

that parish. Perhaps I do not sufficiently sympathize with the people of Beauport in attributing to the Virgin so direct an influence upon this moral reform; but in the spirit with which they erected that monument I do most cordially sympathize with them. For, under whatever influence the cause may be promoted, the cause itself can never fail to make its votaries wiser and better men. I cannot make a speech. My heart is too full, and my voice too feeble. Farewell! And with that farewell, may the blessings of heaven be upon you throughout your lives!"

Mr. Adams was greatly delighted with his visit to Niagara Falls. A letter-writer thus describes it:—

"Mr. Adams seems incapable of fatigue, either physical or mental. After a drive in the morning to Lewiston, he stopped, on his return to the Falls, at the whirlpool. The descent to the water's edge, which is not often made, is, as you will remember, all but vertical, down a steep of some three hundred and sixty feet. One of the party was about going down, when Mr. Adams remarked that he would accompany him. Gen. Porter and the other gentlemen present remonstrated, and told him it was a very severe undertaking for a young and hearty man, and that he would find it, in such a hot day, quite impracticable. He seemed, however, to know his capacities; and this old man, verging on four score years, not only made the descent, but clambered over almost impracticable rocks along the margin of the river, to obtain the various views presented at different points. The return was not easy, but he was quite adequate to the labor; and after resting a few minutes at the summit, resumed his ride, full of spirits and of animated and instructive conversation. After dinner, he crossed over to Goat Island, and beheld the cataract from the various points, and continued his explorations until all was obscured by darkness. He seemed greatly impressed by the wonderful contrast presented by the scene of rage and repose—of the wild and furious dashing of the mighty river down the rapids, with its mad plunge over the precipice—and the sullen stillness of the abyss of waters below. I wish I could repeat to you his striking conversation during these rambles, replete with brilliant classical allusions, historical illustrations, and the most minute, and as it seemed to me, universal infor-

mation. * * * * * I sincerely concur with the worthy captain of one of our steamboats, who said to me the other day,—'Oh, that we could take the *engine* out of the old "Adams," and put it into a new hull!"

During his visit at the Falls, Mr. Adams, on a Sabbath morning, accompanied by Gen. Porter, visited the remnant of the Tuscarora Indians, and attended divine service in their midst. At the conclusion of the sermon, Mr. Adams made a brief address to the Indians, which is thus described by the letter-writer alluded to above:—

"Mr. Adams alluded to his advanced age, and said this was the first time he had ever looked upon their beautiful fields and forests—that he was truly happy to meet them there and join with them in the worship of our common Parent—reminded them that in years past he had addressed them from the position which he then occupied, in language, at once that of his station and his heart, as 'his children'—and that now, as a private citizen, he hailed them in terms of equal warmth and endearment, as his 'brethren and sisters.' He alluded, with a simple eloquence which seemed to move the Indians much, to the equal care and love with which God regards all his children, whether savage or civilized, and to the common destiny which awaits them hereafter, however various their lot here. He touched briefly and forcibly on the topics of the sermon which they had heard, and concluded with a beautiful and touching benediction upon them."

At Rochester immense multitudes assembled to receive Mr. Adams. He was welcomed in an eloquent address from the Mayor of the city. The following are a few extracts from the reply of Mr. Adams:—

"Mr. Mayor and Fellow-citizens:—I fear you expect from me a speech. If it were in my power, oppressed as I am with mingled

astonishment and gratitude at what I have experienced and now see of your kindness, to make a speech, I would gratify you with one adorned with all the chaste yet simple eloquence which are combined in the address to which you have just listened from your worthy Mayor. But it is not in my power. You may probably think there is some affectation on my part, in pretending inability to address you, knowing as many of you do, that I have often addressed assemblies like this. But I hope for greater indulgence from you than this. I trust you will consider that I have seen and spoken to multitudes like that now before me, but that these multitudes had frowning faces. Those I could meet, and to those I could speak. But to you, whose every face is expressive of generous affection—to you, in whose every countenance I see kindness and friendship—I cannot speak. It is too much for me. It overcomes my powers of speech. It is a new scene to me. * * * * *

“Amongst the sentiments which I have expressed, and the observations which I have made during my brief tour through this portion of your State, it was impossible for me to forego a constant comparison with what New York was in other days, and what it is now. I first set my feet upon the soil of the now Empire State, in 1785. I then visited the city of New York,—at that time a town of 18,000 inhabitants. I tarried, while in that city, at the house of John Jay—a man whom I name, and whom all will remember, as one of the most illustrious of the distinguished patriots who carried our beloved country through the dark period of the Revolution. Mr. Jay, the Secretary of Foreign Affairs, under the Congress of the Federation, was laying the foundation of a house in Broadway, but which was separated by the distance of a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling. At that time, being eighteen years of age, I received an invitation to visit western New York; and I have regretted often, but never more than now, that I had not accepted that invitation. Oh! what would I not have given to have seen this part of this great State then, that I might be able to contrast it with what it now is. * * * * *

“It has seemed to me as if in this region the God of nature intended to make a more sublime display of his power, than in any other portion of the world. He has done so in physical nature—in the majestic cataract, whose sound you can almost hear—in forest and in field—in the mind of man among you. In what has been

accomplished to make your city what it is, the aged have done the most. The middle aged may say we will improve upon what has been done; and the young, we shall accomplish still more than our fathers. That, fellow-citizens, was the boast in the ancient Spartan procession—a procession which was divided into three classes—the old, the middle-aged, and the young. They had a saying which each class repeated in turn. The aged said—

‘We have been, in days of old,
Wise and gentle, brave and bold.’

The middle-aged said—

‘We, in turn, your place supply;
Who doubts it, let them come and try.’

And the boys said—

‘Hereafter, at our country’s call,
We promise to surpass you all.’

And so it will be with you—each in your order.”

At Auburn every possible token of respect was paid to the venerable statesman. A committee consisting of ex-Gov. Seward, Judge Conklin, Judge Miller, Luman Sherwood, P. H. Perry, S. A. Goodwin, James C. Wood, and J. L. Doty, Esqs., proceeded to Canandaigua to meet Mr. Adams. At half past nine o’clock in the evening, Mr. Adams, accompanied by the committee, arrived in Auburn. He was received by a torch-light procession, composed of the Auburn Guards, the Firemen, and an immense concourse of citizens, and conducted to the mansion of Gov. Seward, where he thus briefly addressed the people:—

“Fellow-citizens:—Notwithstanding the glow with which these brilliant torch-lights illuminate my welcome among you, I can only acknowledge your kindness, on this occasion, by assuring you that

to-morrow morning, by the light of the blessed sun, I hope to take every one of you by the hand, and express feelings too strong for immediate utterance."

On the following morning at six o'clock, Mr. Adams visited the State Prison, and made many inquiries concerning the discipline of the prison, and its success in the prevention of crime and reformation of offenders. At 9 o'clock he met the citizens in the First Presbyterian church, where he was addressed by Gov. Seward, as follows:—

"SIR:—I am charged with the very honorable and most agreeable duty, of expressing to you the reverence and affectionate esteem of my fellow-citizens, assembled in your presence.

"A change has come over the spirit of your journey, since your steps have turned towards your ancestral sea-side home. An excursion to invigorate health impaired by labors, too arduous for age, in the public councils, and expected to be quiet and contemplative, has become one of fatigue and excitement. Rumors of your advance escape before you, and a happy and grateful community rise up in their clustering cities, towns, and villages, impede your way with demonstrations of respect and kindness, and convert your unpretending journey into a triumphal progress. Such honors frequently attend public functionaries, and such an one may sometimes find it difficult to determine how much of the homage he receives is paid to his own worth, how much proceeds from the habitual reverence of good republican citizens to constituted elective authority, and how much from the spirit of venal adulation.

"You, sir, labor under no such embarrassment. The office you hold, though honorable, is purely legislative, and such as we can bestow by our immediate suffrage on one of ourselves. You conferred personal benefits sparingly when you held the patronage of the nation. That patronage you have relinquished, and can never regain. Your hands will be uplifted often, during your remaining days, to invoke blessings on your country, but never again to distribute honors or reward among your countrymen. The homage

paid you, dear sir, is sincere, for it has its sources in the just sentiments and irrepressible affections of a free people, their love of truth, their admiration of wisdom, their reverence for virtue, and their gratitude for beneficence.

"Nor need you fear that enthusiasm exaggerates your title to the public regard. Your fellow-citizens, in spite of political prudence, could not avoid honoring you on grounds altogether irrespective of personal merit. John Adams, who has gone to receive the reward of the just, was one of the most efficient and illustrious founders of this Empire, and afterwards its Chief Ruler. The son of such a father would, in any other age, and even in this age, in any other country than this, have been entitled, by birth alone, to a sceptre. We not merely deny hereditary claims to civil trust, but regard even hereditary distinction with jealousy. And this circumstance enhances justly the estimate of your worth. For when before has it happened that in such a condition of society the son has, by mere civic achievement, attained the eminence of such a sire, and effaced remembrance of birth by justly acquired renown?

"The hand we now so eagerly grasp, was pressed in confidence and friendship by the Father of our Country. The wreath we place on your honored brow, received its earliest leaves from the hand of Washington. We cannot expect, with the agency of free and universal suffrage, to be always governed by the wise and the good. But surely your predecessors in the Chief Magistracy, were men such as never before successively wielded power in any State. They differed in policy as they must, and yet, throughout their several dynasties, without any sacrifice of personal independence, and while passing from immature youth to ripened age, you were counsellor and minister to them all. We seem therefore, in this interview with you, to come into the presence of our departed chiefs; the majestic shade of Washington looks down upon us; we hear the bold and manly eloquence of the elder Adams; and we listen to the voices of the philosophic and sagacious Jefferson, the refined and modest Madison, and the generous and faithful Monroe.

"A life of such eminent patriotism and fidelity found its proper reward in your elevation to the eminence from which you had justly derived so many honors. Although your administration of the government is yet too recent for impartial history, or unbounded eulogy,

our grateful remembrance of it is evinced by the congratulations you now receive from your fellow-citizens.

"But your claims to the veneration of your countrymen do not end here. Your predecessors descended from the Chief Magistracy to enjoy, in repose and tranquillity, honors even greater than those which belonged to that eminent station. It was reserved for you to illustrate the important truths, that offices and trusts are not the end of public service, but are merely incidents in the life of the true American citizen; that duties remain when the highest trust is resigned; and that there is scope for a pure and benevolent ambition beyond even the Presidency of the United States of America.

"You have devoted the energies of a mind unperverted, the learning and experience acquired through more than sixty years, and even the influence and fame derived from your high career of public service, to the great cause of universal liberty. The praises we bestow are already echoed back to us by voices which come rich and full across the Atlantic, hailing you as the indefatigable champion of humanity—not the humanity which embraces a single race or clime, but that humanity which regards the whole family of MAN. Such salutations as these cannot be mistaken. They come not from your contemporaries, for they are gone—you are not of this generation, but of the PAST, spared to hear the voice of POSTERITY. The greetings you receive come up from the dark and uncertain FUTURE. They are the whisperings of posthumous FAME—fame which impatiently awaits your departure, and which, spreading wider and growing more and more distinct, will award to JOHN QUINCY ADAMS a name to live with that of WASHINGTON!"

The audience expressed their sympathy with this address by long and enthusiastic cheering. When order was restored, Mr. Adams rose, evidently under great and unaffected embarrassment.

He replied to the speech in an address of about half an hour, during which the attention of his audience was riveted upon the speaker, with intense interest

and affection. He declared the embarrassment he felt in speaking. He was sensible that his fellow-citizens had laid aside all partizan feelings in coming up to greet him. He desired to speak what would not wound the feelings of any one. He was grateful, deeply grateful, to them all. But on what subject of public interest could a public man speak, that would find harmony among an intelligent, thinking people? There were such subjects, but he could not speak of them.

The people of Western New York had always been eminently just and generous to him, and had recently proved their kindness on various occasions, by inviting him to address the State Agricultural Society on agriculture. But his life had been spent in the closet, in diplomacy, or in the cabinet; and he had not learned the practice, or even the theory of agriculture. After what he had seen of the harvests of Western New York, bursting with food for the sustenance of man, for him to address the people of such a district on agriculture, would be as absurd as the vanity of the rhetorician who went to Carthage to instruct Hannibal in the art of war. He had been solicited to address the young. In his life time he had been an instructor of youth, and, strange as from his present display they might think it, he had instructed them in the art of eloquence. And there was no more honorable office on earth than instructing the young. But the schools and seminaries had passed him, while he was engaged in other pursuits; and for

him now to attempt to instruct the young of this generation, would evince only the garrulousness of age.

He had been invited to discourse on internal improvement; but that was a subject he feared to touch. On one point, however, all men agreed. All were in favor of internal improvement. But there was a balance between the reasonable sacrifices of this generation, and the burden it had a right to cast upon posterity, and every individual might justly claim to hold his balance for himself. One thing, however, he was sure he might assume with safety. In looking over the State of New York, upon its canals and railroads, which brought the borders of the State into contiguity, and its citizens in every part into communion with each other, he was sure that all rejoiced, and might well glory in what had been accomplished.

Mr. A. said he had read and endeavored to inform himself concerning prison discipline, a subject deeply interesting to the peace, good order, and welfare of society; but after his examination of the penitentiary here, he was satisfied that he was yet a learner, instead of being able to give instruction on that important subject.

He had been asked to enlist in the growing army of temperance, and discourse on that cause, so deeply cherished by every well wisher of our country. And he would cheerfully speak; but other and more devoted men had occupied the field, and what was left for him to say on temperance? In passing through Catholic

Lower Canada he saw a column erected to the Virgin Mary, in gratitude for her promotion of the temperance cause. If indeed the blessed Virgin did lend her aid to that great work, it would almost win him to worship at her shrine, although he belonged to that class of people who rejected the invocation of saints.

He felt, therefore, that he had no subject on which to address them, but himself and his own public life. The experience of an old man, related by himself, would, he feared, be more irksome than profitable.

“What, then, am I to say? I am summoned here to speak, and to reply to what has been said to me by my respected friend, your late Chief Magistrate. And what is the theme he has given me? It is myself. And what can I say on such a subject? To know that he entertains, or that you entertain for me the sentiments he has expressed, absolutely overpowers me. I cannot go on. The only answer I can make, is a declaration, that during my public service, now protracted to nearly the age of eighty, I have endeavored to serve my country honestly and faithfully. How imperfectly I have done this, none seem so sensible as myself. I must stop. I can only repeat thanks, thanks, thanks to you, one and all, and implore the blessings of God upon you and your children.”

At the conclusion of this reply, Mr. Adams was introduced to a large number of the ladies and gentlemen assembled in the church. He then returned to the American Hotel, where he remained an hour,

receiving the visits of the citizens of the adjoining towns. At 11 o'clock the Auburn Guards escorted Mr. Adams and the committee, followed by a large procession, to the car-house. Accompanied by Gov. Seward, Judge Miller, Hon. Christopher Morgan, the committee, Auburn Guards, and a number of the citizens of Auburn, he was conveyed in an extra train of cars, in an hour and five minutes, to Syracuse.

At Syracuse, at Utica, at Albany, the same spontaneous outgushing manifestations of respect and affection met him that had hitherto attended his journey in every populous place through which he passed. In his reply to the address of Mr. Barnard, at Albany, he concluded in the following words:—

“Lingering as I am on the stage of public life, and, as many of you may think, lingering beyond the period when nature calls for repose—while I remain in the station which I now occupy in the Congress of the United States, if you, my hearers, as an assembly, or if any one among you, as an individual, have any object or purpose to promote, or any end to secure that he believes can in any way advance his interests or increase his happiness, then, in the name of God, I ask you *to send your petitions to me!* (Tremendous cheering.) I hope this is not trespassing too far on politics. (Laughter, and cheers.) I unhesitatingly promise you, one and all, that if I can in any way serve you in that station, I will do it most cheerfully; regarding it as the choicest blessing of God, if I shall thus be enabled to make some just return for the kind attentions which you have this day bestowed upon me.”

In his route homeward, Mr. Adams was received and entertained in a very handsome manner by the people of Pittsfield, Mass. He was addressed by Hon.

George N. Briggs, who alluded, in eloquent terms, to his long and distinguished public services. Mr. Adams, in reply, spoke of the scenes amidst which he had passed his early youth, and of the influence which they exerted in forming his character and shaping his purposes. “In 1775,” said he, “the minute men from a hundred towns in the province were marching, at a moment’s warning, to the scene of opening war. Many of them called at my father’s house in Quincy, and received the hospitality of John Adams. All were lodged in the house which the house would contain; others in the barns, and wherever they could find a place. There were then in my father’s kitchen *some dozen or two of pewter spoons*; and I well recollect going into the kitchen and seeing some of the men engaged *in running those spoons into bullets for the use of the troops!* Do you wonder,” said he, “that a boy of seven years of age, who witnessed this scene, should be a patriot?”

In the fall of the same year, Mr. Adams received an invitation from the Cincinnati Astronomical Society, to visit that city, and assist in the ceremony of laying the corner stone of an observatory, to be erected on an eminence called Mount Ida. The invitation was accepted. On his journey to Cincinnati, the same demonstrations of respect, the same eagerness to honor the aged patriarch were manifested in the various cities and towns through which he passed, as on his summer tour.

The ceremony of laying the corner stone took place on the 9th of November, 1843. Mr. Adams delivered an address on the occasion, replete with eloquence, wisdom, philosophy, and religion. The following beautiful extract will afford a specimen :—

“The various difficult, and, in many respects, opposite motives which have impelled mankind to the study of the stars, have had a singular effect in complicating and confounding the recommendation of the science. Religion, idolatry, superstition, curiosity, the thirst for knowledge, the passion for penetrating the secrets of nature, the warfare of the huntsman by night and by day against the beast of the forest and of the field, the meditations of the shepherd in the custody and wanderings of his flocks, the influence of the revolving seasons of the year, and the successive garniture of the firmament upon the labors of the husbandman, upon the seed time and the harvest, the blooming of flowers, the ripening of the vintage, the polar pilot of the navigator, and the mysterious magnet of the mariner—all, in harmonious action, stimulate the child of earth and of heaven to interrogate the dazzling splendors of the sky, to reveal to him the laws of their own existence.

“He has his own comforts, his own happiness, his own existence, identified with theirs. He sees the Creator in creation, and calls upon creation to declare the glory of the Creator. When Pythagoras, the philosopher of the Grecian schools, conceived that more than earthly idea of ‘the music of the spheres’—when the great dramatist of nature could inspire the lips of his lover on the moonlight green with the beloved of his soul, to say to her :—

‘Sit, Jessica.—Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with pattens of bright gold!
There’s not the smallest orb which thou beholdest,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still choiring to the young eyed cherubim!’

“Oh, who is the one with a heart, but almost wishes to cast off this muddy vesture of decay, to be admitted to the joy of listening to the celestial harmony!”

CHAPTER XV.

MR. ADAMS’ LAST APPEARANCE IN PUBLIC AT BOSTON—HIS HEALTH—LECTURES ON HIS JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON—REMOTE CAUSE OF HIS DECEASE—STRUCK WITH PARALYSIS—LEAVES QUINCY FOR WASHINGTON FOR THE LAST TIME—HIS FINAL SICKNESS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES—HIS DEATH—THE FUNERAL AT WASHINGTON—REMOVAL OF THE BODY TO QUINCY—ITS INTERMENT.

The last time Mr. Adams appeared in public in Boston, he presided at a meeting of the citizens of that city, in Faneuil Hall. “A man had been kidnapped in Boston—kidnapped at noon-day, ‘on the high road between Faneuil Hall and old Quincy,’ and carried off to be a slave! New England hands had seized their brother, sold him into bondage forever, and his children after him. A meeting was called to talk the matter over, in a plain way, and look in one another’s faces. Who was fit to preside in such a case? That old man sat in the chair in Faneuil Hall. Above him was the image of his father and his own; around him were Hancock and the other Adams, and Washington, greatest of all. Before him were the men and women of Boston, met to consider the wrongs done to a miserable negro slave. The roof of the old Cradle of Liberty