

Plague and Fire in London.

The following historical sketch is from the *Electric Review*. There is nothing on earth more terrific than a fearful pestilence. To see men dying and hourly struck down by an unseen power, while the breeze seems as gentle and the sky as bright and clear, and the earth as teeming and fruitful as ever, marks most emphatically the hand of Omnipotence.

In the month of June the heat became excessive, and the deaths reported as from the plague, were two hundred and seventy-six for the last week. In the middle of July it began to make alarming progress among the suburban parishes northward. With the approach of September the eastern ones shared the same fate, so that the dark cloud having thus moved round the whole circuit of the city, began to shed its disastrous influences over the trembling myriads who still clung to it as their home. From June to September the weekly reports of deaths continued to increase in various degree, until they rose to eight thousand two hundred and ninety-seven. But the terror and confusion of that time were such as to render it impossible that complete returns should be made; and we safely believe that the scene of horror was much greater than even the largest of these numbers would indicate. According to the best authority we possess, the weekly mortality during the early part of September was not less than twelve thousand, a third part of which amount were supposed to have died in the course of one fearful night. The bills for the year report the total at sixty-eight thousand, five hundred and ninety-six, which falls, probably by one-third, to exhibit the extent of the calamity. Many died of fright; in the case of others, lunacy—brought on by the same cause, preceded dissolution. The instances of females dying in a state of pregnancy increased more than tenfold; and the newborn seemed only to live to become capable of dying.

The symptoms of the disease varied considerably in different constitutions. In some cases there was no appearance of swellings, and the infected person flattered himself that his more patient and moderate symptoms were only those of ordinary indisposition, until the chest was found to exhibit a number of purple spots, which warned the victim and his friends that life would be extinct in a few hours at the utmost. These spots were called the *tokens*, and were present before the imagination of the people, as the messengers of death. The person in whom the disease took this shape died with comparatively little suffering; but when carbuncles appeared the internal functions retained much of their strength, and a high state of fever commonly ensued. Many, in their paroxysm, broke away from the beds in which they were fastened, and raved upon passengers in the street, from the windows of their apartments. Some laid violent hands upon themselves, whilst others gave utterance to their misery in loud and bitter lamentations, or, forcing their way abroad, fled, with little or nothing to cover them, from street to street, shouting forth the most phrenzied language. Some of these creatures threw themselves into the Thames—others sank in sudden exhaustion and expired; even the officers, so great was the fear of infection, commonly forbearing to put any restraint upon them. Of those who were visited with the disease in this form, few died in less than twenty-four hours; some lived through twenty days. In July and August the majority of the infected perished; in September and October the recoveries are believed to have been in the proportion of three to five.

The means employed to counteract this awful calamity sometimes aggravated its violence. Thus on one occasion the Lord Mayor ordered sea-coal fires to be kindled in the streets, amidst which the pestilence stalked with increased desolation, until enormous falls of rain happened to extinguish them. Comets and unusual meteors diffused horror and dismay all around; whilst soothsayers, astrologers, quacks, and other impostors, reaped a detestable harvest from the fears of their fellow-creatures.

London emptied itself of all who had the means of removal. Not less than ten thousand houses were deserted in the city and its adjacent parishes; so that grass grew in the most frequented thoroughfares; all abodes reported by the local authorities as containing infected persons were immediately shut up, whilst on the door a large red cross was painted, with the words written over it: "The Lord have mercy on us!" Watchmen, with halberds in their hands, prevented all ingress or egress; trade was wholly suspended, and two general pest-houses were opened. The following is a graphic picture, to be read almost with tears:

"When those who ventured abroad met, they might be seen keeping at the most cautious distance from each other; and the man who passed a house with the fatal mark upon it, commonly glanced indirectly at it, and, muffling his cloak about him, made his way with a hurried and timid step along the forsaken footpath on the opposite side. Men feared even the fragrance of flowers, lest they should inhale the sickness from them, and called for antidotes, rue, myrrh, and zedoary. As the deaths multiplied all the usual expressions of sympathy with the departed, such as tolling the parish-knell, wearing mourning, and funeral processions, suddenly ceased. Men were employed to go through the infected districts, in the dead of night, to collect and inter the bodies of those who expired in the course of the day. The distant tinkling of a bell, and the glare of torches, announced the approach of the dead-cart; and as it came near the houses with the cross upon them, the men attending it uttered alternately the well-known cry: 'Bring out your Dead!' To this call the response of the inmates was often a wail of sorrow as they brought their dead to the door, sometimes barely covered, but commonly wrapped up like mummies in the bed linen on which they had breathed their last. The bodies thus obtained were lodged one upon another in the vehicle, and, being conveyed to the edge of a broad deep pit prepared to receive them, the board at the end of the cart was removed, and they were made to fall as they might, into their place. This done, the workmen covered them, immediately with a layer of earth, upon which others in their turn were thrown

in the same manner, until the dreaded receptacle was full to within a few feet of the surface.

The sufferings of those whose imaginations followed the objects of their affections to such a scene, must have been great. It is well known that grief and excitement not unfrequently obtained a visible mastery over the understanding. The unwonted course of things about them filled the minds of many with the supernatural. They saw spirits walking the earth, and could trace out fearful signs in the heavens; and there were those who believed themselves commissioned to announce the wrath of the Almighty! One man took upon himself the mission of Jonah. Another naked, except a covering round his waist, and sometimes with a vessel of burning coals raised above his head, traversed the city day and night, without appearing to tire or rest, exclaiming: "Oh! the great, the dreadful God!" But the cause which seemed to push religion to the extreme of fanaticism in some seemed to expel all sense of it from others. In the language of these, life was short; its probable end to-morrow; the future was a dream, and the fool could only suffer the fleeting moments that might remain to pass in waiting rather than in pleasure. Thus the darkest hour of calamity became marked by the utmost license in crime. Oaths and imprecations in one quarter, mingled with the adorations and prayers which ascended from another; the song of the drunkard blending with the hymn of the devout; one class eagerly bent on riot and sensuality, converting the tavern and brothel into a species of pandemonium, whilst another and happily a much larger one, manifested a new solicitude, to diffuse the benefits of piety and charity, which the horrors around them had done much to purify and exalt.

Within a few months afterwards came another vial of wrath, in the form of fire, upon our then as now most guilty metropolis. It broke out on the second day of September, 1666, after an unusually hot and sultry August, on the premises of a baker in Fiddling Lane, near London Bridge. The habitation about it, were unhappily built of wood, much crowded together, with the roofs and partitions of many of them made of straw, and being in the centre of enormous stores, in which tar, hemp, other naval materials, oils, wines, coals, iron, and foreign spirits, were deposited. Sir Thomas Bludworth, having to act as Chief Magistrate, proved quite unequal to his functions. The sailors, urged, an explosion of those store-houses through yppowder, which lay in the path of the conflagration; a step which, had it been taken in time, might have prevented much mischief. Little or nothing effectual was done, and the fiery deluge spread. Street after street became pyramids of flames, and then heaps of smouldering ruins. By night the whole slope of the city towards the river, from the Three Cranes in the Vintry to more than a mile westward, was an arch of fire, steeples, churches, public edifices, sinking one after another, out of sight, amid clouds of smoke, the glare of flames, and an incredible noise produced by the violence of the wind, the rush of the conflagration, and the frequent crash of roofs, as they tumbled successively toward the ground.

The element which thus reared on earth seemed also to have taken possession of the heavens, which glowed with a changeful and terrific brightness, so that the lurid effect was observed at the distance of forty or fifty miles. Evelyn, who was an eye-witness, exclaimed,—"God grant that I may never behold the like. I saw ten thousand abodes in one flare;—the noise, and crackling, and thunder of the impetuous blaze; the shrieking of women and children; the hurry of people; the fall of towers and churches—it was like a hideous storm; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at last one was not able to approach, so that all seemed forced to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did, for nearly two miles in length, and one in breadth. The wind, which ran in streams along the streets, and when it left the destruction paused, and nearly a hundred churches, and more than a hundred thousand houses, besides public buildings, scarcely a fragment remained erect to aid the explorer."

COLT'S TRIAL.

The evidence in this case was concluded on Thursday. In the afternoon, the summing up was commenced by Mr. Bennett, one of Colt's counsel, by reading the following confession written by the prisoner:

COLT'S CONFESSION.

Samuel Adams called on Friday at my office, as near as I can recollect, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock. Whether he had any special object in view in coming at that time or not I cannot say. When he entered my office I was sitting at my table, as usual, and was at that time engaged in looking over a manuscript account book, as I had been engaged in this work for one or two days previous; that is, I was reading over the entries and reconsidering the arithmetical calculations belonging to the entries, &c.

Mr. Adams seated himself in a chair near the table, and within an arm's length of myself, so near that had we both leaned our heads forward towards each other, I have no doubt but that they would have touched. I spoke of my account, which he had at my request handed to me ten or twelve days before. I stated to him that his account was wrong, and read to him at the same time the account, as I had made it out on another piece of paper, and requested him to alter his account as I had it. He objected to it at first, saying that I did not understand printing. He, however, altered his figures as I read them from my account, as I made the remark that I would give \$10 or some such sum if I was not right.

After he had altered his figures, and on looking it over, he said that he was right at first, and made the remark that I meant to cheat him. (In the mean time we had both been figuring on separate paper, parts of the account.) Word followed word till it came to blows. The words, "you lie!" were passed, and several slight blows, and until I received a blow across my mouth and nose, which caused my nose slightly to bleed, I do not know that I felt like exerting myself to strong defence. I believe I then struck him next violently with my fist. We grappled with each other at the time, and I found myself shoved to the wall, with

my side and hip to the table. At this time he had his hand in my neck handkerchief, twisting it so that I could scarcely breathe, and at the same time pressing me hard upon the wall and table. There was a hammer upon the table which I immediately seized hold of, and instantly struck him over the head. At this time I think his hat was nearly in my face, and his face, I should think, was downwards. I do not think he saw me seize the hammer. The seizing of the hammer and the blow was instantaneous. I think this blow knocked him off, but will not be positive. At the time, I only remember of his twisting my neck handkerchief so tight that it seemed to me as though I lost all power of reason. Still I thought I was striking away with the hammer. Whether he attempted to get the hammer from me or not I cannot say. I do not think he did. The first sense of thought was, it seemed, as though his hand or something brushed from my neck downwards. I cannot say that I had any sense or reflection till I heard a knock at the door. Yet there is a faint idea still remains that I shoved him off from me, so that he fell over, but of this I cannot say. When I heard the knock on the door, I was instantly startled, and am fully conscious of going and turning the key so as to lock it. I then sat down, for I felt very weak and sick. After sitting a few minutes, and seeing so much blood, I think I went and looked at poor Adams, who breathed quite low for several minutes, threw his arms out and was silent. I recollect at this time taking him by the hand, which seemed lifeless, and a horrid thrill came over me, that I had killed him.

About this time some noise started me. I felt agitated or frightened, and I think I went to the door to see if I had fastened it, and took the key out and turned down the slide. I think I stood for a minute or two, listening to hear if the affray had caused any alarm. I believe I then took a seat near the window. It was a cold damp day, and the window had been closed all day except about six or eight inches at the top, which I let down when I first went to the office, and which remained down all the time I occupied it.

I remained in the same seat I think for some time, and then I thought I would go to draw the curtains of my window close, which were within my reach. My custom had been to leave the curtains about one-third drawn from the side of the window towards Broadway. The blood at this time was spreading over the floor. There was a great quantity, and I felt alarmed lest it should leak through into the apothecary's store. I tried to step it by tying my handkerchief around my neck tight. This appeared to do no good. I then looked about the room for a piece of twine, and found in a box which stood in the room, after partially pulling out some awning that was in it, a piece of cord, which I tied tight around my neck, after taking the handkerchief off, and his stock too, I think.

It was then I discovered so much blood, and the fear of its leaking through the floor caused me to take a towel and gather with it all that I could, and rinse it into the pail I had in the room. The pail was, I should think at that time, about one third full of water, and the blood filled it at least another third full. Previous to doing this, I moved the body towards the box, and pulled out the part of the awning to rest it on, and covered it with the remainder. I never saw his face afterwards.

After soaking up all the blood I could, which I did as still and hastily as possible, I took my seat again near the window, and began to think what was best to do. About this time some one knocked at the door, to which, of course, I paid no attention. My horrid situation remained from this time till dark, a silent space of time of still more horrid reflection.

At dusk of the evening, and at the same time some omnibuses were passing, I carefully opened the door and went out as still as possible, and I thought unheard. I crossed into the Park, and went down from thence to the City Hotel, my purpose being to relate the circumstance to a brother who was stopping at this house. I saw him in the front reading room engaged in conversation with two gentlemen. I spoke to him, a few words passed between us, and seeing that he was engaged, I altered my purpose and returned as far as the Park. I walked up and down the Park, thinking what it was best to do. Many things I thought of; among others, was going to some magistrate, and relating the facts to him. Then the horrors of the excitement—a trial, public censure, and false and foul reports—that would be raised by the many who would stand ready to make the best appearance that the worst, for the sake of a paltry pittance gained to them in the then feelings, was more than could be borne. Publication of perverted truths, and originating false, foul, calumniating lies. Besides, at this time, in addition to the blows given, there would be left the mark or evidence of a rope drawn tight round the neck, which looked so absurd for anything like death caused in an affray.

Firing the building seemed at first a happy thought, as all would be enveloped in flame and wafted into the air and ashes. Then the danger of causing the death of others (as there were quite a number who slept in the building,) the destruction of property, &c. caused me at once to abandon the idea. I next thought of having a suitable box made, and have it leaded inside, so that the blood would not run out, and moving it off some where and burying it. Then the delay of all this, and the great liability of being detected.

After wandering in the Park for an hour or more I returned to my room and entered it as I had left it; as I supposed, unobserved. Wheeler's door was open and he was talking to some one quite audibly. I caught my room entering undetermined, and not knowing what to do. After I was seated in my room I waited, silently till Wheeler's school was out and his lights extinguished, and during this suspense it occurred to me that I might put the body in a cask or box, and ship it off somewhere. I little thought at this time that the box which was in the room would answer. I supposed it too short and small, and entirely unsafe, as it was quite open.

Wheeler's school being out, I still heard some one in his room, and as I thought I had done upon some benches. The noise did not appear exactly like a person going to bed, I could hear the rustling of no bed clothes.

I felt somewhat alarmed, but then the idea occurred to me that it might be the person who Wheeler had stated was going to occupy the room that I then occupied as a sleeping room, as soon as I gave it up, which was to be in about ten days' time; was temporarily occupying his room for this purpose. Relieving myself by this thought, I soon lit a candle, knowing that no time was to be lost; something must be done. This was about nine o'clock I should think. Having closed the shutters I went and examined the box to see if I could not crowd the body into it. I soon saw that there was a possibility of doing so, if I could bend the legs up so that it would answer if I could keep some of the canvass around the body to absorb the blood, and keep it from running out. This I was fearful of. It occurred to me if I bury or send this body off, the clothes which he had on would, from description, discover who it might be. It became necessary to strip and dispose of the clothes, which I speedily accomplished by ripping up the coat sleeve, vest, &c.; while removing the clothes, the keys, money, &c. in his pockets caused a rattling, and I took them out and laid them on one side. I then pulled a part of the awning over the body to hide it. I then out and tore a piece from the awning, and laid it in the bottom of the box.

I then cut several pieces from the awning for the purpose of lessening its bulk, supposing it was too much to crowd into a box with the body, it would not go in. I then tried as tight as I could a portion of the awning about the head, having placed something like flax which I found in the box with the awning. (This flax or swindling tow came from a room which I had previously occupied No. 3 Murray street, also the awning.) I then threw a piece of this rope around the legs at the joint of the knees, and tied them together. I then connected a rope to the one above the shoulders or neck, and bent the knees towards the head of the body as much as I could. This brought it into a compact form. After several efforts I succeeded in raising the body to a chair seat, then to the top of the box, and turning it round a little, let it into the box as easy as I could, back downwards, with the head raised. The head, knees and feet were all packed down by reaching down to the bottom of the box, and pulling the body a little towards me. I readily pushed the head and feet in. The knees still projected; I had to stand upon them with all my weight before I could get them down. The awning was then all crowded in the box—excepting a piece or two, which I reserved to wash the floor. There being still a portion of the box next to the feet, not quite full, I took his coat, and after pulling up a portion of the awning, crowded it partially under them, and replaced the awning. The cover was at once put on the box and galled down with four or five nails which were broken and of little account. I then wrapped the remainder of his clothing up, and carried it down stairs to the privy, and threw it into it, together with his keys, wallet, money, pencil case, &c. These latter things I took down in my hat and pockets, a part wrapped in a paper, and a part otherwise. In throwing them down I think they must have rattled out of the paper.

I then returned to the room, carried down the pail which contained the blood, and threw it into the gutter of the street; I dumped several pails of water and street in the same direction. The pump is nearly opposite the outer door of the building; then carried a pail of water up stairs, and repeated said washing to a third pail; then rinsed the pail, returned it clean and two-thirds full of water to the room; opened the shutters as usual, drew a chair to the door, and leaned it against it on the inside as I closed it. Locked the door and went at once to the Washington Bath House, in Pearl street near Broadway. On my way to the bath house, went by a hardware store, for the purpose of getting some nails so as further to secure the box. The store was closed. When I got to the bath house, I think by the clock there it was eight minutes past 10.

I washed out my shirt thoroughly in parts of the sleeves and bosom, that were somewhat stained with blood from washing the floor. My pantaloons in the knees I also washed a little, and my neck handkerchief in spots.

I then went home; it wanted, when I got home, about 5 minutes of 11 o'clock. I lit a light, as usual. Caroline wished to know why I came in so late. I made an excuse saying, that I was with a friend from Philadelphia, I think, and that I should get up in the morning early to go and see him off. I went to the stand and pretended to write till she became quiet or went to sleep. I then put out the light and undressed myself, spread my shirt, &c. out to dry, and went to bed. In the morning, at half past 5 o'clock, I got up, put my shirt and handkerchief, which were not yet quite dry, into the bottom of the clothes basket under the bed. Always changed my shirt on going to bed. In the morning put on a clean shirt and handkerchief and was nearly dressed when Caroline awoke up. I said to her that it was doubtful whether I should return to breakfast. Did not return; went to the office, found it apparently as I had left it. Went after some nails; got them at Wood's store; the store was just opening; returned to the room; nailed the box on all sides; went down to the East River to ascertain the first packet for New Orleans.

Returned to my room; marked the box; moved it myself, but with great difficulty, to the head of the stairs; did not dare to let it down myself; went to look for a carman; saw a man passing the door as I was going out; requested him to help me down with the box; he got it down without any assistance; preferred doing so; paid him 10 or 12 cents; went down Chambers street for a cartman, who I saw coming towards Broadway; hired him to take the box to the ship foot of Maiden Lane; went with him. While he was loading the box I went to my office for a piece of paper to write a receipt on; wrote a receipt to be signed by the captain on my way down the street; did not offer the receipt to be signed, but requested one, which the receiver of the big gave me. A clerk was by at the time and objected to the form of all the machinery of action.

I first remarked that as there was but one box, it was not very important; however, that I would call at the office for one. Did not go for a bill of lading. Tore up the receipt before I was two squares from the ship. Returned to my office by way of Lovejoy's Hotel in the Park. Went to his eating room. Called for a hot roll and coffee. Could not eat. Drank two cups of coffee. Went to my office, locked the door, and sat down for some time. Examined every thing about the room; wiped the wall in one or two spots. Went home to bed.

Mr. Bennett said that they had intended to make the confession public, but finally concluded to wait, in order to see what course would be taken on the trial. He declared the case came under the class of excusable homicide; reviewed the evidence, and made a powerful appeal to the jury. The Court then adjourned.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.



CARLISLE.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1842.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE GOVERNOR.

JOHN B. BUTLER, of Allegheny county—LEVI RYLANDS, of Mifflin county—and GEORGE M. HOLLENBACK, of Luzerne county—to be Canal Commissioners, from and after the last day of February instant.

OVID F. JOHNSON, Esq., Attorney General of the Commonwealth, for the next three years.

ANOTHER FIRE.—Two stables in the southern part of this Borough, were destroyed by fire last evening 1 and 3 o'clock on Friday morning last. One of them was occupied as a chandler shop, by a German, and in that one the conflagration, it is stated, originated—probably through carelessness in securing the fire the evening previous. The night was calm, and owing to this circumstance mainly, together with the exertions of our fire companies, the fire was got under without communicating to the contiguous buildings.

INSURANCE.—We call the attention of our readers generally, to the Farmers, Mechanics, Merchants, and Tradesmen's Mutual Fire Insurance Company, published in another column. This, we believe, is the only company of the kind in the city of Philadelphia, that makes insurances on all kinds of property. The terms, it will be observed, are reasonable—and we think that property holders generally (whether the property be real or personal) should embrace the opportunity afforded them of securing themselves against loss by the destructive element. Remember the old adage—"A stitch in time saves nine," and call at once upon the agent, Dr. J. J. MYERS, of this Borough, and have your property insured.

The confession of Colt, the murderer of Mr. Adams, whose trial took place last week in N. York, will be found in this week's paper. The charge of the Judge was given on Saturday, and the case submitted to the jury, who returned into Court on Sunday morning, at 4 o'clock, with a verdict of Guilty of Murder in the first degree! One of the counsel for the prisoner gave notice to the Court, that he wished to file a bill of exceptions, which, in consequence of the lateness of the hour, and the absence of his associates, he could not do before Monday. The prisoner, the Atlas says, heard the verdict of the jury with some little emotion, which appears to have been entirely quelled when his counsel put in his plea for a bill of exceptions. Several of the Jurors were much affected, and some of them shed tears when they were separately called upon to answer to the verdict.

VALUABLE STOCKS!—United States Bank Stock sells, in Philadelphia, for \$9 for \$100 paid. Schuylkill Bank \$6 to 7 for \$50 paid. Girard Bank \$4 for \$50 paid. A run [FOR WHAT?] took place upon the latter bank on yesterday week, when its insolvency was proved. Many of our citizens are sufferers by its crash.—*Harrisburg Reporter.*

The plan for the payment of the public debt of the States, which we copied last week from the National Intelligencer, meets with the approbation of many of our readers. We have very little doubt that if a law of the kind was passed by our State Legislature, in a very few years the whole debt of Pennsylvania would be liquidated. It is certainly preferable to the system of eternal taxation for the payment of interest alone.

The notes issued by the Towanda Bank, under the act of 1841, are not passable any more in this neighborhood. The notes issued by the Erie Bank are also looked upon with suspicion. So we go.

RESUMPTION IN MARYLAND.—The House of Delegates of Maryland has passed a bill by a vote of 65 to 15 requiring the Banks of that State to resume specie payments within twenty days after the final passage thereof. It is believed the bill will also pass the Senate.

BANKRUPT LAW.—This law went into force on Tuesday last, the 1st inst. The bill for its repeal, which passed the House of Representatives by a large majority, was rejected in the Senate, on Friday last, by a majority of ten votes!

The question of resumption has been agitated in the State Senate. On Thursday last, a resolution was offered by Mr. EWING, the purport of which was to instruct the Committee on Banks to enquire into the expediency of compelling a resumption of specie payments.

On the discussion of the resolution, we find the following synopsis of the remarks of our talented Senator, Mr. McLANAHAN, which we copy from the Key-stone:

Mr. McLANAHAN said this was a subject about which more had been said and less understood, than any of the leading topics of the day. It was a subject that all parties had agitated, and had at length arrived at some universal conclusion. The great high priest of anti-masonry, and his few but trusty followers, had at length yielded to the irresistible force of this truly democratic doctrine, and now at this day they were ready and willing to acknowledge the truth of the position we had always occupied. The day had passed by when the people were to be deluded and hoodwinked when they were to be frightened from their steady course. The day when those filchers of Pennsylvania, who had been feasting on the hard earnings of the widow and the orphan, were left to outrage the laws of humanity with impunity had passed by, and the day had come when retributive justice was at hand. The banks had drunk the very life blood of our institutions—they had ruined the credit of the State, and the time had come when there must be action. The remedy must be efficacious—the operation must be performed. It had been said that knowledge was power; but money, too, was power. It was the oil that greased all the machinery of action. Give England the control of the Banks in this country—give her what she has always had since the establishment of Joseph Ritten, since the establishment of the famous "balance wheel"—and the American people must become to those great masters of the coin as "beavers of wool and drawers of water." Unless we had some steady

permanent regulations on this subject, our masters were in London.

What we wanted was a stable, permanent currency; for instability in the currency produced instability in prices, and that was ruinous and dangerous to the prosperity of the country. To illustrate this fact, Mr. M. turned to the history of Spain, once powerful but now ruined, in consequence of the fluctuating and unstable basis on which her currency was founded.

Why was it that our manufacturers were unable to cope with those of England? It was because the banks had become speculators in foreign productions, and the consequence was that this country was always drained of its specie. There must be an established uniformity and regularity of price. Let the system pursued by the Legislature be firm and decided—compel the immediate resumption of specie payments, and force the banks to pay their liabilities. Let the Legislature pass a uniform law that will not only be beneficial now, but permanent and lasting.

John Quincy Adams.—This man, who once held the highest post in the Republic, and whose great age, superior talents, and unequalled experience in public life, should pre-eminently qualify him to be "a burning and a shining light" to the statesmen of the age, is disgracing himself and his country by his wicked (we can call them by no softer name) attempts at agitation. Day after day does he mischief-maker seek to array the North against the South on the subject of Abolition. Although the House has repeatedly decided by a large majority, that no petitions of the kind shall be entertained, still he persists in offering them, and upon every occasion seeks by violence of language and taunting insults, to inflame the passions of the Southern members, and thereby rend asunder the bond of unity and community of feeling which have heretofore protected US from the evils of anarchy and domestic strife. But this reckless old man has not yet done his worst. A few days since he had the audacity to present a petition from some kindred spirit in his own district, for a repeal of this glorious Union! We blush to think that such a wicked attempt has been made—still more that the author is an ex-President of the United States—and yet more that such a man had been honored in his day by the imperial Washington, who, by his last pitiful address to his fellow-countrymen, warned them against including in the remotest thought of a dissolution of the Union.

John Quincy Adams has lived beyond his day.—After having been invested with the honors of the Chief Magistracy, he should have retired from public life. He never more should have appeared on the theatre of political turmoil and action. Had he done so, the errors of his administration would have been forgiven, and he permitted to descend to the tomb with his "blushing honors docked upon him." But ambition is the ruling passion of his soul, and what that has been, is now, deep, bitter, cruel, malignant revenge—has taken his place. "The Southern States refused to sustain him in his second contest for the Presidency—and to the people of the slave-holding States, does he mainly attribute his defeat in '28." Hence his particular hostility to that section of the country—to its laws and domestic institutions—and hence, too, his animosity to his countrymen generally, who chose to elevate the patriot Jackson at his expense. Thus, we apprehend, is the grand secret of Mr. Adams' agitating movements, and to this one cause mainly, may be attributed his incendiary, traitorous conduct. Like Milton's Arch Apostate, "he would rather rule in Hell than serve in Heaven"—and if he cannot be a Prince, he is determined to destroy his country; to make this last shoddy of liberty, the asylum of the oppressed of every land, a by-word and reproach among the nations of the earth.

But we are pleased to find that his infamous conduct is not likely to be permitted to go unpunished.—Upon his attempt at presenting the petition above mentioned, the following resolutions were offered, and it is thought, they will pass:

Whereas the Federal Constitution is a permanent form of Government, and of perpetual duration, and has been altered or modified in the mode pointed out in the instrument; and the members of this House, deriving their political character and powers from the same, are sworn to support it; and the dissolution of the Union necessarily implies the destruction of that instrument, the overthrow of the American Republic, and the extinction of our national existence; a proposition, therefore, to the Representatives of the people to dissolve the organic laws framed by their constituents, and to support which they are commanded by those constituents to be reform before they can enter upon the execution of the political powers created by an act entrusted to them, is a breach of privilege, a contempt offered to this House, a direct proposition to the Legislature, and each member of it, to commit perjury, and involving necessarily in its execution and its consequences the destruction of our country and the crime of high treason.

Resolved, therefore, That the Hon. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, member from Massachusetts, in presenting for the consideration of the House of Representatives of the United States a petition praying for the dissolution of the Union, has offered the deepest indignity to the House of which he is a member, and that the people of the United States of which that House is the legislative organ, and will, if this outrage be permitted to pass unrebuked and unpunished, have disgraced his country, through their Representatives, in the eyes of the whole world.

Resolved, further, That the aforesaid JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, for this insult, the first of the kind ever offered to the Government; and for the wound which he has permitted to be aimed, through his instrumentality, at the Constitution and existence of his country, the peace, the security, and liberty of these States, might be held to merit capital punishment from the national councils, and the House deem it an act of grace and mercy when they only inflict upon him their severest censure for conduct so utterly unworthy of his past relations to the State and his present position. This they hereby do for the maintenance of their own purity and dignity; for the rest, they turn him over to the conscience and the indignation of all true Americans citizens.

We make a few extracts below from the concluding part of the speech of Mr. WISE in favor of the resolutions. They are truly eloquent, and show the estimation which is placed upon the conduct of Mr. Adams by one who heretofore acted with him in the same party. They breathe the purest spirit of patriotism, and must have been as gall and wormwood to the old disorganizer:

Mr. WISE said, further, that at the proper time he should ask to be excused from voting on the resolution of censure. He had formerly excepted against the gentleman from Massachusetts as a judge when he sought a trial; and he should now decline voting as a judge on that gentleman. The gentleman had brought himself into his present situation; he had no one to blame for it but himself, if he had been the subject of animadversion either by Mr. W. or others. "He it was who was the subject matter of this whole proceeding; and of course the remarks of those who speak against him must be somewhat personal." Mr. W. could have wished to be spared the painful task of speaking of the gentleman either in praise or censure. Personally Mr. W. had not censured him; politically he had. If he had used any severity, it had been directed actively against the gentleman's political course. If, in an assembly like this, some wild brute should be let loose, every one knew what their course must be—either to kill or to cage him. If he heard of a friend's wilderer running a race, as it was called, striking and destroying all he met, there was but one thing to be done—the unhappy being must be killed, even though his rage proceeded from mania. If an imbecile assaulted one, he might be handled *modo et rite*, and thus restrained. But should the offender be found wrapped in the panoply of age, of station, or even of intellect, itself, still, if he were capable of mischief, and purposed mischief, and was desperately and wickedly bent on mischief, we forgot his age, and thought only of the interests to be endangered. If he were old and respectable, and even venerable, and yet through some means should be found administering poison or applying the torch of the incendiary, how old or how