

Political.

Mr. Randolph's Speech.—We regret extremely our inability to lay entire before our readers, the masterly Speech of John Randolph of Roanoke, on Mr. Chilton's retrenchment resolutions, recently debated in Congress. The Speech has been published in pamphlet form, with notes by Mr. Randolph, and is also inserted at large in most of the newspapers. We give the passages only, which have a direct bearing on the alleged *understanding* between Messrs. Adams and Clay, previous to the last Presidential Election:

Mr. RANDOLPH rose and said: I cannot make the promise which the gentleman who has just taken his seat (Mr. Everett) made at the outset of his address; but I will make a promise of a different nature, and one which, I trust, it will be in my power to perform—I shall not say with more good faith than the gentleman from Massachusetts, but more to the letter—ay, Sir, and more to the spirit, too. I shall not, as the gentleman said he would do, act in mere self-defence. I shall carry the war into Africa. *Delenda est Carthago!* I shall not be content with merely parrying—no, Sir—if I can, so help me God, I will thrust also; because my right arm is nerved by the cause of the people and of my country.

The gentleman, with much gravity, with some dexterity, and with great plausibility, but against certain principles which I have held in this House, *ab ovo*, and which I shall continue to hold, *usque ad mala*, till I leave the feast, spoke of the headlong commencement of the Opposition, before the Administration could give reasonable cause of discontent. I have now no *palinodia* to sing or to chant upon that subject. I drew from that fountain which never failed an observing and sagacious man, and which, even the simple and inexperienced (and I among the rest) may drink at—it is nature and human life. I saw distinctly, from the beginning, that, if we permitted this Administration—if we had listened to those who cried to us "wait, wait, there is a lion in the path," (and, Sir, there always is a lion in the path, to the sluggard and the dastard,) and which cry was seconded, no doubt, by many who wished to know how the land lay before they ran for a port—on which side victory would incline, before they sounded *their* horn of triumph. If we had thus waited, the situation of the country would have been very different from what it is now.

But I wonder it never occurred to the gentleman from Massachusetts what could be the cause why such a hue and cry should be raised against an Administration so very able; (permit me in this, however, to differ from the gentleman—*de gustibus non est*) what, I say, could have been the cause why Acteon and all his hounds, or, rather, why the dogs of war were let slip against this wise and able and virtuous and loving Administration; these patterns of political friendship and consistency; and have continued to pursue them, till they lie panting and gasping for breath on the highway—until they realize the beautiful fable of

the hare and many friends. The cause of all this is to be found in the manner in which they came into power—the cause of this "premature" opposition lies there and there mainly. I would defy all the public presses in the world to have brought them to this pass, had there not been a taint of original sin in their body-politic, and which cleaves to them even as the sin of our first parents taints our fallen nature and cleaveth to us all. The gentleman refers to those who compose the party who are called the Opposition, and says, it is formed of very discordant materials. True, Sir; but what are the materials of the party which upholds the Administration? Nay, of the Administration itself? Are they perfectly homogeneous? I know one of them—who has been raised to a higher station than most men in this country—Was that because he opposed, or because he espoused the election of the present Chief Magistrate?

Permit me, Sir, again to ask, how comes it, that this Administration are brought into their present very curious and unprecedented predicament? How happens it, that they alone, of all the administrations which have been in this country, find themselves in the minority in each House of Congress; "*palsied by the will of their constituents*;" when the very worst of their predecessors kept a majority till midnight on the 3d or 4th of March, whichever you please to call it? Ay, Sir, under the administration to which I allude, there were none of those compunctious visitings of nature, at the attacks made on private character. We had no chapter of lamentations, then, on the ravaging and desolating war on the fair fame of all the wise and virtuous and good of our land.

Sir, I have much to say, which neither my own weakness, nor my regard to the politeness of this House, will permit me now to say. As I have exonerated the principal in that weighty affair of the billiard table, I also exonerate him and his Lieutenant from every charge of collusion—in the first instance; and, if it is in order, I will state the reasons for my opinion. When the alliance was first patched up between the two great leaders of the East and West, (Mr. Webster and Mr. Clay,) neither of the high contracting parties had the promotion of the present incumbent at all in view. Sir, I speak knowingly as to one of these parties, and with the highest degree of moral probability of the other.* Can it be ne-

*After my arrival in Europe, I saw in the newspapers Mr. Webster's toast, given, if I forget not, on the 4th of July—"Henry Clay, the orator of the west," &c. &c. I quote from memory. N. B. Mr. Clay was then the rival and declared enemy of Mr. Adams. Mr. Clay, in the debate on the Greek motion of Mr. Webster, and in the affair of Mr. Ichabod Bartlett, (a name of omen,) was ostentatious in his declarations of friendship and connexion with Mr. Webster, whom he gratuitously assumed to have been assailed by the said Ichabod! that he might manifest his devotion to his new friend. I then looked upon Mr. Clay as laying an anchor to windward and eastward, and in fact, offering his blandishment to New-England in the

cessary that I prove this? The thing proves itself. The object was to bring in one of the parties to the compact, whom the Constitution subsequently excluded, and, of course, to provide for the other. A gentleman, (Mr. Clay,) then of this House, was the candidate, who, to the last hour, cast many a longing, although not lingering look, with outstretched neck, towards Louisiana—*jugulo quasita negatur*—to discover whether or not he should be one upon the list. Sir, it is impossible that he could, in the first instance, have looked to the elevation of another, or have designed to promote the views of any man, but in subserviency to his own. Sir, common sense forbids it. But, Sir, all these calculations, however skilful, and *Demoivre* could not have made better, utterly failed. Mr. Crawford most obstinately, and unreasonably, I confess, refused to die. It was certainly very disobliging in him. I saw him before I went abroad. And I thought it was an hundred to one that he could not survive the summer: he was then dead to every purpose, public or private. Louisiana refused to vote as obstinately as Mr. Crawford refused to die; and so the gentleman was excluded. It was then that Mr. Adams was first taken up, as a *pis aller*, which we planters of the South translate, a *hand plant*.

Sir, I have a right to know; I had a long while before an interview with this very great man, (Mr. Clay,) but not on that subject; no, Sir—it was about business of this House—and he so far descended, or I should rather say of so very great a man, condescended, as to electioneer even with me. He said to me, among other matters, "if you of the South will give us of the West any other man than John Quincy Adams for President, we will support him." Let any man deny this who dare—but remember, he then expected to be a candidate before the House himself. "If you will give us any other man?" Sir, the gentleman in question can have no disposition to deny it. It was at a time when he and the present incumbent were publicly pitted against each other, and Mr. Adams had crowed defiance, and clapped his wings against the Cock of Kentucky. Sir, I know this to be a strong mode of expression. I did not take it literally. I thought I understood the meaning to be that Virginia by her strenuous support of Mr. Crawford, would further the success of Mr. Adams. "Any other man, Sir, besides John Quincy Adams." Now, as neither Mr. Crawford nor General

person of Mr. Webster, while at the same time he proclaimed his strength in that quarter as the ally of Mr. Webster, and the powerful party of which he is the leader and mouth-piece. If the maxim be true—*ars est celare artem*—then there lives not a less artful man in the world than Mr. Clay. His system consists in soothing by flattery, or bullying—these constitute his whole stock in trade—and very often he applies both to the same person. The man of delicacy to whom his coarse adulation is fulsome, and the man of unshaken firmness, when these characteristics unite in the same person, cannot be operated on by him.

Jackson, in the end, proved to be "any other man," it follows clearly who any other man was, viz: one other man—*id est*, myself, (as a gentleman once said in this House) "we will support him." But, Sir, as soon as this *egomet* was out of the question, we of the South lost all our influence, and "we of the West" gave us of the South this very John Quincy Adams for President, and received from him the very office, which, being held by him, we of the West assigned as the cause of our support, considering it to be a sort of reversionary interest in the Presidency. (See the letter to Mr. F. Brooke.) It was, indeed, "rat-bane in our mouth," but we swallowed the arsenic.†

Sir, I will take the letter to the President of the Court of Appeals in Virginia—(Mr. Clay to Mr. F. Brooke)—and on that letter, and on facts which are notorious as the sun at noonday, it must be established that there was a collusion, and a corrupt collusion, between the principals in this affair. I do not say the agreement was a written or even a verbal one—I know that the language of the poet is true—that men, who "meet to do a damned deed," cannot bring even themselves to speak of it in distinct terms—they cannot call a spade a spade—but eke out their unholy purpose with dark hints, and inuendoes, and signs, and shrugs, where more is meant than meets the ear. Sir, this person was willing to take any man who would secure the end that he had in view. He takes office under Mr. Adams, and that very office too, which had been declared to be in the line of safe precedents—the very office which decided his preference of Mr. Adams. Sir, are we children? Are we babies? Can't we make out Apple-pie, without spelling and putting the letters together—A, p, ap, p, l, e, ple, apple, p, i, e, pie, apple-pie? Sir, the fact can never be got over, and it is this fact which alone could make this Administration to rock and totter to its base, in spite of the indiscretion, (to say no worse,) in spite of all the indiscretions of its adversaries.

Sir, there are cases in which suspicion is equivalent to proof; and not only equal to it, but more than equal to the most damning proof. There is not a husband here who will not ratify this declaration—there may be suspicion so agonizing, that it makes the wretch cry out for certainty as a relief from the most damning tortures. Such suspicions are en-

†It has been suggested to me since the above was spoken, by one who ought to know a good deal of New-York politics, and to whom it occurred while I was making this development, and in consequence of it—that Mr. Adams, who could not be blind to the game that was playing between Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster, caused the votes which Mr. Crawford got in New-York, to be given to him, then no longer the most formidable opponent, for the express purpose of excluding Mr. Clay from the House, by ensuring Mr. Crawford's return. Thus the *bitters were bit*, and Messrs. Clay and Webster had to make terms with Mr. Adams, who, in requital for the vote of Mr. Clay and his friends, graciously received them into favor.