



A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

VOLUME I.

Devoted to Science, Literature, Poetry, Mechanic Arts, Temperance, News of passing Events, Foreign and Domestic Intelligence, &c. &c.

NUMBER 16.

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## HISTORICAL.

### Commencement of the Constitutional Government of the United States.

#### Washington's Residence in New York.

From the *Curtis Recollections and Private Memoirs of the Life and Character of Washington.*

On the 30th of April 1789, the constitutional Government of the United States began, by the inauguration of George Washington as President of the United States, in the city of New York.

In the then limited extent and improvement of the city, there was some difficulty in selecting a mansion for the residence of the Chief Magistrate and a household, suitable to his rank and station. Osgood's house, a mansion of very moderate extent, was at length fixed upon, situated in Cherry street. There the President became domiciled. His domestic family consisted of Mrs. Washington, the two adopted children, Mr. Lear as principal secretary, Col. Humphreys, with Messrs. Lewis and Nelson, secretaries, and Major William Jackson, aid-de-camp.

Persons visiting the house in Cherry street at this time of day will wonder how a building, so small could contain the many and mighty spirits that thronged its halls in olden days. Congress, Cabinet, all public functionaries in the commencement of the Government, were selected from the very elite of the nation. Pure patriotism, commanding talent, eminent services, were the proud and indispensable requisites for official station in the first days of the Republic. The first Congress was a most enlightened and dignified body. In the Senate were several of the members of the Congress of 1776 and signers of the Declaration of Independence, Richard Henry Lee, who moved the Declaration, John Adams, who seconded it, with Sherman, Morris, Carroll, &c.

The levees of the first President were attended by these illustrious patriots and statesmen and by many other of the patriots, statesmen, and soldiers who could say of the Revolution "magna pars fui;" while numbers of foreigners and strangers of distinction crowded to the seat of the General Government, all anxious to witness the grand experiment that was to determine how much rational liberty mankind is capable of enjoying, without said liberty degenerating into licentiousness.

Mrs. Washington's drawing rooms, on Friday nights were attended by the grace and beauty of New York. On one of these occasions an incident occurred which might have been attended by serious consequences. Owing to the lowness of the ceiling in the drawingroom, the ostrich feathers in the head-dress of Miss McIver, a belle of New York, took fire from the chandelier, to the no small alarm of the company. Major Jackson, aid-de-camp to the President, with great presence of mind, and equal gallantry, flew to the rescue, and by clapping the burning plume between his hands, extinguished the flames and the drawing room went on as usual.

Washington preserved the habit, as well in public as in private life, of rising at 4 o'clock and retiring to bed at nine. On Saturdays he rested somewhat from his labors, by either riding into the country, attended by a groom, or with his family in his coach drawn by six horses.

Fond of horses, the stables of the President were always in the finest order, and his equipage excellent both in taste and quality. Indeed, so long ago as the days of the vice regal court of Lord Botetourt, at Williamsburgh, in Virginia, we find that there existed a rivalry between the equipages of Col. Boyd, a magistrate of the old regime, and Col. Washington, the greys against the bays. Bishop, the celebrated body servant of Braddock, was the master of Washington's stables. And there were what was termed *muslin horses* in those old days. At cock crow the stable boys were at work; at sunrise Bishop stalked into the stables; a muslin handkerchief in his hand, which he applied to the coats of the animals, and if the slightest stain was perceptible upon the muslin, up went the lackless weights of the stable boys, and punishment was administered instantly; for to the veteran Bishop, bread amid the iron discipline of European armies, mercy for any thing like a breach of duty was altogether out of the question.

The President's stables in Philadelphia were under the direction of German John, and the grooming of the white chargers will rather surprise the moderns. The night before the horses were expected to be rode, they were covered entirely over with a paste of which whitening was a component part; then the animals were swathed in body clothes, and left to sleep on clean straw. In the morning the composition

had become hard, was well rubbed in, and curried and brushed, which process gave to the coats a beautiful, glossy, and satin like appearance. The hoofs were then blacked and polished, the mouths washed, teeth picked and cleaned; and the leopard skin housings being properly adjusted, the white chargers were led out for service. Such was the grooming of ancient times.

There was but one theatre in New York, in 1789, (in John Street), and so small were its dimensions that the whole fabric might easily be placed on the stage of one of our modern theatres. Yet humble as it was the edifice, it possessed an excellent company of actors and actresses, including old Morris, who was the associate of Garrick, in the very outset of that great actor's career at Goodmansfields. The stage boxes were appropriated to the President and Vice President, and were each of them, decorated with emblems, trophies, &c.—At the foot of the play-bills were the words, "Vivat Respublica." Washington often visited this theatre, being particularly gratified by Wignell's performance of Darby in the Poor Soldier.

It was in the theatre in John street, that the national air of "Hail Columbia," then called the President's March, was first played. It was composed by a German musician, named Fyles, President. The national air will last as long as the nation lasts, while the meritorious composer has been long since forgotten.

It was while residing in Cherry street that the President was attacked with a severe illness, that required a surgical operation. He was attended by the elder and younger Drs. Bard. The elder being somewhat doubtful of his nerves gave the knife to his son, telling him to cut away—deeper, deeper still; don't be afraid; you see how well bears it. Great anxiety was felt in New York at this time, as the President's case was considered extremely dangerous. Happily, the operation proved successful, and the patient's recovery removed all cause of alarm. During the illness a chain was stretched across the street, and the sidewalks laid with straw. Soon after his recovery, the President set out on his intended tour through the New England States.

The President's mansion was so limited in accommodation that three of the Secretaries were compelled to occupy one room; Humphreys, Lewis and Nelson. Humphreys, aid-de-camp to the commander-in-chief at Yorktown, was a most estimable man, and at the same time a poet. About this period he was composing his "Widow of Malabar." Lewis and Nelson, both young men, were content, after the labors of the day, to enjoy a good night's repose. But this was often denied them; for Humphreys, when in the vain, would rise from his bed at any hour, and, with stentorian voice, recite his verses. The young men, roused from their slumbers, and rubbing their eyes, beheld a great burly figure "en chemise," striding across the floor, reciting with great emphasis particular passages of his poem, and calling on his room mates for their approbation. Having in this way for a considerable time "murdered the sleep" of his associates, Humphreys at length wearied by his exertions, would sink upon his pillow in a kind of a dreamy languor. So sadly were the young secretaries annoyed by the frequent outbursts of the poet's imagination, that it was remarked of them by their friends, that from 1789 to the end of their lives, neither Robert Lewis nor Thomas Nelson were ever known to evince the slightest taste for poetry.

The mansion in Cherry street proving so very inconvenient, induced the French Ambassador to give up his establishment—McComb's new house in Broadway—for the accommodation of the President. It was from this house 1790 that Washington took his final departure from New York—it was always his habit to endeavor, as much as possible, to avoid the manifestations of affection and gratitude that met him every where. He strove in vain; he was closely watched, and the people would have their way. He wished to have slipped off unobserved from New York, and thus steal a march upon his old companions in arms. But there were too many of the dear glorious old veterans of the Revolution at that time of the day in and near New York to render such an escape even possible.

The baggage had all been packed up; the horses, carriages, and servants ordered to be over the Ferry in Paulus Hook by daylight, and nothing was wanting for departure but the dawn. The lights were yet burning, when the President came into the room where his family were assembled, evidently much pleased in the belief that all was right, when, immediately under the windows, the band of the artillery struck up Washington's March. "There," he exclaimed, "it's all over: we are found out. Well, well, they must have their own

way." New York soon after appeared as if taken by storm: troops and persons of all description hurrying down Broadway toward the place of embarkation, all anxious to take a last look on him who so many could never expect to see again.

The embarkation was delayed until all complimentary arrangements were completed. The President, after taking leave of many dear and cherished friends, and many an old companion in arms, stepped into the barge that was to convey him from New York forever.

The coxswain gave the word "let fall;" the spray from the oars sparkled in the morning sunbeams; the bowman swung off from the pier, and as the barge shoved round to the tide, Washington rose, uncovered in the stern, to bid adieu to the masses assembled on the shore; he waved his hat, and in a voice tremulous from emotion, pronounced, farewell. It may be supposed that Major Beuman, who commanded the artillery on the interesting occasion, who was first captain of Lamb's regiment, and a favorite officer of the war of the revolution, would, when about to pay his last respects to his beloved commander, load his pieces with something more than mere blank cartridges. But ah! the thunders of the cannon were completely hushed when the mighty shout of the people arose that responded to the farewell of Washington. Pure from the heart it came; right up to heaven it went to call down a blessing upon the Father of his country.

The barge had scarcely gained the middle of the Hudson when the trumpets were heard at Paulus Hook, where the Governor and the chivalry of Jersey were in waiting to welcome the chief to these well remembered shores. Escorts of cavalry relieved each other throughout the whole route, up to the Pennsylvania line; every village, and even hamlet, turned out its population to greet with cordial welcome the man upon whom all eyes were fixed, and in whom all hearts rejoiced.

What must have been the recollections that crowded on the mind of Washington during this triumphant progress? Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, Trenton! What a contrast between the glorious burst of sunshine that now illuminated and made glad every thing around these memorable spots, with the gloomy and desolate remembrances of '76! Then his country's champion, with the wreck of a shattered host, he was flying before a victorious and well appointed foe, while all around him was shrouded in the darkness of despair; now, in his glorious progress over the self same route, his firm footstep pressed upon the soil of an infant empire, reposing in the joys of peace, independence and happiness.

Among the many who swelled his triumph, the most endeared to the heart of the chief were the old associates of his toils, his fortunes, and his fame. Many of the Revolutionary veterans were living in 1790, and by their presence gave a dignified tone and character to all public assemblies; and, when you saw a peculiarly good looking soldier in those old days, and would ask, "to what corps of the American army did you belong?" Drawing himself up to his whole height, with a martial air, and back of the hand throw up to his forehead, the veteran would reply, "Life Guard, your honor."

And proud and happy were these veterans in again beholding their own good LADY WASHINGTON. Greatly was she beloved in the army. Her many intercessions with the chiefs for the pardon of offenders; her kindness to the sick and wounded; all of which caused her arrival in camp to be hailed as an event that would serve to dissipate the gloom of the winter quarters.

Arrived at the line, the Jersey escort was relieved by the cavalry of Pennsylvania, and, when near to Philadelphia, the President was met by Governor Mifflin and a brilliant cortege of officers, and escorted by a squadron of horse to the city. Conspicuous among the Governor's suit, as well for his martial bearing as for the manly beauty of his person, was General Walter Stewart, a son of Erin, and a gallant and distinguished officer of the Pennsylvania line. To Stewart, as to Cadwalader, Washington was most warmly attached; indeed, those officers were among the very choicest of the contributions of Pennsylvania to the army and cause of independence. Mifflin, small in stature, was active, alert, "every inch a soldier." He was a patriot of great influence in Pennsylvania in the "times that tried men's souls," and nobly did he exert that influence in raising troops, with which to reinforce the wreck of the grand army at the close of the campaign of '76.

Arrived within the city, the crowd became immense; the President left his carriage and mounted the white charger; and, with the Governor on his right, proceeded to the city Tavern in Third Street, where quarters were prepared for him, the

light infantry, after some time, having opened a passage for the carriages. At the city Tavern, the President was received by the authorities of Philadelphia, who welcomed the chief Magistrate of their city as to his home for the remainder of his Presidential term. A group of old and long tried friends, were also in waiting.—Foremost among these, and first to grasp the hand of Washington, was one who was always nearest to his heart, a patriot and a public benefactor, Robert Morris.

After remaining a short time in Philadelphia, the President speeded on his journey to that home where he ever found rest from his mighty labors, and enjoy the sweets of rural and domestic happiness amid his farms and at the fireside of Mount Vernon.

Onward, still onward, whirls the tide of time. The few who yet survive that remember the Father of his country are fast fading away. A little while and their grey heads will all have dropped into the grave. May the reminiscences of one whom Washington adopted in infancy, cherished in youth, and who grew up to manhood, under his parental care, continue to find favor with the American people!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### Desolation of Judea.

FULFILLMENT OF PROPHECY.

As I traveled from Jaffa to Jerusalem, some as fine soil as could be found anywhere. I did not see as much as one blade of grass, though I looked for it as one would search for a diamond. This to me seemed very strange, for I knew that in England grass will grow where nothing else will; but here, neither among the fine stubble fields, nor even along the road side where no plow comes, was to be found so much as what might with strict propriety be called a blade of grass. This is something very astonishing. Not having ever seen this taken notice of in any books of travels that I had read, I cannot help thinking that surely I must have been the first English farmer who has paid a visit to this land. Upon my arrival in Jerusalem, and perceiving that all the milk that was brought into the city in one day for about twenty-four thousand inhabitants, did not exceed ten or twelve quarts, and that even that quantity was goats milk well watered; and when I could find no honey, but a small piece which I had the pleasure of tasting while taking tea with the bishops chaplain; I could not but exclaim to myself—how completely have God's judgments been executed in this devoted land! And most clearly did I perceive that the natural cause of all this evil was the absence of seasonable rain. Rain, which waters the earth, and blesses it with fertility, God has withheld, and thus brought all these evils, and many more which I need not stay now to enumerate, upon the land which once flowed with milk and honey."—Louthian's Visit to Jerusalem.

### A Yankee Wit.

A Yankee, traveling in the Southern States, stopped at an inn for the night. He saw his horse well lodged in a barn, and entered the house, where he found a party of Southern gentlemen assembled on their return from a horse race. The Yankee during the evening amused the company with jokes.

In the morning, on preparing to mount his horse to resume his journey, he found him too lame to proceed any farther. In this dilemma, the Southern men met him in the yard, where they were preparing to mount some of their fine racers. Says one of the Southerners to the Yankee,

"My friend, we have heard much of Yankee wits and tricks; do show us a trick before you leave us."

The Yankee attempted to assure them that he was not witty, nor had any tricks to exhibit, but in vain.

Whereupon he says, "Well, gentlemen, if you insist upon it, I will show you a trick. Let any of you start as I please, and I will bet you a five spot that I will run and jump up behind."

"Done," cried several voices at once.

One rider immediately set forward at speed.—He found no Yankee on the crupper behind him. He stopped to claim the bet; but then discovered that the Yankee had run after him—on his starting—for a few rods, and afterwards continued jumping up in the air; he was "jumping up behind." It was decided that the Yankee had won the bet.

"Who could not do that?" exclaimed the mortified Southerner, as he forked over the money.

"You can't," said the Yankee.

"I'll bet you my horse of that my lad; here mount him. There start ahead."

The Yankee mounted the horse, and set forward at a steady pace. But just as the Southerner had run forward some rods, and was about

to jump up behind, to his infinite chagrin he saw the Yankee face about, riding with his back to the horse's head! The Southerner looked fire brand and daggers—and continued to look, until the Yankee and his horse were out of sight. And he has never seen either of them since.

NEGRO COUNCIL.—Near the centre of Congo, there is a little kingdom watered by the river Loo, which runs from north to south. The negro king is a sage prince, and very much beloved by his subjects. He has a numerous court, but it costs the nation nothing, because the arts and luxuries are at present unknown there; the result of which is, that a graudee of the country lives nearly in the same manner as an honest laborer. Some idea of the simplicity of manners there, may be formed from the way in which the sessions of the King's privy council are held. In the midst of a vast plain is a large enclosure, formed of palms instead of columns; and in the midst of this verdant hall are placed a dozen of great jars, half full of water; a dozen councillors, quite naked, betake themselves to this spot with solemn pace: each jumps into his jar, and plunges in the water up to his neck. In this way they deliberate, and decide on the most important affairs. When opinions are divided, they put two stones, one red and one white, into a thirteenth empty jar; the king draws; and the opinion represented by the stone which issues first, has the force of a law.

The following remarks on society, are from the Portland Tribune, and should be read by all young people:

GOOD SOCIETY.—It should be the aim of young men to go into society, by good society we mean not the rich, the proud and the fashionable, but the society of the wise, the intelligent and the good. Where you find men who know more than you do, and from whose conversation you can gather information, it is always safe to be found. It has broken down many a man, by association with the low and vulgar; where the ribald song was inculcated and the indecent story told to excite laughter, or influence the bad passion. Lord Clarendon attributed success and happiness in life, to associating with persons more learned and virtuous than ourselves. If you wish to be wise and respected, if you desire happiness and not misery, we advise you to associate with the intelligent and the good. Strive for moral excellency and strict integrity, and you will never be found in the sinks of pollution, or on the benches of retailers and gamblers. Once habituate yourself to a virtuous course, once secure a love for good society, and no punishment would be greater than by accident, to be obliged for half a day to associate with the low and vulgar.

### "Stillwell Act."

Some of our exchange papers from other States are enquiring what the "Stillwell act" is, not understanding its provisions or *modus operandi*.

The principal provisions of the act are the following:

1. When a party having commenced a suit or obtained a judgment against another, he may arrest the person of the debtor.

2. When the debtor is about to remove any of his property out of the jurisdiction of the court in which such suit was brought with the intent to defraud his creditors.

3. When the debtor has property or rights in action which he fraudulently conceals—or rights in action, or any stock in any public or corporate company, money or evidences of debt which he unjustly refuses to apply to the payment of any judgments or decrees which shall have been obtained or rendered against him, belonging to complainant.

4. That he has assigned, removed, or disposed of, or is about to dispose of any of his property, with the intent to defraud his creditors.

5. Or that the debtor fraudulently contracted the debt, or incurred the obligation respecting which said suit is brought.

"Go down to the store," said a lady recently to a negro servant, "buy me a spool of No 100 cotton." In a short time the servant returned, and handing two spools to her, said, they had no 100 cotton, Miss Jane, so I bought two fifties."

"I wonder how they make lucifer matches," said a young married lady to her husband, about six weeks after they were married, and with whom she could never agree. "The process is very simple," he replied, "I once made one." "Indeed, and pray how did you manage it?" "By going to church with you," was the brief and satisfactory explanation.

It is said that after an umbrella has been borrowed seven times, it is outlawed, and belongs to the public at large. Into whose ever hands it may fall, it is their's for the time.

My son, go not in the way of evil—avoid the company of the vicious. This is the happy way.

### Sensation of Being Hung.

I have the most perfect recollection, even of the slightest sensation which I experienced; and were the whole business to recommence in an hour from this moment, I should not feel the least concern. When the rope had been fastened about my neck, and when the executioner had pushed me from the ladder, I was seized with a violent pain about the throat. Shortly afterwards, I felt nothing—the air inflated my lungs slowly, but punched up as they were, the slightest particle of the balmy breeze revived me; and besides slightly balanced in mid air, I might be said to breathe in every pore. I can even recollect that this swing-swing motion was not without its charms. I beheld external objects, as it were, through a veil of gauze; my ear was rather fatigued by a still silence. I began gradually to lose myself in meditations, though I can no longer exactly recollect the subject of them, unless it were the money I had won the evening before from my comrade Gregorio. All of a sudden I gasped for breath; I could no longer perceive objects distinctly; I no longer felt the swing-swing motion; I was dead. [The half-hanged Italian.]

### An Honest Candidate.

Our very modest and unassuming friend "Propeller," has by the "advice and counsel" offered himself as a candidate for any office in the gift of either of the political parties. If elected, he promises to attend to his public business when his private affairs will admit of it. He will hold himself ready to borrow money of his political friends, on his "word and honor;" he will be impartial in taking sides, and as a general thing, pledges himself to vote both ways in case he is awake when the vote is taken. His pay, he is willing to receive in advance, and, if requested, will call the opponents of the party which elects him, robbers, thieves, swindlers and murderers. If elected to a very high office, he will swear that black is white and that snuff color is pea green. Being an auctioneer, he will, when occasion offers, doveltail a little political matter into his advertisements, and when selling, will contrive to give the "other side" an occasional tuck under the ribs.

[N. E. Washingtonian.]

ACTION.—Who ever became a man of influence by sitting under the harrow of despondency?—What slow-spoke ever benefited the world, his friends, or himself? There is nothing like action, coupled with cheerfulness. We see it every where. Who is he sitting on that empty barrel, on the wharf? A man with no energy—a prey to grief. He does not know what to do, and how to start. Who is that man, with folded arms, standing in the market place? A lazy do-little sort of a vagabond, who hardly earns his bread and butter. Do you wish to become such a character? Then arouse yourself; away from the arm chair, up from the gutter, out of the downy bed! Move your arms, kick your feet, and stir about; give the blood a chance to circulate through your veins, and the air of heaven to enter your lungs. Seize the first job presented, and dispatch it at once; up for the pay, and get another forth with; you will soon earn enough to purchase a wheelbarrow or a handcart, and then you will begin to live. Who knows what you may become? Energy is half omnipotent. Small beginnings end in large gains; a penny, well turned, brings a fortune. Resolve then, to do something, and be something, and our word for it, you will bless us to your dying day for preaching thus faithfully to you.—Wright's Paper.

### From the Boston Rough and Ready.

#### Occasional Ink Drops.

The Boston Water-works are over one half completed. Well done.

Com. De Kay himself pays the whole expense of the Macedonian's relief trip to Ireland.

Charcoal is so scarce in Boston, that even the upper ten, are crying aloud "cheerful charcoal!"

Horn, the joker and vocalist, is driving a big trade as keeper of a ten-penny saloon in New York.

The Bostonians are laboring under a virulent fever—impatience to the Chinese Junk.

New York has leaped into the Whig ranks forty thousand majority!

The most rowdy volunteers in the army in Mexico hail from old Massachusetts.

The cost of patenting an invention in Great Britain is about \$1200.

The population of Europe is now estimated at 123,000.

The recent news from Texas may be summed up in two words, "great failures."

RISINO.—A "learned pundit" of our acquaintance assures us that the only way of rising in the world at the present time is to get outside of a barrel of flour and go up with it.

N. B. No yeast is required.