

Comm. John T. Newton (- 28 Jul 1857)

The Evening Star, July 29, 1857

Death of Commodore Newton

We stopped the press yesterday afternoon when our edition of the day was half worked off, to announce the sudden illness of Commodore John T. Newton, then supposed to be from paralysis.

He was the president of one of the Naval Courts of Inquiry now sitting in this city, and at the time of its adjournment, at noon yesterday, appeared to be in the enjoyment of his customary vigorous health. On leaving the Court, he walked to the residence of Charles Winder, Esq., and in a few minutes after entering the house of that gentleman was attacked with apoplexy -- surviving the attack only one hour.

He was a native of Alexandria, Va., the son of the late William Newton of that town, and brother of the late Hon. Thomas W. Newton, who served a term in the House of Representatives of the United States from Arkansas, and also a member of the extensive and widely known Newton family of the Northern Neck of Virginia.

Commodore Newton was a scrupulous gentleman in all his relations and a skillful and gallant officer. He leaves a wife and children, as well as a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn his untimely death.

The following General Orders, bearing on this melancholy occurrence, have been issued:

General Orders

The Department, with pain, announces to the Navy and Marine Corps the sudden death, from apoplexy, of Commodore John T. Newton, who expired in the city of Washington, on Tuesday the 28th instant, at 4 o'clock p.m.

Commodore Newton entered the Navy on the 16th of January 1809, having been in the service nearly half a century, during which period he has occupied various positions of trust and responsibility. His loss will be severely felt.

His funeral will take place from the Meade House, on F street, on the 30th instant, at 10 a.m., at which time the officers of the Navy and Marine Corps are directed, and the officers of the Army requested to attend in full uniform.

Toucey

Secretary of the Navy

Navy Department, July 28, 1857

The Evening Star, July 29, 1857

The Funeral of the Late Commodore Newton

The volunteer companies of the District of Columbia have been ordered out to attend the funeral of the late Commodore Newton. We presume that the volunteer companies of Alexandria, Va., of which city the late Commodore N. was a native, will also participate in the mournful ceremonies of the day. The funeral cortege will move from the Meade House, where the corpse now rests, shortly after 10 a.m., tomorrow. The marines have, of course, been ordered to attend.

The Evening Star, July 30, 1857

The Funeral of Commodore Newton took place this morning from the Meade House, where the corpse has remained since his death. The funeral service was there performed by the Rev. Mr. Hall, of the church of the Epiphany.

The procession consisted of a military escort--the United States Marines stationed here, under command of Brevet Major Zeilin, with the entire band of the corps, a very long line of coaches, containing the relatives and friends of the deceased officer; members of the Naval Courts of Inquiry; officers of the United States Navy and Army in uniform, and others connected with the government and citizens of the District, Virginia and other States.

When the procession started it was raining hard, but a number of spectators assembled on the sidewalks and followed the line to the Congressional Cemetery, where the body was deposited.

The Evening Star, August 3, 1857

The Late Commodore Newton.

Having frequently heard surprise expressed that this gentleman should have died of apoplexy—his figure and general health being such as to create the impression that he could never suffer from such a cause—we may explain the mystery, by stating that apoplexy is hereditary on one side of his family. His mother died of it, as did also his brother, the Hon. Thomas Newton, of Arkansas, who was dressing to dine or spend the evening out, when attacked much as the Commodore was. A few hours only before the Commodore was attacked, being complimented on his appearance of fine health, he replied that he was never in better health than then. A few minutes before he fell, seeing a lady friend on the sidewalk opposite the house in which the Naval Courts are held, he joined her, escorted her home—not a hundred yards off, we hear—and, after sitting a few moments in cheerful conversation, rose to take his leave; when he was attacked with apoplexy as suddenly as though struck by lightning, and, staggering, sank back into his seat, complaining of pain the left side and head. While he remained conscious, which was up to a few minutes of his death, we hear, he repeatedly apologized for the trouble he thought he was giving to those surrounding him, and was evidently unconscious that the hand of the fell destroyer had been laid upon him. There was no more courteous gentleman in the Union, and that sentiment maintained its wonted ascendancy in his mind to the last moment it was capable of thought, notwithstanding the pain and oppression under which he was suffering. His death occurred in an hour after he staggered and sank back, as explained above.