

MURDER OF MR. ADAMS.

STATEMENT OF COLT.

The trial of this individual, charged with the murder of Mr. Samuel Adams, positively fixed for Monday next; and his Hall, Esq., the Attorney General of the State, is now in the city, for the purpose of assisting the District Attorney in the prosecution. A strong effort will however be made by the counsel for the prisoner for a further postponement—we should presume with success, if no better grounds are furnished than those given when the last postponement was granted by the Court. It was distinctly understood that no indulgence could be given beyond the present term, for the reasons then stated.

Efforts have also been made and are still making, to prove hereditary insanity, and unless it will be the aim of counsel, on the trial to convince the jury that this awful deed was committed under an aberration of the prisoner's mind. How far they will succeed in convincing a jury of this sort, and of enlisting their sympathies, it is not for us to predict. The public have no bloodthirsty desires, and we, in common with them, ask only that justice may be done; that no false sympathy, nor any unkind sensibility may be excited in the prisoner's behalf; but if he has been guilty of the awful crime with which he stands charged, and from the very contemplation of which the human heart shrinks shuddering, he may suffer the penalty of his crime, and satisfy the offended laws of his country. It is time that our statute book ceased to be a dead letter; that the majesty of our laws were sustained—which can never be the case while felons go unwhipped of justice, and murderers from misplaced feelings of humanity, are suffered to escape that law, which, while it remains on the statute book must and should be enforced, "that whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

We learn that Colt suffers little, comparatively little mental agony, and the terror of conscience affect him little if any. His brother, a lawyer of St. Louis is here, and he, together with the one residing in the city, are the only persons permitted to visit him, except his counsel. To all he is said to be very communicative, except on the subject of the murder.

In his own statement of this dreadful affair he has not been permitted to make on his public examinations; whether wisely or not, we do not pretend to say. Such a statement has however been made to his friends, repeated to us, and we give it as we received it, without comment.

It is stated that Adams came to his rooms one afternoon to dun him for an unsettled account, about which there was no dispute. They both sat down at the table, and settled the various items excepted. About this time a dispute arose between them and high words ensued, during which Adams called him "a liar," and he separated at this he struck him, and a scuffle thereupon ensued. Adams being a stronger man of the two, threw and fell upon Colt, and clutched him so violently by the throat that he was in danger of choking. Colt was then lying upon the back on the floor, and as his hand was stretched out, it came in contact with something which he at once seized, (but as he never knew what it was) and using Adams's grip still hard upon his throat, he brought his hand round and struck him on the back of the head; this would seem to have been sufficient to stun him, and he only rolled rather more on one side; Colt then struck him again, and the blow must have fallen on the side of the head. These wounds, dreadful as the subsequent examination proved them to be, were not sufficient to release the prisoner's throat; but even in the agony of death, Mr. Adams still continued to hold firmly on, until Colt seemed to be at his last gasp, and then the dreadful blow was given on the front of the head, which deprived the wretched being of life, and released the other from his grasp. Colt then arose and found Adams a corpse.

For some time he says, he remained stupefied with dread and horror—he knew not what to do, and at length determined to make his brother acquainted with the facts; for this purpose he went to his lodgings, but he was not at home. He then went into the park, and walked there for some time, being unable to make up his mind as to the best course to be pursued—he at one time thought to tell some friend, but knowing that some stains rested upon his character, he refrained, lest they should not believe his story, and so deliver him up to justice. After travelling the Park for many and many a time, he at length returned to his rooms and took the dreadful means, with which the public are already acquainted, to conceal the awful deed.

We offer no remark on the above statement, but simply give it, as given to us.—The story is a very plausible, and a very probable one; the wounds on the head of the deceased, might well have been given in the manner described. There are, however, no witnesses of the dreadful tragedy—to God and to himself the secret alone is known.

If rich, it is easy enough to conceal our wealth; but, if poor, it is not quite so easy to conceal our poverty. We shall find that it is less difficult to hide a thousand guineas, than one hole in our coat.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Among the productions of this talented and accomplished individual, it would be difficult to come across an extract possessing more interest than the following.—Although it has heretofore been inserted in our paper, yet having recently come across it in an exchange paper, we again copy it for the purpose of accompanying it with a comment or two. It is part of a speech he delivered before the Supreme Court of the United States, in the case of the Amistad Negroes in the month of March last. As beautiful and pathetic as is the concluding portion of this extract, it falls short of producing half the effect upon the reader, that it did upon those who heard it delivered. We were ourselves among the number of those, who was present in the Court room when he made his argument, and can testify to the deep sensations produced upon the minds of his listeners, by his closing remarks.

He had occupied the attention of the Court upwards of four hours, and had become so exhausted as to make his tremulous and subdued voice, scarcely audible across the chamber. The audience was large and crowded the Court room. Each one hung upon the accents of the speaker, and so anxious were all to catch every word he uttered, that respiration itself seemed for a time suspended. There stood the old man, with his gray locks and venerable form, going over the list of those who had occupied the seats before and around him, in times long gone by, and calling up to recollection many of those traits in their characters, which had so distinguished them and so endeared them to their associates and friends. After doing this and enquiring where they now were, when he replied Gone! Gone! All Gone! a more solemn and impressive scene we never witnessed. There sat the seven venerable Judges (that being the number then present) their heads bowed down by the force and affecting nature of the appeal—around were a breathless audience, whose countenances betrayed the feelings that were at work in their bosoms, and many of them shedding tears—and there stood the speaker, pausing to recover himself and to acquire energy enough to close his remarks—altogether it was an occasion, the impression of which no lapse of time will be able to efface from our minds.

May it please your Honors: On the 7th of February, 1804, now more than thirty-seven years past, my name was entered, and yet stands recorded, on both the rolls as one of the Attorneys and Counsellors of this Court. Five years later, in February and March, 1809, I appeared for the last time before this Court, in defence of the cause of justice, and of important rights, in which many of my fellow-citizens had property to a large amount at stake. Very shortly afterwards, I was called to the discharge of other duties—first in distant lands, and in later years, within our own country, but in different departments of her Government. Little did I imagine that I should ever again be required to claim the right of appearing in the capacity of an officer of this Court; yet such has been the dictate of my destiny—and I appear again to plead the cause of justice, and now of liberty and life, in behalf of many of my fellow-men before that same Court, which in a former age I had addressed in support of rights of property.—I stand again, I trust for the last time, before the same Court—hic cæstus, artemque repono." I stand before the same Court but not the same judges—nor aided by the same associates—nor resisted by the same opponents. As I cast my eyes along those seats of honor and of public trust, now occupied by you, they seek in vain for one of those honored and honorable persons whose indulgence listened then to my voice. Marshall—Cushing—Chase—Washington—Johnson—Livingston—Todd—Where are they? where is that eloquent statesman and learned lawyer, who was my associate counsel in the management of that cause, Robert Goodloe Harper? Where is that brilliant luminary, so long the pride of Maryland and of the American Bar, then my opposing counsel, Luther Martin? Where is the excellent clerk of that day, whose name has been inscribed on the shores of Africa as a monument of his abhorrence of the African slave trade, Elias B. Caldwell? Where is the erier of the Court? Alas! where is one of the very judges of the Court, arbiters of life and death, before whom I commenced this anxious argument even now prematurely closed? Where are they all? Gone! Gone! All Gone! Gone from the services which, in their day and generation, they faithfully rendered to their country. From the excellent characters which they sustained in life so far as I have had the means of knowing, I humbly hope, and fondly trust, that they have gone to receive the rewards of blessedness on high. In taking then my final leave of this Bar, and of this Honorable Court, I can only ejaculate a fervent petition to Heaven, that every member of it may go to his final account with as little of earthly frailty to answer for as those illustrious dead, and that you may every one, after the close of a long and virtuous career in this world, be received at the portals of the next with the approving sentence—"Well done good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

on board the steamboat Oceana, navigating the Missouri river:

"Never was there a greater variety—of 'blue spirits and gray,' of old and young, sinners and saints, a more heterogeneous mass—congregated on one boat than may be seen on this. We have governors, congressmen, editors, preachers, lawyers, doctors, farmers, loafers, and pedagogues, rowdies, blacklegs, thieves burglars, counterfeiter, colonels, majors, captains, sheriffs, constables, soldiers, whigs, democrats, and locofocos. We have good looking old ladies, and awfully ugly old maids—beautiful maidens and intelligent matrons—about fifty qualling children—one man groaning with the toothache, another shaking with the ague, another raving with gout, and two or three in the last stage of consumption. At the present moment there is a scene displayed, which, to describe faithfully would require the pen of a Swift, &c. At one end of the cabin sits Gov. Miller, (now congressman) with two Whigs and four Locofocos; they are discussing the merits of the Bankrupt Law, the distribution Bill, and the McLeod case—the different speeches, very much like some of those made in Congress at the late session, and there is about as much order preserved. In the 'social hall' sit five young men, with each a cigar in his mouth, and a glass of liquor at his side, playing poker: 'I'll bet a dollar; I'll see that and five better; 'take it; 'd—n the luck; 'loan me another five, Tom.' A little further along sit eight penitentiary convicts, manacled, playing 'fold sledge' on a box, betting with kernels of corn, each accusing the other with cheating. 'You are no gentleman; you be d—d; 'didnt you pick a man's pocket; 'look at your irons.' Around the stove sit two invalids, one cursing and groaning with the toothache, and the other shaking with the ague. Scattered about in different berths are some dozen or more children, with voices like nightingales, pitched to every key in the scale, screaming most merrily, occasionally varying in tone, just according as the 'slaps' of the dear confiding mothers are administered. Down on deck aft, a violin and flute are near crazy, and almost fifty Dutchmen with their fat bouncing lasses, 'kicking out' a dutch reel in a most execracting manner. 'Forward,' three or four strapping niggers are roaring out one of the firemen's choruses, as they pump water into the boilers. Occasionally, by way of variety, some one treads upon a dog's tail, in order to hear him 'yell.' Whilst all this machinery is in motion, and the rain pouring down in torrents, with lightning vivid and constant, rattled by almost deafening peals of thunder, I am attempting to write you a few lines."

We take the following account of Page's newly invented portable Saw Mill from the Baltimore American. Why will they not answer a good purpose in the pine forests of North Carolina? It appears to us they are worthy of attention. "This machine is remarkable, not only for its extraordinary performance, but for its extreme simplicity, and the very small power required to drive it. While in operation yesterday, a wet yellow pine log was placed on the carriage, 16 feet long and 17 inches wide. The saw passed through this three times in the space of four minutes and a half. A mill of ten horse power will cut with ease 10,000 feet per day. We learn that these mills are now getting extensively into use in this and the adjoining States, and that orders have been received from numerous places in the South and West. One of them, put up for the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, is said to have paid for itself in about two months. They can be readily transported from place to place, and set up where ever timber is abundant. As a proof of their efficacy, it may be mentioned that some time ago Mr. Page put one of them on a rail road car, and set it up in the thickly timbered country through which the Annapolis rail road passes. By it he was enabled to send to his factory a large quantity of prepared timber, at less than half what it would have cost him; if purchased in the city. One of these mills is in operation at the Navy Yard, Washington, and several others are now engaged for the United States service. When desired, a very efficient planing machine can be attached to the saw mill, and worked with very little increase of power."

The Press in Germany.—Mr. Walsh in one of his late letters that the King of Hanover's strife with the press annoys him, not less than his despotic pretensions embarrass the German diet. French tourists write that the press of all the secondary States of Germany is subject to the influence of Berlin—imbued with Prussian ideas, and that Germany does not possess, in fact any free independent journal.

Mount Vernon.—The Mount Vernon estate consisted, soon after the French war, of 6,000 acres, and when Washington returned to cultivate it, he had 1200 persons upon it in his employment. Now but five slaves live on the place, and 400 acres only are cultivated, chiefly used for raising wheat and Indian corn.

much learning has been expended in vain, turns out as we expected from the first, a humbug—it had this advantage, however, over many that had preceded and we fear will also succeed it, it cost nothing, which is more than can be said of many of the humbugs, whether Political, Financial, Agricultural or miscellaneous that meet us, at every turn.

The present may in truth be designated the age of humbug. An editor can scarcely make an acknowledgment to his readers for having unintentionally palmed off upon them some miserable hoax, than a repetition of that unpleasant duty becomes necessary. The confession the press is now called upon to make to the public, relates to the story which went the rounds a few weeks since, descriptive of a "shower of flesh and blood" which was reported, on what was then set down as unquestionable authority, to have occurred within the limits of Tennessee. The mystery is thus explained by the Gazette, published at Kosciusko, Mississippi:— "As we expected, the story about the 'shower of flesh and blood,' in Wilson county, Tennessee, has turned out to be a hoax. It appears that the gentleman, upon whose premises the phenomenon was said to have occurred, had become all at once possessed of a religious turn of mind, and joined the church, whereupon his negroes conceived the idea that if they could play some serious trick upon him he would set them free; and they accordingly procured from time to time a quantity of bees' livers, and deposited them in a pond near the place, where it soon putrified: they then, after having obtained a sufficient quantity of blood, picked their time, and commenced the 'shower of flesh and blood,' by strewing the liver and blood over the field, which having been completed, they set up a loud yell and started for the house, running all the way as if the 'old boy' had been at their heels. So ended this chapter."

A PICTURE OF NEW YORK. The following complimentary notice of New York is quoted from an English writer in the Liverpool Albion: "I am often amused, and at the same time instructed, by what Englishmen, who have visited America, say concerning it. They voyage to and from our country from England and can now be made in such a short space of time, that vast numbers of well-informed Englishmen make the trip there and back in about three months, and arrive to see and hear a great deal in that time. I have been much pleased by some letters which have recently appeared in the Liverpool Albion, (which, by the by, is among the very best papers published in this country.) They are headed 'Reminiscences of Travel in the United States,' and the writer thus speaks of New York: 'If you have been in the Bay of Naples don't go into ecstasies about it till you have seen that of New York. You will view it under the same blue sky and balmy air, but your eye will take in other charms than those of scenery—the bustle of traffic and the sounds of industry. Nor, when you find, will your eyes be pained by the unweelcome sight of swarms of beggars, and ragged and idle population. New York is the monetary centre of the States, and its Wall street is the Threadneedle street of the West. The whole avenue is a great temple for money changers; banking houses and exchange offices occupy every dwelling. The stranger who visits this crowded mart to arrange his European funds, hears a hundred technicalities which completely puzzle him. New York is a true metropolis in wealth and refinement in character and associations. All this comes new and delightfully to those who so generally forget that many parts of the new world are very little behind the old—that the great picture of social civilization has not required time to fill up."

Messrs. Editors: The following paragraph, referring to a person who is soon to be tried for the awful crime of murder, should arrest the attention of every parent and child, and the moral it inculcates should be treasured up and strictly observed. I beg of you, therefore, to give it a place in the Intelligencer.

A MOTHER. "We wish we could transfer to the minds of the thousands who so eagerly read all that is said of him, the one impressive lesson we are taught, as we trace the evil in this case back to its germ. That germ, whose growth has been so bitter, was insubordination from childhood upwards. His whole course has been marked by self-will, breaking through all the common restraints of the family, of the school-room, of the counting-house, of social life, and of the law of God. He has been for fourteen years a voluntary exile from the parental roof. Let the child not submit to be checked and guided, tremble for the end of his own career. And let the parent tremble for the child who cannot be made to yield to just authority, and let him never dare to hope that the youth whom he cannot control, will learn to control himself, and curb his own wild passions."

This charming season has arrived, mingling the warm of spring with the parting warmth of summer, which, still lingering, seems reluctant to take a final leave. It stands as a sort of isthmus—a dividing space—separating antagonist forces, or as a neutral ground where both meet and unite lovingly together for a time. The Indian Summer is peculiar to the American climate, and forms one of the most beautiful characteristics of our autumn. It is for naturalists to say whence and why it comes, and how it receives those qualities which distinguish it as a particular season. The old story about fires in the mountains and prairies of the West we shall not stop to consider, altho' there are, or there were once, many good people who believed that the warm and smoky atmosphere of this season originated therefrom; and as the Indians were supposed to be the authors of the conflagration every year when the leaves and dry grass became fit for burning, the season was called Indian Summer accordingly. But this is a philosophical age, and we do not ask any body to believe more of its tradition than they choose.

There are different styles of beauty among the seasons as well as among women and paintings. The beauty of the Spring, on a fine may morning, for example, when the dew is sparkling on the leaves, or falling in glittering drops to the ground, as the birds leap from branch to branch, giving forth at the same time—that is, the birds—a great deal of sweet music—the beauty of such a morning, to an early riser, is very charming; the balmy softness of the air, the cheerful aspect of nature in her first vesture of lively green spread over the diversified range of fields, meadows, woodlands, hills, and valleys—all fresh as if just created and specially decked out to receive the rising sun—to say nothing of streams wreathed in early mist and other romantic appurtenances—the whole taken altogether, we say presents to a spectator having a good conscience and some imagination, a very pleasant and beautiful scene. The beauty of a midsummer's day is of another kind, which we must leave to the reader's fancy, having been already drawn too diffusively into the descriptive.

Autumnal beauty is different from that of the Spring, from that of the Summer, and from that of Winter—the more especially in the latter case, because winter is not generally supposed to have any beauty.—The charm of an autumn day is of a pensive cast, unlike the freshness of may, and different from the bold brilliancy of an August day. The causes of this we cannot enlarge upon—in fact we do not know that any satisfactory cause has ever been given why the season of autumn should be melancholy and sad in its influences upon the mind. It may be on account of the dread of approaching winter, or regret for departing summer; it may be for a sort of sympathy with the falling leaves, emblems of human decay, mingled with something of pity for the poor naked trees that stand, like outcasts, unprotected from the chilling blasts; or it may be because the people are subject to influenzas at this season. We leave it to the philosophers.

New Jersey.—Strange posture of Affairs. It will be recollected by our readers that the Council—that is the Senate—of New Jersey, is equally divided between the two parties, being 9 democrats and 9 whigs, and that upon the assembling of the Legislature a few days since, the agreed to make a division of the officers of that body. Accordingly Mr. Cassidy, democrat, was chosen Vice President of the Council, and the other offices filled according to agreement. On Thursday the House of Assembly, which is whig, passed a resolution to go into an election of Governor on Friday, agreeably to the requirements of the Constitution, and upon its coming up in the Council, a motion was made to adjourn, which was carried by the vote of a whig who seems to act with those to whom he has heretofore been politically opposed.—On Friday the Governor, who is by the Constitution the President of the Council, took the Chair, but by the desertion above alluded to, another adjournment, was effected until to day, (Monday.) On Saturday, the term for which Gov. Pennington was elected expired, and consequently the duties of the office of Governor devolve on Mr. Cassidy, the Vice President of the Council. We also learn from the Newark Advertiser, that the Court of Errors, composed of the Governor and Council, is required to meet on Tuesday, and much important business awaits its action, but that the Vice President cannot preside in that Court, and that consequently the term must be lost, unless a Governor is appointed on Monday or Tuesday.—Clipper.

Horrible.—The Natchitoches Herald records a most horrible transaction, in which some Texas marauders were engaged.—They crossed the line into the U. S. Territory and captured a man named Boatright, whom they intended to bury alive. He stood by and saw them digging his grave, when he started to run for a snicket—a dozen muskets were levelled at him, and he fell a lifeless corpse. His offence was that he refused to recognize their authority, and expressed his opposition to their many lawless acts.