# THE STAR AND BANNER.

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[*From the Guide to Holiness.*

Madame Guyon was imprisoned about ten years in the Bastile and other French prisons. During this period she employed herself chiefly in writing. Her Life, four volumes of Poems, and other writings, were the result.—The following is a translation of one of her Poems. It illustrates her state of mind in her afflictions:

### A Little bird I am.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air:
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well plea'd a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long,
And He, whom most I love to please,
Doth listen to my song;
He taught and bound my wandering wing,
But still he bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear;
A heart to love and bless;
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,
Thou wouldst not hear the less;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But, though my wing is closely bound,
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh, it is good to soar,
These bolts and bars above,
To Him, whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

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[From the Home Journal.

### The Marriage of Pocahontas.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

During the lovely Indian summer time, in the autumn of 1608, there was a marriage on the banks of the Powhattan, where the English had laid the corner-stone of the great fabric of the Anglo-Saxon empire in the New World. It was celebrated in the second church which the English settlers had erected there—like the first, which fire had destroyed the previous winter, it was a rude structure, whose roof rested upon rough pine columns, fresh from the virgin forest, and whose adornings were little indebted to the hand of art. The officiating priest was "good Master Hunter," who had lost all his books by the conflagration. History, poetry, and song, have kept a dutiful silence respecting that first English marriage in America, because John Laydon and Annie Burrows were common people. The bridegroom was a carpenter, among the first adventurers who ascended the Powhattan, then named James in honor of a bad king; and the bride was waiting-maid on the "Mistress Forest," wife of Thomas Forest, gentleman. These were the first white women ever seen at the Jamestown settlement.

Almost five years later, there was another marriage at old Jamestown, in honor of which, history, poetry, and song have been employed. The bridegroom was "Master John Rolfe, an honest gentleman and of good behaviour," from the realm of England; and the bride was a princess royal, named Matoa, or Pocahontas, the well-beloved daughter of the Emperor of the great Powhatan confederacy, on the Virginian peninsula. The officiating priest was Master Alexander Whitaker, a noble apostle of Christianity, who went to Virginia for the cure of souls. Sir Thomas Dale, then Governor of the colony, thus briefly tells his masters of the Company in London, the story of Pocahontas:

"Powhatan's daughter I caused to be carefully instructed in the Christian religion, which, after she had made a good progress therein, renounced publicly her country's idolatry, openly confessed her Christian faith, was, as she desired, baptized, and is since married to an English gentleman of good understanding (as by his letter unto me, containing the reason of his marriage of her, you may perceive,) another knot to bind this peace the stronger. Her father and friends gave approbation to it, and her uncle gave her to him in the church. She lives civilly and lovingly with him, and I trust will increase in goodness as the knowledge of God increaseth in her. She will go to England with me, and, were it but the gaining of this one soul, I will think my time, toil, and present stay, well spent."

So discoursed Sir Thomas Dale. Curiosity would know more of the Princess and her marriage, and curiosity may here be gratified to the extent of the revelations of recorded history.

The finger of a special Providence, pointing down the vista of of ages, is seen in the character and acts of Pocahontas.—She was the daughter of a pagan king who had never heard of Jesus of Nazareth, yet her heart was overflowing with the cardinal virtues of a Christian life.

"She was a landscape of mild earth,
Where all was harmony, and a calm quiet,
Luxuriant, budding."—*Byron.*

When Captain Smith, the boldest and the best of the early adventurers in Virginia, penetrated the dense forest, he was made a prisoner, was conducted in triumph from village to village, until he stood in the presence of Powhatan, the supreme ruler, and was then condemned to die.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood;
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms around him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade—
Like leaves on aspen limb—
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief—
"Obey your king's decree!"
He kissed away the tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man growsdim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

*George P. Morris.*

* * * * *

How could that stern old king deny
The angel pleading in her eye?
How mock the sweet, imploring grace
That breathed in beauty from her face,
And to her kneeling action gave
A power to soothe and still subdue,
Until, though humble as a slave,
To more than queenly sway she grew.

*William G. Simms.*

The emperor yielded to the maid, and the captive was set free.

Two years after that event, Pocahontas again became an angel of deliverance.—She hastened to Jamestown during a dark and stormy night, informed the English of a conspiracy to exterminate them, and was back to her couch before dawn.—Smith was grateful, and the whole English colony regarded her as their deliverer. But gratitude is often a plant of feeble root, and the canker of selfishness will destroy it altogether. Smith went to England; the morals of the colonists became depraved; and Argall, a rough, half piratical navigator, unmindful of her character, bribed a savage, by the promise of a copper-kettle, to betray Pocahontas into his hands, to be kept as a hostage while compelling Powhatan to make restitution for injuries inflicted. The Emperor loved his daughter tenderly, agreed to the terms of ransom gladly, and promised unbroken friendship to the English.

Pocahontas was now free to return to her forest home. But other bonds, more holy than those of Argall, detained her. Whilst in the custody of the rude buccaneer a mutual attachment had budded and blossomed between her and John Rolfe, and the fruit was a happy marriage—"another knot to bind the peace" with Powhatan much stronger.

April, in the Virginia peninsula, where the English settlers first built a city, is one of the loveliest months in the year.—Then winter has bid a final adieu to the middle regions of America; the trees are robed in gay and fragrant blossoms; the robin, the blue-bird, and the oriole, are just giving the first opening preludes to the summer concerts in the woods, and wild flowers are laughing merrily in every hedge, and upon the green banks of every stream.

It was a day in charming April, in 1613, when Rolfe and Pocahontas stood at the marriage alter in the new and pretty chapel at Jamestown, where, not long before, the bride had received Christian baptism, and was named the Lady Rebecca. The sun had marched halfway up toward the meridian, when a goodly company had assembled beneath the temple roof. The pleasant odor of the "pews of cedar" commingled with the fragrance of the wild flowers which decked the festoons of evergreens and sprays that hung over the "fair, broad windows," and the commandment tablets above the chancel. Over the pulpit of black-walnut hung garlands of white flowers, with the waxen leaves and scarlet berries of the holly. The communion-table was covered with fair white linen, and bore bread from the wheat fields of Jamestown, and wine from its luscious grapes. The font, "hewed hollow between, like a canoe," sparkled with water, as on the morning when the gentle princess uttered her baptismal vows.

Of all that company assembled in the broad space between the chancel and the pews, the bride and groom were the central figures in fact and significance. Pocahontas was dressed in a simple tunic of white muslin, from the looms of Dacca. Her arms were bare even to the shoulders; and hanging loosly towards her feet, was a robe of rich stuff, presented by Sir Thomas Dale, and fancifully embroidered by herself and her maidens. A gaudy fillet encircled her head, and held the plumage of birds and a veil of gauze, while her limbs were adorned with the simple jewelry of the native workshops. Rolfe was attired in the gay clothing of an English cavalier of that period, and upon his thigh he wore the short sword of a gentleman of distinction in society. He was the personification of manly beauty in form and carriage; she of womanly modesty and lovely simplicity; and as they came and stood before the man of God, history dipped her pen in the indestructible fountain of truth, and recorded a prophecy of mighty empires in the New World. Upon the chancel steps, where no railing interfered, the good Whitaker stood in his sacerdotal robes, and with impressive voice, pronounced the marriage ritual of the liturgy of the Anglican Church, then first planted on the Western Continent. On his right, in a richly carved chair of State, brought from England, sat the Governor, with his ever-attendant halberdiers, with brazen helmets, at his back.

There were yet but few women in the colony, and these, soon after this memorable event, returned to native England.—The "ninty young women, pure and uncorrupted," whom the wise Sandys caused to be sent to Virginia, as wives for the planters, did not arrive until ten years later. All of them at Jamestown were at the marriage. The letters of the time have transmitted to us the names of some of them. Mistress John Rolfe, with her child, (doubtless of the family of the bridegroom;) Mistress Easton and child, and Mistress Horton and grandchild, with her maid-servant, Elizabeth Parsons, who, on a Christmas eve before, had married Thomas Powell, were yet in Virginia. Among the noted men then present, was Sir Thomas Gates, a brave soldier in many wars, and as brave an adventurer among the Atlantic perils as any who ever trusted to the ribs of oak of the ships of Old England. And Master Sparkes, who had been co-ambassador with Rolfe to the court of Powhatan, stood near the old soldier, with young Henry Spillman at his side. There, too, was the young George Percy, brother of the powerful Duke of Northumberland, whose conduct was always as noble as his blood; and near him, an earnest spectator of the scene, was the elder brother of Pocahontas; but not the destined successor to the throne of his father. There, too, was a younger brother of the bride, and many youths and maidens from the forest shades; but one noble figure—the pride of the Powhatan confederacy, the father of the bride, was absent. He had consented to the marriage with willing voice, but would not trust himself within the power of the English at Jamestown. He remained in his habitation at Weroworomoco, while the Rose and the Totum were being wedded, but cheerfully commissioned his brother, Opachisco, to give away his daughter. That prince performed his duty well, and then, in careless gravity, he sat and listened to the voice of the Apostle, and the sweet chanting of the little choristers. The music ceased, the benediction fell, the solemn "Amen" echoed from the rude vaulted roof, and the joyous company left the chapel for the festal hall of the Governor. Thus "the peace" was made stronger, and the Rose of England lay undisturbed upon the Hatchet of the Powhatans, while the father of Pocahontas lived.

Months glided away. The bride and groom "lived civilly and lovingly together," until Sir Thomas Dale departed for England, in 1616, when they, with many settlers, accompanied him. Tomocomo, one of the shrewdest of Powhatan's councillors, went also, that he might report all the wonders of England to his master.—The Lady Rebecca received great attention from the court and all below it. "She accustomed herself to civility, and carried herself as the daughter of a king." Dr. King, the Lord Bishop of London, entertained her "with festival state and pomp," beyond what he had ever given to other ladies; and at court she was received with courtesy due to her rank as a princess.—But the silly bigot on the throne was highly incensed, because one of his *subjects* had dared to marry *a lady of royal blood*, and, in the midst of his dreams of prerogatives, he absurdly apprehended that Rolfe might lay claim "to the crown of Virginia!" Afraid of the royal displeasure, Captain Smith, who was then in England, would not allow her to call him *father*, as she desired to do. She could not comprehend the cause; and her tender, simple heart was sorely grieved by what seemed to be his want of affection for her. She remained in England about a year; and, when ready to embark for America with her husband, she sickened, and died at Gravesand, in the flowery month of June, 1617, when not quite twenty-two years of age. She left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who afterwards became quite a distinguished man in Virginia. He had but one child, a daughter. From her, some of the leading families in Virginia trace their lineage. Among these are the Bollings, Murrays, Guys, Eldridges, and Randolphs. But Pocahontas needed no posterity to perpetuate her name—it is imperishable preserved in the amber of history.

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Quilp told a story of a man on a Mississippi steamer who was questioned by a Yankee. The gentleman, to humor the fellow, answered all his questions straightforwardly, until the down-easter was puzzled for an interrogatory. At last he inquired:

"Look here, squire, where was you born?"

"I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont street, No. 44, on the first day of August, 1825, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon."

Yankee was unswered completely.—For an instant he was struck. Soon, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said:—

"Yaas; wal, I calc'late yeou dont recollect whether it was a frame house or a brick house, dew yeou?"

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A wag went out fishing one day, and not meeting with the best of luck, determined on having some sport. He went and deposited what he had caught and a neighbor passing by soon after, accosted him with—

"Whai luck to day?"

"Oh," answered the wag, "no great—I caught a hundred or two."

"A hundred or two," replied the neighbor, with great suprise; "I'll bet you a dollar of that!"

"Done," said the wag; whereupon he uncovered a pile near him, and a couple of fish lay there, scarcely through with their death struggles, remarking—"There they are—I have won the wager!"

"How so," returned his neighbor, "here are only *two*?"

"Well," replied the wag, "that's just as I told you—a hundred *or two*!"

This is a fish story.

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Modesty.—In the character of a male or female, there is nothing more lovely than modesty. She is the twin sister of virtue, and accompanies her through life. Talents may dazzle and beauty captivate, but modesty alone wins the heart. Cherish her—she is more valuable than gold. She will gain for you the esteem of the wise and good, and exalt you in whatever station you occupy.

"A modest look I prize—
The sweetest gift of Heaven;
'Tis this with humble virtue vies,
When angel grace is given,
Till each so mingles as they meet,
Angelic beauty is complete."

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An Insinuation.—A runaway wedding recently took place in a village in Nottinghamshire. The gay Lothario, a miller, was soon after the subject of conversation in a party, when a wag in company recommended all farmers to send their corn to the bridegroom's mill, for they would stand a good chance of fair treatment; for, added he, "I once knew a miller, a great rogue, who stole his wife, but it made an honest man of him, *for he never stole any-thing after*."

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Great Snow Storm.—At Oswego, N. Y., a snow storm set in on last Friday week, and continued four days. The Palladium thus describes the scene after the storm ceased:

"Our city rivaled the winter scenes of the Arctic regions, and such a storm could only be equalled there. The streets in many parts of the city were impassable, the snow ranging from four to ten and twenty feet in depth, and in some places the drifts are thirty feet deep. Many of the residences were banked up with snow to the second story. Water street is totally impassable. The river is almost entirely closed up to the lower bridge, an extraordinary occurrence, and wild ducks took refuge in the little open water near the bridge during the storm, from the raging elements on the Lake. Of course the roads into the interior are completely impassable, and it is impossible to say how soon we shall get a communication with the country. The snow now lies to a depth on the level of six to eight feet in the woods."

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The War in Kansas.—Gen. Stringfellow is still "slashing round" in Kansas. He has just issued a notice, in which he says:

"It seems to be certain that we shall have to give the abolitionists at least one good thrashing before political matters can be settled in this territory. To do so we must have arms; we have the men. I propose to raise funds to furnish Colt's revolvers and other arms for those who are without them. I propose to do so without taxing any one but myself. I will sell some shares of town stock in the territory, and bind myself to invest all the money in the above articles, which shall be loaned to such soldiers as are unable to purchase them, and shall remain for such use for the space of one or two years.—The arms to be used by the voltuteers and militia of Atchison county, when in service."

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Anecdote of Kosciusko's Horse.—Koiscusco wished to send some bottles of good wine to a clergyman of Slothorn, and gave the commission to a young man by the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse he himself usually rode. On his return, Zeltner said that he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko asking what he meant, he answered—"When a poor man on the road takes of his hat, and asks charity, the horse immediately stands still, and won't stir till something is given to the petitioner: and as I had no money, I was obliged to make believe to give something in order to satisfy the horse."

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A Slight Misapprehension.—On board of one of our Cape packets, not long since, one of the lady passengers, who was on deck near the Captain, was complaining of the cold. Another passenger, one of our "solid men," was giving the captain some advice as to how to steer his craft, and, without noticing the conversation, just as the lady exclaimed "how cold I am," he asked with some earnestness, in relation to the vessel's course, "hadn't you better hug her a little, Captain?"—a nautical phrase which sailors will appreciate. The lady responded with some degree of tartness, and the 'Squire, who is one of the most modest of men, was quite thunderstruck to find he had made so unseasonable an observation.—*Boston paper.*

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The Art of Health.—Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walking very far. The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horses.—A little walk of half an hour in the morning, when you first rise, is adviseable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.

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One day as Judge Parsons was jogging along on horseback over a desolate road, he came upon a log hut, dirty, smoky and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty of the scene. A half-starved fellow, with uncombed hair and unshaven beard, thrust his head through a square hole which served for a window, with—"I say, Judge, I ain't so poor as you think me to be, for I don't own this 'ere land."

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'Wall, stranger,' said a backwoodsman to a man whom the landlord of the hotel both were stopping at had detailed to sleep with him—'Wall, stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me, none in the least, but it seems to me the bed is rather narrow for you to sleep comfortable, considering how I dream. You see I am an old trapper, and generally I dream of shootin' and scalpin' Injuns. Where I stopped night before last they charged me five dollars extra, 'cause I happened to whittle up the head-board in the night. But you can come, stranger, if you like, I feel kinder peaceable now.'

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A negro preacher was holding forth to his congregation upon the subject of obeying the commands of God. Says he, "Bredren, whatever God tells me to do in dis book, (holding up the Bible,) dat I'm gwine to do. If I see in it dat I must jump troo a stun wall, I'm gwine to jump at it. Goin' troo it 'longs to God, jumpinn' at it 'longs to me."

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Conundrums.—Why is a cropped tail horse like a wholesale article? Because he cannot be re-tailed.

Why is a fool like twenty hundred weight? Because he's a simple-ton.

How may a perfectly good man become a better? By laying a wager.

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### Hail Columbia.

*By F. Hopkinson Esq.*

Hail Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy'd the peace your valour won.
Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its alters reach the skies.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize.
While offering peace sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm—united, &c.

Sound, sound the trump of fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
With equal skill, and godlike power,
He govern'd in the fearful hour
Of horid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm—united, &c.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands—
The rock on which the storm will beat:
The rock on which the storm will beat:
But arm'd in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on heaven and you.
When hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm—united—let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

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Hopeless Case.—The Freeman's Journal abandons Mexico as a hopeless case, considering "the unfortunate people of that country as having no elements out of which a national life can spring."—Truly, in that wretched country, Romanism has done its work well. There it has, from the first, had the entire sway. The moral, religious and intellectual training of the people has been in the hands of the clergy, who have secured to themselves a large portion of the treasures of the country; and now even their brethren, who have the courage to pretend that Popery can save the United States, abandon them as hopeless! The Journal thus writes their epitaph: "*Sicut vulnerati dormientes in sepulchris, quorum non est memor amplius.*"

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Fate of the Murderers of Lovejoy.—A correspondent of the *Ravenna Democrat*, writing from Alton, Illinois, says:

"An old and intelligent citizen, formerly of the East, who was present at the death of Lovejoy, stated to me that as he was acquainted with the two men who shot him, he resolved to mark their after history.—The first, a Dr. Beall, went to Texas, was taken by the Indians, and chopped to pieces and divided among the tribes. The other man by the name of Jennings, went to New Orleans, and in an affray in a gambling house was cut to pieces with a bowie knife. Thus perished the miserable murderers of Lovejoy.

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Snow Bread.—We find the annexed pararaph in one of our exchanges. It is curious if true:

"All persons where snow abounds, are not perhaps aware of the value of the fleecy flakes in making light, delicious and wholesome bread. There is no 'raising' in the world so perfectly physiological as good, fresh, sweet snow; it raises bread or cakes as beautifully as the best of yeast, or the purest acids and alkalies, while it leaves no taint or fermentation like the former, nor injurious neutral salt like the latter.

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Awfully Sudden Death.—On Wednesday last, Mr. Samuel Chamberlin, of Ravenna township, Ohio, had invited some neighbors to supper, and as the guests began to arrive, he went to the wood house for a supply of wood, when he suddenly fell, and before he could be removed to the house was dead.

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The whole number of passengers transported during the past year on the seven railroads leading from Boston, was 8,111,030, or 29,900 for each working day.—The number in 1854 was 8,761,760, the diminution being 650,790.

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Rather Sceptical.—A lady riding in the cars a few weeks since found herself seated by the side of an old matron who was exceedingly deaf. "Ma'am," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?" "What did you say, Miss?"—"I asked if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?" "O, yes, indeed I did; it was only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it done me a bit of good."

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Russian Cities.—There are only thirty four cities and towns in Russia that contain over 20,000 inhabitants. The population of the three principal cities is as follows: St. Petersburg 543,211; Moscow 373,800; Warsaw 167,000.—Total 1,083,011.

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☞ The number of immigrants who arrived at New York last year was 136,233; or less than one-half the number of the previous year.

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"There is no reason to fear the ruin of that people who thrive by their losses and multiply by being diminished."

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A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence which costs nothing.

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[*From the Compiler.*

### Burial of Washington.

We are indebted to another lady friend of this place for the perusal of an antiquated "document," being a copy of "The Pennsylvania Herald, and York General Advertiser," of January 1, 1800, which she very properly preserves with solicitous care, not only because of its age, but for the additional reason that it contains an account of the burial of the great Washington, which occurred shortly previous to the date of its issue. The account possesses a peculiar and melancholy interest, and we therefore transfer it entire to our columns:

GEORGETOWN, December 10.

On Wednesday last, the mortal part of WASHINGTON, the Great—the Father of his country, and the Friend of man, was consigned to the tomb, with solemn honours and funeral pomp.

A multitude of persons assembled, from many miles around, at Mount Vernon, the choice abode and last residence of the illustrious chief. There were the groves, the spacious avenues, the beautiful and sublime scenes, the noble mansion—but, alas! the august inhabitant *was now no more*. That great soul was gone. His mortal part was there indeed; but ah! how affecting! how awful the spectacle of such worth and greatness, thus, to mortal eyes, fallen!—Yes! fallen! fallen!

In the long and lofty *Portico*, where oft the Hero walked in all his glory, *now* lay the shrouded corpse. The countenance, still composed and serene, seemed to express the dignity of the spirit, which lately dwelt in that lifeless form. There those who paid the last sad honors to the benefactor of his country, took an impressive—a farewell view.

On the ornament at the head of the coffin, was inscribed Surge ad judicium—about the middle of the coffin, Gloria Deo—and on the silver plate,

*GENERAL*
GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Departed this life, on the 14th of December, '99, Æt. 68.

Between three and four o'clock, the sound of artillery from a vessel in the river, firing minute guns, awoke afresh our solemn sorrow—the corpse was moved—a band of music with mournful melody melted the soul into all the tenderness of woe.

The procession was formed and moved on in the following order:

Cavalry—Infantry—Guards,
(With arms reversed)
Music—Clergy.
The General's Horse,
(With his saddle, holsters and pistols.)

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|---|---|---|---|
| Pall-Bearers. | *Col.* Simms, | *Col.* Gilpin, | Pall-Bearers. |
| | Ramsey, | Marsteller, | |
| | Payne, | Little, | |

The Corpse.

Mourners.
Masonic Brethren.
Citizens.

When the procession had arrived at the bottom of the elevated lawn, on the banks of the Potomak, where the family vault is placed, the Cavalry halted, the Infantry marched towards the Mount and formed their lines—the Clergy, the Masonic Brothers and the citizens descended to the vault and the funeral service of the church was performed. The firing was repeated from the vessel in the river, and the sounds echoed from the hills around.

Three general discharges by the Infantry—the Cavalry and 11 pieces of artillery, which lined the the banks of the Potomak back of the vault, paid the last tribute to the entomed Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States, and to the venerable departed Hero.

The sun was now setting. Alas! the sun of glory was set forever. No! the name of WASHINGTON, the American President and General, will triumph over death—the unclouded brightness of his glory will illuminate future ages.

In the same number of the "Herald," the following proceedings in Congress, having reference to the death of Washington, are given:

Mr. Marshal, from the joint committee appointed to report what testimony of respect ought to be paid to the memory of the Man first in War, first in Peace, and first in the Hearts of his Countrymen, made a report *in part*, which he delivered in at the table, where it was twice read, and unanimously agreed to, in the words following to wit:

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, in the Capitol, in the city of Washington, and that the family of Gen. 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 shall be a funeral procession from Congress Hall to the German Lutheran Church, in Honour of the 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 on that day, and that the President of the Senate and the 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 the 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 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.

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

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☞ It has been beautifully said that the veil which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy. Seek not to raise the veil, therefore, for sadness might be seen to shade the brow that fancy had arrayed in smiles of gladness.

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☞ A friend has presented us with the autograph of the blacksmith that "riveted the public gaze."

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☞ Two ladies of Wrightsville, Pa., have each presented their husbands with an increase of three to the family since the new year commenced.

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☞ Mrs. Partington was very indignant on hearing that the Russians had taken *flight*—at the same time she observed that it must have been an outlandish sort of place at best, for she couldn't find it any where on the map.

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From the Northwestern Frontier.—*Awful Cold Weather.*—C. F. Clarkson writes as follows to the Brookville, Indiana, Democrat, from Fort Dodge, Iowa, under date of Jan. 16th:

We have wended our way hither, amid the inclemency of the winter. We have been fourteen days in getting here from Dubuque, being about 220 miles. The winter has been unusually severe, so much so, that the suffering has been great. It had been cold for a week or ten days, but on Sunday, the 5th inst., a snow storm commenced and lasted till Monday morning, when the cold increased to a degree almost intolerable. The mercury stood all day on Monday from 10 to 22 degrees below zero. On Tuesday morning it was perfectly clear, and remained so all day, bright sun-dogs accompanying the sun from morning until night. At 7 o'clock in the morning, the mercury stood at 28 degrees below zero; at 10 A. M., it was down to 24 below, which was the highest it attained during the day. At 9 at night it went down to 30 below, and at 4 o'clock on Wednesday morning it was 32 below. Beat that who can. The mercury not less than 24 degrees below zero, at any time during a bright sun-shiny day!

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*Sad Accident with a Bow and Arrow.*—A very distressing accident occurred on Saturday afternoon to a little son of Mr. Jas. T. Miles, who resides on Scio street in this city. The little fellow, who is about six years old, and a playmate about his own age, were amusing themselves with bows and arrows in the woodhouse. Accidentally little Miles' companion discharged his arrow, which was a pointed piece of whalebone, into the right eye of the little fellow—causing its total destruction. The mucous humor of the eye all ran out of the wound. Such an accident should warn parents of the danger of putting into the hands of their children such dangerous play things.—*Rochester American.*

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*A Demonstration of the Leap Year.*—A rather singular and amusing occurrence took place near Cochranville, Chester county, Pa., a few weeks since. A Mr. Bachtell, from Medina, Ohio, was introduced to a Miss Duquet, of Chatham, Chester county, about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th ult., and married her within three hours afterwards. Both are said to be worthy and respectable persons, but very lively. They were jesting upon the subject of matrimony, when she, jestingly, "popped the question," to which he acceded.—One reply brought on another, until they went to the parson's and had the ceremony performed.

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*Later from the West Coast of Africa.*—Advices from Sierra Leone to the 12th of December state that a serious disturbance had occurred at Sinow, arising from a canoe having been taken from the British barque Ariel by one of the people there, and the supercargo, Mr. Harriett, applying to the authorities for its restoration, the sheriff sent to demand it, when one of the native huts was set on fire, and in the affray which took place one of the sheriff's men was killed.—Several of the surrounding towns were destroyed, and one with upwards of 100 houses entirely burnt, with the exception of a mission house.

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Heavy Damages for Slander.—*The Cost of an Unguarded Expression.*—In the Boston Superior Court, on Saturday morning, the case of Mary Doherty vs. John L. Brown, was brought to a close. The plaintiff in this case sued for $5,000 damages, for injury done to her character by an opprobrious epithet applied to her by defendant, in whose family she had lived. The use of the language was not denied, and the defendant undertook to prove its truth from the conduct of the plaintiff, but failed.—The jury rendered a verdict assessing damages at $3,666 66.

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*In a Fix.*—An old bride and a youthful bridegroom, the first near sixty years of age, the latter in the neighborhood of nineteen, are now in this city, stopping at a hotel down town, and without the means of paying their board bill. The youthful bridegroom was corned all day yesterday. His wife says she owns two farms in Alabama, and started from home with seventy dollars to pay through expenses. The youthful husband got hold of this and soon rendered the amount invisible.—*Richmond American.*

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*U. S. Soldiers Frozen.*—A letter from fort Snelling, (Minnesota,) dated the 25th of January, states that from the 20th of December to the 15th of January, the thermometer ranged from 27 to 33 degrees below zero, and that the troops were completely frozen in. One man of Company I, tenth regiment of infantry, was frozen to death, and as many as eight or ten other soldiers had their fingers frozen one morning while mounting guard.

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☞ A singular case of death by suffocation was brought to light in New York on Wednesday. A mason, searching for some obstruction that prevented a chimney from drawing, came upon the body of a man wedged into the flue, which was ascertained to be that of Louis Miller, insane from intemperance, who had been missing since New Year's day.

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*A Cool Proceeding.*—The Aldermen of the city of Chicago, a short time since, passed a bill making an appropriation for the purpose of providing themselves with *gold-headed canes* of the value of $50 each. The Mayor vetoed the bill, but ten out of the fifteen members of the Board repassed it, and eight of them furnished themselves with canes at the expense of the city.

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*Severe Weather South.*—The freezing of the Mississippi river throughout its entire length is set down as a circumstance unprecedented in the memory of any one living, and tradition fails to furnish a parallel.—The "oldest inhabitant" has for once been deficient in a record.