

SKETCH OF J. QUINCY ADAMS.

From the Democratic Magazine.

Our attention is now attracted to a ray of light, that glitters on the apex of a bald and noble head, located on the left of the house, in the neighborhood of the Speaker's chair. It proceeds from that wonderful man who, in his person, combines the agitator, poet, philosopher, statesman, critic, and orator—John Quincy Adams. Who that has seen him sitting beneath the canopy of the Hall, with the rays of light gathering and glancing about his singularly polished head, has likened him to one of the luminaries of the age, shining and glittering in the political firmament of the Union. There he sits, hour after hour, day after day, with untiring patience, never absent from his seat, never waiting for an adjournment, vigilant as the most jealous member of the House, his ear ever on the alert, himself always prepared to go at once into the profoundest questions of state, or the minutest points of order. What must be his thoughts as he ponders upon the past, in which he has played a part so conspicuous? We look at him and mark his cold and tearful eye; his stern and abstracted gaze, and conjure up phantoms of other scenes. We see him amid his festive and splendid halcyon years back, standing stiff and awkward, and shaking a tall military-looking man by the hand, in whose honor the gala was given, to commemorate the most splendid of America's victories. We see him again, years afterwards, the bitter foe of the same military chieftain, and the competitor with him for the highest gift of a free people. We look upon a more than king, who has filled every department of honor in his native land, still at his post; he who was the President of millions, now the representative of forty odd thousand, quarrelling about trifles or advocating high principles. To-day growling and sneering at the House with an abolition petition in his trembling hand, and anon lording it over the passions, and lashing the members into the wildest state of enthusiasm by his indignant and emphatic eloquence. Alone, unspoken to, unconsulted, never consulting with others, he sits apart, wrapped in his reveries; and with his finger resting on his nose, he permits his mind to move like a gigantic podolium, stirring up the hours of the past and disturbing those of the hidden future; or probably he is writing—his almost perpetual employment—but what? who can guess? Perhaps some poetry in a young girl's album! He looks enraptured, but yet he is never tired; worn out, but ever ready for combat; melancholy, but let a witty thing fall from any member, and that old man's face is wreathed in smiles; he appears passive, but was to the unfortunate member that he was an arrow that Mr. Adams, with his agitated fingers quivering in sarcastic gesticulation, he seizes upon his foe, and amid the amusement of the House, rarely fails to take a signal vengeance.

His store of special knowledge on every subject, gradually garnered up through the course of his extraordinary life, in the well-arranged store house of a memory which is said to have never yet permitted a single fact to escape it, give him a great advantage over all comers in encounters of this kind. He is a wonderful eccentric genius. He belongs to no party, nor does any party belong to him. He is of too cold a nature to be long a party leader. He is original—of very peculiar ideas, and perfectly fearless and independent in expressing and maintaining them. He is remarkable for his affability to young persons; and, surrounded by them at his own table, he can be as hilarious and happy as the gayest of them. For one service, at least, his country owes him a debt of gratitude. I refer to the fine illustration which he afforded to the true character of our institutions, when he passed from the Presidential palace to his present post on the floor of the House of Representatives. Though the position which he has there made his own may not be that which his friends might wish to see him occupy in that body, yet, in every point of view the example was a fine one.

His manner of speaking is peculiar; he rises abruptly, his face reddens, and, in a moment throwing himself into the attitude of a veteran gladiator, he prepares for the attack; then he becomes full of gesticulation, his body aways to and fro—self-command seems lost—his head is bent forward in his earnestness till it sometimes almost nearly touches the desk; his voice frequently breaks, but he pursues his subject through all its bearings—nothing daunts him—the house may ring with the cries of order! order!—unmoved, contemptuous, he stands amid the tempest, and, like an oak that knows its gnarled and knotted strength, stretches his arm forth and defies the blast.

MADRID.—A most horrible deed of vandalism is about to be perpetrated here. The gold and silver jewels of the convents and churches have been collected at Madrid; the treasures of the celebrated cathedral of Toledo, the richest in Spain, are here: The whole is about to be sold by weight! Agents from England and Germany are carrying off the scarcest and most precious books—the bells are being sold—the convents and churches demolished. It is an universal chaos.

Col. Arthur, the new Lieut. Gov. of U. Canada, was in England Dec. 16.

The Family Circle.

From the New York Mirror.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.

December 16th, 1835.

BY MR. L. H. STODOLSKY.

What bear'st thou, Winter, on thy frosty page? Eden's memories of the past! How thick they throng! And fancy quickens them to life and sound. Night and the fire-bell!

Of many a tocsin—while the fire-lowers shake beneath their iron tongue. Wild, frozen shouts awake the sleeping child. Devouring flame tosses its banner, and thick volumes of smoke, which strove at first the awful wreck to veil, blackens the skies. How wide the ruin spreads! Roof after roof is reddening! 'Tis proud dome, whose marble columns seem'd a tower of strength, reveals the lashing of those awful fires, as some strong martyr at the stake! 'Tis that bear a higher agony, then plunging, sinks, a nameless wreck.

Seven, save that hollow'd spire! Which long bath held communion with the skies; But twining like the serpents that destroyed Lacedaon and his sons, the hissing flames wrap it in dire embrace. Unquenching blasts bear, with demonic haste, the winged steeds of conflagration.

One vast sea of fire Surges around. The distant masts turn red, As if the quiet waters where they lay Kink'd to madness; and beneath their foe. Far hills and wood-crowned mountains, wondering, catch Unwonted light. The whole vast concave seems a fiery oven. Still the wintry winds hold bitter away; as if the monarch, Frost, hurl'd them, in challenge, from his arctic throne. Unto the central fires, and rushing forth From ancient prisons, they had come, incensed. To demolish the earth. The man of wealth beholds his millions melting on the cloud, Mocking his ruin as they take their flight. Frost wars with fire!

Strong engines spend their force To save. To see the aspiring waters turn, And in that reeking crucible, resolved To their own elements, invade the flame As with pure oxygen. The firemen stand dishearten'd, with their frost encrusted helms And coats of mail, from Winter's armoury. 'Gainst feeble man, the elements conspire: Cold binds him, like Prometheus, to the rock, And fire, the vulture, on his vitals preys. Yes: even the blessed water seems to turn A traitor in his need.

What thundering shock! As if an earthquake spoke. Exploding domes, Where the pleased merchant stored the wealth of Ind. To atoms fly—a sacrifice required For public safety, and, with patriot zeal, Full nobly made.

Amid the desolating din, Hark to a woman's shriek! Again it wounds The shuddering ear. She struggles with the bands That hold her back, determin'd still to plunge Amid devouring flame. "My child! my child!" While the wild lostrs of her straining eyes, And gestures, pointing to her flame-wrapt home, Reveal the rest. See! see! who dates the wreck? Who mounts the burning stairs and gropes his way.

'Mid suffocating smoke and falling beams, And rafters charring where his footsteps tread? One name of dread suspense, as if by magic, The unborn infant in his victor's arm, he comes! A hardy son of Neptune, roughly nurs'd By storms, and fearing nothing save his God—A stranger sailor, none may speak his name; And ere the torrent of a mother's thanks And blessings burst upon him, he was gone. Yet shall it cheer thee on thy midnight watch, Lone mariner, 'mid farthest ocean's foam, While, with pure forebears, the approving stars Look down upon thee. And the loving smile Of that pure, renewed innocent, who lay In its soft cradle, toying with the flame As with a brother, shall light up thy soul; Mid all the tempests of thy sea-girt path; Deeds such as these are not for man's cold praise; Earth need not spread her vaunting annals forth To give their chronicle. The noble breast That gave them birth, holds commerce with the skies.

EFFECTS OF THE BIBLE.

I was travelling about four years ago in a remote district in Bengal, and I came to the house of a gentleman belonging to Portugal. I found him reading the scriptures, in the Bengalee, to seventy or eighty people, men, women and children of that country, who were very attentive. This gentleman told me that he had been led to employ some of his leisure moments in this way. "And to-morrow," said he, "as you pass my farm-ment my name, and they will procure you a book and you will see the effect of reading the scriptures. The next day I called at his estate, where I saw one hundred men, women, and children, who had all become converts to Christianity within three or four years. I inquired how they found themselves; they appeared delighted, and thought it a happy thing for them that Europeans had translated the scriptures, that they may read, in their own tongue, the wonderful works of God. I had some intercourse, also, with an official person in that district, and I mention it, because some persons tell you that nothing is done by the missionaries. I asked the magistrate what was the conduct of those Christians, and he said, "There is something in them that does excite astonishment. The inhabitants of this district are particularly known as being so litigious and troublesome, that they have scarcely any matter but what they bring into a court of justice. But during three or four years not one of these people have brought a cause against any one, or say one against them." I mention this to show that Christianity will produce, in all countries, peace and happiness to those who know the truth, as it is in the Lord Jesus.—Col. Phispe.

From late Canton papers. DREADFUL FIRE AT SURAT.

The late destructive fire at Surat commenced on Monday afternoon, the 24th of April, in the house of a Parsee, which had been accidentally set on fire by boiling pitch or drammet, which ignited. To whatever cause it origin may be attributed, it appears that in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining water, it was at first much neglected. A fresh northerly breeze was blowing at the time, the flames spread rapidly, and shortly after sunset exhibited a fearful extent and strength of fire. The wind in the evening decreased, but the fire was augmented, and the vast volume of dense smoke which rose in enormous masses, was brilliant with the intense

PERILS OF THE SEA.

Mr. Greenleaf, Editor of The Sailor's Magazine, has kept a register of marine disasters which have come to his knowledge within the past year, and the result is appalling. The whole number, counting only those which resulted in a total loss of the vessel, was no less than FOUR HUNDRED AND NINETY, viz:

Table with 2 columns: Vessel Name, Number of Vessels. Includes Ships and barks (94), Brigs (135), Schooners (234), Sloops (12), Steamboats (15), Total (490).

Most of the vessels included in this melancholy list were Americans. Forty three of them were lost towards the close of 1836; but the intelligence of their fate was not received here until 1837. Thirty eight were lost in the month of January, fifty-four in February, twenty four in March, thirty in April, nineteen in May, fifteen in June, forty-two in July, fifty in August, thirty-two in September, forty three in October, forty three in November, and six in December. The precise time when the remaining vessels were lost could not be satisfactorily ascertained.

In the above named vessels, says the Sailor's Magazine, one thousand two hundred and ninety-five lives are reported as being lost. This probably is but a part of the whole, for in many instances the crews are spoken of as missing and in other cases nothing is said, where, perhaps, there was a total loss. Surely what is done for sailors, should be done quickly.—N. Y. Jour. of Com.

ILLEGALITY OF MARRYING A WIFE'S SISTER.

At the sitting of the judicial committee of the Privy Council, in London, on the 6th Dec. Mr. Baron Parke gave judgment on the part of their lordships, in an appeal, Sherwood vs. Ray, respecting a marriage within the prohibited degrees, the appellant having married Miss Emma Sarah Ray, the sister of his deceased wife. The case had been before Dr. Lushington, and also Sir Herbert Jenner in the Archies' court; subsequently, the present appeal was made to his late Majesty in council.—The judgment of their lordships was, that the decree of the Archies' court (dissolving the marriage) must be affirmed.

POTTSDVILLE.

SATURDAY MORNING JAN 20 1836.

By Pamphlets, Checks, Cards, Bills, &c., and Handbills of every description, neatly printed at half price at the lowest cash prices.

Apprentice Wanted.

Wanted at this office, an active and intelligent lad, who can read and write well, age about 15 or 16 years, as an apprentice to the printing business.

SCHOOL OF ARTS.

In our last, we published an outline of the plan of the Franklin Institute, for the establishment of a School of Arts; and we certainly think that no reflecting person could have perused it without being impressed with a deep conviction of its importance to the vast interests of the Commonwealth. In this region, we ought to feel a paramount interest in its speedy accomplishment; because a school of mines is becoming every day of greater importance to the successful prosecution of mining operations. It is true that with a moderate share of practical knowledge, derived from former experience, in but too many instances purchased at a very high rate, the business of mining may be carried on successfully and profitably, in the absence of untried difficulties; yet there are none who will not admit that the union of scientific attainments with practical knowledge is indispensable to a perfect system. Let it be remembered, that one of the objects of the Franklin Institute is to impart this scientific information by the establishment of a School of Mines. In this institution all the various systems of mining will be taught on the solid basis of accurate mineralogical and geological investigation! Here, all will be taught, which is necessary to complete the education of the scientific miner! How differently prepared would one be who has gone through such a course of instruction for entering on the pursuits of mining, to most of those who have undertaken them without such previous instruction? What vast sums of money, so frequently misapplied and wasted, would be saved thereby? What an amount of time and labor, fruitlessly consumed in idle experiments, would be reserved for better purposes? We repeat that our region is deeply interested in the proposed plan, and the inhabitants thereof should heartily unite and co-operate with the friends of the measure to procure from the legislature an adequate appropriation to effect the contemplated object.

The Weather.

A most extraordinary winter we have thus far had, the temperature of the weather indicating for some time past rather the presence of Spring than Winter. This unusual mildness is unaccounted for, except on the principle which often holds good in the pursuits of life as well as in natural and moral phenomena, that extremes produce each other. We have had three successive cold winters—extremely cold winters—which coldness was by some attributed to the proximity of a heat absorbing comet, and by others, to a sudden change of climate from unknown causes, in opposition to the former theory of a progressive melioration of climate. By whatever causes produced, the fact is certain that we have had three very cold winters; and the fact is now no less certain that we have had thus far a very mild one. We have not ourselves kept a register of the weather, but we have understood that the thermometer, on Thursday last, stood within two degrees of Summer heat. This, in the middle of January, is almost unusual occurrence, and is well worthy of record. Now the poet's idea of a roses in December, ice in June; as things which we may expect in vain, may come to pass after this without exciting much surprise. It is well known that the weather is a matter of no little concern to us in the coal region. Without wishing any harm to any class of the community, rich or poor, for our own profit or benefit, but on the contrary, seeking to merit the character of universal philanthropists, we humbly conceive that a little more cold weather would be of advantage to the coal trade. No doubt that the weather, just as it is, is just as it ought to be; however, and perhaps the foregoing observations is but the result of short sightedness.

MISSISSIPPI.

We find in the National Intelligencer, of yesterday, the following very agreeable piece of news: "News has reached this city of the meeting of the legislature of Mississippi, and (what we were not prepared to hear,) that there is a Whig majority in both branches of the legislature. As an evidence of which, A. L. Bingham was chosen President of the Senate, and Dr. King, of Franklin county, speaker of the House of Representatives, both these gentlemen being decided Whigs."

From the Harrisburg Intelligencer, January 16th 1836.

"DIED.—Last evening, at Mr. Wilson's Hotel, in this borough, JOSEPH M'ILVAINE, Esq., a member of the House of Representatives from the city of Philadelphia.

"By the decease of this able and distinguished man, the councils of our Commonwealth have been deprived of one of its brightest ornaments, and his colleagues of a warm and sincere friend. "The Legislature and community are in the depth of sorrow. The death of Mr. M'Ilvaine, has cast a gloom over all—and the sorrow of men, which bursts not forth in tears or wailing, but is silent and deep, is marked by the solemn tread, the meaning look, the compressed lip, indicative of a regret commensurate with the loss we have sustained. "The manner of Mr. M'Ilvaine's death was peculiarly afflicting. He was found in the morning dead in bed. For some days he had been slightly unwell, but was understood to be recovering. Last night he retired as usual, and this morning was a corpse, having to all appearance slept away his latest breath. We believe that his mother and sisters in Philadelphia, were not apprized of his illness, and the stoutest heart must feel when a thought is spent on the stroke it will prove to them. How often are we reminded, that "In the midst of life we are in death."

UNITED STATES BANK IN LONDON.

We find in a London paper of the 9th of December, an article from which we extract the following paragraph: "The opening of the United States bank, which has been established here, conducted by Mr. Samuel Jaudon, has already been of material importance to the American trade, in providing the means of easy and safe remittances. The orders received for British manufactures and other goods, which have come in this week, are considerable, by which increased employment will be given to the inhabitants of the manufacturing districts, during it is hoped, the greater portion of the inclement season of the year."

The Whigs of Rhode Island have nominated the Hon. William Sprague as their candidate for governor.

New Hampshire.—The political contest in this State goes on with great spirit. Each party is doing its utmost. We have a manifesto from twenty-two laboring men hitherto Administration, of Nashua, Hillsborough co. who set forth their reasons for going over to the Whigs.

THE COMMONWEALTH BANK.

The failure of this Institution has excited considerable sensation. It is said that Mr. Simpson, its late President, is debtor to the Institution, to the amount of \$250,000; and that his property will be sufficient to cancel but a small portion of that large sum. It is further said that the stockholders will sustain an almost entire loss. The Boston Atlas, in remarking upon this failure, quotes from its own columns, to prove that it has all along warned the public not to trust it, for it was a mere office holders' shaving shop, managed by men who cried "Down with the Banks,"—"Hard money!"—"Sub-Treasury," and who yet all the time were using this pet of the Treasury to feather their own nests. The Atlas also remarks, that the Government is said to have \$380,000 swamped by this failure,—that three or four of the principal stockholders are indebted to it to an amount exceeding the actual capital,—that the fishermen of Gloucester, Marblehead and other seaport towns, who on the first of January applied for the payment of the Government bounty upon the products of their industry and enterprise, were paid by the Collector of Boston in checks upon the Commonwealth Bank, (in which he is a large stockholder,) for which they received the bills of that institution, and that, in addition to the facts embodied above, the amount of bills in circulation by the Commonwealth Bank on Saturday week, was \$236,000, and that the amount issued since that time was \$90,000. The Atlas also states that the Commonwealth Insurance Office has concluded to wind up its affairs, that institution holding stock in the broken Bank to the amount of more than \$200,000. The Atlas then goes on to say, that in justice to the other Banks of the city, it should be distinctly impressed upon the public mind, that the three Boston Banks which have thus far yielded to the devastating effects of Jackson's and Van Buren's war upon the currency, are exclusively administered by individuals immediately friendly to the administration, and receiving from the administration their means of expansion and their facilities for speculation."

Resumption of Specie Payments.—The following bill was reported in the House of Representatives of this State on Tuesday last, by Mr. Stevenson, chairman of the committee on Banks:

An Act for the better regulations of the several Banking and Savings Institutions and Loan Companies within this Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted by the authority of the same—That from and after the next half yearly div-

The Harrisburg Intelligencer, in an article on the subject of the resumption of specie payments, says:

Congress could in two weeks bring about a general resumption. Let a law be passed declaring that the notes of all solvent banks, in good condition, shall be received in payment of the public dues—let the Government, in short, agree to do with the currency of the people—and the banks will get on their legs and be able to attend immediately. "It is the unjust policy of the General Government which is grinding the people to the dust."

Mr. Patton's Resolutions.—We learn that it is in contemplation among the young men of this city, without any distinction of party, and scrupulously avoiding every thing that might impart to a great and grave question of principle, any hue or tinge derived from mere temporary questions, to hold a public meeting, to condemn the resolution introduced by Mr. Patton into the House of Representatives.

N. Y. American.

TENNESSEE.—Resolutions have been introduced in the legislature of this state, instructing the Hon. Felix Grundy to vote against the sub-treasury, or any other scheme for the collection and disbursement of the public revenue, which may draw injurious distinctions between the people and the government, or which does not provide for establishing a sound and uniform currency.

Mr. Calhoun.—But one sentiment appears to prevail at the North, in relation to the recent course of this gentleman in the Senate of the United States. It is believed to be more incendiary and better calculated to shake the Union and excite unkind feelings between the North and the South, than any thing that has occurred in the history of our country. The following paragraph upon the subject is from the Albany Daily Advertiser, whose editor, he it is remembered, resided for several years in Virginia, and is therefore well qualified to speak as to Southern sentiment:

"We are sorry to say it. Mr. Calhoun's course in the Senate is calculated to shake the Union to pieces a thousand times sooner than all the petitions for abolition that have ever been sent to Washington. The firebrand is now hurled from the South—the agitation of the vexed question comes from that quarter, and it is published with an arrogance and an air of brow beating at which the North would be irritated, were it not for the consciousness of their strength. These everlasting threats of separation are in their best taste, nor do they result in the intended effect; that of intimidating the north. Far better would it be to appeal to the justice—the equity—the fraternal feeling of the North men. Let Mr. Calhoun beware—the South has every thing to lose, and nothing to gain, by cutting loose from the North. The North does not wish to part from her—the North is true in heart to the Union. Would that we could say as much of Mr. Calhoun!"

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