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Sacramento Daily Union, Volume 7, Number 1011, 20 June 1854 — Death of Washington. [ARTICLE]

Death of Washington.

as following on the death

We find the following on the death of Washington, in the *Courier and Enquirer*, which cannot fail to be of interest to the reader:—

Proceeding still farther over a very bad road, we came suddenly in view of the Potomac, and Mount Vernon, with its mansion-house and smooth green lawn, was before us. Having sent in our address, we received permission from the courteous branch of the family who now held the estate, to enter and survey the interior. We were struck with its extreme simplicity, the lowness of the walls and ceilings, and the bare floors, which were waxed—not as with us, carpeted.

Passing through the great hall—ornamented with pictures of English hunting scenes—we ascended the oaken stair-case, with its carved and antique balustrade. We stood at the door, we pressed the handle—the room and the bed where he died were before us. Nothing in the lofty drama of his existence surpasses the grandeur of the final scene. The cold which he had taken from exposure in overseeing some parts of his grounds, and which had resisted the earlier domestic remedies that were applied, advanced in the course of two short days into that frightful form of the disease of the throat, *laryngitis*. It became necessary for him to take to his bed.

The valued friend, Dr. Craik, was instantly summoned, and assisted by the best medical skill of the surrounding country, exhausted all the means of his art, but without affording him relief. He patiently submitted, though in great distress, to the various remedies proposed, but it became evident from the deep gloom settling upon the countenance of the medical gentlemen, that the case was hopeless; advancing insidi-

ously, the disease had fastened itself upon him. Looking with calmness upon the sobbing group around him, he said : " Grieve not, my friends; it is as I anticipated from the first, the debt which we all owe is now about to be paid ; I am resigned to the event."

Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring two wills from his *escritoire*, he directed one to be burnt, and placed the other in her hands, as his last testament, and then gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear, his secretary and relative, as to the adjustment of his business affairs. He soon after became greatly distressed and as the paroxysms became more frequent and violent, Mr. Lear, who was at his side, assisting him to turn, he with kindness but with great difficulty articulated : " I fear I give you great trouble, sir—but—perhaps, it is a duty which we all owe to one another ; I trust that you may receive the same attention when you shall require it."

As the night waned, the fatal symptoms became more imminent—his breath more labored and suffocating and his voice soon failed him. Perceiving his end approaching, he stretched himself to his full length, he folded his hands in the necessary attitude upon his chest, and placing his finger upon the pulse of his left wrist, and thus calmly prepared, and watching his own dissolution, he awaited the summons of his Maker. The last faint hope of his friends had disappeared. Mrs. Washington, stupified with grief, sat at the foot of the bed, her eyes fixed steadfastly upon him ; Dr. Craik, in deep gloom, stood with his hands at the fire ; his faithful servant, Christopher, the tears uncontrolled trickling down his face, on one side took the last look of his dying master ; while Mr. Lear, in speechless grief, with folded hands bent over his pillow on the other.

Nothing broke the stillness of his last moments but the suppressed sobs of his affectionate servants collected on the staircase ; the tick of the large clock in the hall as it measured off, with painful distinctness, the last fleeting moments of his existence, and the low moan of the winter wind, as it swept through the leafless, snow-covered trees. The laboring and wearied spirit drew nearer and nearer its goal; the blood languidly coursed slower and more slowly

languidly coursed slower and more slowly through its channels--and the noble heart stopped--struggled--fluttered--the right hand slowly slid from the wrist upon which its finger had been placed--it fell at the side--and the manly effigy of Washington was all that remained upon the death-couch.

CONGRESSIONAL ANECDOTE. -- During the debate on the Nebraska bill, a speech was made against it by Mr. Etheridge, of Tennessee, in the course of which he convulsed the members by relating the subjoined anecdote :

"In conclusion, he said a gentleman from Kentucky, Mr. Cox, had called this a Whig measure. This reminded him of an anecdote, which he would tell, with permission of the committee. [Cries from every direction "Tell it," "Tell it."] He said:-- Capt. Miller was a well-known captain on the Mississippi river. The clerk, seeing a man afar off on the shore waiving a torch, rounded up the boat, when the man loudly called out to know whether Capt. Miller was on board. On receiving an affirmative response, he said he wanted to see him. -- But this request was met by the clerk with the remark that the captain, having been up late, was asleep. Said the clerk, "Tell me your business and I'll attend to it for you." "No, no," said the other, "I must see him; he is a very near relative of mine." "To what extent," inquired the clerk. "Why, he is the father of my wife's first child."-- [Excessive and long continued laughter.] So, said Mr. Etheridge, if a court were convened to inquire into the paternity of the Nebraska bill, they would say, Judge Douglas is the father of this child. [Renewed laughter.]

INDIAN DANCE.--Delegations from the various tribes in this county, assembled to the number of 500--men, women and children--in the vicinity of Spring Lake Ranch in the first part of last week, and from dewy eve till early morn, danced, hopped, jumped and skipped; howled, yelled and stunk. Those of the whites who witnessed the ceremonies and amusements of the occasion were highly delighted. The whole affair was conducted in a manner very creditable to the efficient management, among whom we were pleased to see that prince of good fellows, "Heap-big-Indian-Chief," who is more particularly celebrated for having on one occasion stolen and eaten the quarters of an ox.

occasion stolen and eaten the quarter of an ox, accompanied with a very large basketful of young clover, by way of a salad.—*Shasta Courier*.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Henry Martin, had his leg broken on Friday, by a fall from the bank at Wisconsin Fiat.—*Sierra Citizen*.