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 March 9, 1819.

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LONGEVITY.

The two following instances of comfortable Longevity are furnished for publication by a respected friend:—
Mr. BENJAMIN SNEED, a native of Virginia, died on the 28th ult. near Danville, six or seven days subsequent to the middle of his *ninety eighth* year. He lived in the county of Albemarle as a teacher of the English language seventy-one years, and was the first instructor of Thomas Jefferson. About three years ago he removed to this country and settled in the vicinity of Danville, amongst a number of his descendants, his mental faculties little if at all impaired, and his bodily activity sufficient to enable him to ascend Clinch mountain on foot. When he arrived he could read the smallest print fluently without spectacles, and until about nine months previous to his decease was in the daily habit of walking from three to five miles for exercise and recreation—at that time he received an accidental hurt which confined him to his bed, and no doubt hastened the event, which he met with stoical indifference. The most remarkable circumstance in the life of this old gentleman is, that he was not only of a slender delicate form, but very unhealthy from his birth until about his 50th year, after which he enjoyed perfect & uninterrupted health to the last; for he went off with mere debility, without pain or struggle. He has left about one hundred and forty or fifty descendants, and seen the fifth generation.
Mr. MARTIN BAKER, also a na-

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DEATH OF A REVOLUTIONARY VETERAN!

...ay--they are passing away! on, very soon, the announcement that "another revolutionary soldier is gone," will be seen no more in the newspapers of the day--for but a small number of those patriots of veterans remain "in the land of the living," and in a few years more, they will all be gone, leaving the rich heritage for which they fought, and died and suffered, through long years of adversity and discouragement, to the care and patriotism of their descendants. Another of the heroes has departed from our midst--another has been called to rest from his labors. We have now to chronicle the death of Mr. JOHN SNEED, which occurred on Friday last, at the residence of his son, ALFRED SNEED, Esq., in this vicinity. He was followed to the grave on Sunday afternoon, by a company of military, and by a long line of carriages containing his friends and relations, besides a large concourse of citizens on foot. The military company was gotten up under a patriotic desire that the old soldier should be buried with the honors of war, and was commanded by Capt. A. S. McGEORRY. Their uniform was plain citizens dress, with the addition of muskets, glazed caps, and the usual military belts. They presented a neat appearance, and deserve much credit for the honor which they paid to the memory of the veteran hero. Our sidewalks were thronged with people as the procession passed, and the interest and solemnity of the occasion was much enhanced by the beautiful, though mournful music of the "Madden Family Female Saxhorn Band." This family was in our city at the time, on a professional visit, and as the procession moved down Main street, they appeared upon the balcony of the Batterton House, and played the appropriate dirge "Peace troubled soul!"--in the most plaintive and touching manner. Every one seemed anxious to testify in some fitting manner, their respect for the deceased, and to pay a tribute of honor to his memory.

It may be interesting to our readers

to know something of the history of Mr. SNEED, and we cheerfully give up the space necessary to furnish them with all the facts in our possession, concerning his life and his service in the struggle for our national independence. He was born in Albermarle county, Virginia, on the 2d day of February, 1755; was for some years the Secretary of Thomas Jefferson, then volunteered in an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, and after that became a soldier in the Revolutionary struggle, in which service he continued until the close of the war. He was with Washington at Valley Forge, during all the privations of that disastrous period, afterwards fought under the same great chieftain at Monmouth, and was one of that gallant army who received the thanks of Congress, for their conduct in this engagement. He was then detailed, with a number of picked men from various regiments, to the command of Colonel Morgan, and finally went to the south with Green, under whom he served until the expiration of the war. At the battle of Guilford, he was taken prisoner, and when conducted into the presence of Lord Cornwallis, the following question was put to him by that nobleman: "Where is the baggage of the American army?" "Out of your reach, sir," was the reply. "Why so?" "Because the American army is between you and it!"

When peace returned, he emigrated from Virginia to this State, and here lived until almost 101 years old. His one hundredth birthday was celebrated in February last, at the residence of his son, by a centennial dinner, where he met many of his relations and friends. He had for several years preceding his death, felt the weight of time heavily upon him, and was of course, infirm with age. He was surrounded by affectionate and useful descendants, who did everything in their power to render him comfortable and happy. He has now departed from the walks of men, full honor and of years.--Peace to his ashes!

Taken from the Danville Register of Jan. 1855.