

DIED,

Yesterday morning, 22nd inst in the 72nd year of his age; Mr. John Quisick, long a respectable inhabitant of this city

In Baltimore, on the afternoon of the 18th instant at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Nevins, her son-in-law, Mrs. ANN KEY; relict of the Philip B. Key, Esq. of the District of Columbia.

It may be permitted to the writer of this article to indulge in those feelings which the death of such a friend cannot but occasion. For twenty years, that interesting and lovely and virtuous lady, passed almost daily in review before the writer; and never was there an occurrence that did not confirm all the previous impressions which he had felt of her worth. The lovely mother of a lovely family; and the widow, for a large portion of this time, she lived a model of domestic virtues, of maternal affection; and shed over a large circle of friends the most genial rays of genuine friendship. The writer has often heard her voice in the morning, and in the evening, and seen her kneeling, in the midst of her fatherless children, imploring God's protection and blessings upon them. This family group can never fade away from the writer's memory, nor can he ever forget the mother, or one of her children.

Born to affluence, and connected with the first families of Maryland, she never knew, until the death of her husband what it was to have a care, or an anxious thought. Abundance reigned over the family, and the rich treasury of a husband's and a father's care caused the sunshine of life to be always bright and delightful. When he died cares multiplied. The management of a large estate devolved upon the widow. There were little children (one an infant) to educate and bring up—daughters chiefly—and an only son. It was then this excellent woman rose with the events that now crowded in rapid and painful succession upon her; and now it was that the bright scene of life began to be clouded, and cares and anxieties found their way into a bosom of a family, that had been strangers to them before. Heaven had blessed her with a child, who uniting to all the virtues that can adorn woman an uncommonly vigorous intellect, and great fortitude, became her mother's counsellor and aid, in the management of their now complex affairs. This daughter was to her, and to her younger brother and sisters, a guide and shield. She came in, in a word, to the relief of her mother, and never did Heaven bless a mother with a more intelligent and devoted child, or children with a sonder sister, or one better qualified to be their guide—It was in the midst of their bereavement, and when the clouds of a threatening adversity hung heavily over them, that the writer became intimately acquainted with them all. He rejoices that he lived to see these clouds all break away, and the sun of hope and happiness to shine once more overall. This virtuous and faithful daughter is now the wife of the Hon. Henry Johnson, of Louisiana, recently Governor, and now member of Congress in that state.

It has been reserved to this lovely family to be overtaken, not with pecuniary difficulties, but by the shadows of death, which have, in rapid succession, obscured from the view of the living, and forever, some of its members. One daughter, a twin, died in Louisiana; there sunk into the grave her, to whose memory the writer paid, not 40 days ago, a tribute; and now, and in the same house the mother has been called to follow that daughter, whilst another sister, has been bereaved of her husband, and all

before the moon had "thrice filled her horn?" What shadows we are, says a survivor, and what shadows we pursue."

It was reserved for the writer of this notice, to see a face for twenty years—and to bear witness to the faithfulness of the heart that beat in the purest and kindest of bosoms, and then, to see that same face stiffened by death and cold, that heart motionless; and bosom at rest. But how like herself! Yes, there were the same lineaments—and there, too, remained, undisturbed by the last agonies, almost the same, shall it be called expression? Yes—the same. How in taking such a farewell look were the thoughts forced back over all the past; and how comforting was the firm belief, in view of all, that the spirit that had left tenanted, that form, was there mingling with those "who through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of Heaven." At that last look, and since, the following stanza almost repeats itself—

"This languishing head is at rest.

Its thinking and aching are o'er;

This quiet unmovable breast,

Shall be heav'd by affliction no more."

Rest beloved, valued friend, rest in the lone house—no not the lone house to thee, for there are besides thy daughter, who loved thee, and whose spirit is doubtless made happy by a greeting with thine in Heaven. L.

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