THE STAR AND BANNER.

D. A. BUEHLER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. "FEARLESS AND FREE." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

VOL. XVIII.—51. GETTYSBURG, PA. FRIDAY EVENING, MARCH 3, 1848. NEW SERIES—NO. 41.

[illegible] SIGNIFICATED.

A FRAGMENT:

[BROKE AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.]

Inscribed to the Ladies of Gettysburg.

There's naught like woman's heart beneath high heaven!
'Tis filled with Love's bright angels, wing'd with fire—
And to their radiant pinions it is given
To fan the flame that never can expire,
In man's stern breast, until 'tis scathed and riven
By passion's lightnings. As o'er a shattered lyre
Whose strings are broken by the storm's rude might,
The whirlwind of despair, in the fierce flight
Of ruin, sweeps the soul as vultures sweep
The cannon's prey upon the battle-field:—
Love's life ends ever thus;—there's not as deep
A pang of bitterness by thought revealed,
Or felt by mortals ere they darkly sleep
They feel as that which oft hath coldly sealed
The burning rapture of love's thrilling fever,
And scared the verdure of the heart forever.

There's naught beneath high heaven like woman's smile!
It calms the swelling surges of man's soul
When lashed to foaming scorn by wrong or guile:
When plunged to gloom from hope and rapture's goal,
It lifts his sinking heart to heaven awhile.
O'er bitter memories it rolls the scroll
Of bright oblivion; and o'er fate's dread night
It flings the radiance of a spirit's light.

There's naught beneath high heaven like woman's eye!
Sweetness and passion's flame are in its beam;
The lightnings of the soul—the eternity
Of life's deep feeling—from its bright depths gleam,
As from a heaven of of living ecstacy
That darts its brightness o'er love's fairy dream,
And thrills man's sterner spirit with a glee,
Like the first gush of sunlight o'er the sea.

There's naught like woman's love beneath the sky!
"A thing of beauty," and "a joy forever!"
A world of thought—a peerless mystery!
Bright feeling's fount that can be fathomed never!
That springs, like hope eternal, from on high—
That gushes, fervent as the life-blood river,
Through the warm arteries of her throbbing frame,
Until her spirit pours its quenchless flame!

HARP OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Pa. College, February, 1848.

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

I promised her that I would never divulge the heart-secret, which she poured with sobs and tears, into my bosom, until certain persons, who had influenced her destiny on earth, should be incapable of hearing the story—of feeling regret or triumph, at the recital of the history of a woman's heart. It was after she was death-stricken; after the last hope of recovery had died in her bosom; after the mother who so loved her, had poured out the agony of her despair, in tears, and cries, and prayers, that were almost reproaches;—and had put on the calm, which may be despair, or resignation, or a mingling of both;—it was after she had learned to look calmly down into the grave, and joyfully up toward heaven, that as I sat beside her in the moonlight of a soft summer midnight, she told me the story of her life, and the cause of the malady which was so soon to end in death. She was very beautiful as she lay there in the soft light, her pure face looked angelic, as the moonbeams trembled over her pillow, and long tresses of her damp dark hair seemed jet black by the strong contrast: her eyes, so large, so blue, so liquid, and so expressive of the thoughts and feelings of her truthful spirit, seemed then more eloquent than ever, as in few and simple words, she revealed the world of her young spirit, in the light of the near heaven. With her outward history I was before familiar, for I had known her since we were both infants of four years old. Her parents were married about the same time as my own; our fathers were both mechanics, and commenced life with similar prospects, and built houses of the same size, and every way similar. Lucy and I were nearly of the same age—both elder daughters, as it proved, of large families.

I well remember the first mysterious whisperings, that Mr. Searl was giving way to habits of intoxication, and the deep regret expressed by my mother on the occasion. Who would have augured such an event, she would say, when at the period of his marriage, he was universally esteemed the finest and most promising young mechanic in the city.

Indeed it was a mental superiority, unsustained by true strength and greatness of spirit, that wrought his ruin. Some members of a fashionable club, pleased by his intelligence and ability, first induced him to join them, and so he incurred expense, and a waste of time, very detrimental to a young man in his circumstances.—Late hours, and the social glass, grew at length to dissipation, and he became in the end a common drunkard. But it came not upon him at once. His affairs became embarrassed. Some members of his club lent him money, and took a mortgage of his handsome little property. The money hardly served to liquidate some pressing demands, and as he had lost the best part of his customers, and his thrifty habits, he had little hope of ever being able to pay off the mortgage. From that time the hand of desolation seemed to rest upon his home. He no longer took pleasure in adding to the beauty and comfort of his dwelling, or in improving and ornamenting his fine lot of ground. The house became dilapidated; the neat fences got out of repair, and leaned this way and that, with the pales broken, or hanging by a nail at one end. The fruit trees became scrubby and barren, or bore at best small quantities of knotty bitter fruit; and the ornamental shrubberies became hedges of brambles and nettles, through which the pale, half-starved flowers and buds peeped out, reminding one strongly of the forlorn condition of the wife and children of the owner of the untidy premises. Mr. Searl's wife was a true, whole woman. Not one bitter word did she ever speak to her erring husband—and her smile was as bright and loving as in her days of happiness and hope. As her husband grew more dissolute, and ceased to make comfortable provision for his family, she redoubled her efforts, and labored incessantly, at such work as she could get, sometimes sewing, and sometimes plying the spindle or the loom; and so she kept her children decently clothed, and had generally some kind of wholesome food to satisfy their hunger.

When her stores were uncommonly slender, she would give her little ones their small allowance—put them to bed, and amuse them by telling pretty stories, or singing such legends as they could understand, until they fell asleep. Then she would prepare for her husband a comfortable meal, of what she had reserved for him, and sit, not as Burns has it, nursing her wrath to keep it warm, but literally nursing her affection for him who seemed so undeserving, and keeping his supper warm, while she toiled with weary frame, and heavy, tearful eyes, often until near morning, before he came from his fatal haunts.

Oh! how many women do, and suffer thus—and endure meekly the brutal reproaches and accusations with which the wretched inebriate rewards such care and watching! Who shall say that woman is weak, while she thus sustains the whole burden of man's sins and infirmities, shielding him with her strong affection from scorn without, and suffering within, as long as she can discern about him the least trace of that glorious image in which he was created.

Lucy Searl, being as I said the eldest child, soon learned to feel her mother's sorrows, and to aid in her heavy task.—Lucy was a beautiful and joyous-hearted child, but the mildew of shame and sorrow, which fell upon the bud of her existence, gave a drooping air to the young form, and a pensive cast to the very gladness of her soul.

Few minds are ever gifted like hers.—All knowledge seemed intuitive to her mind, and books only expressed in words the ideas that were latent in her perceptions. Many are the souls thus gifted, and doomed to lives of suffering and obscurity; but they will blossom gloriously in heaven.

The fame of Lucy Searl's wonderful erudition spread beyond her own immediate neighborhood, and some who knew and felt an interest in her, procured for her a situation as a school teacher in a pleasant village, about twelve miles from her native town. It was a severe trial to both mother and daughter, thus to part, for they had but one heart between them—but Lucy was sustained by the prospect of being thus enabled to provide for herself, and add considerably to her mother's means of sustaining the young children, and the mother felt it was best for her child to go. And so they parted.

And Lucy was absent, excepting a few brief visits home, for about eighteen months. During this time she had improved wonderfully. "Does she not look like a queen!" was the remark of one of my little brothers, as he stook gazing after her with clasped hands and bended body.

It was said that she had won the affections of a fine young man, son of a wealthy farmer, in the vicinity of her school; and at length we learned that she was coming home accompanied by her lover. Mrs. Searl exerted herself to put her house in order and make her children appear decent and clean. She also did all she could to influence her husband to refrain from drink, and remain at home to welcome his child. But Lucy had sent her mother a sum of money, that she might provide whatever should be necessary to make her home comfortable, and decent, for a few days, and Mr. Searl managed to get part of it into his possession.

So on the day appointed, when Lucy arrived in the pretty carriage of her suitor, who sat beside her with beaming face, until as they drew near, she pointed out her father's house, then his countenance fell, and he drove silently up to the gate-way. But his countenance lighted up again as Mrs. Searl came out, in her plain, neat dress, and welcomed her child with overflowing love, and himself with a something like affectionate gratitude. The children gathered round her in their noisy gladness, each having some gift for sister Lucy, and the youngest, a fine fellow three years, strutted up to her, exclaiming, "Sue, Sis, what nice trowsers mother bought me with the money you sent." Lucy blushed painfully as she caressed the little prattler, and turned the current of his thoughts to the horse and carriage. The day wore on, and the young gentleman began to recover his gaiety, and to feel a real regard for the excellent Mrs. Searl; but when at tea-time Mr. Searl came staggering home, full of drunken self-complacency, and after hugging Lucy, and slubbering her over with his drivelling lips, he said, "And a fine fellow you have brought home with you, you hussy—I always thought you would manage to catch somebody. Well, sir, if you get Lucy Searl, you will have a wife that no man need be ashamed of," and then launched out into the most extravagant praises of her person, endowments, and various good qualities; with sundry winks, grimaces, and appeals to his opinion—the young man felt his heart shrink from such companionship.

He had accompanied Lucy with the intention of remaining several days; obtaining the sanction of her parents to the vows they had fondly plighted, and arranging everything for the wedding. How greatly then was she surprised and hurt when he declared that some unforeseen circumstance rendered it necessary for him to return that night, and actually departed without naming the object of his visit. Her poor heart almost broke, under the assumed cheerfulness which she maintained until her father and the children were in bed—but then her grief burst out, "Oh, mother?" she whispered, as she sunk sobbing on her bosom. There was no need of further words. Each saw and understood the whole—and they wept together long and bitterly. They were familiar with sorrow, and shame, and contempt, (what drunkard's family is not?) but this was the keenest agony of all.

Several persons called on her the next day, and agonized her with inquiries concerning her prospects and beau—but towards evening a letter was brought her, which she hid in her bosom, with trembling hands and a face glowing with emotion. When alone with her mother, she broke the seal, gasping with the suffocation of struggling hope and fear. "Read it for me, mother," she murmured, "indeed I cannot read it."

What pen shall paint the mother's feelings, as she read in low and plaintive tones, to that wronged and suffering child, these cold and cruel words:

"MISS LUCY SEARL—

"Dear Miss: You must have observed my disappointment, on our arrival yesterday, at the appearance of your home.—However, the demeanor of your mother, who must have been an educated woman, reconciled me, in a degree, and I was ready to attribute the miserable condition of every thing in and about the house to sickness, or some unavoidable misfortune.—But your father, Lucy—I do not wish to hurt your feelings, I know it is rather your misfortune than your fault, but I cannot call him father. I blame you very much that you did not tell me the circumstances of your family, in the early part of our acquaintance, before I had gone so far as to make it both dishonorable and painful to retract. You may say that I did not enquire—true—but who could have imagined that the beautiful, accomplished, and every way superior Miss Searl, could be the daughter of a common drunkard. I have been taught to abhor drunkenness, and to despise the drunkard—how then can I become a drunkard's son-in-law?—My family would never consent to such a thing, or maintain any intercourse with yours;—and this would render you unhappy—for although I cannot believe that you have any affection for your degraded father, still you must love your mother, perhaps the more on account of her unhappiness and degradation. I pity her exceedingly, and her children also.

"For yourself, Lucy, you cannot doubt my love. I have loved you wholly; and notwithstanding what I saw yesterday, I love you still. But indeed, Lucy, I cannot recognize your family as my near relatives, neither could I be willing to have my property squandered upon a man who wastes everything in drunkenness, which I infer would be the case, from the fact that you had sent your own earnings, to purchase clothes for the children. Yet I so love you that I feel I cannot be happy without you; and as I am willing to make some sacrifices, I presume that you will not hesitate to do likewise. If you love me as it is said woman always loves, you will consent to be mine, and accompany me, as soon as we are married, to the rich West, where I will purchase a tract of land, and provide for you abundantly.—Yet in this case I must insist that you keep up no intercourse, by letter or otherwise, with those who cannot but be a disgrace and expense to us. Consider these things well, and let me have an early answer.

Your obedient servant,

WALTER ROSCOE.

Still as a statue, and with her face hidden in her hands, the poor girl listened to this dreadful letter; but as the last words trembled from her mother's lips, she sank down from her chair, like a wilted flower, and when her affrighted mother, essaying all her strength, lifted her from the floor, as she hung lifeless across the sustaining arm, the red blood gushed from the livid lips, and ran down her garments to the floor. Her fate was sealed; yet she lingered on almost a year. It was *consumption*; and the wise ones moralized on the mysterious ways of Providence—and wondered that the best and brightest, should be first to die. When Roscoe heard of her illness, he came in haste to see her, and bitter were the tears he shed upon her pillow, and pale weak hands. Only the mother and daughter knew that he was a murderer. Perchance he was not conscious of it himself, for Lucy did not upbraid him.

"Willingly would I live," said the lovely victim to me, on that mournful night—"oh, gladly for my dear mother's sake. I do not wilfully sacrifice myself to an ill-placed passion. But the agony was more than I could bear. The blood vessel burst with a pang, as if a knife had been driven to my heart. I have prayed and striven for recovery, but it could not be. I am ready to die, for I have confidence in my merciful God, and I know that my Redeemer liveth. I have a glorious hope in Heaven.

"I did not idolize my earthly love, but oh, Lydia! it is a fearful thing to see the fair tree of human hope broken at a blow; to feel the bright palace of imaginary happiness, fall cold and heavy on the young. One—only one joy-angel ever nestled in my bosom, and that one wounded me to death. But I never looked forward to human happiness as confident, and joyfully, as I now anticipate the bliss of Heaven."

"My child!—My poor, dear angel child!" said Mr. Searl, suddenly appearing at a door which had been left half open to admit the air, "and so I am your murderer!—I have been listening to your words, my meek sufferer—I see that I have done it all. But Lucy, I swear by Him who is the Truth and the Avenger—that from this hour I will never taste one drop of any thing that can intoxicate."

"Father, father!" she cried, clinging to his passionate embrace, "Oh, you have made me perfectly happy. Now, now, I have nothing to regret. Mother will not mourn for me, when you will love and cherish her again, and you will all be happy. Oh, God! accept my thanks, and give us thy strength, to live and to die."

A small white stone marks the place of her rest, in the quiet grave-yard, a white marble bearing only the record of her name and age, and a fair lilly drooping on a broken stem. The father kept his vow, and made his family so happy, that they soon forgot to mourn for Lucy, tho' they still weep over her green grave;—and he whom her young heart loved, though he married after a few years, was ever melancholy, and grew permanently old; and at thirty-five, without any apparent disease, he died.

Thus I have imperfectly sketched the story of one of the many broken flowers, that I have known to perish in their beauty, and pass away from the earth.

There is something so great in a single good action, that the man who, in his whole life, has performed even one, can never be wholly despicable.

A JURY VERDICT.—A case was recently submitted to a jury in this county, which, for its novelty and happy result, deserves a place in "the reports."

It arose from the following circumstance Two men, living near neighbors, had a falling out about the cow of one of the parties frequently getting into the enclosure of the other, and which finally resulted in the death of the cow; she having been set on by dogs and chased till she ran against a stump and broke her neck.

The case was submitted to a jury of respectable and wealthy farmers. After hearing related all the circumstances, the jury made up their minds that the owner of the cow could not afford to lose her, and that the owner of the dogs was not able to pay for her; they therefore rendered the following verdict: that the jury should pay the value of the cow, the magistrate treat the party, and the constable pay the costs.

The verdict was immediately ratified and satisfied, to their great joy, the entire neighborhood.—*Kentucky Democrat.*

OHIO LEGISLATURE.—*Withdrawal of the Democratic Senators.*—We have accounts in the Western papers recieved last night, of the withdrawal from their seats of fifteen democratic State Senators, for the purpose of defeating a bill before that body. By the Constitution of the State, it is required that there *shall be*, every four years, an apportionment of the members of the Legislature, and for the purpose that the State shall be divided into districts. This is the year for making the apportionment, and a bill for the purpose was accordingly reported in the House, and passed. When it went to the Senate, the Democratic members there spoke against it, and failing in having it amended as they wanted, withdrew from the Senate, and thus left that body without a constitutional quorum to do business.

EASY ON GEN. SCOTT!—The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger writes:

"Of course Gen. Scott, as I always wrote you, is virtually recalled, and not merely suspended. The latter term is merely expresive of the fact that there are reasons for his recall. The Court of inquiry will bring these to light, and show that Gen. Scott's direct offence was not military but an assumption of diplomatic power. Gen. Scott, in a word, *advised Mr. Trist, after the latter was recalled, to entertain the Mexican proposition of peace, and he became thus indirectly the author*, or at least co-operater in the negotiations. Gen. Scott had no authority to do so, and is answerable for the act; *but the Administration will not be rigorous in regard to him*, and content itself with making out the charge, and withdrawing Gen. Scott from the command of the army."

We ask the country to think over this statement. Ask any advocate of the War why it is not terminated, and he will answer that *Mexico refuses to make Peace.* The Whigs are daily abused by their adversaries with prolonging the War by encouraging the Mexicans to hold out and *refuse to make Peace.* Congress is called on to vote new levies and loans in double quick time, in order to drive *Mexico to make Peace.* And yet we have the illustrious and triumphant leader of our own armies ignominiously deposed for the crime of advising Mr. Trist to receive and forward to Washington "*Mexican overtures for Peace!*—Was there ever before a war so steeped in hypocrisy and villainy as this?—*Tribune.*

MR. CLAY AND THE PRESIDENCY.—The National Intelligencer says that while Mr. Clay has a strong disinclination to the use of his name for the Presidency, he has remained entirely passive, without having formed absolutely any determination one way or the other.

AID AND COMFORT.—The impudence of the Locofocos, from the President upward in charging upon the whigs a desire to afford 'aid and comfort to the enemy,' is only equalled by their falsehoods. At a Locofoco State Convention in Arkansas, a few weeks since, Col. Ben Taylor, a leading member of that party, made use of the following language:—

"Sometimes I have felt a little jealousy, in looking over the army roll, to see so many Whigs upholding the stars and stripes—*because I am compelled to admit that they outnumber the Democrats.*"

A BIG LEAP.—A horse, belonging to a Mr. White, of Baltimore, made a leap at Charlestown, Va. a few days since, which is close kin to the famous leap made by Putnam's horse, in Revolutionary times.—Running off from fright, he encountered a mill-race 12 feet in depth, which he attempted to leap 10 feet from its edge, but striking the opposite bank with his head, dislocated his neck, fell back and expired. The distance he jumped is said to be *twenty-five feet.*"

MILITARY GLORY.—William Tompkins, a New York volunteer, who was with Scott's army in all its Mexican battles, is now in New York without his left arm, ragged, penniless, and pensionless. So says an exchange. If he only wore epaulettes now, he would be feasted to bursting, and smothered with obsequious adulation. The world is very discriminating in such matters.

PUNCTUATION.—The want of a comma in a sentence often so confuses the reading, that it is impossible to make out what is meant by the author. We give the following as an example:

Every lady in the land
Has twenty nails on each hand,
Five and twenty on hand and feet
This is true without deceit.

The above appears rather puzzling, but by placing a comma after the words *nails, five, feet*, and omitting it after *hand*, the author's rhyme will at once be intelligible.

A SCOTCH blacksmith, being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—"When the party that listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and when the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himself—that is metaphysics."

DEATH OF MR. ADAMS.

PROCEEDINGS IN CONGRESS.

In Congress, on Thursday, (the morning subsequent to the death of Mr. ADAMS,) the proceedings were marked by an unusual solemnity. In the House, Mr. Speaker WINTHROP spoke as follows:

Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States:

IT has been thought fit that the Chair should announce officially to the House, an event, already known to the members individually, and which has filled all our hearts with sadness.

A seat on this floor has been vacated, towards which our eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

A voice has been hushed forever in this hall, to which all ears have been wont to listen with profound reverence.

A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.

A name has been stricken from the roll of the living statesmen of our land, which has been associated for more than half a century with the highest civil service, and the loftiest civil renown.

On Monday, the 21st instant, John Q. Adams sunk in his seat, in presence of us all, by a sudden illness, from which he never recovered; and he died, in the Speaker's room, at a quarter past seven o'clock last evening, with the officers of the House and the delegation of his own Massachusetts around him.

Whatever advanced age, long experience, great ability, vast learning, accumulated public honors, a spotless private character, and a firm religious faith could do, to render any one an object of interest, respect, and admiration, they had done for this distinguished person; and interest, respect, and admiration are but feeble terms to express the feelings, with which the members of this House and the people of the country have long regarded him.

After a life of eighty years, devoted from its earliest maturity to the public service, he has at length gone to his rest. He has been privileged to die at his post; to fall while in discharge of his duties; to expire beneath the roof of the Capitol; and to have his last scene associated forever in history with the birthday of that illustrious Patriot, whose just discernment brought him first into the service of his country.

The close of such a life, under such circumstances is not an event for unmingled emotions. We cannot find it in our hearts to regret that he has died as he has died. He himself could have desired no other end. "This is the end of earth," were his last words, uttered on the day on which he fell. But we might almost hear him exclaiming as he left us—in a language hardly less familiar to him than his native tongue—"*Hoc est, nimirum, magis feliciter de vita migrare, quam mori.*"

It is for others to suggest what honors shall be paid to his memory. No acts of ours are necessary to his fame. But it may be due to ourselves and to the country, that the national sense of his character and services should be fully commemorated.

When the Speaker concluded, Mr. HUDSON, of Massachusetts, rose and addressed the House as follows:

Mr. Speaker:—I rise with no ordinary emotion to perform a painful duty, which has been assigned me by my colleagues, growing out of an event which has recently occurred in the midst of us, the announcement of which has just been made by the Chair. My late venerable colleague is no more! A great and good man has fallen: He has been stricken down in the midst of us, while in the discharge of his public duties. One whose public services are coeval with the establishment of our Government—one who has come down to us from past generations, and of whom it might almost be said that he was living in the midst of posterity, an example to us and to those who come after us, has ceased from his labors and gone to his reward. The peculiar circumstances of his death are known to every member of this House and are calculated to make a deep and lasting impression. They weigh so heavily upon my own mind and feelings, that I am almost inclined to believe that *silence* is the most appropriate token of our grief, and the most sublime tribute to his memory.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was born on the 11th day of July, 1767, in that part of Braintree, Massachusetts, which was subsequently incorporated into a town by the name of Quincy, and hence was in the 81st year of his age. In 1778, when he was but eleven years of age, he accompanied his father, John Adams, to France, who was sent with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee, as Commissioners to the Court of Versailles. After remaining in France about eighteen months, during which time he applied himself closely to the study of the French and Latin languages, he returned to his own country, in August, 1779. In November of the same year his father was again dispatched to Europe for the discharge of diplomatic services, and took his son John Quincy with him. At Paris he was put to school, and when in 1780, John Adams removed to Holland, his son enjoyed the advantages of the public school at Amsterdam, and afterwards at the University of Leydon. Francis Dana, who accompanied John Adams, as Secretary to the Embassy, received in 1781 the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary to Russia, and took John Quincy Adams, then fourteen years of age, with him as his private secretary. Here he remained until October, 1782, when he left Mr. Dana at St. Petersburgh, and returned through Sweden, Denmark, Hamburg, and Bremen, to Holland, where he remained some months till his father took him to Paris at the time of the signing of the treaty of peace in 1783. From that time till 1785 he was with his father in England, Holland and France; during the whole of which period he was a close student.

In 1794, Gen. Washington appointed him resident minister to the United Netherlands. From that period till 1801 he was in Europe, employed in diplomatic business, and as a public minister in Holland, England and Prussia. Just as Gen. Washington was retiring from office, he appointed Mr. Adams minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Portugal. While on his way to Lisbon he received a new commission, changing his destination to Berlin. During his residence of about three years and a half at Berlin, he concluded an important commercial treaty with Prussia—thus accomplishing the object of his mission. He was recalled near the close of his father's administration, and arrived in his native country in September, 1801.

In 1802 he was chosen by the Boston district to the Senate of Massachusetts, and soon after was elected by the Legislature a Senator in Congress for six years from March 3, 1803. He remained in the Senate of the United States until 1808, when he resigned. While in the Senate he received the appointment of Professor of Rhetoric in Harvard University, an office which he filled with distinguished ability.

At the age of eighteen, at his own request, his father permitted him to return to Massachusetts, where he entered Harvard University, and was graduated in 1787 with distinguished honors. Soon after leaving college he entered the office of the celebrated Theophilus Parsons, afterwards Chief Justice of Massachusetts, where he remained the usual period of three years, in the study of the law, when he entered the profession, and established himself at Boston.

In 1809, he was appointed by President Madison Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Russia, where he rendered the most important services to his country. By his influence with that Court he induced Russia to offer her mediation between Great Britain and the United States in the war of 1812; and when the proper time had arrived, he was placed by President Madison at the head of five distinguished commissioners to negotiate a treaty of peace, which was concluded at Ghent in 1814. Mr. Adams was then associated with Mr. Clay and Mr. Gallatin to negotiate a commercial convention with Great Britain, and was forthwith appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James. While in Europe, in 1811, he received the appointment of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, which he declined.

After remaining in England till the close of President Madison's administration, he was called home, and placed by President Monroe at the head of the Department of State, where he remained eight years.

In 1825, he was chosen by the House of Representatives President of the United States for the term of four years. On leaving the Presidency in 1829, he returned to his native place in Massachusetts, and in 1831, was elected a member of this House, and by the free suffrages of the people has been continued in that office to the day of his death.

This is but a hasty and imperfect enumeration of the public stations which have been filled by my late lamented colleague. Of the manner in which he has discharged these public trusts it is not necessary for me to speak. Suffice it to say that his long eventful life has been devoted to the public service, and the ability and fidelity with which he has discharged every duty are known and acknowledged throughout the nation. His fame is so blended with his country's history that it will live when all the frail monuments of art shall have crumbled into dust. By his death the country has lost a pure patriot, science an ardent votary, and the cause of human freedom a devoted friend.

But it is not as a public man merely that we are to contemplate Mr. Adams. In the private walks of life, "where tired dissimulation drops the mask," and man appears as he really is, we find in him all those silent and social virtues which adorn the character. His ardent love of justice, his inflexible regard for truth, his stern devotion to the cause of civil and religious liberty, were blended with meekness, sobriety, and charity. But the crowning glory of his character was his devotion to the cause of his Redeemer.

To that cause he was publicly dedicated on the second day of his earthly existence, and throughout a long life he manifested a firm belief in Divine revelation, and a calm trust in that Being who rules among the nations and spreads the mantle of his love over his dependent children. But he is gone. The places that have known him will know him no more forever. This instance of mortality, at once so peculiar and so painful, admonishes us of the uncertainty of life, and teaches us so to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

We tender to his afflicted family our heartfelt sympathy, and assure them that a nation's tears will be mingled with theirs. And while we look for consolation to the wisdom and goodness of an over-ruling Providence, we would affectionately commend them to that gracious Being who has revealed himself as the father of the fatherless and the widow's God and friend.

Messrs Holmes, Vinton and M'Dowell followed Mr. Hudson in glowing eulogies of the distinguished worth and virtues of the deceased.

The House then adopted the usual resolutions, and as an especial mark of respect ordered that Mr. Adams' seat remain unoccupied for 30 days, and that the Hall be put in mourning during the same period. The House then adjourned until Saturday to make arrangements for the funeral.

When the House message, announcing the death of Mr. ADAMS, was sent to the Senate, on Thursday, Mr. DAVIS, of Massachusetts, then addressed the Senate as follows:

Mr. President: By the recent affliction of my colleague, a painful duty devolves upon me. The message just delivered from the House proves that the hand of God has been again among us. A great and good man has gone from our midst. If, in speaking of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, I can give utterance to the language of my own heart, I am confident I shall meet with a response from the Senate.

He was born in the then Province of Massachusetts, while she was girding herself for the great revolutionary struggle which was then before her. His parentage is too well known to need even an allusion; yet I may be pardoned if I say that his father seemed born to aid in the establishment of our free government, and his mother was a most suitable companion and co-laborer of such a patriot. The cradle hymns of the child were the songs of liberty.

The power and competence of man for self-government were the topics which he most frequently heard discussed by the wise men of the day; and the inspiration thus caught, gave form and pressure to his after life. Thus early imbued with the love of free institutions, educated by his father for the service his of country, and early led by Washington to its altar, he has stood before the world as one of its eminent statesmen. He has occupied, in turn, almost every place of honor which the country could give him, and for more than half a century has been thus identified with its history. Under any circumstances, I should feel myself unequal to the task of rendering justice to his memory; but with the debilitating effect of bad health still upon me, I can only, with extreme brevity, touch upon some of the most prominent features of his life.

While yet a young man, he was, in May, 1794, appointed minister resident to the States General of the United Netherlands. In May, 1796, two years after, he has appointed minister plenipotentiary at Lisbon, in Portugal. These honors were conferred on him by George Washington, with the advice and consent of the Senate.

In May, 1797, he was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the King of Prussia. In March, 1798, and probably while at Berlin, he was appointed a commissioner with full powers to negotiate a treaty of amity, and commerce with Sweden.

After his return to the United States, he was elected by the Legislature of Massachusetts a Senator, and discharged the duties of that station in this chamber from the 4th of March, 1803, until June, 1808, when, differing from his colleague and the State upon a great political question, he resigned his seat. In June, 1809, he was nominated and appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburgh.

While at that court, in February, 1811, he was appointed an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill a vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Cushing, but never took his seat upon the bench.

In May, 1813, he, with Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, was nominated envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to negotiate a treaty of peace with Great Britain, under the mediation of Russia, and a treaty of commerce with Russia.—From causes which it is unnecessary to notice, nothing was accomplished under this appointment. But afterwards, in January, 1814, he and Messrs. Gallatin, Bayard, Clay and Russell, were appointed ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary to negotiate a treaty of peace and a treaty of commerce with Great Britain.—This mission succeeded in effecting a pacification, and the name of Mr. Adams is subscribed to the treaty of Ghent.

After this eventful crisis in our public affairs, he was, in February, 1815, selected by Mr. Madison to represent the country and protect its interests at the Court of St James, and he remained there as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary until Mr. Monroe became President of the United States.

On the 5th March, 1817, at the commencement of the new administration, he was appointed Secretary of State, and continued in that office while that gentleman was at the head of the administration.

In 1825, he was elected his successor, and discharged the duties of President for one term, ending on the 3d of March, 1829.

Here followed a brief period of repose from public service, and Mr. Adams retired to the family mansion at Quincy, but was elected a member of the House of Representatives from the district in which he lived, at the next election, which occurred after his return to it, and took his seat in December, 1831; he remained it by successive elections to the day of his death.

I have not ventured on this occasion beyond a bare enumeration of the high places of trust and confidence which have been conferred upon the deceased. The service covers a period of more than half a century: and what language can I employ which will portray more forcibly the great merits of the deceased, the confidence reposed in him by the public, or the ability with which he discharged the duty devolved upon him, than by this simple narative of recorded facts! An ambitious man could not desire a more emphatic eulogy.

Mr. Adams, however, was not merely a statesman, but a ripe, accomplished scholar, who, during a life of remarkably well-directed industry, made those great acquirements which adorned his character, and gave to it the manly strength of wisdom and intelligence.

As a statesman and patriot, he will rank among the illustrious men of an age prolific in great names, and greatly distinguished in its progress in civilization. The productions of his pen are proofs of a vigorous mind, imbued with a profound knowledge of what it investigates, and of a memory which was singularly retentive and capacious.

But his character is not made up of those conspicuous qualities alone. He will be remembered for the virtues of private life—for his elevated moral example—for his integrity—for his devotion to his duties as a Christian, as a neighbor, and as the head of a family. In all these relations, few persons have set a more steadfast or brighter example, and few have descended to the grave where the broken ties of social and domestic affection have been more sincerely lamented.

Great as may be the loss to the public of one so gifted and wise, it is by the family that his death will be most deeply felt. His aged and beloved partner, who has so long shared the honors of his career, and to whom all who know her are bound by the ties of friendship, will believe that we share her grief, mourn her bereavement, and sympathise with her in her affliction.

It is believed to have been the earnest wish of his heart, to die, like Chatham, in the midst of his labors. It was a sublime