power to invite it—Yes, if our country were filled with such men as Washington, that glorious day would this moment shine upon us. For, whence are the sweet beams of peace and happinefs, but from the sun of Virtue? And if the sun of virtue did but gild our plains, how soon would our desert rejoice and blossom like the rose? How soon would Earth resemble Heaven? Temperance would pour her ruddy blessings around our land. Industry would fill our barns with plenty, and cause our presses to burst out with new wine. Righteous dealing would make us to be respected and beloved of one another, while mutual affection would render our society sweet and harmonious as that of dearest friends and brothers. Foreign nations, hearing that the vine of Paradise was planted in our land, would hasten to feed on its delicious clusters. God, even our own God would give us his blessings, the little hills would clap their hands with joy, and consenting clouds shower down their marrow and fatness upon us. Since then it is “righteousness that exalteth a nation;” since the eternal decree is passed, that the glory of nations shall forever rise and fall with their virtues, let us then if we do indeed love our country, and would have her children to be free and happy, for all generations; let us now, while it is called to-day, vow a vow to God, that we will endeavour through life to become what Washington was, in his virtues. O! let us consider that crown of glory which he now wears, the bright reward of his virtues; and that the same crown is prepared, the same virtues expected of us——— Let us consider that these form the great errand on which we were sent into this world—That Heaven and earth are waiting on us for this purpose—That the eyes of God and angels are fixed on us with eager expectation—And that the venerable shades of Washington, and our fathers, are anxiously looking on us for these virtues, to make happy this great Republic which their toil, and sweat, and blood so dearly bought. Since then, we are *moral* soldiers, fighting for an immortal prize, for ourselves and for our children; “Let us be of good courage, and play the men for our people and for the cities of our God, and let the Lord do for our country that which seemeth him good.”

### THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

If the prayers of millions could have prevailed, WASHINGTON would have been immortal on the earth. And if fullness of peace, riches and honors, could have rendered that immortality happy,

happy, WASHINGTON had been blessed indeed. But this world is not the place of true happiness. Though, innumerable are the satisfactions, which a prudence and virtue like WASHINGTON'S may enjoy in this world, yet they fall short, infinite degrees, of that pure unimbittered felicity, which God, the Almighty Parent, has prepared in heaven for the children of his love.

“ *There is the land of pure delight,  
Where blissful angels reign;  
The glorious day still knows no night,  
And pleasures banish pain.*

*There ever blooming Spring abides,  
And never with'ring flow'rs;  
Death like a narrow sea divides,  
That happy land from ours.*

*Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,  
Stand dress'd in living green;  
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
While Jordan roll'd between.”*

To prepare for this immensity of bliss, this eternity of joy, is the mighty errand on which God sent us into this world. Our preparation consists in acquiring those great virtues, Justice, Humility, and Love, which, and which alone can make us welcome companions of Angels, and worthy members of their illustrious society. WASHINGTON had wisely spent his life in acquiring these immortal virtues. “ *He had fought the good fight—against his own unreasonable affections—he had glorified God; by exemplifying the charms of virtue, to men—he had finished the great work which God had given him to do; for himself and for his country. He had borne the heat and burden of the day—his great day of duty; And the evening (of old age) being come, the servant of God must now go to receive his wages. Happy, happy WASHINGTON! If Crowns and Kingdoms could have purchased such peace like thine, such smiling joy, such hopes big with immortality; with what begging earnestness, would Crowns and Kingdoms have been offered by the mighty conquerors of the earth, in their dying moments of terror and despair!*

On the 14th day of December, 1799, (when he wanted but 9 weeks, and 2 days of being 68 years old) he rode out on his plantation. The day was very raw and snowy. The same night he was attacked with a violent pain and inflammation of the throat. The lancet of one of his Domestic was employed, but with no advantage.

vantage. By times in the morning, Dr. Craik, his companion in peace and war, the friend and physician of his youth and age, was sent for. Alarmed at the least appearance of danger threatening a life so dear to him, Dr. Craik advised to call in, immediately, the consulting assistance of his friends, the ingenious and learned Dr. Dick of Alexandria, and Brown of Port Tobacco. They came on the wings of speed. They felt the awfulness of their situation. They knew that never again should they be called to fight the king of terrors in defence of such a prize.—They saw the MOURNFUL GENIUS of AMERICA, with the red eyes of her grief, bathed in tears, fixed on her son; sometimes cast on them anxiously asking their assistance. The greatest of all human beings was now lying low; a life of all others the most revered, the most beloved was at stake. Craik, Dick and Brown, the ablest GUARDS of life, were stationed around him bending over the prostrate hero. If human skill and sollicitude could have availed; if the sword of genius and the buckler of experience could have repelled the blows of death, WASHINGTON had still lived. Defeated a thousand times by their superior skill, when lives less valuable were contended for, Death began to fear lest this great prize so long coveted should be snatched from him. But he soon felt his arm invigorated by a strength *not his own*. The great hour was come, and WASHINGTON must die. Yes his Mansion is prepared above—The crown of his rejoicing is bright—The harps of the blessed are strung. “Let the angel of Death conduct the soul of WASHINGTON to the feasts of Heaven.”

It appears, that, from the commencement of the attack, he was favoured with a presentiment, that, he was now laid down to rise no more. He took however the medicines that were offered him, but it was principally to oblige the long-loved partner of his heart and bed.

It has been said that a man's death is a true copy of his life. This is generally the case with those who die in their senses. It was WASHINGTON's case exactly. In his last illness he behaved with the undaunted firmness of a soldier, and the calm resignation of a christian.

The inflammation in his throat was attended with great pain, which he bore with the fortitude that became him. He was, once or twice, heard to say that, had it pleased God, he should have been glad to die a little easier; but that he doubted not that it was for his good.

Every hour now spread a sadder gloom over the scene. Despair sat on the faces of the physicians; for they saw that their art had failed. The strength of the mighty was departing from him; and death, with his sad harbingers, chills, and paleness, was coming on apace.

Mount Vernon, which had long shone above all families, the Queen of elegant joys, was now about to suffer a sad eclipse! an Eclipse, which would soon be mournfully visible, not only through the United States but throughout the world.

An awful silence prevails throughout the spacious dwelling.—The big grief has sealed every lip and darkened every countenance. His servants are now about to lose their long loved master and protector; and his friends to bid a last adieu to the endearing society of the greatest and best of human kind. Their faces are swollen with weeping, and torrents of bitter tears roll down their cheeks. But tho' bitter, yet shallow are their streams of sorrow, when compared with that flood of unutterable woe, which overwhelms the soul of his life's dear companion. Bless'd with a soul capable of loving an angel spirit inhabiting the noblest form, she had given her heart and hand to her WASHINGTON in early life. Forty happy years had they lived together like two *lovers* joined in wedlock. Every year, sweet as it rolled along, marked their ever-growing loves—Loves, which, fed by mutual tenderness and virtue, were continually ascending with a brighter flame, nearer and nearer to their native skies—Loves, which by a forty years intergrowth, were become so incorporated, as to render each a *part of the others self*. O! how heart breaking!—How soul rending the separation! But the hour of separation is come! She can keep her WASHINGTON no longer! He, whose company was the perpetual feast of her soul, must now be taken from her! That voice which was sweeter to her ear than the music of songs, shall charm her ear no more. She shall speak to him but he will not answer. The echo of her voice will frighten her own soul. That face which was welcomer to her eyes than the streaks of the morning, shall rejoice her eyes no more. She shall awake in the morning; but shall not see him—She shall seek him early; but shall not find him. The place where her beloved lay, will be empty: The heaviness of her heart returns; her tears of grief roll down.

Great, honoured Lady! what but the arm of the mighty God of Washington, could have supported thee in that dismal hour of darkness and distress! And he did support thee. The consolations of religion were thine; and her consolations are mighty. Oft had thy WASHINGTON reminded thee, when the tear swelled in thine eye, and the sigh of thy bosom arose at the thought of parting; oft had he reminded thee of those blissful shores, where the souls of the virtuous, escaped from the sorrows of mortality, shall *soon meet again*, infinitely improved; and there in the presence of *HIM WHO MADE THEM*, shall pluck and eat together in communion sweet, the rich fruits of eternal life.

Sons and Daughters of Columbia! gather yourselves together, around the bed of your fallen hero; around the bed of him to whom (under God) you and your children are indebted for the richest blessings of life. When Joseph, the great prime minister of Egypt, heard that his *Shepherd-Father* was sick, he hastened up to see him, and fell on his neck, and kissed him and wept. Joseph had never received such services from Jacob, as you have received from WASHINGTON. But we call you not to weep for WASHINGTON. We ask you not to view those eyes, now sunk and hollow, which formerly darted their lightening-flashes against your enemies; nor to feel that heart, now faintly-labouring, which formerly throbb'd with more than mortal joys, when he saw the young heroes of Columbia, rushing on in rattling steel to charge the foe? nor to mark that arm, now feeble, which so often waved the fiery circled sword of war, pointing where the roar of battle should begin. No, we call you not to *weep* but to *revere*.

The Great *Star*, lighted up of God, to lead America to freedom, is now setting, but he sets in glory. He looks back on past life, as on a goodly field, which his own industry, under the divine blessing, has strewed thick with richest fruits and flowers. He looks forward with joy to those brighter scenes, which God has prepared for the spirits of the just. None ever acted better up to his great character, in *life*; and none ever sustained its closing scenes with more dignity and grace. The summer evening sky was not more serene and placid than his countenance; while his reason was elevated and clear as the pure arch of heaven.

With what composure did he endure the violence of his pains! With what expressive composure did he utter—*thy will be done!* Even when the cold sweats hung on his brow, his eye spoke complacency, and a noble philosophic joy, sat smiling on his face.

Feeling, that the hour of his departure out of this world was at hand; he desired that every body should quit the room. They all went out; and according to his wish, left him—with his God.

There, by himself, like Moses alone on the top of Pisgah, he seeks the face of God. There *by himself*, standing as on the awful boundary that divides time from eternity—that separates this world from the next, he cannot quit the long frequented haunts of the one, nor launch away into the untried regions of the other, until (in humble imitation of the world's great Redeemer) he has poured forth into the bosom of his God, those strong sensations, which the solemnity of his situation naturally suggested.

With what angel fervour did he adore that *Almighty Love*, which though inhabiting the heaven of heavens, yet deigned to wake his sleeping dust—framed him so fearfully in the womb—nursed him on a tender mother's *breast*—watched his helpless infancy—



fancy—guarded his heedless youth—preserved him from the dominion of his passions—inspired him with the love of virtue—led him safely up to man—and, from such low beginnings, advanced him to such unparalleled usefulness and glory among men! These, and ten thousand other precious gifts heaped on him, unasked, many of them long before he had the knowledge to ask for them; overwhelmed his soul with gratitude unutterable, exalted to infinite heights, his ideas of eternal love, and bade him without fear, to resign his departing spirit into the arms of his redeemer God, whose mercies are over all his works.

He is now about to leave the great family of man, in which he has so long sojourned as a brother! His cheeks are bathed with tears, the yearnings of his soul are over his brethren! How fervently does he adore that *goodness*, which enabled him to be so serviceable to them! That *grace*, which preserved him from hurting them by violence or by fraud! How fervently does he pray that the *uninjuring, unsuffering kingdom of God may come*, and that the Earth may be filled with the richest fruits of righteousness and of peace.

He is now about to leave *his country!* that dear spot which gave him birth—that dear spot for which he has so long watched and prayed, so long toiled and fought; and whose beloved children he has so often sought to gather, even as a Hen gathereth her Chickens under her wings. He sees them now spread abroad like flocks in goodly pastures; like favored Israel in the land of promise. He remembers how God, by a mighty hand, and by an out-stretched arm, brought them and their fathers into this good land, a land flowing with Milk and Honey; and blessed them with the blessings of Heaven above, and of the Earth beneath; with the blessings of LIBERTY and of PEACE, of RELIGION and of LAWS, above all other people—He sees, that, through the rich mercies of God, they have now the precious opportunity to make their Country the GLORY of the Earth, the *blessed* among nations, and a refuge for the poor and for the outcasts of all lands! The transporting sight of such a cloud of blessings, trembling close over the heads of his Countrymen, together with the distressing uncertainty whether they will put forth their hands and enjoy them, shakes the parent soul of WASHINGTON with feelings too strong for his dying frame. The last tear that he is ever to shed, now steals into his eye, while a deep groan issues from his bursting heart.

Feeling now, that the silver cord of life is loosing, and that his spirit is ready to quit her old companion the body, he extends himself on his bed, closes his eyes, for the *last* time, with his own hands, folds his arms decently on his breast, then breathing out

with his last parting breath, "*Father of Mercies! Save my Country—Comfort the broken-hearted Partner of my Soul! and take me to thyself*" he fell asleep.

May that God whom thou servedst, O WASHINGTON! hear the voice of thy prayer! May thy blessings in *death* prevail for thy country, still above the blessings of thy *life*; even unto the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills may they descend on Columbia, and on the lands where Washington was born!

Loud were the bursts of grief, and many the tears that were shed, when the fall of Washington was known; but in the ear of wisdom a voice was heard from his awful shade—"Children of Columbia, "*weep not for me!*" My streaming eyes are closed in death; my throbbing heart shall beat no more. With me, the storms of life are *past*, and I am at rest—But, *weep for yourselves.*"

"The men of *love* and moderation fail in your land. *Wrath stirring gazettes* are in full circulation. Jealousies and hatreds prevail. Discontents abound. The red sword of war hangs fearfully over your country; and the demons of pride and ambition will soon draw it down. Then shall your enemies rejoice to see you perish by mutual wounds, and fall an easy prey into their selfish and cruel snares! Children of Columbia! Weep not for me, weep for yourselves. O that you were wise! that you did but see, even in this your day, the things that belong to your peace, before they be forever hid from your eyes"!!

Here on angel wings, the brightening faint ascended. Far and wide the air was filled with fragrance; while voices more than human were heard warbling through the happy regions, hymning the great possession towards the gates of Heaven. His glorious coming was seen far off; and myriads of mighty angels hastened forth, with golden harps, to welcome the honoured stranger. High in front of the shouting hosts were seen the beauteous forms of FRANKLIN, WARREN, MERCER, SCAMMEL, and him who fell at Quebec, with all the virtuous patriots who on the side of Columbia, toiled or bled for liberty and truth. But, O! how changed from what they were when in their days of flesh, bathed in sweat and blood, they fell at the parent-feet of their weeping country! Not the homeliest infant suddenly springing into a soul-enchanting Hebe—Not dreary winter, deformed with ice and snows, suddenly brightening into spring with all her bloom and fragrance, ravishing the senses, could equal such glorious change. O where are now their wrinkles and grey hairs? Where their ghastly wounds and clotted blood? Their forms are of the stature of angels.—Their robes are like the morning clouds streaked with waving gold.—The stars of Heaven, like crowns glitter on their heads.—Immortal youth, *celestial* rosy red, sits blooming on their cheeks;

cheeks; while infinite benignity and love beam from their eyes. Such were the forms of thy sons, O Columbia! such the brother band of thy martyred saints, that now poured forth from heaven's wide opening gates, to meet thy WASHINGTON; to meet their beloved chief, who, in the days of his mortality, had led their embattled squadrons to the war. At the sight of him, even these *blessed spirits* seem to feel new raptures; and to look more daz- zlingly bright. In joyous throngs they pour around him; they devour him with their eyes of love; they embrace him in trans- ports of tenderness unutterable; while, from their roseate cheeks, tears of joy, such as Angels weep, roll down.

Oppressed with exquisite blifs of *such honours* paid for a mo- ments virtue on earth, he turned hastily around; he fought once more to *exhort* his *countrymen* to virtue; to union; and to love. But it could not be—this dark planet, this bedlam of the uni- verse is seen no more. Millions of mighty worlds roll between. In *silent extacy* he adores. "Happy soul," the shining host ex- claims, "happy soul, this is but the beginning of thy joys."— Then on they led him with shouts, and with rapture-swelling strains of ten thousand thousand harps, to the throne of God; whence, from a cloud of gold, sweeter than music, the almighty voice was heard, "*Servant of God, well done! faithful has been thy warfare on earth! for the sorrows of a moment receive now the joys of eternity.*"

All that followed, was too much for the over-dazzled eye of *imagination*. She was seen to return, her snowy bosom quick panting, and with the disordered looks of a fond mother near swooning, at sudden sight of a long absent son, now raised to kingly honours. She was heard passionately to utter, with palms and eyes lifted to Heaven.—"*O who can count the stars of Jacob, or number the fourth part of the blessings of Israel? O let me die the death of WASHINGTON, and let my latter end be like his.*"

Thou great and honored lady! who sittest alone and darkling in thy house of mourning. Suffer me, who, in *common* with all *America*, look up to thee with filial affection, as to the *dear last remaining part of all that lives of our WASHINGTON on the earth*; suffer me to entreat thee to be comforted. What couldst thou have *desired for thy* Washington, of riches, honours, and usefulness in life, of peace and hope in death; of glory, honour, and immortality in heaven, which God has not heaped on him? What could heaven and earth, what could God, angels and men have done more for him than has been done? since God has given thee much, for thy beloved—he requires much, even the ac- ceptable sacrifice of thy gratitude and resignation.

But that infinite wisdom forbids, soon would thy Washington, at the solemn midnight hour, glide into thy chamber like one of those flaming spirits which watch, unseen, the slumbers of the just. Soon would he draw aside thy curtain, and looking on thee as pitying angels look on weeping faints, would say—"O Martha! O my beloved friend! why dost thou mourn for me? In the days of my trial I was faithful to Heaven, to love, and to thee; and I am happy, happy beyond all that thou canst think or ask. God has taken me away forever from the evils of life, from the evils of fast-declining age, and the still greater evils, of seeing thine or my country's woes. God has wiped all tears from mine eyes; wouldst thou, with cruel kindness, bring me back to this valley of tears? I breathe in regions of eternal *light* and *life*, wouldst thou recall me to this land of darkness and of death? Oh! my beloved friend! my Martha! my wife! Exalt thy thoughts to eternity, and finish with joy, that short task of duty, that now remains to thee. Yet a little while, and we shall meet again; we shall meet to renew that love that shall never know an end, and to celebrate those nuptials which shall last forever."

Blessed above women! Thou wast, for forty years, the loving and beloved companion of our Washington. Even in the largest company, thy converse, often fondly snatched, was still the most endearing to him, and a seat by thy side the most delightful. His children will not suffer their father's side to be widowed. Soon as thy days are numbered, with pious hands, they will place thee by his side. Then will the tears of millions flow. Yes, *Dear honoured pair!* The tears of your countless children shall water your tomb. The gorgeous monument, with time-defying grandeur, shall arise, speaking Columbia's gratitude; and the eyes of generations, yet unborn, shall read of your deeds, your VIRTUES, and your LOVE—They shall read, while the tender sorrow rolls down their pensive cheeks,

Here lie, interred, all that *could die*

of

GEORGE WASHINGTON,

and

MARTHA, his Wife.

They were lovely in Life, and in Death,

They were not divided,

Heirs of Immortality! Rejoice—For their Virtues,  
their Honours, may be yours.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

WASHINGTONIANA:

A

COLLECTION OF PAPERS

RELATIVE TO THE

DEATH AND CHARACTER

OF

*General George Washington,*

WITH A CORRECT COPY OF HIS

Last Will and Testament;

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

*His Legacy to the People of America,*

&c. &c. &c.



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TO RECORD THE ACTIONS OF THE DEAD FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LIVING.

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FROM THE BLANDFORD PRESS,

AND

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THE BOOKSELLERS IN VIRGINIA.

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE

COMMISSION ON THE

REVISION OF THE

PHYSICS CURRICULUM

1956-1960



CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

TO  
THE CITIZENS  
OF THE  
COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA,  
*The Country of Washington,*

THIS  
COLLECTION

IS  
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

*The Editors.*

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O D E.

HOW happy he, who sinks to rest,  
By all regretted, lov'd, and blest!—  
For him th' afflicted melts in woe,  
For him the widow's tears shall flow;  
For him the orphan's pray'rs shall rise,  
And waft his spirit to the skies!  
To deck his grave, shall Virtue bring  
Th' earliest tribute of the spring;  
And Friendship, weeping, shall repair  
To plant her mournful cypress there;  
Whilst in our *hearts* we'll raise a tomb,  
Round which immortal wreaths shall bloom!

Then let FRATERNAL Love attune the lyre,  
And snatch a ray of Genius' sacred fire;  
Whilst the sad strain, in soft and solemn lays,  
Dwells on his merit, and records his praise;  
Let the full chord to yon blue arch arise,  
“ Our WASHINGTON's translated to the skies!”

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# P R E F A C E.

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**I**T having been suggested to the Editors, to print an Edition of General WASHINGTON's Will, it occurred to them, that to accompany it with certain papers in the form of a journal, or narrative, of the various circumstances attending the death, and illustrative of the character of, that celebrated Personage, would make the publication more acceptable, certainly much more useful to his countrymen.

Accordingly they here respectfully present to the Public, a small Collection, which, altho' too hastily executed, they hope, appears in such a shape as may be thought not unworthy of preservation in the Book-case or the Library, for the purpose of occasionally resorting to, either as a Remembrancer, or an Instructor.

But, as they advanced in the work, they perceived the magnitude of the undertaking — This, therefore, is only a specimen of what they think should be executed on a larger scale.—The materials are abundant, but they want selection and arrangement — Every thing performed, or written, by WASHINGTON, is estimable, and ought to be pre-

preserved; whilst every thing said of him, however well meant, is not, it must be confessed, of equal importance. \* — From the heterogeneous mass, a bold, a discriminating, and an impartial hand might produce a volume of the most interesting nature— it would be a rich and valuable display of singular virtue on one side, and of universal veneration on the other.

Such a compilation would contradict the dogmas of certain Churchmen, “that all men by nature are corrupt” — It would do more; it would falsify the injurious assertion of certain European Statesmen, “that there is neither Republican virtue, nor Republican gratitude!”

If General WASHINGTON had never written any thing else than his Will, that, alone, must have raised him high in the estimation of his Country.— Divested of technical terms, and professional forms, in this interesting instrument, he bequeaths his large property, in a variety of items, with all the precision of a profound Civilian, clothed in the language of an accomplished Scholar—And, his provision for the future instruction of the youth of America, whilst it demonstrates the goodness of his heart, proves the sincerity of his patriotism. — If any of his countrymen ever suspected, or affected to suspect, the purity of his motives, let them read his

\* Washington, like every other great, or fortunate man, had his flatterers—And it is observable, that some of his most unqualified *Eulogists* latterly, were, formerly, enemies both to him and his cause.

his Will, and they will be convinced of their mistake, or ashamed of their suspicion.

To render this Collection still more useful and important, the Editors have added President WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address on his retiring from all public employments — This may emphatically be called “The Father's Legacy to his Children,” never, it is hoped, to be forgotten or contemned by the sons of *Columbia*. — Let it be written in characters of gold, and hung up in every house; let it be engraven upon tables of brass and marble, and, like the sacred Law of Moses, be placed in every Church, and Hall, and Senate Chamber of this spacious Continent, for the instruction not only of the present, but of all future generations of *Americans*.

To this truly interesting Paper—every line of which contains a useful precept, or an important truth—we have presumed to add a few Notes—but its best commentary, its most useful exposition, will be the History of England, that rich and inexhaustible mine of amusement and instruction. \*

The

\* From a close and impartial examination of the history, the laws, and the constitution of that wonderful Nation, almost every thing necessary to human knowledge may be obtained. And many obvious reasons point out the necessity of both the Governors and the People of these States keeping a watchful eye upon the motions of that powerful and ambitious Government, † whether it be to avoid her political vices, or to imitate her national virtues. It

† As vanity is the fault of individuals, ambition is the vice of nations.—Greece made conquests in Asia, and Rome subdued the world.—We ourselves have seen republican France, forgetting justice and her own principle, ravaging and bartering the neighbouring nations; and Eng-

The Preacher hath said, "that in every thing there is a moral"—Here, in the death of this great and fortunate Man, there is a striking one—It shews that neither riches, nor rank, nor fame, can save from the grave, to which we are all hastening—but it also shews, how much virtue, and the recollections of a well-spent life, can assuage the pangs of disease, and sweeten the bitterness of death. It is true, we cannot all be commanders of armies, or rulers of nations; but every man, by industry, economy, and integrity, can be a useful member of society—every man, by the exercise of these virtues, *can be a Washington in his own circle.*

And

It cannot, therefore, be thought improper to advise the *American* reader to be cautious of the Historian he takes up for perusal.—It unfortunately happens, that what is usually called the best History of England, was written by an avowed Tory and a professed enemy to Revelation!—The inquisitive reader will, in general, find the truth to be between Hume the *Monarchist* and Macaulay the *Republican*. Both books are necessary; the one for purity of style, the other for a statement of facts.—The temperate Clarendon on one side, and the Whig Bishop (a scarce article among Churchmen) Burnet, on the other, should both be consulted.—Rapin, a Frenchman, as far as he comes, is a respectable authority.—Smollet, a Scotchman, including the reign of George II. relates many interesting occurrences in bold and nervous language.—And, for the eventful reign of George III. Belsham, as yet, stands at the head of a long list of Writers.

There are many other English Historians, but the above, according to our present recollection, are the most essential.—Henry's History of Great Britain, and Neal's History of the Puritans, are both necessary books for the Library—the first gives an amusing account of ancient English and Scotch manners—the second will give the people of this country an idea of that hateful thing, Church persecution.

England, under the pretext of commerce, wishes to subvert both Asia and America to her dominion.—These are all lessons to this government and people.—One party in this country wishes that France was overwhelmed; another, that England was annihilated.—Mistaken, unthinking men!—The safety of these jarring States lies in having the two rival nations so equally balanced, that neither shall predominate.

And ye, VIRGINIANS, who justly boast that WASHINGTON is your Countryman—whether ye be legislators of the people, fathers of children, or masters of servants—obey his precepts, follow his example, and behold by what means he attained the summit of Fame and Fortune. And, if the solemn warning of an ancient Philosopher be necessary as a stimulus, listen to one who felt and lamented the fatal effects of vice, licentiousness, and anarchy; who, when he saw the Roman Republic become the prey of craft and ambition, cried, “I now perceive, that a people without virtue may attain Liberty, but, without virtue, they cannot preserve it.”

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# A HASTY SKETCH

HUMBLY OFFERED BY WAY OF

## INTRODUCTION.

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON, we are informed, was born on the 22d of February 1732, in Stafford County in the State of Virginia, and was the third son of Augustus Washington; he was the second son of a second marriage.—It does not appear that his education was either classical or very extensive; a knowledge of the English language, with a portion of Geography and the Mathematics, seem to have been the whole of his juvenile improvements. Altho' his grammatical instructions could not be very accurate, he, notwithstanding, attained, by dint of study and observation, a proficiency in the writing of English, smooth, uniform, and even elegant, that has extorted the approbation of the most fastidious Critics.—And he is an eminent proof, that a man may become an able General\* without having read Cæsar in the original, and a profound Politician without having studied either the Greek or Roman Authors. After

\* It is related as an interesting fact, derived from respectable authority, † that when only 15 years of age, he discovered so strong a propensity to a martial life, that his father had resolved to place him in the naval service of England; but that, at the earnest entreaties of his mother, this destination was relinquished.—If this intention had been fulfilled, it is probable, that Washington would have fought *against* America, not for her.—And we may exercise our imagination in conjecturing, what would have been the issue of the American war in such a case?—But no doubts will be entertained on this subject, if we give a believing ear to the high-flown rhapsodies of certain *Eulogists*, who seem determined “to praise without measure, and laud without bounds!” When

† See Major Jackson's Eulogium.

After having obtained such an education as his opportunities afforded, Mr. Washington, it is said, actually commenced his career in life by becoming a Surveyor, in which profession he was noted for his industry, regularity, and integrity.—By a steady adherence to these wise maxims in all the occupations of his life, by regular degrees, he exalted himself to the highest pinnacle of Fame.

In the year 1753, Mr. Washington was called into a new and hazardous employment.—The French and Indians making dreadful depredations upon the western frontiers, Governor Dinwiddie, observing his spirited but sagacious deportment, appointed him to open a negotiation of peace with the French General. After a dangerous and fatiguing journey, he executed his commission with so much fidelity and judgement, that he received the unanimous thanks of the Governor and Council for his able and judicious conduct.

But the French, notwithstanding their professions of peace, continued their encroachments—It was then thought necessary to prepare for war; Mr. Washington was appointed a Major in the Virginian forces, and he was soon after placed at the head of a regiment of about 400 men. With this small body, he maintained a brave but unequal conflict with an enemy three times his number, till, at length, at a place called the Little Meadow, after sustaining many fierce attacks, and killing above 200 of his assailants, he surrendered to the Count de Villars, who applauded his gallantry, and allowed him to retire with all the honours of war. In

When all our *Christian* prejudices are completely subdued, when the reign of Theocracy (Mr. Gibbon's *elegant* Mythology!) shall return, and that the *Americans* shall have erected THEIR Pantheon, we know no man so deserving a statue as Washington—Such is our opinion of him, that we would put him in the scale against a legion of Kings and Emperors, either ancient or modern!

In 1755, Col. Washington was summoned to accompany Gen. Braddock in his military progress by the way of Will's Creek to Fort du Quesne (now Pittsburgh).—The haughty General despised the cautious councils of the American soldier,\* and, on the fatal 9th of July, he fell into an ambush laid for him by the French and Indians—Every reader knows the calamitous effects of Braddock's obstinacy; and that Washington, with his brave Virginians, saved the remains of the British army from instant death or a cruel captivity.

In 1759, Col. Washington resigned his military employments, and entered into the marriage state † with the widow of Mr. Custis, with whom he obtained a very considerable estate. — He was now called to the Assembly, where he served his country in a civil capacity.

In the year 1775, began that ever memorable contest, which separated the then Colonies from the Mother Country, and in which Gen. Washington acted so conspicuous a part—The interesting particulars of this seven years

\* Gen. Braddock held the American officers and soldiers in great contempt; and when Col. Washington respectfully suggested the necessity of caution in the presence of a crafty and sanguinary enemy, "High times (he indignantly cried) high times, by G—d, when a young Buckskin presumes to teach a British General!"—The almost instant death of this British General and about 1200 of his men, was the consequence of his pride and temerity.

† Washington had no children—If he had, may we hazard a conjecture, or a question, by asking, If it had been otherwise, whether he would have shewn the same disinterestedness in all his political actions, and what might not a favourite son have biased him to do?—Let us think of the fond and partial affections of a father—let us consider human nature—and let us look at the history of the world—Or, what might not the enthusiastic admiration of the American people, prompted by factious and designing men, at certain seasons, have granted to the son of their favourite General?—Let us piously believe, that the Supreme Disposer of all things has ordered even this circumstance for the general good.



years' history are known, or ought to be known, by every American Citizen, and need not be here repeated—Washington has been justly compared to the Roman Fabius; but, his bold and successful enterprize at Trenton, which formed the crisis of the war, and eventually sealed the Independence of America, shewed, that, when occasion offered, he could act with the promptitude and firmness of Camillus—The capture of Lord Cornwallis and his army, which was effected with great skill and address, established his military fame, and put a period to the contest.

At the conclusion of the war, Gen. Washington gave to the admiring world a glorious example of virtue and self-denial, by resigning his military command into the hands of Congress, which then sat at Annapolis.\*—Disdaining the abuse of power, and actuated by the principles of true honour, he did not create himself a Protector, a Dictator, or a Consul, but, dutifully bowing to the legal authority of his Country, he once more became a private Citizen, and betook himself to the peaceful shades of a virtuous retirement.

When the first form of general government that had been adopted for these States, was found to be weak and ineffectual, George Washington again came forward at the call of his Fellow Citizens, and was one of those men who contrived and carried into execution that system of Union and Power, which has since proved so beneficial, and over which he was twice unanimously elected to preside—But the various circumstances which have marked his Presidency, are too recent and too well known to require any notice or comment in this brief Abstract.

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\* It is much to be regretted, that no Painter ever formed and executed the design of perpetuating this truly interesting scene—a scene vastly more important than many, or all of them, that have lately been puffed off upon the public.

In no one thing has the world been so much deceived, as in the article of what is commonly called *Great Men*—Almost all of them, upon a nearer and closer examination, have been found to be, either great knaves or great robbers!—Not so the Man whose character we are now attempting to delineate—Whether in public or in private, HE was still the same; and in that humble, but useful and honourable employment, a FARMER, he pointed the way to Fortune, as, in his public capacities, he had pointed the way to Fame; eminently proving, in his own person, the difference between a system of industry, economy, and method, and a course of gambling, dissipation, and licentiousness.

By his regular and economical conduct, Mr. Washington became the most extensive and opulent Farmer on the continent. He had about 9000 acres of land attached to his seat of Mount Vernon, where he combined theory with practice, and, by successive improvements, rendered his grounds highly productive; he is said to have raised in one year, 8000 bushels of wheat, and 10,000 bushels of corn. Including his household servants, and those who worked upon the farm, he daily maintained about 1000 persons, all of whom moved and acted according to the rules of a strict but beneficent system—Like a well regulated clock, the whole machine moved in perfect time and order—The effects were, that he was completely independent, and died possessed of a property worth above a million of dollars.

With a tall majestic person, and a manly countenance, he had a strong but well governed mind—His perceptions were not quick, but, when once he did take a position, it was generally well chosen, and firmly adhered to—Neither wit nor vivacity brightened his features; it was a face of care, of thought, and of caution; all was calmness  
and

and deliberation—Washington's great forte was prudence, or discretion; it covered him like a shield in the hour of danger, and it was his sure guide in the day of prosperity; by this single talent, he acquired all his wealth, and obtained all his celebrity.—Whilst he fulfilled all the relative duties, he was obedient to every temperate rule and every moral principle; and knowing its vast importance both to individual and national happiness, he paid a proper respect to all the observances of Religion.

Shall we conclude this Sketch by saying, that Washington was an all-perfect character?—No—Perfection is not the lot of human nature, or of any created thing—Even the Sun has his spots—But who shall now, with peevish and uncharitable scrupulosity, endeavour to search for faults in a picture, where the beauties so far outnumber the blemishes? And how shall we judge of his weaknesses, when those who were nearest to his person, were at a loss how to distinguish them?—Has he been accused of parsimony?—It was economy, that necessary quality to every man, by which he obtained that greatest of all earthly blessings, independency—he did not, like Cesar, attain the summit of power by a profuse and artful distribution of his own and his country's treasure, to catch the popular applause, and then seat himself in the Dictator's chair.—Was he proud?—His pride was a necessary dignity of soul, that set him above little things and mean actions, and kept even sycophants at a distance.—But, the British Treaty, that worse than Pandora's Box to America?—When the best friends of America are divided in opinion, and when the ablest politicians cannot decide, the question must be left to the experience of Posterity, who, when Prejudice or Partiality shall no longer blind or mislead, will pronounce a true judgement—

“ When Faction is mute, Justice shall hold the scales.”

✂ POST-SCRIPT.

Methinks I hear the Critics at the foot of the Capitoline Mount superciliously exclaim — “Ha! Mr. Printer, how did you contrive to press the *Ana* into your service in the little provincial town of Petersburg?—Are you going to turn dauber also?”

Gentlemen, be pleased to listen to a few words by way of explanation — Fair words, Citizens; and if you don't like our picture, you need not buy it.

*Ana* is a Latin termination, frequently adapted in the titles of books—*Ana*, or Books in *Ana*, are collections of memorable sayings, or valuable writings, of persons of wit or learning in different countries and different ages— Thus, the Greeks had their *Socratiana*, the Italians their *Scaligeriana*, the Germans their *Liebnitziana*, the French their *Voltaireana*, and the English their *Johnsoniana*, and, at this moment, their *Pindariana*—Why then may not the Americans have their *Washingtoniana*?\*—Washington was not indeed a man of wit—“a Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod” (you'll find the rest of it in the book)—luckily for his countrymen---if his countrymen will have the wit to make a good use of the example---he was a man of virtue. — In HIM, the *new* triumphantly challenges the *old* world for a parallel † — He did not pass the Rubicon and enslave his country, like Cesar---he did not abjure his religion to obtain a kingdom, like Henry the Fourth---neither ambitious nor hypocritical, he did not overturn a rising Republic, like Cromwell---nor did he create himself a Dictator for ten years, like Buonaparte.

\* The doings, and sayings, and writings of Dr. Franklin—a genius of another cast—are, perhaps, more exactly suited to the *Ana*.—In future times, the reputation of this wonderful man will stand high with the whole civilized world, if the world does not take a retrograde motion. — Fortunate America! to have two such great Men, to guide and instruct you in your political infancy.—Criminal America! if you forget or contemn the shining lights of two such brilliant luminaries.

† See the excellent Address of the Senate to the President, p. 16.

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*Collectanea Washingtoniana:*

O R,

P A P E R S

RELATIVE TO THE DEATH OF

*General George Washington.*

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ALEXANDRIA, *Dec.* 16, 1800.

**I**T is our painful duty first to announce to our country, and to the world, the death of General GEORGE WASHINGTON.—This mournful event occurred last Saturday evening about 11 o'clock; he died after a severe illness of only 23 hours.—The disorder which caused his death is called by some the Croup, by others an inflammatory Quinsy, a disease lately so mortal among children in this place, and, I believe, not until this year known to attack persons in the years of maturity.

PHILADELPHIA, *Dec.* 19.

On Saturday the 14th inst. died at his seat in Virginia, General GEORGE WASHINGTON, Commander in Chief of the Armies, and late President of the Congress, of the United States of America—mature in years, covered with glory, and rich in the affections of a free people and the admiration of the whole civilized world.

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When men of common character are swept from the theatre of life, they die without the tribute of public concern, as they had lived without a claim to public esteem— But, when Personages of great and exalted worth are summoned from this sublunary scene, their death calls forth a burst of general regret, and invigorates the flame of public gratitude.—In obedience, therefore, to the united voice of their Country, the Poet, the Orator, and the Historian, will combine to do justice to the character of this illustrious PATRIOT; whilst the ingenious labours of the Sculptor, the Statuary, and the Painter, will unite in perpetuating the virtues of THE MAN OF THE AGE.

Mourn, COLUMBIA, mourn!—Thy Father and Protector is no more!—Mourn, Reader, of whatever kindred, tongue, or clime thou be, *thy* Friend, the Friend of Man and of Liberty, is gone!—The Hero, the Sage, the Patriot, this glorious emanation of the Deity, is carried back to the bosom of his God!—The recording Angel has enregistered his virtuous deeds in Heaven, and the name of WASHINGTON will live for ever!

From Vernon's Mount, behold, the Hero rise!  
 Resplendent Forms attend him thro' the skies!  
 The shades of war-worn Veterans round him throng,  
 And lead, enwrapt, their honour'd Chief along!  
 A laurel wreath th' immortal WARREN bears,  
 An arch triumphal MERCER's hand prepares;  
 Young LAURENCE, erst th' avenging bolt of war,  
 With port majestic guides the glittering car;  
 MONTGOMERY's godlike form directs the way,  
 And GREEN unfolds the gates of endless day;  
 Whilst Angels, "trumpet tongu'd," proclaim thro' air,  
 "Due Honours for THE FIRST OF MEN prepare!"

A Gentleman, who is returned from *Mount Vernon*, has furnished us with the following particulars relative to the death of General WASHINGTON:—

“The General, a little before his death, had begun several improvements on his farm. Attending to some of these, he probably caught his death. He had in contemplation a gravel walk on the banks of the Potomack; between the walk and the river there was to be a fish pond. Some trees were to be cut down, and others preserved. On Friday, the day before he died, he spent some time by the side of the river, marking the former. There came a fall of snow, which did not deter him from his pursuit, but he continued till his neck and hair were quite covered with snow. He spent the evening with Mrs. Washington, reading the news-papers, which came by the mail that evening; he went to bed as usual about nine o'clock, waked up in the night, and found himself extremely unwell, but would not allow Mrs. Washington to get up, or the servants to be waked. In the morning, finding himself very ill, Dr. Craik, of Alexandria, was sent for. Soon after his arrival the two consulting physicians were called in, but all would not avail. On Saturday he died. He said to Col. Lear, a little before his death, “bury me decently, and not till two days after my decease.”—To Dr. Craik he said, “I die a very hard death\*, but I am not afraid to die.”—Before he breathed

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\* We dislike this expression, as being one often applied to persons of a very different description from the illustrious Character whom we all admire.—If the expression is literally related, the General meant, that the pains of death were acute and distressing—but, mark the noble

his last, he laid himself on his back, placed his hands before him, and closed his own mouth and eyes.

“The General has kept a journal, containing a minute detail of every circumstance of his public life, for these many years past, which no doubt will contain many sketches of the American revolution; but the public prints are inaccurate when they say he has left a professed history. This journal, with all his papers, which are very voluminous, and his library, of about 1500 volumes, he has left to Judge Bushrod Washington, his nephew. No one in the United States will make, I presume, a more judicious disposal of the papers than the Judge. He is a man whose natural talents are great, and acquirements astonishing. By intense study he has destroyed one eye, and is threatened with the loss of the other. To him alone did the General think proper to leave the documents of his biography, and from him alone ought we therefore to expect an accurate history of his life.”

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*To the Printers of the ALEXANDRIA News-paper.*

PRESUMING that some account of the late illness and death of General WASHINGTON, will be generally interesting, and particularly so to the professors and practitioners of Medicine throughout America, we request you to publish the following statement.

JAMES CRAIK,  
ELISHA C. DICK.

Some

confidence of *Christian* virtue, the glorious reward of a life well spent; “I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE!”—Here the Reader will recollect the memorable saying of Mr. Addison, when on his death-bed; “*Hold* (said he) *how a CHRISTIAN dies.*”



SOME time in the night of Friday the 13th inst. having been exposed to a rain on the preceding day, General Washington was attacked with an inflammatory affection of the upper part of the wind-pipe, called in technical language, *Cynanche Trachealis*. The disease commenced with a violent ague, accompanied with some pain in the upper and fore part of the throat, a sense of stricture in the same part, a cough, and a difficult rather than painful deglutition, which were soon succeeded by fever and a quick and laborious respiration. The necessity of blood letting suggesting itself to the General, he procured a bleeder in the neighbourhood, who took from his arm in the night, twelve or fourteen ounces of blood: He would not by any means be prevailed upon by the family to send for the attending physician till the following morning, who arrived at Mount Vernon at about eleven o'clock on Saturday. Discovering the case to be highly alarming, and foreseeing the fatal tendency of the disease, two consulting physicians were immediately sent for, who arrived, one at half after three, the other at four o'clock in the afternoon: In the interim were employed two copious bleedings, a blister was applied to the part affected, two moderate doses of calomel were given, and an injection was administered, which operated on the lower intestine; but all without any perceptible advantage; the respiration becoming still more difficult and distressing.

Upon the arrival of the first of the consulting physicians, it was agreed, as there were yet no signs of accumulation in the Bronchial vessels of the lungs, to try the result of another bleeding, when about thirty-two oun-

ces of blood were drawn, without the smallest apparent alleviation of the disease. Vapours of vinegar and water were frequently inhaled, ten grains of calomel were given, succeeded by repeated doses of emetic tartar, amounting in all to five or six grains, with no other effect than a copious discharge from the bowels. The powers of life seemed now manifestly yielding to the force of the disorder. Blisters were applied to the extremities, together with a cataplasm of bran and vinegar to the throat. Speaking, which was painful from the beginning, now became almost impracticable; respiration grew more and more contracted and imperfect; till half after eleven o'clock, on Saturday night, retaining the full possession of his intellect, when he expired without a struggle.

He was fully impressed, at the beginning of his complaint, as well as through every succeeding stage of it, that its conclusion would be mortal; submitting to the several exertions made for his recovery, rather as a duty, than from any expectation of their efficacy. He considered the operations of death upon his system as coeval with the disease; and several hours before his decease, after repeated efforts to be understood, succeeded in expressing a desire, that he might be permitted to die without interruption.

During the short period of his illness, he economised his time, in the arrangement of such few concerns as required his attention, with the utmost serenity, and anticipated his approaching dissolution with every demonstration of that equanimity, for which his whole life has been so uniformly and singularly conspicuous.

The signature of Doctor Gustavus Brown, of Port Tobacco, who attended as consulting Physician, on account of the remoteness of his residence from the place, has not been procured to the foregoing statement.

JAMES CRAIK,  
Attending Physician.

ELISHA C. DICK.  
Consulting Physician.

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GEORGE-TOWN, Dec. 20.

On Wednesday last the mortal part of WASHINGTON THE GREAT—the Father of his Country, and the Friend of Man—was consigned to the silent tomb with solemn honours and funeral pomp.

A multitude of people, from many miles round, assembled at *Mount Vernon*, the choice abode and last earthly residence of its illustrious Chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful scenery, the noble mansion—but, alas! its august inhabitant was gone!—his body indeed was there, but his soul was fled!

In the long and lofty portico, where oft the Hero walked in all his virtuous glory, now lay the shrouded corpse.—The countenance, still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of that spirit which so lately actuated the lifeless form—There, those who paid the last sad honours to the Benefactor of his Country, took a last, sad farewell.

Near the head of the coffin were inscribed the words *Surge ad Judicium*; about the middle, *Gloria Deo*; and, on the silver plate, *General George Washington departed this Life 14th Dec. 1799, Ætat 68.*

Between 3 and 4 o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river firing minute guns, aroused all our sorrowful feelings—the body was moved, and a band of music, with mournful melody, melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.—The procession marched in the following order:

Cavalry, Infantry, and Guard, with arms reversed;  
 Music;  
 Clergy;  
 The General's horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols;  
 Col. Sims,                    { CORPSE }                    Col. Gilpin,  
       Ramsay,                    {                    }                    Marsteller,  
       Payne,                    {                    }                    Little;  
 Mourners;  
 Masonic Brethren;  
 And, Citizens.

When the procession arrived at the bottom of the lawn, on the banks of the Potomack, where the family vault is placed, the cavalry halted, and the infantry marched towards the mount and formed in lines; the Clergy, the Masonic Brethren, and the Citizens, descended to the vault, where the Church funeral service was performed.

Three general discharges by the artillery, cavalry, and infantry, paid the last tribute of respect to the entombed Commander in Chief of the American Armies.

The Sun was now setting—Alas, the Son of Glory was set—No, the name of WASHINGTON will live for ever!

## PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

## HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

*Wednesday, Dec. 18.*

This morning General Marshall came into the House apparently much agitated, and addressed the Speaker in the following words:—

“Sir, information has been just received, that our illustrious Fellow Citizen, the Commander in Chief of the American army, and the late President of the United States, is no more.—Altho’ this distressing intelligence is not certain, there is too much reason to believe its truth.

“After receiving information of a national calamity so heavy and afflicting, the House of Representatives can be but ill fitted for public business. I move you, therefore, that we adjourn.”

The House immediately adjourned—as did the Senate.

*Thursday, Dec. 19.*

Mr. Marshall addressed the Chair as follows:

“MR. SPEAKER—The melancholy event which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our WASHINGTON is no more! The hero, the sage, and the patriot of America—the man on whom, in times of danger, every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives now, only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people.

“If, Sir, it had even not been usual, openly to testify respect for the memory of, those whom Heaven had se-

lected as its instruments, for dispensing good to men, yet, such has been the uncommon worth, and such the extraordinary incidents, which have marked the life of him, whose loss we all deplore, that the whole American nation impelled by the same feelings, would call with one voice, for a public manifestation of that sorrow which is so deep and so universal.

“More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this our wide spreading Empire, and to give to the western World its independence and freedom.

“Having effected the great object for which he was placed at the head of our armies, we have seen him converting the sword into the plough-share, and voluntarily sinking the Soldier in the Citizen.

“When the debility of our Federal system had become manifest, and the bonds, which connected the parts of this vast continent, were dissolving, we have seen him the Chief of those Patriots who formed for us a Constitution, which by preserving the Union, will, I trust, substantiate and perpetuate those blessings which our Revolution had promised to bestow.

“In obedience to the general voice of his Country, calling on him to preside over a Great People, we have seen him once more quit the retirement he loved, and, in a season more stormy and tempestuous than war itself, with calm and wise determination, pursued the true interests of the Nation, and contribute, more than any other could contribute, to the establishment of that system of policy, which will, I trust, yet preserve our peace, our honour, and our independence.

“Having been twice unanimously chosen the Chief Magistrate of a Free People, we see him, at a time when his re-election with universal suffrage could not be doubted, affording to the world a rare instance of moderation, by withdrawing from his high station to the peaceful walks of private life.

“However the public confidence may change, and the public affections fluctuate with respect to others, yet, with respect to him, they have, in war and in peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

“Let us then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed Friend—Let the Grand Council of the Nation display those sentiments which the Nation feels.—For this purpose, I hold in my hand some Resolutions, which I take the liberty of offering to the House.”

Mr. Marshall having handed his Resolutions to the Clerk, they were read, and unanimously agreed to as follows, viz.

RESOLVED, That this House will wait on the President of the United States, in condolence of this mournful event.

RESOLVED, That the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the Members and Officers of the House wear black during the Session.

RESOLVED, That a Committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honour to the memory of the MAN, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his Countrymen.

A message from the President was received, communicating a Letter from Tobias Lear, Esq. private Secretary to General Washington:—

THE Letter herewith transmitted will inform you, that it has pleased Divine Providence to remove from this life, our excellent fellow citizen GEORGE WASHINGTON, by the purity of his character, and a long series of services to his Country, rendered illustrious through the world. It remains for an affectionate and grateful People, in whose hearts he can never die, to pay suitable honour to his memory.

JOHN ADAMS.

SIR,

Mount Vernon, Dec. 15, 1799.

“IT is with inexpressible grief, that I have to announce to you, the death of the great and good General WASHINGTON. He died last evening between 10 and 11 o'clock, after a short illness of about 24 hours. His disorder was an inflammatory sore throat, which proceeded from a cold, of which he made but little complaint on Friday. On Saturday morning about 3 o'clock he became ill. Dr. Craik attended him in the morning, and Dr. Dick of Alexandria, and Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco, were soon after called in. Every medical assistance was offered, but without the desired effect. — His last scene corresponded with the whole tenor of his life—Not a groan nor a complaint escaped him in extreme distress—With perfect resignation, and in full possession of his reason, he closed his well spent life.

I have the honour to be, &c.

T. LEAR.”

The President of the United States.

Gen.



Generals Marshall and Smith were appointed to wait on the President, to know at what time it would be convenient to receive the House.

Generals Marshall and Smith having waited on the President with the first Resolution, reported, That the President would be ready to receive them at one o'clock this day. The House accordingly waited on him.

The Speaker addressed the President in the following words:—

SIR, The House of Representatives, penetrated with a deep sense of the irreparable loss sustained by the Nation, by the death of that great and good Man, the illustrious and beloved WASHINGTON; wait on you, Sir, to express their condolence on this melancholy event.

To which the President made the following answer:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,  
I Receive with great respect and affection, the condolence of the House of Representatives on the melancholy and afflicting event in the death of the most illustrious and beloved personage which this Country ever produced. I sympathize with you—with the nation, and with good men thro' the world, in this irreparable loss sustained by us all.

JOHN ADAMS.

A message from the Senate announced their concurrence to the Resolution appointing a joint Committee; and that 7 Members were appointed on their part—16 were appointed from this House.

*Monday, Dec. 23.*

Mr. Marshall made a report from the joint Committee appointed to consider a suitable mode of commemorating the death of General Washington.

He reported the following Resolutions :

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress Assembled, That a marble monument be erected by the United States at the Capitol of the city of Washington, and that the family of General Washington, be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it; and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life.

And be it further resolved, That there be a funeral procession from Congress Hall, to the German Lutheran Church, in memory of Gen. George Washington, on Thursday the 26th inst. and that an oration be prepared at the request of Congress, to be delivered before both Houses that day; and that the President of the Senate, and Speaker of the House of Representatives, be desired to request one of the Members of Congress to prepare and deliver the same.

And be it further resolved, That it be recommended to the people of the United States, to wear crape on their left arm as mourning, for thirty days.

And be it further resolved, That the President of the United States, be requested to direct a copy of these Resolutions to be transmitted to Mrs. Washington, assuring her of the profound respect Congress will ever bear to her person and character, of their condolence on the late affecting

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ing dispensation of Providence, and entreating her assent to the interment of the remains of General Washington, in the manner expressed in the first Resolution.

And be it further resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to issue his Proclamation, notifying to the People throughout the United States the recommendation contained in the third Resolution.

These Resolutions passed both Houses unanimously.

*Friday, Dec. 26.*

General Marshall said, that Congress having attended an oration delivered, at their request, on account of the death of General Washington, he presumed it would be their wish, as it was his, that some sentiment of respect and approbation should be expressed on the occasion; he therefore made the following motion, which was unanimously agreed to, viz.

The House of Representatives, highly gratified with the manner in which Mr. Lee has performed the service assigned to him, to deliver an oration on the death of General GEORGE WASHINGTON, and desirous of communicating to their Fellow Citizens, thro' the medium of the press, those sentiments of respect for the character, of gratitude for the services, and of grief for the death of that illustrious Personage, which, felt by all, have, on this melancholy occasion, been so well expressed:

RESOLVED, That the Speaker present the thanks of this House to Mr. Lee, for the Oration delivered by him to both Houses of Congress on Thursday the 26th inst. and request that he will permit a copy thereof to be taken for publication.

Mon.

Monday, the Senate sent the following Letter of Condolence to the President of the United States, by a Committee of its Members:—

*To the* PRESIDENT *of the* UNITED STATES.

THE Senate of the United States respectfully take leave, Sir, to express to you their deep regret for the loss their Country sustains in the death of General GEORGE WASHINGTON.

This event; so distressing to all our Fellow Citizens, must be peculiarly heavy to you, who have long been associated with him in *Deeds of Patriotism*. Permit us, Sir, to mingle our tears with yours—on this occasion it is manly to weep. To lose such a Man, at such a crisis, is no common calamity to the world—our Country mourns her Father. The Almighty Disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest benefactor and ornament—It becomes us to submit with reverence to HIM who “maketh darkness his pavilion.”

With patriotic pride, we review the life of our WASHINGTON, and compare him with those of other countries, who have been pre-eminent in fame. Ancient and modern names are diminished before him. Greatness and guilt have too often been allied; but *his* fame is whiter than it is brilliant. The destroyers of nations stood abashed at the majesty of *his* virtue. It reprov'd the intemperance of their ambition, and darkened the splendour of victory. The scene is closed, and we are no longer anxious lest misfortune should sully his glory; he has travelled on to the end of his journey, and carried with him an

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increasing weight of honour; he has deposited it safely, where Misfortune cannot tarnish it, where Malice cannot blast it. Favoured of Heaven, he departed without exhibiting the weakness of humanity; magnanimous in death, the darkness of the grave could not obscure his brightness.

Such was the Man whom we deplore. Thanks to God, his glory is consummated—WASHINGTON yet lives on earth in his spotless example—his spirit is in Heaven!

Let his Countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic General, the patriotic Statesman, and the virtuous Sage: let them teach their children never to forget, that the fruits of his labours and his example are their Inheritance.

#### The PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

Gentlemen of the Senate,

I Receive, with the most respectful and affectionate sentiments, in this impressive Address, the obliging expressions of your regret, for the loss our Country has sustained, in the death of her most esteemed, beloved and admired Citizen.

In the multitude of my thoughts and recollections on this melancholy event, you will permit me to say, that I have seen him in the days of adversity, in some of the scenes of his deepest distress, and most trying perplexities; I have also attended him in his highest elevation, and most prosperous felicity, with uniform admiration of his wisdom, moderation, and constancy.

Among all our original associates in that memorable *League of the Continent* in 1774, which first expressed the

SOVEREIGN WILL OF A FREE NATION IN AMERICA, he was the only one remaining in the General Government. Although with a constitution more enfeebled than his, at an age when he thought it necessary to prepare for retirement, I feel myself alone, bereaved of my last brother; yet I derive a strong consolation from the unanimous disposition which appears in all ages and classes, to mingle their sorrows with mine, on this common calamity to the world.

The life of our WASHINGTON cannot suffer by a comparison with those of other countries, who have been most celebrated and exalted by Fame. The attributes and decorations of *Royalty*, could only have served to eclipse the majesty of those virtues which made him, from being a modest *Citizen*, a more resplendent luminary. Misfortune, had he lived, could hereafter have sullied his glory only with those superficial minds, who, believing "that characters and actions are marked by success alone," rarely deserve to enjoy it.—*Malice* could never blast his honor, and *Envy* made him a singular exception to her universal rule—For himself he had lived enough to Life and to Glory—For his Fellow Citizens, if their prayers could have been answered, he would have been immortal—For me, his departure is at a most unfortunate moment. Trusting, however, in the wise and righteous dominion of Providence over the passions of men, and the results of their councils and actions, as well as over their lives, nothing remains for me but *humble resignation*.

His example is now complete, and it will teach wisdom and virtue to Magistrates, Citizens, and Men, not only in the present age, but in future generations, as long as our history shall be read—If a Trajan found a Pliny, a Marcus Aurelius can never want biographers, eulogists, or historians.

JOHN ADAMS.

United States, 22d Dec. 1799.

On Monday the 8th of January, the President sent the following Letters to Congress:—

Gentlemen of the Senate, and

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives,

IN compliance with the request in one of the Resolutions of Congress of the 21st of December last, I transmitted a copy of those Resolutions by my Secretary, Mr. Shaw, to Mrs. Washington, assuring her of the profound respect Congress will ever bear to her person and character—of their condolence in the late afflicting dispensation of Providence, and entreating her assent to the interment of the remains of General GEORGE WASHINGTON in the manner expressed in the first Resolution. As the sentiments of that virtuous Lady, not less beloved by this Nation, than she is at present greatly afflicted, can never be so well expressed as in her own words, I transmit to Congress her original Letter.

It would be an attempt of too much delicacy to make any comments upon it—But there can be no doubt, that the Nation at large, as well as all the branches of the Government, will be highly gratified by any arrangement which may diminish the sacrifice she makes of her individual feelings.

United States, 8th Jan. 1800.

JOHN ADAMS.

Mrs. WASHINGTON'S LETTER.

SIR,

Mount Vernon, 31st Dec. 1799.

WHILE I feel, with keenest anguish, the late dispensations of Divine Providence, I cannot be insensible to the mournful tribute of respect and veneration which are paid to the memory of my dear deceased Husband; and, as his best services and most anxious wishes were always devoted to the welfare and happiness of his Country, to know that they were truly appreciated, and gratefully remembered, affords no inconsiderable consolation.

Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public

will, I must consent to the request made by Congress, which you have had the goodness to transmit to me—and, in doing this, I need not, I can not say, what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.

With grateful acknowledgements and unfeigned thanks for the personal respect and evidences of condolence expressed by Congress and Yourself, I remain very respectfully,

Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

MARTHA WASHINGTON,

The President of the United States.

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### ARMY DEPARTMENT.

THE President, with deep regret, announces to the Army the death of its beloved Chief, General GEORGE WASHINGTON. Sharing in the grief which every heart must feel for so heavy and afflicting a public loss, and desirous to express his high sense of the vast debt of gratitude which is due to the virtue, talents, and ever memorable services of the illustrious deceased, he directs that funeral honours be paid to him at all the Military stations, and that the Officers of the Army, and of the several Corps of Volunteers, wear crape on the left arm by way of mourning for six months. Major General Hamilton will give the necessary orders for carrying into effect the foregoing directions.

Given at the War Office of the United States in Philadelphia this 19th day of December, A. D. 1799, and in the 24th year of the Independence of the said States.

By command of the President,

JAMES M'HENRY,

Secretary of War.

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### NAVY DEPARTMENT.

THE President, with deep affliction, announces to the Navy, and to the Marines, the death of our beloved fel-



low-citizen GEORGE WASHINGTON, Commander of our Armies, and late President of the United States; but rendered more illustrious by his eminent virtues, and a long series of the most important services, than by the honours which his grateful Country delighted to confer upon him. — Desirous that the Navy and Marines should express, in common with every other description of American Citizens, the high sense which all feel of the loss our Country has sustained in the death of this good and great Man; the President directs, that the vessels of the Navy, in our own and foreign ports, be put in mourning for one week, by wearing their colours half-mast high; and that the Officers of the Navy, and of the Marines, wear crape on the left arm, below the elbow, for six months. — 20th Dec. 1799.

BEN. STODDERT.

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PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 27.

Yesterday, pursuant to arrangements previously made, a Funeral Procession, in honour of our late Commander in Chief and President, took place in this city.

The military, &c. having assembled at the StateHouse and formed in line, to receive the Bier, about 12 o'clock, the procession moved along Fifth to Walnut-street, down Walnut to Fourth-street, and thence forward to Zion Church in solemn order—[Here follows the particulars of the procession]

The front of the procession having reached its position, it opened to the right and left and halted, (leaning on reversed arms) for the purpose of admitting the Clergy, &c. the music playing a dead march, the bells tolling, and minute guns firing during the whole of the ceremony.

Having arrived at the Church, the Bier was conveyed to the centre of the middle aisle. Here the ceremonies commenced with soft and solemn music; the Right Rev. Bishop White read suitable prayers; and, after a short pause,

an eloquent Oration, was delivered, with great emphasis and elegance, by Major General Herry Lee, a Member of the House of Representatives from the State of Virginia, At the conclusion of the Oration, vocal and instrumental music, in honour of the departed Hero, excited a strong and affecting sensibility. After which the Bier was taken from the Church, and three volleys being fired over it, concluded the ceremonies of the day.

RICHMOND, Dec. 24.

The death of General Washington has been attended with every mark of sincere regret, which so melancholy an event was naturally calculated to excite in the heart of every true American.

On the receipt of the affecting intelligence, both Houses of the Legislature immediately adjourned, after having entered into a resolution for each Member to wear a badge of mourning during the remainder of the Session. In the evening, minute guns were fired by Capt. Myers's Company of Artillery, whilst "the Church bells toll'd the dreadful truth!" — The venerable Society of Cincinnati paid due respect to his memory as a member, and as the pride of their Order, by unanimously agreeing to wear a black crape for three months—In short, that mark of esteem was exhibited by almost every Citizen.

On Sunday, a grand Funeral Procession, composed of the Legislative Body, the Council of State, the Masonic Societies, and a large concourse of the most respectable Citizens, solemnly marched to the doleful sound of bells to the Capitol, where an excellent discourse upon the occasion was delivered by the Rev. John D. Blair.

PETERSBURGH, Dec. 31.

Agreeably to a recommendation of the Common Hall of this Town, Sunday last was observed as a day of solemn humiliation for the loss of our friend and benefactor, General GEORGE WASHINGTON. A general anxiety was

excited among the inhabitants to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of our beloved Countrymen, but constantly heavy rains prevented many from joining in the solemnities of the day.

A discharge of 16 cannon, at minute intervals, began at sun-rise. At mid-day, a gun was fired to notify that the people were assembled at the Mason's Hall; after which, the Company of Artillery marched to Blandford, fired a gun, and then proceeded to the top of Blandford Hill, where they commenced the discharge of 68 minute guns, at which time the Citizens assembled at the Hall, and formed a procession to the Church in the following order, viz. the Militia Cavalry—Music—the United States troops—the Clergy—the Mayor and Commonalty—the Masonic Brethren—and, Citizens.

On arriving at the Church, the Cavalry formed to the right, and the United States troops to the left, when the Clergy, Mayor and Commonalty, Masonic Brethren, and Citizens, followed by the Military, entered the Church.

Divine Service was performed by the Rev. Andrew Syme, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Harrison, and the Rev. John C. Ogden. A very sensible and well-adapted discourse was then delivered with great feeling and fervency by Mr. Syme from Psalm cxii, 6, "the Righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance." — Several anthems were well sung by a society of Gentlemen.

After Divine Service, the procession was again formed, and returned to the Mason's Hall, when the company retired, each man to his home.

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PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 24: 1800.

The Theatre, last evening, joined in the public testimony of regret for the loss of the Hero of America.—The House (which was extremely full) displayed a scene calculated to impress the mind with the utmost solemnity of sorrow. The pillars supporting the boxes were encircled with black crape, the chandeliers were decorated with the

insignia of woe, and the audience, particularly the female part of it, appeared in mourning. At 7 o'clock, the band struck up Washington's March; after which a solemn dirge was performed, when the curtain slowly rising, discovered a Tomb in the centre of the stage in the Grecian stile of architecture, supported by trusses. In the centre of it was a portrait of the General, encircled by a wreath of oaken leaves; under the portrait, a sword, shield, and helmet, and the colours of the United States. The top was in the form of a pyramid, in the front of which appeared the American Eagle, holding in her beak a scroll, on which was inscribed, *A Nation's Tears!*—The sides of the stage were decorated with black banners, containing the names of the different States of the Union, in golden letters, and over which mourning trophies were suspended.—A Monody was recited by Mr. Wignell, accompanied by solemn Airs; and the tragedy of the ROMAN FATHER concluded the business of the evening.

AIR S IN THE MONODY.

- I. Slowly strike the solemn bell,  
 Nature found thy deepest knell;  
 Power of Music, touch the heart,  
 Nature there will do her part.  
 God of Melancholy, come,  
 Pensive o'er the Hero's tomb;  
 In saddest strains his loss deplore,  
 With piercing cries rend ev'ry shore,  
 For WASHINGTON is now no more!
- II. Glory, bring thy fairest wreath,  
 Place it on thy Hero's urn;  
 Mercy, in soft accents breathe,  
 "He never made this bosom mourn!"  
 Ev'ry Virtue here attend,  
 Bending o'er his sacred earth;  
 Gratitude, thy influence lend,  
 Make us feel his mighty worth!
- III. Hold not back the sacred tear,  
 Give to him the sigh sincere,  
 Who, living, liv'd for all.  
 Sorrow, take the solemn hour,  
 Prostrate to thy melting pow'r,  
 Let humble mortals fall.  
 Come, fable-Goddess, take the soul,  
 Devoted to thy dark controul;  
 Come, take our hearts, and press them deep—  
 Angels may joy, but Man must weep!



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BY AUTHORITY.

A PROCLAMATION by the President of the United States of AMERICA.

WHEREAS the Congress of the United States have this day resolved, "That it be recommended to the People of the United States to assemble on the 22d day of February next, in such numbers and manner as may be convenient, publicly to testify their grief for the death of General GEORGE WASHINGTON, by suitable eulogies, orations, and discourses, or by public prayers;" and, "that the President be requested to issue a Proclamation for the purpose of carrying the foregoing Resolution into effect:" Now therefore, I JOHN ADAMS, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the same accordingly.

Given under my hand and the seal of the United States, at Philadelphia, the 6th day of January in the year of our Lord 1800, and of the Independence of the said States the 24th. JOHN ADAMS.

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PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 24.

On Saturday last, the 22d inst. being appointed a day of mourning throughout the United States for the death of our beloved Chief, GEORGE WASHINGTON, the same was respectfully observed in this city.

At 11 o'clock, the Rev. Mr. Carr delivered a handsome eulogium on the character of the illustrious Patriot, to a crowded audience, in the Catholic Church in South Fourth-street.

At 12 o'clock, the Society of Cincinnati assembled at the State-house, and proceeded to the German Lutheran Church in North Fourth-street, preceded by other bodies in the following order:—

The first troop of Volunteer Cavalry dismounted;

Music, in mourning;

The Artillery;

General Macpherson;

Company of Grenadiers;

Music, playing Washington's March;

Germantown Light Infantry;

The second Troop of Cavalry;

The Society of the Cincinnati;

Officers of the Army and Navy;

And, Officers of the Militia.

Having reached the Church, the whole procession entered; and, after solemn vocal and instrumental music, and prayers by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, a very eloquent oration on the life and character of the departed Hero, was delivered by Major Wm. Jackson, one of the Members of the Society of Cincinnati, to the entire satisfaction of a very numerous and respectable audience.

#### MASONIC PROCESSION.

The Ancient Society of FreeMasons, of which General Washington was a much honoured brother, formed their procession at the State-house, and moved, at 1 o'clock, thro' the principal streets to Zion Church, in the following order:—

Tyler, with drawn sword;  
 Entered Apprentices, two and two;  
 Fellow Crafts, two and two;  
 Master Masons, two and two;  
 Deacons, with wands tipt with silver;  
 Secretary and Treasurer;  
 Wardens;  
 Past Masters, two and two;  
 Master.

After the Subordinate Lodges,  
 The GRAND LODGE, preceded by Music;  
 Grand Tyler, with drawn sword;  
 Twelve Past Masters, their wands tipt with silver;  
 Grand Sword-bearer, with drawn sword;  
 Grand Secretary, with a scroll;  
 Grand Treasurer;

Grand Wardens, bearing their columns;  
 Three lights extinguished, borne by three Past Masters;  
 Holy Bible and Square and Compass, borne by a Past Master;  
 Rev. Divine, supported by two Past Masters;  
 Grand Master, and Deputy Grand Master;  
 Grand Pursuivant, with drawn sword;  
 Four Deacons of the Grand Lodge, bearing wands tipt  
 with gold.

In the centre of the procession was exhibited a Monument in honour of Washington, borne by four Past Masters; its base white marble, inscribed *Washington Lodge, No. 1*, supporting a golden Urn, surmounted with an Eagle, his wings expanded, and holding in his beak a scroll, in the figure of a heart, with a suitable inscription.

The procession having arrived at its destination, opened to the right and left, when the Grand Lodge, &c. entered the Church, where an elegant and pathetic eulogium was pronounced by the Rev. Samuel Magaw, D.D. to a very crowded and splendid audience.

BALTIMORE, *Feb. 24.*

Conformably to the recommendations of the Executive of the United States as well as of this State, Saturday was observed in this city as a day of mourning, humiliation and prayer, for the death of the illustrious Patriot, General GEORGE WASHINGTON. All houses of business and amusement were closed—the noisy hum of industry ceased, and during the whole day, the most devout attention to public worship testified a high and just veneration for the memory of the deceased. The 22d of February, which we were wont to celebrate for the birth, displayed unfeigned mourning and universal sorrow for the loss of our friend and father. Truly might it be said that our joy was turned into mourning—that a mighty Chief was fallen in Israel!

We pretend not to condemn the splendid pomp of woe, exhibited in many places on this occasion by military or other processions—but we were pleased to observe all ranks, ages and sexes, mingle together in undistinguished groupes, and, clad in suitable habiliments of woe, throng the temples of the Most High, and hang with rapturous admiration on the divine services of the day. Never did the pulpit exhibit more piety, patriotism, talents and dignity—never had prayers, adapted to the occasion, patriotic, pious and fervent, a better effect on sympathising assemblies—never were eulogiums listened to with such eager attention, by enraptured and crowded audiences, who seemed to say, speak, speak, thou canst not call him good enough! as on this occasion, where, in every case we know or have learnt of, the glowing pencil of Raphael, the fire of Demosthenes and the eloquence of Cicero, were happily joined in portraying the life and character, military and civil, of the great, the inimitable, the godlike WASHINGTON!

RICH-



RICHMOND, Feb. 25.

Saturday last being the day ordered by Gen. Pinckney to pay funeral honours to the memory of the illustrious GEORGE WASHINGTON, late General of the Armies of the United States, they were performed under the direction of Lieut. Col. Bentley of the 7th Regiment, in a manner that excited the admiration of every beholder. Besides the number of persons who joined the procession, which must have exceeded 1000, there could not be less than 5000 spectators.

At day-break, 16 cannon were fired by Capt. Myers's Artillery, and half-hour guns till sun-set — Minute guns were fired during the procession and ceremonial.

At 12 o'clock, the Bier was received by the troops in line, with presented arms, and colours saluting.—The procession began in the Capitol square, and proceeded to the Church on the hill in the following order :

Capt. Auffman's troop, drawn swords with black crape;

Capt. Richardson's light infantry and Capt. M'Rae's grenadiers, arms reversed;

Drums and Fifes muffled, playing the Dead March;

The General's horse dressed in black;

Band of Music and Singers;

The Clergy and Orator;

Col. Vandewall,

Pryor,

Heath,

{ THE BIER }

Col. Gamble,

Carrington,

Gen. Wood;

(Carried by four Serjeants)

The Cincinnati;

The Executive;

The State Judiciary;

The 7th Regiment of the United States;

The

The Civil Officers of the Federal Government ;  
 The Corporate Body of the City of Richmond ;  
 Officers of the Army and Militia not on duty ;  
 Masonic Societies ;  
 Citizens.

When the Cavalry arrived at the place appointed (opposite the spot representing the place of interment) the whole line halted ; the platoons preceding the Bier wheeled and formed in line ; the cavalry dressed with the rear rank ; and the light infantry and grenadiers faced inwards — arms reversed.

The Bier, with the band of music and singers, the Clergy and Orator in front, passed through the open ranks with solemn music to the place of interment ; the rear of the procession passed through in like manner.

The Bier being placed on the spot representing the place of interment, the pall bearers, chief mourners, Executive and Judiciary, ranged in a line at each end of the Bier ; the pall-bearers and chief mourners at the head, the Executive and Judiciary at the foot.

The grenadiers and infantry reversed arms, the front rank facing to the right about, and rear rank closed to the front ; the whole was then faced to the right, and marched on (music playing the Dead March) between the columns of platoons and cavalry, until they encircled the Bier ; they then turned to the front, halted, and rested on their arms during the ceremony.

An oration was now delivered by the Rev Mr. Blair ; then solemn music, both vocal and instrumental ; after which three volleys were fired over the Bier.

The ceremonial being ended, the whole was again put in motion, the music playing Washington's March, and the procession returned to the square of the Capitol.

PETERSBURGH, Feb. 25.

Saturday last, being the day appointed by the Federal Government, for the people of the United States publicly to testify their grief for the death of their beloved fellow-citizen, General GEORGE WASHINGTON, a very numerous and respectable congregation assembled at Blandford Church for that purpose.

Prayers were read by the Rev. And. Syme, assisted by the Rev. Wm. Harrison — After which, the audience (by particular request) were addressed in a sensible discourse by Geo. K. Taylor, Esq. — After giving a rapid sketch of the General's early life, and then those great and ever-memorable actions which afterwards, under the guidance of Divine Providence, marked him as the founder and protector of AMERICAN LIBERTY, Mr. Taylor wisely recommended to his auditors, "that since WASHINGTON was no more, and that they could not derive benefit from his personal example, to follow his excellent advice. Let every family, and every man, attentively peruse, and constantly keep in view, his Farewell Address. Whilst the principles there inculcated are steadily pursued, the Americans may preserve their country in peace and prosperity, and secure their rights both civil and political — party discord and angry contentions will cease, local prejudices will give way to the general good, and every Citizen will feel the virtues of a WASHINGTON in his own breast."

Mr. Taylor concluded his discourse with a well-timed admonition to his hearers, to copy the piety and respect for Religion which pervaded and dignified all the actions of the illustrious PATRIOT — He particularly exhorted "the young men of the present day," not to indulge either a real or affected contempt for all religious opinions and duties ;

a conduct which will inevitably be ruinous to themselves; and, finally, be destructive of the liberty and happiness of their Country.\*

\* This oration, or discourse, lasted about 40 minutes—Mr. Taylor modestly declined an application to let it appear in print.

[Beside the articles inserted in this Collection, there were sermons, orations, or processions, in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Norfolk, Charlestown, and every city and town in the United States, all expressive of the deep and heart-felt veneration in which the American people held their beloved Friend and Fellow Citizen.]

\*\* The following beautiful Poem was written by Dr. AIKEN (author of several very respectable books) an Englishman, and residing in England—who, when *Republicanism* is become a theme of reproach, and when the Sovereigns of Europe are straining every nerve to eradicate it from the face of the earth, boldly dared to celebrate the virtues of the *Republican Sage* and Hero of America!

TO HIS EXCELLENCY GEORGE WASHINGTON,  
*President of the United States of America.*

POINT of that Pyramid, whose solid base  
Rests firmly founded on a Nation's trust,  
Which, while the gorgeous palace sinks in dust,  
Shall stand sublime, and fill its ample space:

ELECTED CHIEF OF FREEMEN!—Greater far  
Than Kings, whose glittering parts are fix'd by birth;  
Nam'd by thy Country's voice for long-try'd worth,  
Her crown in peace, as once her shield in war!

Deign, WASHINGTON, to hear a *British* lyre,  
That ardent greets thee with applaudive lays,  
And to the PATRIOT HERO homage pays.

O, would the Muse immortal strains inspire,  
That high beyond all Greek and Roman fame,  
Might soar to times unborn, thy purer, nobler Name!

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# His Last Will and Testament.

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VIRGINIA, Fairfax ff. }

I, GEORGE DENEALE, Clerk of Fairfax County Court, do Certify, That the subsequent Copy of the Last Will and Testament of GEORGE WASHINGTON, deceased, late President of the United States of America, with the Schedule annexed, is a true Copy from the Original recorded in my Office.

In Testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my Hand this  
23d day of January 1800.

GEO. DENEALE, C.F.C.

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IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

I GEORGE WASHINGTON of Mount Vernon, a Citizen of the United States, and lately President of the same, Do make, ordain, and declare this Instrument, which is written with my own hand, and every page thereof subscribed with my name\*, to be my LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, revoking all others.

*Imprimus*—All my debts, of which there are but few, and none of magaitude, are to be punctually and speedily paid; and the legacies herein after bequeathed, are to be discharged as soon as circumstances will permit, and in the manner directed.

*Item*—To my dearly beloved wife *Martha Washington*, I give and bequeath the use, profit, and benefit of my whole estate, real and personal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are specially disposed of here-

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\* In the original manuscript, *George Washington's* name is written at the bottom of every page.

after. My improved lot in the town of Alexandria, situated on Pitt and Cameron-streets, I give to her and her heirs for ever ; as I also do my household and kitchen furniture of every sort and kind, with the liquors and groceries which may be on hand at the time of my decease, to be used and disposed of as she may think proper.

*Item*—Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire, that all the slaves which I hold in *my own right*, shall receive their freedom. To emancipate them during her life, would, tho' earnestly wished by me, be attended with such insuperable difficulties on account of their intermixture by marriages with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor, it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held, to manumit them. And whereas among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some who, from old age or bodily infirmities, and others, who, on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire, that all who come under the first and second description, shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the Court until they shall arrive at the age of 25 years; and in cases where no record can be produced, whereby their ages can be ascertained, the judgement of the Court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound, are (by their masters or mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia providing for the sup-

support of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of under any pretence whatsoever. And I do moreover most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my Executors hereafter named, or the survivor of them, to see that *this* clause respecting slaves, and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which may then be on the ground are harvested, particularly as it respects the aged and infirm; seeing that a regular and permanent fund be established for their support, as long as there are subjects requiring it, not trusting to the uncertain provision made by individuals.—And, to my mulatto man *William* (calling himself *Wm. Lee*) I give immediate freedom, or, if he should prefer it (on account of the accidents which have befallen him, and which have rendered him incapable of walking or of any active employment) to remain in the situation he now is, it shall be optional in him to do so; in either case, however, I allow him an annuity of 30 dollars during his natural life, which shall be independent of the victuals and clothes he has been accustomed to receive, if he chuses the last alternative; but in full with his freedom, if he prefers the first; and this I give him as a testimony of my sense of his attachment to me, and for his faithful services during the Revolutionary War.

*Item*—To the Trustees (Governors, or by whatsoever other name they may be designated) of the Academy in the town of Alexandria, I give and bequeath, in trust, 4000 dollars, or, in other words, 20 of the shares which I hold in the bank of Alexandria, towards the support of a Free School, established at, and annexed to, the said Academy, for the purpose of educating orphan children, or the chil-

children of such other poor and indigent persons, as are unable to accomplish it with their own means, and who, in the judgement of the Trustees of the said Seminary, are best entitled to the benefit of this donation. The aforesaid 20 shares I give and bequeath in perpetuity; the dividends only of which are to be drawn for, and applied by the said Trustees, for the time being, for the uses above-mentioned; the stock to remain entire and untouched, unless indications of failure of the said bank should be so apparent, or a discontinuance thereof, should render a removal of this fund necessary. In either of these cases, the amount of the stock here devised is to be vested in some other bank, or public institution, whereby the interest may with regularity and certainty be drawn and applied as above. And, to prevent misconception, my meaning is, and is hereby declared to be, that these 20 shares are in lieu of, and not in addition to, the 1000l. given by a missive letter some years ago, in consequence whereof, an annuity of 50l. has since been paid towards the support of this institution.

*Item*—Whereas, by a law of the Commonwealth of Virginia, enacted in the year 1785, the Legislature thereof was pleased (as an evidence of its approbation of the services I had rendered the public during the Revolution, and partly, I believe, in consideration of my having suggested the vast advantages which the community would derive from the extension of its inland navigation under Legislative patronage) to present me with 100 shares of 100 dollars each, in the incorporated Company established for the purpose of extending the navigation of *James River* from the tide-water to the mountains; and also with 50 shares of 100l. sterling each in the corporation of another Company likewise established for the similar purpose of

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opening the navigation of the river *Potomac* from the tide-water to Fort Cumberland; the acceptance of which, altho' the offer was highly honourable and grateful to my feelings, was refused as inconsistent with a principle which I had adopted, and had never departed from—namely, not to receive pecuniary compensation for any services I could render my Country in its arduous struggle with Great Britain for its rights, and because I had evaded similar propositions from other States in the Union: Adding to this refusal, however, an intimation, that, if it should be the pleasure of the Legislature to permit me to appropriate the said shares to *Public Uses*, I would receive them on those terms with due sensibility; and this it having consented to, in flattering terms, as will appear by a subsequent law and sundry resolutions, in the most ample and honourable manner—I proceed, after this recital, for the more correct understanding of the case, to declare, That as it has always been a source of serious regret with me, to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purposes of Education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own, contracting, too frequently, not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but *principles unfriendly to Republican Government, and to the true and genuine Liberties of Mankind*, which, thereafter, are rarely overcome — For these reasons, it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised, on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising Empire, thereby to do away local attachments and state prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit from our national Councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is (in my estimation)

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my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure, than the establishment of a UNIVERSITY in a central part of the United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents from all parts thereof might be sent for the completion of their education in all the branches of polite Literature, in the Arts and Sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of Politics and good Government, and, as a matter of infinite importance in my judgement, by associating with each other, and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves, in a proper degree, from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned, and which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country.—Under these impressions, so fully dilated,

*Item*—I give and bequeath, in perpetuity, the 50 shares which I hold in the Potomac Company (under the aforesaid Acts of the Legislature of Virginia) towards the endowment of a UNIVERSITY, to be established within the limits of the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the General Government, if that Government should incline to extend a fostering hand towards it; and until such Seminary is established, and the funds arising on these shares shall be required for its support, my further will and desire is, that the profit accruing therefrom, shall, whenever the dividends are made, be laid out in purchasing stock in the Bank of Columbia, or some other bank, at the discretion of my Executors, or by the Treasurer of the United States for the time being, under the direction of Congress, provided that honourable Body should patronize the measure; and the dividends proceeding from the purchase of such stock are to be vested in more stock, and so on,  
until

until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object is obtained, of which I have not the smallest doubt before many years pass away, even if no aid or encouragement is given by legislative authority, or from any other source.

*Item*—The hundred shares which I hold in the James River Company, I have given, and now confirm, in perpetuity, to and for the use and benefit of *Liberty Hall Academy*, in the County of Rockbridge, in the Commonwealth of Virginia.

*Item*—I release, exonerate, and discharge the estate of my deceased brother, *Samuel Washington*, from the payment of the money which is due to me for the land I sold to Philip Pendleton (lying in the county of Berkeley), who assigned the same to him, the said *Samuel*, who, by agreement, was to pay me therefor: And whereas by some contract (the purport of which was never communicated to me) between the said *Samuel* and his son *Thornton Washington*, the latter became possessed of the aforesaid land, without any conveyance having passed from me, either to the said *Pendleton*, the said *Samuel*, or the said *Thornton*, and without any consideration having been made, by which neglect, neither the legal nor equitable title has been alienated, it rests therefore with me, to declare my intentions concerning the premises; and these are, to give and bequeath the said land to whomsoever the said *Thorn. Washington* (who is also dead) devised the same, or to his heirs for ever, if he died intestate, exonerating the estate of the said *Thornton*, equally with that of the said *Samuel*, from payment of the purchase money, which, with interest, agreeably to the original contract with the said *Pendleton*, would amount to more than 1000l. And whereas two other sons of my said deceased brother, *Samuel*, namely, *George Steptoe Washington* and *Lawrence Augustine Washington*.

*ington*, were, by the decease of those to whose care they were committed, brought under my protection, and, in consequence, have occasioned advances on my part for their education at college and other schools, and for their board, clothing, and other incidental expences, to the amount of near 5000 dollars, over and above the sums furnished by their estate, which sum it may be inconvenient for them or their father's estate to refund—If do, for these reasons, acquit them and the said estate from the payment thereof, my intention being, that all accounts between them and me, and their father's estate and me, shall stand balanced.

*Item*—The balance due to me from the estate of *Bartholomew Dandridge*, deceased (my wife's brother) and which amounted, on the first day of October 1795, to 425l. (as will appear by an account rendered by his deceased son, *John Dandridge*, who was the acting executor of his father's will) I release and acquit from the payment thereof. And the Negroes (then 33 in number) formerly belonging to the said estate, who were taken in execution, sold, and purchased in on my account, in the year —, and ever since have remained in the possession and to the use of *Mary*, widow of the said *Bart. Dandridge*, with their increase, it is my will and desire, shall continue and be in her possession, without paying hire, or making compensation for the same, for the time past or to come, during her natural life; at the expiration of which, I direct, that all of them who are 40 years old and upwards, shall receive their freedom; all under that age and above 16, shall serve 7 years, and no longer; and all under 16 years shall serve until they are 25 years of age, and then be free. And to avoid disputes respecting the ages of any of these Negroes, they are to be taken into the Court of the County in

in which they reside, and the judgement thereof, in this relation, shall be final, and record thereof made, which may be adduced as evidence at any time thereafter, if disputes should arise concerning the same. And I further direct, that the heirs of the said *Bart. Dandridge* shall, equally, share the benefits arising from the services of the said negroes, according to the tenor of this devise, upon the decease of their mother.

*Item*—If *Charles Carter*, who intermarried with my niece *Betty Lewis*, is not sufficiently secured in the title to the lots he had of me in the town of *Fredericburg*, it is my will and desire, that my Executors shall make such conveyances of them as the law requires to render it perfect.

*Item*—To my nephew *William Augustine Washington*, and his heirs (if he should conceive them to be objects worth prosecuting) a lot in the town of *Manchester* (opposite to *Richmond*) No. 265, drawn on my sole account, and also the tenth of 1 or 200 acre lots, and two or three half-acre lots, in the city and vicinity of *Richmond*, drawn in partnership with nine others, all in the Lottery of the deceased *Wm. Byrd*, are given; as is also a lot which I purchased of *John Hood*, conveyed by *Wm. Willie* and *Sam. Gordon*, trustees of the said *John Hood*, numbered 139, in the town of *Edinburgh*, in the county of *Prince George*, state of *Virginia*.

*Item*—To my nephew *Bushrod Washington*, I give and bequeath all the papers in my possession which relate to my civil and military administration of the affairs of this Country; I leave to him also such of my private papers as are worth preserving; and, at the decease of my wife, and before, if she is not inclined to retain them, I give and bequeath my library of books and pamphlets of every kind.

*Item*—Having sold lands which I possessed in the state of Pennsylvania, and part of a tract held in equal right with George Clinton, late Governor of New York, in the state of New York; my share of land and interest in the Great Dismal Swamp, and a tract of land which I owned in the county of Gloucester—with-holding the legal titles thereto, until the consideration-money should be paid—and having moreover leased, and conditionally sold (as will appear by the tenor of the said leases) all my lands upon the Great Kenhawa, and a tract upon Difficult Run in the county of Loudon, it is my will and direction, that whenever the contracts are fully and respectively complied with, according to the spirit, true intent, and meaning thereof, on the part of the purchasers, their heirs or assigns, that then, and in that case, conveyances are to be made, agreeable to the terms of the said contracts, and the money arising therefrom, when paid, to be vested in bank stock; the dividends whereof, as of that also which is already vested therein, is to inure to my said wife during her life, but the stock itself is to remain and be subject to the general distribution hereafter directed.

*Item*—To the *Earl of Buchan* I re-commit “the Box made of the Oak that sheltered the brave *Sir Wm. Wallace* after the battle of Falkirk,” presented to me by his Lordship in terms too flattering for me to repeat, with a request “to pass it, on the event of my decease, to the man in my country who should appear to merit it best, upon the same conditions that have induced him to send it to me.”—Whether easy or not, to select THE MAN who might comport with his Lordship’s opinion in this respect, is not for me to say; but conceiving that no disposition of this valuable curiosity can be more eligible than the re-commitment of it to his own cabinet, agreeably to the original

ginal design of the Goldsmiths' Company of Edinburgh, who presented it to him, and, at his request, consented that it should be transferred to me—I do give and bequeath the same to his Lordship; and, in case of his decease, to his heir, with my grateful thanks for the distinguished honour of presenting it me, and more especially for the favourable sentiments with which he accompanied it.

Item.—To my brother, *Charles Washington*, I give and bequeath the gold-headed Cane left me by Dr. Franklin, in his will. I add nothing to it, because of the ample provision I have made for his issue. To the acquaintances and friends of my juvenile years, *Lawrence Washington* and *Robert Washington*, of Chotanck, I give my other two gold-headed Canes, having my arms engraved on them; and to each (as they will be useful where they live) I leave one of the Spy Glasses, which constituted part of my equipage during the late war. To my compatriot in arms and old and intimate friend, Dr. *Craik*, I give my Bureau or, as the Cabinet Makers call it, Tambour Secretary, and the circular Chair an appendage of my Study. To Dr. *David Stuart*, I give my large Shaving and Dressing Table, and my Telescope. To the Reverend, now *Bryan Lord Fairfax*, I give a Bible, in three large folio volumes, with notes, presented to me by the Rt. Rev. *Thomas Wilson*, Bishop of Sodor and Man. To General *De la Fayette*, I give a pair of finely wrought Steel Pistols, taken from the enemy in the Revolutionary War. To my Sisters in Law, *Hannah Washington* and *Mildred Washington*—to my friends *Eleanor Stuart*, *Hannah Washington*, of Fairfield, and *Elizabeth Washington*, of Hayfield, I give, each, a Mourning Ring of the value of 100 dollars. These bequests are not made for the intrinsic value of them, but as mementos of my esteem and regard. To

*Tobias Lear*, I give the use of the farm which he now holds, in virtue of a lease from me to him and his deceased wife (for and during their natural lives) free from rent during his life; at the expiration of which, it is to be disposed of as is herein after directed. To *Sally B. Haynie* (a distant relation of mine) I give and bequeath 300 dollars. To *Sarah Green*, daughter of the deceased *Thomas Bishop*, and to *Ann Walker*, daughter of *John Alton*, also deceased, I give each 100 dollars, in consideration of the attachment of their fathers to me, each of whom having lived nearly forty years in my family. To each of my Nephews, *William Augustine Washington*, *George Lewis*, *George Step-ton Washington*, *Bushrod Washington*, and *Samuel Washington*, I give one of the Swords, or Cutteaux, of which I may die possessed; and they are to choose in the order they are named. These swords are accompanied with an injunction, not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood, except it be for self-defence, or in defence of their Country and its Rights; and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling with them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.

AND NOW, having gone through these specific Devises, with explanations for the more correct understanding of the meaning and design of them, I proceed to the distribution of the more important parts of my Estate, in manner following:—

*First*—To my nephew, *Bushrod Washington*, and his heirs, (partly in consideration of an intimation to his deceased father, while we were bachelors, and he had kindly undertaken to superintend my estate during my military services in the former war between Great Britain and France, that if I should fall therein, Mount Vernon, then less extensive in domain than at present, should become his



his property) I give and bequeath all that part thereof which is comprehended within the following limits, viz. Beginning at the ford of Dogue Run near my mill, and extending along the road, and bounded thereby, as it now goes and ever has gone since my recollection of it, to the ford of Little Hunting Creek, at the Gum Spring, until it comes to a knoll opposite to an old road which formerly passed through the lower field of Muddy-hole Farm, at which, on the north side of the said road, are three red or Spanish oaks marked as a corner, and a stone placed—thence by a line of trees to be marked rectangular, to the back line or outer boundary of the tract between Tho. Mason and myself—thence with that line easterly (now double ditching, with a post-and-rail fence thereon) to the run of Little Hunting Creek—thence with that run, which is the boundary between the lands of the late H. Peake and me, to the tide water of the said creek—thence by that water to Potomac River—thence with the river to the mouth of Dogue Creek—and thence with the said Dogue Creek to the place of beginning at the aforesaid ford; containing upwards of 4000 acres, be the same more or less, together with the Mansion House, and all other buildings and improvements thereon.

*Second*—In consideration of the consanguinity between them and my wife, being as nearly related to her as to myself, as on account of the affection I had for, and the obligation I was under to, their father, when living, who, from his youth, had attached himself to my person, and followed my fortunes through the vicissitudes of the late Revolution, afterwards devoting his time to the superintendance of my private concerns for many years, whilst my public employments rendered it impracticable for me to do it myself, thereby affording me essential services, and always

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performing them in a manner the most filial and respectful—For these reasons, I say, I give and bequeath to *George Fayette Washington* and *Lawrence Augustine Washington*, and their heirs, my estate east of *Little Hunting Creek*, lying on the river *Potomac*, including the farm of 360 acres, leased to *Tobias Lear*, as noticed before, and containing in the whole, by deed, two thousand and twenty-seven acres, be it more or less; which said estate it is my will and desire, should be equitably and advantageously divided between them, according to quantity, quality, and other circumstances, when the youngest shall have arrived at the age of 21 years, by three judicious and disinterested men; one to be chosen by each of the brothers, and the third by these two. In the mean time, if the termination of my wife's interest therein should have ceased, the profits arising therefrom are to be applied for their joint uses and benefit.

*Third*—And whereas it has always been my intention, since my expectation of having issue has ceased, to consider the grand-children of my wife, in the same light as I do my own relations, and to act a friendly part by them, more especially by the two whom we have raised from their earliest infancy—namely, *Eleanor Park Custis*, and *George Washington Park Custis*. And whereas the former of these hath lately intermarried with *Lawrence Lewis*, a son of my deceased sister, *Betty Lewis*, by which union the inducement to provide for them both has been increased, Wherefore I give and bequeath to the said *Lawrence Lewis* and *Eleanor Park Lewis*, his wife, and their heirs, the residue of my *Mount Vernon* estate, not already devised to my Nephew, *Bushrod Washington*, comprehended within the following description, viz. All the land north of the road leading from the ford of *Dogue Run* to the *Gum Spring*,

as described in the devise of the other part of the tract to *Bushrod Washington*, until it comes to the stone and three red or Spanish oaks on the knowl; thence with the rectangular line to the back line (between Mr. Mason and me) thence with that line westerly along the new double ditch to Dogue Run by the tumbling dam of my mill; thence with the said run to the ford afore mentioned; to which I add all the land I possess west of the said Dogue Run and Dogue Creek, bounded easterly and southerly thereby; together with the mill, distillery, and all other houses and improvements on the premises; making together about 2000 acres, be it more or less.

*Fourth*—Actuated by the principle already mentioned, I give and bequeath to *George Washington Park Custis*, the grandson of my wife, and my ward, and to his heirs, the tract I hold on Four Mile Run, in the vicinity of Alexandria, containing 1200 acres, more or less, and my entire square, No. 21, in the city of Washington.

*Fifth*—All the rest and residue of my estate, real and personal, not disposed of in manner aforesaid, in whatsoever consisting, wheresoever lying, and wheresoever found, (a Schedule of which as far as is recollected, with a reasonable estimate of its value, is hereunto annexed) I desire may be sold by my Executors, at such times, in such manner, and on such credits (if an equal, valid, and satisfactory distribution of the specific property cannot be made without) as in their judgment shall be most conducive to the interest of the parties concerned, and the monies arising therefrom to be divided into 23 equal parts, and applied as follows, viz. To *William Augustine Washington*, *Elizabeth Spotswood*, *Jane Thornton*, and the heirs of *Ann Ashton*, son and daughters of my deceased brother *Augustine Washington*, I give and bequeath four parts, that is, one  
part

part to each of them: To *Fielding Lewis, George Lewis, Robert Lewis, Howell Lewis, and Betty Carter*, sons and daughter of my deceased sister *Betty Lewis*, I give and bequeath five other parts, one to each of them: To *George Steptoe Washington, Lawrence A. Washington, Harriot Parks*, and the heirs of *Thornton Washington*, sons and daughter of my deceased brother *Samuel Washington*, I give and bequeath the other four parts, one part to each of them: To *Corbin Washington*, and the heirs of *Fane Washington*, son and daughter of my deceased brother *John A. Washington*, I give and bequeath two parts, one part to each of them: To *Samuel Washington, Frances Ball, and Mildred Hammond*, son and daughters of my brother *Cha. Washington*, I give and bequeath three parts, one part to each of them; and to *Geo. F. Washington, Cha. Aug. Washington, and Maria Washington*, sons and daughter of my deceased nephew, *Geo. A. Washington*, I give one other part, that is, to each a third of that part: To *Eliz. Park Law, Martha Park Peter, and Eleanor Park Lewis*, I give and bequeath three other parts, that is, a part to each of them: And, to my nephews, *Bushrod Washington and Law. Lewis*, and to my Ward, the grand-son of my wife, I give and bequeath one other part, that is, a third thereof to each of them. And if it should so happen, that any of the persons whose names are here enumerated (unknown to me) should now be dead, or should die before me, that in either of these cases, the heirs of such deceased persons shall, notwithstanding, derive all the benefits of the bequest, in same manner as if he or she was actually living at the time. And, by way of advice, I recommend to my Executors not to be precipitate in disposing of the landed property (therein directed to be sold) if from temporary causes the sale thereof should be dull; experience having fully evinced

ed; that the price of land, especially above the falls of the rivers and on the western waters, have been progressively rising and cannot be long checked in its increasing value. And I particularly recommend it to such of the Legatees (under this clause of my will) as can make it convenient, to take each a share of my stock in the Potomac Company, in preference to the amount of what it might sell for—being thoroughly convinced myself, that no use to which the money can be applied, will be so productive as the tolls arising from this navigation when in full operation (and this from the nature of things it must be ere long) and more especially if that of the Shenandoah is added thereto.

The Family Vault at *Mount Vernon*, requiring repairs, and being improperly situated besides, I desire that a new one of brick, and upon a larger scale, may be built at the foot of what is commonly called the Vineyard inclosure, on the ground which is marked out—In which my remains, with those of my deceased relations (now in the old Vault) and such others of my Family as may chuse to be entombed there, may be deposited. And it is my express desire, that my corps may be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration.

*Lastly*—I constitute and appoint my dearly beloved wife *Martha Washington*, my Nephews, *William Augustine Washington*, *Bushrod Washington*, *George Steptoe Washington*, *Samuel Washington*, and *Lawrence Lewis*, and my Ward, *George Washington Park Curtis* (when he shall have arrived at the age of 20 years) Executrix and Executors of this my WILL and TESTAMENT—In the construction of which, it will readily be perceived, that no professional character has been consulted, or has had any agency in the draught; and, that although it has occupied many of my leisure hours to digest, and to throw it into its present

form, it may, notwithstanding, appear crude and incorrect—but having endeavoured to be plain and explicit in all the Devises, even at the expence of prolixity, perhaps of tautology, I hope and trust, that no disputes will arise concerning them; but if, contrary to expectation, the case should be otherwise from the want of legal expression, or the usual technical terms, or because too much or too little has been said on any of the Devises to be consonant with law, my Will and Direction expressly is, that all disputes (if unhappily any should arise) shall be decided by three impartial and intelligent men, known for their probity and good understanding—two to be chosen by the disputants, each having the choice of one, and the third by those two—which three men thus chosen shall, unfettered by law or legal constructions, declare the sense of the testator's intentions; and such decision is, to all intents and purposes, to be as binding on the parties as if it had been given in the Supreme Court of the United States.

*IN WITNESS of all and each of the things herein contained, I have set my Hand and Seal, this ninth Day of July, in the Year one thousand seven hundred and ninety —\* and of the Independence of the United States the twenty-fourth.*

*George Washington.*

\* It appears the Testator omitted the Word *nine*.

A SCHEDULE of PROPERTY comprehended in the foregoing WILL, which is directed to be Sold, and some of it is conditionally Sold; with descriptive and explanatory Notes relative thereto.

IN VIRGINIA.

	Acres.	Price.	Dolls.
Loudon County, Difficult Run,	300		6,666
Loudon & Fauquier, Ashby's Bent	2481	10 d.	24,800
Chattin's Run	885	8	7,080
Berkley, S. fork of Bullskin	1600		
Head of Evans's m.	453		
In Wormly's line	183		
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	2236	20	44,720
Frederick, bo't from Merter,	571	20	11,420
Hampshire, on Potomac river above B:	240	15	3,600
Gloucester, on North river,	400	about	3,600
Nansemond, near Suffolk, one-third of 1119 acres,	373	8	2,984
Great Dismal Swamp, my dividend,		about	20,000
Ohio river, Round Bottom,	587		
Little Kenhawa,	2314		
	<hr/>		
	2901		
Sixteen miles lower down	2448		
Opposite Big Bent	4395		
	<hr/>		
	9744	10	97,440
DOLLARS.			
GREAT KENHAWA			
Near the North West	10,000		
East side above	7276		
Mouth of Cole river	2000		
Opposite thereto	2950		
Burning Spring	125—3075	—	200,000
MARYLAND.			
Charles County	600	6	3,600
Montgomery do.	519	12	6,229
PENNSYLVANIA.			
Great Meadows	234	6	1,404
NEW YORK.			
Mohawk river	about 1000	6	6,000
NORTH WEST TERRITORY.			
On Little Miami	839		
Ditto	977		
Ditto	1235		
	<hr/>		
H 2	2051	5	15,251

## HIS LAST WILL

KENTUCKY.			Dolls.
Rough Creek	3000		
Ditto adjoining	2000		
	<hr/>		
	5000	2	10,000 q

LOTS, viz. CITY OF WASHINGTON.			
Two near the Capitol, Square 634, cost 963 dollars, and with buildings,			15,000 r
No. 5, 12, 13, and 14, the three last water lots on the Eastern Branch, in Square 667, containing together 34,438 square feet, at 12 cents,			4,132 s

ALEXANDRIA.			
Corner of Pitt and Prince-streets, half an acre laid out into buildings, three or four of which are let on ground-rent at 2 dollars per foot,			4000 t

WINCHESTER.			
A lot in the town of half an acre, and another in the commons of about six acres, supposed			400 u

BATH, or Warm Springs.			
Two well situated, and had buildings to the amount of 150l.			800 w

## STOCK—UNITED STATES.

Six per Cents	—	3746	
Do. Deferred	1873		
Three per Cents	2946	— 2500	6,246 x

POTOMAC COMPANY.			
Twenty-four shares cost each 100l. sterling			10,666 y

JAMES RIVER COMPANY.			
Five shares each cost 100 dollars			500 z

BANK OF COLUMBIA.			
One hundred and seventy shares 40 dollars each			6,800 †

BANK OF ALEXANDRIA.			
Besides 20 shares to the Free School—five			1000 ‡

## STOCK, LIVING, viz.

One covering horse, 5 carriage horses, 4 riding do, 6 brood mares, 20 working horses and mares, 2 covering Jacks, and 3 young ones, 10 she asses, 42 working mules, 15 younger ones, 329 head of horned cattle, 640 head of sheep, and a large stock of hogs, the precise number unknown—			
My Manager has estimated this Live Stock at 7000l. but I shall set it down, in order to make a round sum, at			15,653

Aggregate Amount	—	530,000
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## NOTES.

*a*—This tract, for the size of it, is valuable, more for its situation than the quality of its soil, though that is good for farming, with a considerable proportion of ground that might very easily be improved into meadow. It lies on the great road from the city of Washington, Alexandria, and Georgetown, to Leesburg and Winchester, at Difficult Bridge, 19 miles from Alexandria, less from the City and Georgetown, and not more than 3 from Matildaville, at the Great Falls of Potomac.—There is a valuable seat on the premises, and the whole is conditionally sold for the sum annexed in the Schedule.

*b*—What the selling prices of lands in the vicinity of these two tracts are, I know not; but compared with those above the Ridge, and others below it, the value annexed will appear moderate—a less one would not obtain them from me.

*c*—The surrounding land, not superior in soil, situation, or properties of any sort, sells currently at from 20 to 30 dollars an acre. The lowest price is affixed to these.

*d*—The observations made in the last Note apply equally to this tract, being in the vicinity of them, and of similar quality, altho' it lies in another county.

*e*—This tract, tho' small, is extremely valuable. It lies on Potomac River, about 12 miles above the town of Bath (or Warm Springs), and is in the shape of a horse-shoe, the river running almost around it; 200 acres of it are rich low grounds, with a great abundance of the largest and finest walnut trees, which, with the produce of the soil, might (by means of the improved navigation of the Potomac) be brought to a shipping port with more ease, and at a smaller expence, than that which is transported 30 miles only by land.

*f*—This tract is of second-rate Gloucester low grounds. It has no improvements thereon, but lies on navigable water, abounding in fish and oysters. It was received in payment of a debt (carrying interest) and valued, in the year 1789, by an impartial gentleman, at 800l.—N. B. It has lately been sold, and there is due thereon a balance equal to what is annexed in the Schedule.

*g*—These 373 acres are the third part of undivided purchases made by the deceased Fielding Lewis, Tho. Walker, and myself, on full conviction that they would become valuable. The land lies on the road from Suffolk to Norfolk, touches (if I am not mistaken) some part of the navigable water of Nansemond River; the rich Dismal Swamp is capable of great improvement, and, from its situation, must become extremely valuable.

These

h—This is an undivided interest which I held in the Great Dismal Swamp Company, containing about 4000 acres, with my part of the plantation and stock thereon, belonging to the Company, in the said Swamp.

i—These several tracts of land are of the first quality on the Ohio River, in the parts where they are situated, being almost, if not altogether, river bottoms. The smallest of these tracts is actually sold at 10 dollars an acre, but the consideration therefor not received. The rest are equally valuable, and will sell as high, especially that which lies just below the Little Kenhawa, and is opposite to a thick settlement on the west side of the river. The four tracts have an aggregate breadth upon the river of 16 miles, and are bounded thereby that distance.

k—These tracts are situated upon the Great Kenhawa River, and the first four are bounded thereby for more than 40 miles. It is acknowledged by all who have seen them (and of the tract containing 10,990 acres, which I have been on myself, I can assert) that there is no richer or more valuable land in all that region. They are conditionally sold for the sum mentioned in the Schedule, that is, 200,000 dollars; and if the terms of that sale are not complied with, they will command considerably more.—The tract, of which the 125 acres is a moiety, was taken up by General Andrew Lewis and myself, for, and on account of, a bitumenous spring which it contains, of so inflammable a nature, as to burn as freely as spirits, and is as nearly difficult to extinguish.

l—I am but little acquainted with this land, altho' I have once been on it. It was received (many years since) in discharge of a debt due to me from Daniel J. Adams, at the value annexed thereto, and must be worth more. It is very level, and lies near the river Potomac.

m—This tract lies about 30 miles above the city of Washington, not far from Kittoctan. It is good farming land, and, by those who are well acquainted with it, I am informed that it would sell at 12 or 15 dollars per acre.

n—This land is valuable on account of its local situation and other properties. It affords an exceeding good stand on Braddock's Road from Fort Cumberland to Pittsburg; and, besides a fertile soil, possesses a large quantity of natural meadow, fit for the scythe. It is distinguished by the appellation of the Great Meadows, where the first action with the French, in the year 1754, was fought.

This

o—This is the moiety of about 2000 acres, which remain unfold, of 6071 acres on the Mohawk River (Montgomery county), in a patent granted to Daniel Cox, in the township of Coxborough and Carolan, as will appear by deed from Mar. Willet and wife to George Clinton (late Governor of N. York) and myself. The latter sales have been at 6 dollars an acre, and what remains unfold will fetch that or more.

p—The quality of these lands and their situation, may be known by the Surveyor's Certificates, which are filed along with the patents. They lay in the vicinity of Cincinnati; one tract near the mouth of the Little Miami, another 7, and the third 10 miles up the same. I have been informed, that they will readily command more than they are estimated at.

q—For the description of these tracts in detail, see General Spotswood's letters, filed with the other papers relating to them. Besides the general good quality of the land, there is a valuable bank of iron ore thereon, which, when the settlement becomes more populous (and settlers are moving that way very fast) will be found very valuable, as the Rough Creek, a branch of Green River, affords ample water for furnaces and forges.

#### LOTS, viz. CITY OF WASHINGTON.

r—The two lots near the Capitol, in Square 634, cost me 963 dollars only, but in this price I was favoured, on condition that I should build two brick houses, each three stories high; without this reduction, the selling prices of these lots would have cost me about 1350 dollars. These lots, with the buildings thereon, when completed, will stand me in 15000 dollars at least.

s—Lots No. 5, 12, 13, and 14, on the Eastern Branch, are advantageously situated on the water; and altho' many lots much less convenient have sold a great deal higher, I will rate these at 12 cents the square foot only.

#### ALEXANDRIA.

t—For this lot, tho' unimproved, I have refused 3500 dollars. It has since been laid off into proper sized lots for building on, three or four of which are let on ground-rent forever; at 3 dollars a foot on the street; and this price is asked for both fronts on Pitt and Prince-streets.

#### WINCHESTER.

u—As neither the lots in the Town or Common have any improvements on them, it is not easy to fix a price; but as both are well situated, it is presumed the price annexed to them in the Schedule is a reasonable valuation.

The

## BATH.

w—The lots in Bath (two adjoining) cost me, to the best of my recollection, between 50 and 60. twenty years ago, and the buildings thereon 150l. more. Whether property there has increased or decreased its value, and in what condition the houses are, I am ignorant, but suppose they are not valued too high.

## STOCK.

x—These are the sums which are actually funded, and tho' no more in the aggregate than 7,566 dollars, stand me in at least 10,000l. Virginia money; being the amount of bonded and other debts due to me, and discharged during the war, when money had depreciated in that rate—~~1/2~~ and was so settled by public authority.

y—The value annexed to these shares is what they have actually cost me, and is the price affixed by Law; and altho' the present selling price is under par, my advice to the Legatees (for whose benefit they are intended, especially those who can afford to lie out of the money) is, that each should take and hold one—there being a moral certainty of a great and increasing profit arising from them in the course of a few years.

z—It is supposed that the shares in the James River Company must also be productive—but of this I can give no decided opinion, for want of more accurate information.

†—These are the nominal prices of the shares in the banks of Alexandria and Columbia; the selling prices vary according to circumstances—but as the stock usually divides from 8 to 10 per cent. per ann. they must be worth the former, at least, so long as the banks are conceived to be secure, altho' circumstances may sometimes make them below it.

The value of the Live Stock depends more upon the quality than quantity of the different species of it—and this again upon the demand and judgement, or fancy of purchasers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Mount Vernon, 9<sup>th</sup> July 1799.

\* The following Article will be found not only historically curious, but also a necessary elucidation of that part of the Will which mentions the Box made of the Oak that sheltered Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, the Champion of Scotland (see p. 42)—in which is seen with what characteristical prudence and address, the General declines complying with Lord Buchan's request, "to leave it to the Man whom HE shall think the most worthy of receiving it."—It will contradict the prevailing idea in this Country, that Scotchmen are naturally hostile to Liberty; it will shew, that even among the Aristocracy of their ancient Kingdom, WASHINGTON had his admirers; and it will demonstrate, "that in every clime, and in every region, "homage is paid to Virtue."

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 4, 1792.

On Friday last was presented to the President of the United States, GEORGE WASHINGTON, a Box, elegantly mounted with silver, and made of the celebrated oak tree that sheltered the patriotic Sir WILLIAM WALLACE of Scotland, after the unfortunate battle of Falkirk about the year 1300. This very curious and characteristical present is from the Earl of Buchan, by the hand of Mr. Archibald Robertson, a Scotch gentleman, and a portrait painter, who arrived in America some months ago. The Box was presented to Lord Buchan by the Goldsmiths' Company of Edinburgh; from whom his Lordship requested, and obtained leave, to make it over to the Man whom he deemed more deserving of it than himself, and GEORGE WASHINGTON was the Man.

We further learn, that Lord Buchan has requested of the President, that, on the event of his decease, he will consign the Box to that Man, *in this Country*, who shall appear, in his judgement, to merit it best, upon the same considerations that induced him to send it to America.—

[See the Will, p. 42.]

Upon

Upon the Box, which is curiously wrought, is a silver plate with the following inscription:—“*Presented by the Goldsmiths of Edinburgh to David Stewart Erskine, Earl of Buchan, with the Freedom of their Corporation, by their Deacon—A. D. 1792.*”

Copy of the LETTER from Lord BUCHAN to General WASHINGTON, accompanying the Box.

“SIR, *Dryburgh Abbey, June 28, 1791.*

“I Had the honour to receive your Excellency’s letter, relating to the advertisement of Dr. Anderson’s periodical publication, in the Gazette of the United States; which attention to my recommendation I feel very sensibly, and return you my grateful acknowledgments.

“In the 21st No. of that Literary Miscellany, I inserted a monetary paper respecting America, which I flatter myself, may, if attended to on the other side the Atlantic, be productive of good consequences.

“To use your own emphatic words, “May that Almighty Being who rules over the Universe—who presides in the Councils of Nations—and whose providential aid can supply every human defect, consecrate to the Liberties and Happiness of the American people, a government instituted by themselves for public and private security, upon the basis of Law and equal administration of Justice, preserving to every individual as much civil and political freedom as is consistent with the safety of the Nation”—And may HE be pleased to continue your life and strength as long as you can be in any way useful to your Country!

“I have entrusted this sheet inclosed in a Box, made of the Oak that sheltered our Great Sir William Wallace, after the battle of Falkirk, to Mr. Robertson, of Aberdeen, a Painter, with the hope of his having the honour of

of delivering it into your hands; recommending him as an able Artist, seeking for fortune and fame in the New World. This box was presented to me by the Goldsmiths' Company at Edinburgh, to whom, feeling my own unworthiness, to receive this magnificently significant present, I requested and obtained leave to make it over to the man in the world to whom I thought it most justly due. Into your hands I commit it, requesting of you to pass it, on the event of your decease, to the Man, in your own country who shall appear to your judgment to merit it best, upon the same considerations that have induced me to send it to your Excellency.

"I am, Sir, with the highest esteem,

Your Excellency's most obedient

And obliged humble servant, *BUCHAN.*

"General WASHINGTON, President }  
of the United States of America." }

"P. S.—I beg your Excellency will have the goodness to send me your Portrait, that I may place it among those I most honour, and I would wish it from the pencil of Mr. Robertson. I beg leave to recommend him to your countenance; as he has been mentioned to me favourably by my worthy friend, Professor Oglvie, of King's College, Aberdeen."

TWO LETTERS from General WASHINGTON to Lord  
BUCHAN.

"MY LORD, *Philadelphia, May 1, 1792.*

"I should have had the honour of acknowledging sooner the receipt of your letter of the 28th of June last, had I not concluded to defer doing it till I could announce to you the transmission of my portrait, which has just been finished by Mr. Robertson (of New-York) who has also

undertaken to forward it. The manner of the execution of it does no discredit, I am told, to the artist, of whose skill favourable mention has been made to me. I was further induced to entrust the execution of it to Mr. Robertson, from his having informed me that he had drawn others for your Lordship, and knew the size which best suited your collection.

“I accept, with sensibility and with satisfaction, the significant present of the box which accompanied your Lordship’s letter.

“In yielding the tribute due from every lover of mankind to the patriotic and heroic virtues of which it is commemorative, I estimate, as I ought, the additional value which it derives from the hand that sent it, and my obligation for the sentiments that induced the transfer.

“I will, however, ask, that you will exempt me from the compliance with the request relating to its eventual destination,

“In an attempt to execute your wish in this particular, I should feel embarrassment, from a just comparison of relative pretensions, and fear to risk injustice by so marked a preference.

“With sentiments of the the truest esteem and consideration, I remain your Lordship’s most obedient servant,  
G. WASHINGTON.  
Earl of Buchan.

“MY LORD, Philadelphia, April 22, 1793.

“The favourable wishes which your Lordship has expressed for the prosperity of this young and rising country, cannot but be gratefully received by all its Citizens, and every lover of it; one mean to the contribution of which, and its happiness, is very judiciously pourtrayed in the following words of your letter, “To be little heard of in the great



great world of politics." These words, I can assure your Lordship, are expressive of my sentiments on this head; and I believe it is the sincere wish of United America, to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities, and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of the earth; and this I am persuaded they will do, if rightfully it can be done. To administer justice to, and receive it from every power they are connected with, will, I hope, be always found the most prominent feature in the Administration of this Country; and I flatter myself that nothing short of imperious necessity can occasion a breach with any of them. Under such a system, if we are allowed to pursue it, the agriculture and mechanical arts—the wealth and population of these States, will increase with that degree of rapidity, as to baffle all calculation; and must surpass any idea your Lordship can, hitherto, have entertained on the occasion.

“To evince that our views (whether realized or not) are expanded, I take the liberty of sending you the plan of a new City, situated about the centre of the union of these States, which is designed for the permanent seat of the Government; and we are this moment deeply engaged, and far advanced in extending the inland navigation of the river (Potomac) on which it stands, and the branches thereof, through a tract of as rich country for hundreds of miles, as any in the world. Nor is this a solitary instance of attempts of the kind, altho' it is the only one which is near completion, and in partial use. Several other important ones are commenced, and little doubt is entertained, that in ten years, if left undisturbed, we shall open a communication by water with all the Lakes northward and westward of us with which we have territorial connections; and an inland navigation, in a few years more, may  
be

be carried into effect from Rhode Island to Georgia, partly by cuts between the great Bays and Sounds, and partly between the islands and the main, from Albermarle Sound to St. Mary's river. To these should be added, the erection of bridges over rivers, and the making of turn-pike-roads, as further indications of improvements."——

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A SCOTCH HISTORICAL NOTE.

\* \* \* The Scottish reader turns with laudable avidity to the interesting story of Sir WILLIAM WALLACE, the Defender of his Country, and, even in the dark days of Ignorance and Superstition, the Champion of Liberty.—Making due allowance for national partiality and exaggeration, the leading circumstances of the story are founded on a remarkable portion of British history; and, by the variety of its martial incidents, when the romantic spirit of Chivalry appeared in all its glory, innocently amuses the fancy, whilst it usefully enlarges the understanding.

About the latter end of the 13th Century, Edward the First of England, having set up a pretence to the Scottish crown, invaded that country with a great army, committing every kind of rapine and devastation, which so legibly and fearfully characterise these scourges of the human race, called *Conquerors*.—When the people had nearly all been subdued, WALLACE arose, and, with a few followers, endeavoured to rescue his unfortunate country from bondage and oppression; he bravely fought and struggled, with various success, until he was betrayed by some of the *Arnolds* of that day, and put into the hands of his blood-thirsty enemies, who carried him to London, and there put him to a cruel and ignominious death. \*

What Wallace began, Bruce completed—By the decisive battle of Bannockburn, in the year 1314, he freed his country from the yoke of England, and obtained the crown as the reward of his valour. ROBERT BRUCE, even at this day, is deservedly a favourite of his nation; unquestionably he was the ablest Monarch that ever swayed the Scottish sceptre; and he may, with some propriety, be called  
the

the *Washington of Scotland*, because he was successful.—If our Washington had been unsuccessful, had fallen a victim to English vengeance, and had suffered a shameful death, then Lord Buchan's parallel had been complete with respect to Wallace—Washington himself, for a time, was in danger of the block or the gibbet—Washington defeated would have been a traitor; but, Washington victorious, became a Hero—Such is the wonderful effect of *success* in the eyes of the giddy unthinking multitude, that “it marks a Rebel, or it dubs a King!”

What the sword of Edward could not achieve in the 13th English gold has fully effected in the 17th Century—The Nobles of Scotland no longer contend for the independency of their Country; † they have transferred their allegiance from the Stewarts to the Guelphs; they are dwindled into Lords of the Bed-chamber, and Grooms of the Stole, and Servants of the Household of the Elector of Hanover; and ancient Caledonia is become an obscure province, subject to the pride and the power of England!

History—pure, impartial history—is no respecter of persons or of nations—And an *American* observer will not be misled either by English, or Scotch, or French partialities.

R.

\* This atrocious act was afterwards exceeded, in a ten-fold degree, by the long-premeditated and treacherous murder of the beautiful Queen Mary, under the orders of her implacable rival Queen Elizabeth.—Taking in all the circumstances of this tragical story, it is one of the best authenticated, and most affecting, that is recorded in History.—An Englishman dwells with rapture on the glorious deeds of the “good Queen Bess,” as he calls her; and, among her other qualities, he will seriously praise her chastity!—But what will not John Bull do, or say, when once he “takes a notion?”—Her Royal Majesty of England, it must be owned, had not quite so many lovers as her late Imperial Majesty of Russia, but she had enough to prove, that she was possessed of very violent and ungovernable passions.—And it is a fact not to be passed over in silence, that from this assumed virtue of the English Queen was given the present name of this State, *Virginia*!—Perhaps the present generation of *Virginians* will admire the fitness of this significant appellation—certainly they will wonder at the curious, ostentatious ridiculous circumstances, which move and direct even the most serious affairs of this versatile world!

† Some years ago, the Earl of Buchan (who is elder brother to the celebrated Counsellor Erskine of London) ashamed of the degeneracy of his brother Lords, attempted to restrain the bare-faced interference of the Minister in the election of the 16 Peers—but he soon found, that the small remnant of Scottish independency was but a feeble match for the golden influence of the English Treasury.

*The Father's Legacy to his Country :*

BEING

*The ADDRESS of GEORGE WASHINGTON,  
when President of the UNITED STATES, on declining be-  
ing considered a Candidate for their future Suffrages.*

“*THO' DEAD HE YET SPEAKETH.*”

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

*Friends and Fellow Citizens,*

THE period for a new election of a Citizen to administer the Executive Government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation which binds a dutiful Citizen to his Country, and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness—but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have  
been

been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of affairs with foreign Nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty or propriety: And am persuaded whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that in the present circumstances of our Country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say, that I have with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the Government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience, in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself: And every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation

tion to believe, that while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country, for the many honours it has conferred upon me; and still more for the stedfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to our praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious—vicissitudes of fortune, often discouraging in situations, in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism—the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans, by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows, that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free Constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—That, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of Liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop.—But solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only feel in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of Liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquility at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize. But, as it is easy to foresee, that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress, against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union, to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment to it;

accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity, watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of *American*, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint councils, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings and successes.

But these considerations however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your interest. Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the union of the whole.

The *North*, in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South*, protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprize, and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South*, in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow, and its commerce expand. Turn-



ing partly into its own channels the seamen of the *North*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated—and while it contributes in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The *East* in a like intercourse with the *West*, already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite for its growth and comfort—and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the *secure* enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions, to the weight, influence, and future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as ONE UNION. Any other tenure by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While then every part of our Country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in *union*, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts, greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from *union* an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighbouring countries, not tied together by the same government; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues would stimulate  
and

and imbitter. Hence likewise they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which under any form of government, are inauspicious to Liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to *republican* Liberty. In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your Liberty, and the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of a patriotic desire. Is there a doubt whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere?—Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. 'Tis well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to the Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experiment shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who, in any quarter, may endeavour to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should be furnished for characterising parties, by *Geographical* discriminations—*Northern* and *Southern*—*Atlantic* and *Western*; whence designing men may endeavour to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of Party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heart burnings which spring from these misrepresentations; they  
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tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our Western Country have lately had a useful lesson on this head: They have seen in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the general government and in the Atlantic States, unfriendly to their interests in regard to the *Mississippi*: They have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with *Great Britain* and that with *Spain*, which secure to them every thing they could desire in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages, on the union by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with Aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict between the parts, can be an adequate substitute; they will inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a constitution of government, better calculated than your former, for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of your own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a pro-

vision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of *true Liberty*. The basis of our political systems is the right of the People to make and to alter their constitutions of government. But, the Constitution which at any time exists, until changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole People, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the People to establish Government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, controul, counteract or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize Faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force—to put in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a Party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill concerted and incongruous projects of Faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils, and modified by mutual interests. — However combinations or associations of the above description, may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men, will be enabled to subvert the power of the People, and to usurp for themselves the reins of Government; destroying afterwards the very engines which lifted them to unjust dominion.

To,

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite; not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care, the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexes. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of Government, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country—that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interest, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of Liberty, is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of Faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you, the danger of Parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you, in the most solemn manner, against the baneful effects of a spirit of Party generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments—more or less stifled, controuled, or repressed; but in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissention, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a most frightful despotism.—But this leads at length, to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and, sooner or later, the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of public liberty.\*

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight) the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of Party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the public councils and enfeeble the public administration. It agitates the community with ill founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one part against another; foment occasionally riot and insurrection, and it opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another. There

\* This is an important truth, verified by a number of historical instances.—At this time, we cast an anxious look upon France, eager to know, what, at length, will be the issue of the many sanguinary contests of the various Parties which have afflicted and disgraced the cause of Liberty in that fine Country.

There is an opinion that Parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true, and in governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour upon the spirit of Party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be by force of public opinion to mitigate and assuage it—A fire not to be quenched, it demands uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest instead of warming it should consume.

It is important likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of Encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever be the form of government, a real Despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of the political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern, some of them in our own country, and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opinion of the People, the distribution or modification of the consti-

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tutional powers be wrong in any particular, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates—but let there be no change by *usurpation*; for tho' this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free Governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly over-balance, in permanent evil, any partial or transient benefit which the use can at any time yield.

✎ Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to *political* Prosperity, RELIGION and MORALITY are its indispensable supports. In vain would the man claim the tribute of *Patriotism*, who would labour to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious Man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice?—And, let us with caution indulge the supposition, that *Morality* can be maintained without *Religion*. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, Reason and Experience both forbid us to expect, that national *Morality* can prevail in exclusion of religious Principle. \* It

\* Americans!—Virginians!—read and well consider this passage—Ye Legislators of the People, Fathers of Families, and Masters of Servants, listen to the sublime precepts of your inspired Countryman!

It was this sentiment that so forcibly struck the French Orator.—When the infamous Robespierre was endeavouring to subvert Religion, M. Lally Tolendall, in his Address to the People of France, after shewing, in a variety of arguments, the necessity and importance of Religious Duties, he sums up the whole by a reference to President Washington's Farewell Address to the People of America:—

You



*It is substantially true, that VIRTUE, or MORALITY, is a necessary spring of popular Government.*—The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of free Government.—Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the venerable fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of Knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a Government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. \* As

—“ You will be still more forcibly struck, by receiving this important lesson [on Religion] from a Personage who is now THE MAN OF THE AGE; who has founded thirteen Republics in one; who has been the first Governor of them; and who, having successively filled the offices of General, Legislator, and supreme Magistrate, has given a glorious contradiction to *Machiavelism*, in not having advanced, during his triple authority, a single step which Virtue did not regulate, and in having obtained in each of them all the success which Fortune could bestow.—French Republicans! listen to the President of the United States of America—take up that WILL of the illustrious WASHINGTON, which the AMERICANS, *if they are worthy of it,* \* will preserve in the same manner as the Jews preserved the Tables of Moses, and read that passage, which I transcribe with a respect that is divided between the holy truths which it contains, and the venerable hand that traced them!”—

[\* “ *If they are worthy*”—What! Did the Frenchman suspect the Americans to be unworthy, or insensible, of the blessings of a Free Constitution?]

\* Here is another important precept. — “ There is no article of so much importance to Society, as a well regulated System of EDUCATION—where that is wanting, no advantage of climate or situation, of rank or situation, can make that Society virtuous and respectable. These are truths, solemn truths, to which the people of these States ought most seriously attend — They should know, that no Commonwealth, or Republic, can last creditably but by Virtue; and that Virtue cannot be implanted, cannot be the ruling, the leading, the guiding principle, unless the youth of the country are early and assiduously instructed, and bred to habits of industry and oeconomy.”

Within these few months we have been pleased to observe, that the Legislatures of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, have taken steps to improve the Education of their different States, not only by granting monies to assist Colleges and Academies, but also to extend the benefits of Parish and County Schools over the Country.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish Public Credit. One method of preserving it, is to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expence by assiduously cultivating peace, but remembering also, that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it—Avoiding likewise the accumulation of Debt, not only by shunning occasions of expence, but by vigorous exertions, in time of peace, to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear.—The execution of these maxims belongs to your Representatives; but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of national debts there must be revenue—that to have revenue there, must be taxes—and no tax can be devised which is not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant—that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the Government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations—cultivate peace and harmony with all—Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct—and can it be, that *good* policy does not equally enjoin it? — It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by Justice and Benevolence.—Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things,

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the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? — Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with Virtue? — The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. — Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices? \*

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that ill-grounded antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in the place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave—It is a slave to its animosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. —Antipathy in one Nation against another, disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur—Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenom'd and bloody contests. The nations prompted by ill will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other  
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\* Criticism has fastened its fastidious claw on this sentence—An acute Grammarian may shew his profound skill in moods, and tenses, and nominative cases, &c.—The *sense* of the paragraph, however, is easily understood; and, as to the *sentiment*, it not only does great honour to the goodness of the Writer's heart, but deserves the most serious attention of the American Government.

sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes the liberty, of nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another induces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favourite nations facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification.—It leads also to concessions to the favourite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and, by exciting jealousy, ill will, a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded Citizens (who devote themselves to the favourite nation) facility to betray, or sacrifice, the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for the public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent Patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils!—Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of *foreign* influence (I conjure you to believe me, Fellow Citizens) the jealousy of a free

free People ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove, that *foreign* influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate, to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real Patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith—Here let us stop.

*Europe* has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us

provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? — Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? —

Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe; entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humour or caprice?

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances, with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that "honesty is always the best policy." I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary, and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, and a liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest.

But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither sending or granting exclusive favours or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying, by gentle means, the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied as experience or circumstances

stances shall dictate ; constantly keeping in view, that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favours from another ; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character ; that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate, upon real favours from nation to nation. 'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my Countrymen, these counsels of an old affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish—that they will controul the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations : but if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good, that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism ; this hope will be a full recompence for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and the world. To myself the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting war in Europe, my proclamation of the 22d of April, 1795, is the index to my plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit

of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend on me, to maintain it with moderation.

The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the belligerent Powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without any thing more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will be best referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavour to gain time to our Country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption, to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it (humanly speaking) the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am, nevertheless, too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I have committed many errors.—Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with



me the hope that my Country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations; I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my Fellow Citizens, the benign influence of good Laws under a free Government—the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

*G. Washington.*

UNITED STATES,  
17th September, 1796.

1873  
1796

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# A D D E N D A.

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RALEIGH (*North Carolina*) Feb. 24, 1800.

On Saturday last, being the anniversary of the birth of the late General GEORGE WASHINGTON, the inhabitants of this City, and of its vicinity, agreeably to the Proclamation, met in order to pay that tribute of respect to his memory, which is felt and acknowledged by every true American, and to pass the day in such solemn offices, as the melancholy occasion pointed out.

The day was announced by the firing of cannon, when the inhabitants assembled below the Court-house in Fayetteville-street; and, being formed, moved in procession to the State-house in the following order, the bells tolling, and minute-guns firing, during the procession:—

Capt. Cook's Company of Infantry;  
Citizens;  
Capt. Hunter's Troop of Cavalry;  
Boys;  
Girls, dressed in white frocks with black scarves;  
Clerks of State Officers;  
State Officers;  
Clerks of Federal Officers;  
Federal Officers;  
Council of State;  
The Governor and his Secretary;  
Masonic Brethren;  
Grand Master.

On arriving at Union-square, the order of procession was reversed, and the whole entered the State-house, where were seated a numerous and respectable assemblage of Ladies.— A prayer was offered up to the Deity, and then a psalm was sung; after which, Major Robert Williams, in an handsome and eloquent manner, delivered the oration which he had been requested to prepare for the occasion.

The services of the day being finished, the Citizens retired to their respective homes, manifesting by their sorrowful mein, the irreparable loss which all sustain in the first of Patriots, the best of Friends, and the Founder of their Country's Greatness.

FAYETTEVILLE, Feb. 24.

Agreeable to the President's Proclamation, the Citizens of this place were engaged last Saturday in paying their tribute of respect to the memory of our illustrious WASHINGTON. They were reminded of the duties of the day by the firing of cannon at sun-rise, and, about 11 o'clock, the procession moved from the Town-house in the following order:

- Capt. Cochran's Troop of Horse;
- Capt. Hodge's ditto;
- Capt. Adams's Independent Company;
- Capt. M'Queen's Light Infantry;
- Cols. Dekeyser and Overton, Continental Officers;
- Militia Officers of Cumberland County;
- The General's Horse (represented by the celebrated Horse INDEPENDENCE, who was foaled in Virginia on the same day that the Independence of America was declared);
- The Orator;
- Capt. Dickson,            {   *The Bier*    }   Major Mumford,
- Major Davis,            {                    }   Major Theams,
- Col. Davis,              {                    }   Col. M'Alister;
- (Carried by four Serjeants)
- Mess. Barge, Dick, and Mallet, the oldest inhabitants of the town, as chief mourners;
- The Tutors of the Academy, followed by the Students;
- Miss Taylor and the young Ladies of the Academy;
- The Ladies of Fayetteville;
- Officers and Members of the Phœnix Lodge;
- John Hay, Esq. Town Representative;
- And, Citizens.

The procession proceeded through the principal streets to the Court-house, where an appropriate oration was delivered by Major S. D. Purviance. After which the procession again formed, and returned to the Town-house, where the Bier was deposited, after Masonic and Military honours had been performed.

WARRENTON, Feb. 24.

Saturday last was observed by the Citizens of this town and its vicinity, as a day of general mourning. The collection of both sexes was very numerous and respectable; all anxiously united in exhibiting the last melancholy tribute of respect to the memory of the Father of their Country,

the

the Champion of its Rights, the Protector of its Liberties,  
the great and good General GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The Committee of Arrangement having made the necessary dispositions, the procession was formed opposite to the Court-house, and, at 12 o'clock, moved in the following order:—

- Capt. Caller's Company of Cavalry dismounted, the standard and music in mourning;
- Capt. Turner's Company of Grenadiers, arms reversed, colours and music in mourning;
- Rev. Mr. Gardiner;
- Federal Officers;
- Militia Officers;
- Magistrates of the County;
- Sheriff and Clerk of the County;
- Masonic Society in due form, the emblems and jewels in mourning;
- Masters of the Academy;
- Students, two and two;
- Citizens, two and two.

When arrived in front of the Academy, they halted, the Military opened to the right and left, facing inwards, and the procession passed into the house, the Military forming a semi-circle in front. — The duties of the day were begun with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Gardiner, after which an oration was delivered by Mr. Mordecai.

The stores in town were shut up, all business was suspended, and our Citizens evinced their heart-felt sorrow for the loss of their beloved and much-regretted WASHINGTON.

#### MASONIC FUNERAL RITES.

BOSTON, *Feb. 24.*

Prompt to the invitation to render the richly merited tribute of respect to the memory of their departed Brother WASHINGTON, all the Masonic Brethren within reach of the notice, attended at a Grand Funeral Procession last Saturday. — In the morning, the mourning knell commenced the ceremonies of the day; at 12 o'clock, the lengthy procession was formed at the Old State-house, and moved, with slow and solemn music, through the principal streets in the following order to Dr. Eckly's Meeting-house:—

Two

PROCESSION.

Two Grand Pursuivants, clad in sable robes and weeds, mounted on elegant white horses, grandly caparisoned, bearing an elliptical mourning Arch (14 feet wide) with the sacred text in silver characters, "Blessed are the Dead who die in the Lord."

(The Pursuivants were supported by two Veterans in uniform, with their badges of merit)

A Deputy Marshal;

Nine Stewards of Lodges, with shrouded wands;

Two Tylers;

Entered Apprentices of all Lodges;

Fellow Crafts;

Master Masons;

A Deputy Marshal;

Stewards of Lodges, with mourning staves;

Deacons of Lodges, with mourning wands;

Secretaries and Treasurers;

Junior and Past Junior Wardens;

Past Masters;

The Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, as Past Masters;

An elderly Mason, bearing an elegant figure of Minerva on a banner, emblem WISDOM;

Three times three sons of Masons, about 10 years of age, bearing sprigs of Cassia, the centre boy supporting the banner of STRENGTH;

A Mason's son bearing the banner of BEAUTY;

Nine daughters of Masons, each with a basket of flowers;

(The Sons and Daughters dressed in funeral uniforms)

A Deputy Marshal;

A full band of Music;

The Masters of the three eldest Lodges, bearing three candlesticks with candles, the right one extinguished;

The Reverend Clergy of the Fraternity;

A Master Mason, bearing a black cushion with the holy Writings, and the Grand Master's jewels;

Eight relieving Tylers;

Right W. Br. Scollay,	} <i>The Urn</i> }	Right W. Br. Morton,
Right W. Br. Bartlet,		Right W. Br. Revere,
Right W. Br. Cutler,		Right W. Br. Warren;

(Funeral insignia:—A Pedestal, covered with a pall, the escutcheons of which were characteristic drawings on satin of Faith, Hope, Charity, and Brotherly Love—The Pedestal (besides the Urn, which was upwards of 3 feet in length, and contained a relict of the illustrious

deceased) bore also a representation of the Genius of Masonry weeping over the Urn, and other suitable emblems, the whole a white marble composition. On the Urn was this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Brother George Washington, raised to the all-perfect Lodge Dec. 14, 1799, ripe in years and full of glory.)

A Charger, superbly caparison'd, led by two Brethren;  
The Grand Marshal;

The most Worshipful Brother Dunn, as chief mourner,  
attended by the Grand Deacons and Grand  
Sword-bearers;

The Deputy Grand Master;  
Grand Wardens;

The Grand Chaplain and Orator;  
Past Grand Officers;

Grand Treasurer and Secretary;

Two Grand Stewards, bearing an Arch with this inscription, "and their works do follow them."

(The Grand Master, Grand Officers, and pall bearers, were dressed in full mourning, with white scarves and weeds. Each Brother bore a sprig of Cassia; and every one wore appropriate badges of mourning)

When arrived at the Church, an Ode was sung by Brother Dr. Fay and a choir of the Fraternity—an Eulogy was pronounced by the Grand Chaplain—and then a Masonic Dirge was sung by Brother Eaton and the choir.

The Procession being again formed, it moved to the Rev. Mr. Freeman's Church, where the closing solemnities took place. The Funeral services were performed by the Rev. Brothers Bentley and Walter—"the Flowers were strewed, and the Cassia deposited"—The Brethren then returned to the State-house, unclothed, and separated,

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#### E L E G Y.

NOW sleeps the brave—he sunk to rest  
In all his Country's wishes blest.—

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck his hallowed mould,  
She there shall deck a sweeter sod,  
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands his knell is rung,  
By forms unseen his dirge is sung;  
There HONOUR comes, a pilgrim grey,  
To bless the turf that wraps his clay;  
And FREEDOM shall the while repair,  
And dwell a weeping Hermit there.

GEORGETOWN, Feb. 24.

Many nations have, by public honours, displayed their gratitude to, and veneration for, illustrious Citizens; but never has a nation paid such repeated and universal honours to the memory of any Man, as have, since his death, been paid to WASHINGTON—and never did any other Man so eminently deserve them.

The 22d of February, which hitherto had been celebrated with joy, was now dedicated to mourning—At 10 o'clock, the inhabitants assembled in the Catholic Church, where, after divine service, Master R. Walsh, of the College, delivered an academical Eulogium, and Master D. Lynch recited a pathetic Elegy. — At 3 o'clock, a procession was formed to the Presbyterian Church, where the Rev. S. B. Balch preached an excellent sermon from Esther x, 3; after which the following stanzas were impressively sung by a vocal band:—

CONSOLATORY AIR.

DROOP not, COLUMBIA—Heaven is just,

And would thy Chief reward;

Tho' what was mortal turns to dust,

His Name thy coast shall guard!

Fir'd with remembrance of his deeds,

The Chiefs he liv'd to form,

Shall mount again their neighing steeds,

And guide the martial storm!

Taught by the maxims he approv'd,

Thy younger race will burn

To emulate the fires he lov'd,

And rush to arms in turn!

Inspir'd by Liberty and Thee,

They'll make invaders fly;

Like WASHINGTON, their choice will be,

To conquer—or to die!

Mr. FOX'S EULOGY.

During the Revolutionary War, it may easily be imagined, that to applaud General Washington, or any of his compatriots, was not permitted in the British dominions—After the peace of 1783, his conduct received the open and almost unanimous approbation of all parties and classes of men—but, in 89, when the French Revolution commenced, the English Rulers again discouraged all opinions favourable to Liberty, particularly those respecting AMERICA, which they considered as the parent, or source, of those political tenets which have since become so hateful to the Monarchs of Eu-

rope—and, when the French nation chose another form of government, every person approving of Republicanism, or its principles, was deemed guilty of treason, and punished either with imprisonment or banishment.—It was then that Mr. Fox, with that open, undisguised candor, which characterises all his opinions and actions, had the courage to avow his sentiments being decidedly in favour of the French Revolution, and, in the House of Commons, in the year 1794, to pronounce the following elegant eulogium on the AMERICAN PATRIOT:—

—“ Illustrious Man!—deriving honour less from the splendor of his situation, than from the dignity of his mind, before whom all borrowed Greatness sinks into insignificance!—I cannot, indeed, help admiring the wisdom and the fortune of this GREAT MAN—Not by the expression Fortune, I mean to derogate from his merit; but notwithstanding his extraordinary talents and exalted integrity, it must be considered as singularly fortunate, that he should have experienced a lot which so seldom falls to the portion of humanity, and have passed through such a variety of scenes without stain and without reproach!—It must indeed create astonishment, that, placed in circumstances so critical, and filling, for a series of time, a station so conspicuous, his character should never once have been called in question—that he should in no one instance have been accused either of peevish insolence, or of mean submission, in his transactions with foreign Nations—It has been reserved for Him to run the race of glory, without experiencing the smallest interruption to the brilliancy of his career!—The breath of Censure has not dared to impeach the purity of his conduct, nor the eye of Envy to raise its malignant glance to the elevation of his virtue—Such has been the transcendent merit and the unparalleled fate of this illustrious Man!”—

*Note*—CHARLES JAMES FOX was born in the year 1749, and is about ten years older than his crafty competitor Wm. Pitt.—The Duke of Norfolk and Mr. Fox were lately both expelled from his Majesty's Council for giving as a toast, “ The Sovereignty of the People!”—To those who are attracted by Royalty and Nobility, Mr. Fox will claim their fondest attention, whilst they wonder that any thing Democratic should appear in his composition. His father was Sir Stephen Fox, afterwards Lord Holland, and he is brother to the present Lord; his mother was Lady Georgina Carolina Lenox, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Duke of Richmond; by which channel, thro' the illustrious House of Stewart, the royal blood of England, Scotland, and Sardinia flows in his veins.



\* \* In a country, where every circumstance, public or private, sacred or prophane, becomes a matter of investigation, often of intemperate disputation, it was not to be expected, that so consequential an event as the death of General Washington would pass unnoticed; the Report of his Physicians paved the way for animadversion (see page 4); and it was evidently connected with the discussion lately carried on with so much indiscretion by the *learned* Body in Philadelphia. \*—From what has been said or written on this subject, we select the following article—Our Medical readers (if they can preserve their good temper) will judge of its merits.

*OBSERVATIONS on the Medical Treatment of General WASHINGTON in his last Illness, addressed to his Physicians M<sup>rs</sup>. CRAIK and DICK.*

THE life of this illustrious personage has been so eminently beneficial and ornamental to the world, that every man who has a just value for virtue and talents, or an attachment to Liberty, must lament his death.

The loss to his country at this critical period, is incalculable; it is irreparable—we shall never look upon his like again!

I have perused the account published by his physicians, of their medical treatment, and differ from them so entirely in my opinion of its propriety, that with all due respect for their good intentions, I think it my duty to point out what appears to me a most fatal error in their plan; and although it is not in the power of Science to restore his precious life; yet a discussion of this case may be productive of benefit to mankind.

I suppose myself addressing men of science; whose minds are so highly cultivated as to comprehend my reasoning on this subject, which I shall make as short and clear as possible.

When

\* The notorious *Peter Porcupine* thrust himself into the very centre of this unseemly controversy, and poured his whole stock of scurrility (and it is not a small one) upon the head of the theoretic, but respectable Dr. Rush — The Doctor brought his case before a Pennsylvanian jury, who laid a fine of 5000 dollars upon the foul-mouth'd Publisher. — *Peter* (who has found it necessary to shift his position from Philadelphia to New York) acknowledges, that the verdict, costs of suit, Sheriff's fees, &c. will amount to little less than 8000 dollars — So much for officiously fishing in troubled waters!

When we examine the human blood by optical glasses, by Chemistry, and by experimental philosophy, we find it full of nourishment in young people; but effete and poor in the aged. — When we examine, by anatomical inspections, the state of the vascular system, we find innumerable ramifications in the arteries through which the blood flows freely in young people; while many of their anastomoses are obliterated in the aged.

The blood of old people, therefore, being poorer, and the channels for conveying its nourishment fewer, is the reason that old people cannot bear bleeding so well as the young: and it likewise explains (what every man of science and experience must know) why a small bleeding has the same effect on an aged person, that a large bleeding has on the young and robust.

These observations, founded on well-established facts, demonstrate how guarded and circumspect we ought to be in the use of the lancet, when our patient is far advanced in life: and how actively we ought to employ our thoughts in devising other methods than profuse blood-letting in such a case.

From what the physicians have published, and other documents, we have data sufficient to ascertain how far the maxims derivable from science, experience, and judgment, have governed in the present instance.

The duration of this illness was twenty hours; from 3 A. M. till after 10 P. M.

A bleeder being sent for at the unseasonable hour of 3 A. M. we may suppose the operation was not performed until 4 o'clock: before eleven hours elapsed, he was bled again twice profusely; which must have been about 18 ounces each time; and soon afterwards he was bled again to the amount of 32 ounces.

Thus we see by their own statement, that they drew from a man in the 68th year of his age, the enormous quantity of 82 ounces, or above two quarts and a half of blood in about 13 hours!

Very

Very few of the most robust young men in the world could survive such a loss of blood; but the body of an aged person must be so exhausted, and all his powers so weakened by it, as to make his death speedy and inevitable.

Here the effect followed the cause precisely; the physicians soon observed *the powers of life yielding: a loss of speech;* and that he expired *without a struggle*—The excessive bleeding had left him no strength to struggle!

After what has been said, it may be expected that I should point out my plan:—I will speak generally, without descending to criticise on the minor parts of the treatment, which, however, I do not admire.

They ought to have attacked the disease as near to its seat as possible; the vein under the tongue might have been opened; the tonsils might have been scarified; the scarificator and cup might have been applied on or near the thyroid cartilage. One ounce of blood drawn in this way would relieve more than a quart drawn from the arm, and would not exhaust and enfeeble the body; in the same manner that an ounce of blood drawn at the temple, relieves an inflamed eye more than a quart drawn from the arm.

The neck might have been rubbed with warm laudanum and camphor; and a bag of warm fine salt laid on; but the unseasonable application of a blister would prevent this.

He ought to have been put into one, two, or three flannels; and instead of calomel, it would have been better to have given him small draughts of hot whey, with a little laudanum, camphor, spirits volatilis aromaticus, or spiritus nitri dulcis occasionally, to remove the spasm which caused the dyspnea, and produce perspiration, which would relieve the lungs by turning the course of the fluids towards the skin.

Savannah,  
Jan. 23, 1800.

JOHN BRICKELL.

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## ANNUAL REGISTER.

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*The good People of Virginia and North Carolina having been pleased to approve, in a very decided manner, of the Publication for the present Year, the Editor, AMERICANUS URBAN, now gives Notice, that the Work will be continued, probably on a larger scale, for the Year 1801; but, that it will be some time in the month of December before it can appear—Those, however, who intend to make Communications to it, will be so good as transmit them to the Editor six weeks or two months before that time.*

BLANDFORD PRINTING-OFFICE,  
March 1800.

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