

AN
EULOGY

ON
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON,

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE INHABITANTS

OF

MARBLEHEAD,

AND RECEIVED BY THEM

ON THE SECOND DAY OF JANUARY,

A. D. 1800.

By JOSEPH STORV, A. B.

Finis vitæ ejus nobis lætuosus, patriæ tristis, extraneis etiam igno-
tisque non sine cura fuit.

TACIT. IN AGRIC.



Printed by JOSHUA CUSHING, County Street, SALM.
1800.

~~REDACTED~~

At a legal Town Meeting of the freeholders and other inhabitants of the town of Marblehead, convened on Thursday, the 2d of January, A. D. 1800,

VOTED, That a Committee of three persons be chosen, to return the thanks of the Town to Mr. JOSEPH STORY for his Oration delivered this day, and desire of him a copy for the press.

VOTED, That Mr. JOSHUA PRENTISS, NATHAN BOWEN Esq. and Mr. RICHARD PRINCE, be the Committee for the above purpose.

Attest. WOODWARD ABRAHAM, T. Clerk.

GENTLEMEN,

THOUGH the production of forty-eight hours may even by friendship be justly considered as an ephemera, yet, relying on public candor, I feel no hesitancy in adding this mite to the tributary honors of WASHINGTON.

I am, Gentlemen,
with respect,
your most obedient,

JOSEPH STORY.

Messrs. PRENTISS, BOWEN & PRINCE.

Marblehead, Jan. 3, 1800.

*

AN EULOGY.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS,

WE are assembled on this occasion to pay a last tribute to departed merit. We are assembled to hallow the remembrance of the Father of his Country. His deeds are immortal—They require not the temporary expedient of public acknowledgment, nor the transient enumeration of pulpit eloquence, to perpetuate their unrivalled glory. They live in the heart of his country; and his country lives but to celebrate them. It is the benefit of ourselves, of our children, and of mankind, that sanctions this venerable meeting. We would enkindle in the hearts of our youth the spirit of freedom, the firmness of conduct, the activity of intellect, and the integrity of patriotism, that spoke, that blazoned, that convinced, in the character of WASHINGTON. Posterity will demand it as an altar of our affection, and the world, as a demonstration of our gratitude, to his memory. By

By announcing the achievements of the great, we awaken the fervor of emulation—by fostering the remembrance of the good, we excite imitation of their worthiness—by displaying the progress of genius, the powers of regulated industry, and the extent of liberal erudition, we ensure the value, and we create the perpetuity, of improvement.

It was by such means Greece animated to the toils of political discipline, and reared an hereditary heroism. It was by such means Rome tore the vitals of selfishness from man, and founded her empire on the basis of public generosity. Opinion ruled more than law. To die in her defence bespoke the heartfelt eulogy; to conquer in her cause ensured the OAKEN GARLAND. While the CAPITOL rung with the warrior's applause, his deeds were already enrolled in the temple of VICTORY. With such incitements, who could not be a hero—when the prayers, the blessings of millions encircled the steps of the victor, and the grateful tears of a nation embalmed the dead?

FAR different were his prospects, when AMERICA called her WASHINGTON from the shades of VERNON. Born to opulence, he had
 enjoyed

enjoyed the honors, as well as the luxuries, of life. Beloved, respected, and admired, his imagination could hardly hope, and his ambition could hardly wish, the attainment of more dangerous splendor. Bred in the nursery of arms, he had rescued the honor, as well as extended the limits, of his country. He had known the miseries of the camp, the horrors of famine, and the desolation of defeat. He had attained eminence in the field, and, like his immortal predecessor, **TURENNE**, owed his elevation less to family influence, than military ascendancy. Successively raised to gradatory commands, his fame for moderation and ability were established by the defeat of **BRADDOCK**. On the peace of '63 he had retired to the tranquillity of domestic union, because he knew the instability of human greatness, and the inconstancy of public favor. Such was his situation, when he boldly accepted the command of your armies, and by that heroic action sanctioned his character. To one who had nothing to lose—no endeared connexions, no hereditary reputation, no distinguished opulence, no unfulfilled honors—the sacrifice had been small. But

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by this action all was at stake—life, fortune, friends, reputation—whether to be branded, as a detested rebel, or hailed, as a political savior. The event in the eye of wisdom, as well as the anticipation of patriotism, was dubious, perplexed, and frowning. A colony almost without resources to emancipate herself from oppression at a time, when Britain, victorious and unrivalled, awed the united forces of Europe—a colony, unaided, unarmed, and undisciplined, without the encouragement of foreign aid, or the strength of internal coalition, to dare assert her independence—was a paradox in the policy of the world, which confounded the statesman, and paralyzed the hero. Surely with such a prospect judgment might have paused, integrity wavered, and even enthusiasm hesitated. But WASHINGTON knew no doubts : his life was his country ; her liberty, his object. He severed the Gordian knot he could not untie, and boldly claimed its *prophetic* empire. In his view, to pause was infamy ; to waver, revolt ; to hesitate, death. With the celerity of CÆSAR, he saw, felt, and determined—with the prudence of FABIVS, he consulted, analyzed, and planned—with the firmness

of

of FREDERIC, he seized, formed, and executed.

Such was the opening of a career of greatness, that was afterwards to concentrate the admiration of the world, and raise America to the equality of empire. Here let us pause, my Fellow Citizens, and contemplate the illustrious parallel of ancient and modern virtue. Here was no idle contest for personal glory—no haughty rivalry for political advancement—no treacherous artifice for ministerial superiority. The aggrandizement of country by the blood, the treasure and the happiness of millions, has too often been the basis of lettered renown. The disputes of petty sovereignty, or the flattered whims of regal folly, have covered Europe for centuries with the slaughtered bones of her citizens. Yet on these alone have the champions of France, Germany and Britain rested the splendid fabric of their immortality. No doubt they acted well as citizens, as conquerors, and as statesmen—But where are their boasted excellences as men? Was liberty, was right, the object of their exploits, the study of their ambition?—We admire the tactical discernment of an EUGENE and a MARLBOROUGH—We admire the versatile sagacity

gacity of a RICHLIEU and a COLBERT—We admire the impetuous eloquence of a MIRABEAU and a BURKE—They fought for glory, and they shall inherit it. But impartial truth must declare, that one drop of blood, one sentiment of nature, offered on the altar of liberty and benevolence, deserves more laurels than ever enwreathed the brow of a SCIPIO, or enriched the temples of an ANTONINE. And these belong to the magnanimity of WASHINGTON.

THE Herculean labors were but begun. He had not only the Lion of war to oppose, the Hydra of faction to subdue, but the bolder project to perfect, of connecting America by the HYPPO-LITEAN girdle of amity and union. Mild, yet steady in command; merciful, yet resolute in resolve; he personified the maxim of antiquity, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*—sweetness of address, but inflexibility of purpose. He knew when to relax the rigor of discipline, in order to win the disorder of mutiny; and when to enforce obedience by the severity of the bayonet. Attentive to the smallest emotion, he sought rather to guide than govern; rather to inspire than command.

His

His was not the policy that regulates activity by mechanical impulse—In order to perfect the soldier, he exalted the man. At one time, like the sun in his beneficence, he appeared the FLAMING PILLAR of his phalanx, cheering the heart of languor, and reanimating the hopes of despondency; at another, like the frowning tempest, his thunders appalled the factious, and his lightnings annihilated the guilty.

THIS is less the language of panegyric, than truth. Who in this assembly knows not, that disordered finances, divided councils, and mouldered, half-starved armies; but for his exertions, had left us nothing but the barbarism of slavery? Who knows not, that alternately he had to brave the hectic cataract of torrid sunbeams, and the wilderness of trackless snows, when every footstep was moulded in blood?—Surely the equanimity of retreating fortitude transcends the perilous ardor of embattled audacity. Other heroes have bled and conquered—WASHINGTON could shed the tear of sympathy, when encircled in the arms of victory. No merciless stratagems, no sanguinary rapacity, discolored the brilliance of his reputation.

tion. The rights of humanity were his guardian deities. TRENTON, MONMOUTH, PRINCETON and YORK shall eternize his valor; but the "still small voice of veteran gratitude" shall light the incense of his canonization.

AFTER eight years of struggling fatigues, the sun, that rose in blood, set in peace. Like the resurrection angel, WASHINGTON rolled back the stone from the sepulchre of Reason, dissolved the cerements of slavery, and led forth America to sovereignty and independence.—August was the scene—Recoiling Britain acknowledged the new queen of the West; and Europe beheld with amazement this younger daughter of Jove assume for the first time the PEPLUM* of the Graces.

HENCEFORTH we lose the hero in the sage. He, who had worn the helmet of defiance, now resigned the sword for the ploughshare, and the spear for the pruning hook. The modern CURIUS reclined on the bosom of Vernon, and again reciprocated the blessings of domestic hospitality. Yet, though retired, his mind dwelt deeply in the
future

* The Peplum was a variegated veil, worn by Minerva when she appeared as the protectress of the liberal arts.

future felicity of his country. He gave a hearty concurrence with the scheme of Union, and condemed its republican structure. Ever active, his imagination explored the limits of dominion, and planted a second **CAPITOL** on the banks of **POTOMACK**. Here his spirit seemed ever to linger with complacent fondness—here, to spend the tranquil hour; and, as if inspired with prophetic enthusiasm, to recognize the destined grandeur of our Western World.

BUT his country again called him to new honors. With unanimous ardor she raised him to her **CURULE CHAIR**; and presented to mankind the first of heroes exalted, as the first of freemen. With what dignity, moderation and firmness he ruled the car of state, let the unbiassed voice of his country declare. Her commerce, which erewhile could hardly freight a Phœnician bark, now floats from the **Hudson** to the **Ganges**. Her agriculture and manufactures, sprung, like the fabled **Phœnix**, from their own ashes, now rival the plenitude of European marts. Her arts, self-taught, like her own **FRANKLIN**, have drawn the lightning from heaven, untwisted the colors of day, and bla-
zoned

zoned with the pencil of truth her gallant achievements. Too young for the luminous display of history, or the elegant fascinations of literature, she can boast a diffusion of useful knowledge coextensive with her sunbeams. Ask you her age and patrons?—America is scarcely twenty; but her patron, her savior, was WASHINGTON!

THERE was indeed in this patriot something, that all felt, but could not describe. A strength of understanding, a keenness of perception, a loftiness of thought, that convinced without argument, and subdued without effort. His language, like his carriage, was impressive, elegant and manly. It had secured a grace beyond the reach of rhetoric; it had created an illumination beyond the coloring of metaphor. His integrity overruled persuasion; and his majesty overawed sophistry. Corruption stood abashed in his presence, and venality blushed into shame. The administration caught the character of their leader, and seconded the energies of his irresistible influence.

BUT the cares of state, though they did not disorganize the powers of intellect, undermined the stability of health. After having graced the civic
crown,

crown, he panted for the seclusion of declining life.
 —CHARLES renounced an empire, because he
 could not subdue it—AMADEUS deserted heredi-
 tary royalty, because he had surfeited on its ini-
 quities—WASHINGTON resigned the fasces, be-
 cause he beheld a people in prosperity, and an
 ADAMS in succession.

HERE closed his political drama—Its opening
 was venerable ; its conclusion, glorious. Let his
 last solemn appeal to the feelings of his country
 impress your hearts with the strength of marble,
 with the sanction of divinity. Let that last Fare-
 well awaken every tender emotion. Its precepts
 are the revelations of truth, and its doctrines the
 catholicism of political grandeur. Let the infant
 cherub suck its honey with his earliest sustenance
 —‘ Let the first word he lisps be WASHINGTON.’

FOUR years had since elapsed in the requiem of
 social enjoyment, and philosophic study. The
 vigor of manhood had been succeeded by the re-
 flection of age ; and the patriot, already ripe for
 the society of the gods, reposed in the luxuriance
 of his laurels. But Heaven saw otherwise. The
 mandate of death was commissioned. The scene
 of

of action was closed—All was shivering silence, and dumb despair—December, as though frozen with the horrid prescience, slumbered in lethargy—The fearful bell of midnight tolled—it declared, that WASHINGTON was no more!—No sigh escaped the heroic sage—Resigned and cheerful he sunk into the arms of heaven without one groan of complaint, one murmur of discontent. Like the eloquent PAUL, his last prayer breathed for the Republic, “*Esto perpetua*”—may it be eternal.

GLORIOUS transition!—Who would not envy such a death, when the consummation of such a life? Before his obsequies the boasted pomp of nobility dwindles, and the funeral trophies of royalty fade away. The voice of his bleeding country has enshrined his spirit among the blessed—The arms of melancholy frenzy have consigned his corpse to the tomb of his ancestors. Already the Atlantic rolls the shriek of anguish from Altamaha to St. Croix.

LET no vulgar sorrow degrade the awful sublimity of this event. The tear of sensibility may blister the cheek of private friendship; the tenderness of sympathy may burst from the eye of conjugal

jugal affection ;—but the silent energies of national grief melt not to the level of expression. They flash from the eye of gratitude with the mute eloquence “that passes speech.”

AMERICANS,

WE have lost a father, but we have enthroned a saint. By imitating his un sullied virtues, though dead, yet shall he live. Let us swear by the shades of MERCER, WARREN, MONTGOMERY and WASHINGTON, that the liberties purchased by their blood and toils shall be eternal.

THE spirit of our departed Savior shall no more revisit the precincts of clay ; but the records of his glory repose in the PANTHEON of fame. Though empires dissolve in ruins, they still shall flourish in an immortality of youth——

YES, Sainted Shade, thy peerless worth shall
spread,

Where'er its lustrous flight the comet sped ;
While future worlds, as freedom's reign prevails,
E'en, where the sunbeam floats on polar gales,
Shall bid in storied gold thy columns rise,
Spell'd in the stars, and emblem'd in the skies ;
Through

Through pathless time thy hallowed name con-
vey,

And roll its echo to the ebb of day ;
Till fate's stern angel close his high behest,
And chaos slumber on the ocean's breast.



E L E G Y

TO THE MEMORY OF

GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Semper honor nomenque tuum laudisque manebunt.

VIRG.

[The subsequent Elegy, added by the advice of some friends, was originally designed for newspaperial currency. As some sentiments of it are perhaps enlarged on in the Eulogy, it is necessary to observe, that it was written previous to the suggestion of the other, and could not be altered without impairing its structure.]

TO lull the sigh of deep, & utter'd wo,
To twine the flowers of fame round honor's head,
By bright exemplars wake ambition's glow,
And call instruction from the storied dead ;
For these the Muse directs her powers sublime,
Bids vestal incense round her altars burn,
Rolls back the sombrous folds of eider time,
" And lures oblivion from the Warrior's urn."

C

Nor

Nor let the vain with momentary joy
 Think what the Muse records an empty name ;
 Since base apostates stain her blest employ,
 And pimp the monster into idle fame :—

Though many a Bard, seduc'd from virtue's cause,
 With laurel garland, whom the thorn might lace ;
 By venal meanness seek a vain applause,
 And gain a pension, to secure disgrace ;

There are, whom Genius owns her favorite sons,
 Unaw'd by station, and by gold unbought,
 In whom the blood of independence runs,
 The virgin energy of bursting thought.

And such, when, conquered by the arm of fate,
 Expire the wise, the patriot, and the brave,
 Shall hymn the heartfelt dirge in funeral state,
 And rear the trophy o'er their hallowed grave.

Nor deem it rash, when, wrapt in silent gloom,
 A NATION'S tears bedew her SAVIOR'S hearse,
 The humbler Minstrel dares the lyre resume,
 And pour in grief his tributary verse.

Nor

Nor would he deign, how small so e'er the claim,
 To strike one accent from the fitful strings,
 Had slaughtered millions pav'd the way of fame
 For HIM, whose greatness clouds the host of kings.

For what were they, by wild ambition led,
 Whose hands the fiery bolts of carnage hurl'd ;
 * Whose pity could not spare the guileless dead—
 What—but the sanction'd butchers of the world ?

No—he alone deserves the spotless meed,
 Whose liberal soul, by foil nor time control'd,
 Can feel in victory's arms the conqueror bleed,
 And mourn the triumph of the martyred bold.

Let royal pride contend for lawless power,
 And build his temples on the crimes of man ;
 Exulting rule, the tyrant of an hour,
 And blot eternity, to hold a span :

It suits the low pursuits of vulgar minds,
 Whom honor wakes not with her moving fire ;
 Impartial time shall leave them, as he finds—
 The cool, unthinking villains of desire.

But

* Conquerors, unsatisfied with the murder of the defenceless living, have too frequently rifled the tombs of the dead, and scattered their holy reliques in the air, to glut the rapacity of their revenge.

But they, whose strong dominion o'er the sage,
 No bond but reason, none but reverence, ties ;
 Who think, who act, who feel, for every age,
 And genius, glory, less than virtue, prize ;—

Their worth survives them—from the slumbering
 clay

The gallant FREE their rescu'd deeds shall raise,
 Shall waft beyond the trackless flight of day
 The deathless splendor of their well-earn'd praise.

And such was WASHINGTON—whose gene-
 rous breast

No narrow views of interest e'er confined ;
 No partial claims of sordid life repressed
 The expansive wish, that flow'd for human kind.

Train'd to the toils of war, 'twas his to brave
 In youth the perils of the hardy field ;
 In fierce defeat the fainting arm to save,
 And awe the victor, when 'twere fame to yield.

These give the common hero sweet renown,
 Bought by the price of many a lingering year ;
 E'en though he bleed to glut a treacherous crown,
 E'en though he fatten on the orphan's tear.

But

But nobler views our honor'd SIRE impell'd :
 Alive to nothing, but his country's weal,
 His pulse with freedom's genuine instinct swell'd,
 And throbb'd, the lifeblood of the public zeal.

Born mid the free, he scorn'd oppression's sway,
 And claim'd the bold inheritance of right ;
 Indignant burst her swathing-bands away,
 And young COLUMBIA started into light.

No hesitation clogg'd his strong career,
 No dubious impulse flattered or betrayed ;
 His heart, unbrib'd by eloquence or fear,
 What Heaven, what nature dictates, still obeyed.

'Twas life, 'twas freedom, nerv'd his struggling
 breast ;

Those dearest rights, to every bliss allied,
 Those rights, by age, by climate un-suppressed,
 No force can alter, and no law divide.

Fam'd in the council, in the war-train first,
 The dangerous paths of envied state he trod ;
 Condens'd the lightning, ere its terrors burst,
 And mov'd, the GABRIEL of his country's God.

No

No common perils mark'd the great design,
 To raise an empire self-control'd and blest,
 When vengeful myriads swept the Union's line,
 And victory's eagle perch'd on ALBION's crest.

With dauntless front the Angel Leader strode,
 Though clouded horrors veil'd the pathless way ;
 In vain disease on poisoned sunbeams rode,
 In vain the icebolt froze the cheek of day :

Through burning wastes, through vales of blood-
 track'd snows,

Cheer'd by his voice, the rustic squadrons sped,
 Though death in front, in rear pale sickness rose,
 And frantic famine revell'd on the dead.

Nor mean the toil, as ye, whose war-worn feet
 Have trac'd the anguish'd round, can well attest ;
 Nor mean the toil, to conquer by retreat,
 And quell the murmurs of the brave distressed.

Buoy'd o'er the storm, yet onward press'd the Chief,
 Grew with defeat, and strengthen'd with despair ;
 His words of kindness staunch'd the wounds of
 grief,

His smiles of feeling quench'd the sighs of care.

These

These deeds, on glory's ample archives roll'd,
 Shall bear his name to time's remotest shore ;
 These deeds, engraven with her type of gold,
 A nation sanction, and a world adore.

Transcendent worth ! yet even this must fade
 Before the nobler virtues of THE SAGE,
 Whose civic arm an empire's sceptre sway'd,
 And saw the arts succeed the battle's rage.

Erewhile, where forests arch'd the deepened tide,
 Imperial commerce floats her freighted sail,
 Resplendent cities swell in Tuscan pride,
 And jocund labor lifts his plenteous flail.

These bade the slumbering joys of life increase,
 Blest in the sunshine of repose divine ;
 These felt the fostering hand of public peace ;
 These ow'd their greatness, WASHINGTON,
 to thine.

And can COLUMBIA e'er forget to mourn,
 Her Guardian, Father, Savior, is no more,
 When each succeeding year's unwish'd return
 Must tell the loss it never can restore ?

Ah !

Ah! no—while time recounts the immortal theme
 Through future worlds, with eloquence so sweet,
 Full many a tear shall swim along the stream
 That gently murmurs near the WARRIOR'S feet.

Full oft the veteran's tale, from fire to son
 With holiest faith convey'd, his fame shall speak;
 Shall teach the listening youth 'how fields are won,'
 And fire the teardrop on the infant's cheek.

Full oft the votive hymn of praise shall flow,
 And letter'd marble lift the conscious sky,
 To tell the pilgrim's heart a NATION'S WO;
 To tell, our WASHINGTON shall never die.

