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Sketches of American Statesmen. BY HENRY CLAY.

The proper study of mankind we are told
 is man; and what better model can there be
 for the young men of our day to study, than
 the justly honored of our country, the States-
 men and Orators who are of us and among
 us,—living in our own time,—born with us—
 growing with us,—making, as it were, their
 ways our ways, and their thoughts our
 thoughts.—We are creatures of imitation,—
 every one to some extent influenced by his
 fellow man,—and all men, agreeably to the
 design of a Good Providence, created for con-
 trasting social and mutually social benefits.
 "It is not good for man to be alone," is a wise
 maxim intended not less for the every-day
 improvements and business of life than for
 making men happier and better in their
 domestic relations. As it is true that "History
 is Philosophy teaching by Example," so is
 the study of man, the prominent character in
 history, is destined through the power of
 philosophy and example, and in just pro-
 portion to his genius and talents, to work out
 evolutions and give character and importance
 to the age and country in which he lives. By
 common consent he is made the organ of a
 many numbering thousands and thousands of
 men. The multitude look to him as an or-
 acle of wisdom. His opinions are heard, be-
 lieved, acknowledged, enforced,—and all,
 not because men or partisans are by nature or
 study, man worshippers,—but for the better
 reason that they have confidence in the hon-
 or and integrity of the man whom they thus
 willingly and cheerfully elevate to the places
 of rank and importance.

to the fullest protection from our Government.
 I have only time to allude to Mr. Clay's
 many political opinions, and so well known
 are they that even an allusion is hardly ne-
 cessary. I wish to give the reader, as well
 as I can, some distinct idea of the man—his
 prominent traits of character, eloquence,
 manner, &c., as shown in public life. Mr.
 Clay,—the man, is respected and admired by
 all his political friends, and by at least nine-
 tenths of his political opponents. This is,
 perhaps, the warmest eulogium which can
 be bestowed upon him,—for in our country
 and in our day it is a miracle almost to hear
 a man speak well of his political adversary.
 But the hearts of many of Mr. Clay's oppo-
 sers, I know warm towards him. Many
 there are, who, upon questions of great im-
 portance to themselves and friends, would
 sooner take his advice than that of almost
 any other man. His advice is asked in mat-
 ters the most interesting to his associates, and
 when asked—always given with the freedom
 and candor of a devoted and responsible
 friend. And from whence arises this? You
 ask me. I answer in the language of Junius,
 because Mr. Clay has "that clear un-
 blemished character which comprehends not
 only the integrity that will not offer, but the
 spirit that will not receive an injury."—and
 because, too, I might add, he is one of those
 men who would as readily consult the in-
 terests of a friend, in acting the friendly part,
 as he would his own. He would never con-
 sider dishonor to a friend, and upon more
 occasions than one has given that counsel
 which in the eyes of the law of humanity
 has prevented the commission of a dishon-
 orable act. In the settlement of personal
 quarrels, and in preventing personal feuds,
 he has been as much and perhaps more of a
 pacificator, than in the introduction of mea-
 sures of public policy which have calmed
 the storm.

Mr. Clay excelled the distinguished tragedi-
 an. "He had seen every part acted by Gar-
 rick performed equally well by other per-
 sons, but he had never seen any one who
 could perform so many parts so well." Mr.
 Clay performs every part equally well with
 others, and in one point of character he most
 certainly excels all other men in our coun-
 try. He has great,—a superior genius, the
 genius of a far-reaching mind that looks be-
 yond the days and the months and the years
 that are, and forms correct conceptions of
 what the present will bring forth years and
 years to come. With genius he has great
 talent and talent too,—and added to this
 feeling and long experience. The prominent
 fault of the man is a firmness of charac-
 ter, which, if it is not the parent, is at least
 the brother of obstinacy. I would as soon
 attempt to remove a mountain by an exercise
 of ordinary faith, as I would attempt to change
 the mind of Mr. Clay when fairly made up.
 In this respect he even goes beyond the late
 President of the United States, who would
 sooner pluck out an eye or cut off an arm
 than sacrifice an opinion, whether right or
 wrong.

self designedly a wronged man, his motives
 impeached, and his actions misjudged that
 you see these outbreaks of passion.
 In the long session of '35 and '36 when
 the Land Bill,—famously known all over
 the country as Mr. Clay's Land Bill,—for
 the first time passed the Senate, I shall never
 forget the speech then made by him, and
 the effect it produced upon the great body
 of the hearers. Mr. Clay was reciting his
 own connection with that measure from the
 moment of its inception, to the time when
 Gen. Jackson thought it incumbent upon
 him to refuse his signature to the Bill which
 had passed both the Senate and the House
 by large majorities.—
 His allusion to, and vindication of, the
 moves which prompted the introduction of
 that measure,—the stern opposition he had
 met with,—the uncompromising hostility of
 the Executive, and some of his friends, to
 the measure itself,—not so much, as he be-
 lieved, because the measure was bad, as be-
 cause it was his measure,—the position in
 which he had been placed, designed to hu-
 miliate him, and intended to thwart the ex-
 ecution of a favorite and truly patriotic mea-
 sure,—all this coupled, with keen and natu-
 rally sensitive feelings, quite unmoved him,
 and in spite of every disposition and effort
 to control his feelings, I saw Mr. Clay
 quite in tears, and heard his voice falter,—
 choked for utterance. He was grieved,—
 with the recollection of unjustifiable inju-
 ries. I know that it is sometimes an easy
 thing for a man to weep at the effect of his
 own self told relation of wrongs,—yet as
 there is but "one step from the sublime to
 the ridiculous," so there is but one from
 a man heard and seen reciting his tale of woe,
 spoken in an impassioned manner, and a
 story equally sad, told where the heart is
 wanting and insincerity apparently mani-
 fest. Mr. Clay's strong feelings—may be
 the cue to his strong expressions of passion,
 but the voice of a man strikes the chord on
 his own heart, which is responded to in the
 hearts of his hearers,—making the heard
 and the heard beat in the unison. Music
 charms the ear, takes captive the heart, and
 exerts, at times, an all controlling influence
 upon the listener. The human voice is
 like the tones of a sweet instrument,—the
 thoughts—calling forth corresponding strains
 and sympathies. Rightly attuned, it has a
 power almost super-human. Mr. Clay's
 voice is fervent and deep-toned,—reaching
 the recesses of the affections, and exerting a
 bewitching power over the hearer. The
 Poet tells us that—
 "There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
 And as the mind is pitched the ear is pleas'd,
 Some chord in unison with what we hear,
 Is touch'd with rapture and the heart replies."

eloquence, the Rhetoricians tell us, is
 the art or talent by which a discourse is ad-
 apted to its end, and it is Cicero, I believe,
 who says that the great art of an orator is
 the selection of his topics. In eloquence, pas-
 sion, imagination, wisdom, and will, are all
 concerned. True eloquence is born of Na-
 ture, and as Nature's offspring, it derives
 beauty, strength and power from use. Voice
 and manner are part of its magic machinery,
 and in these gifts, Mr. Clay, although born
 an orator, is doubly so by improving the first
 gifts of Heaven.
 It is my design at this moment to give
 those of your readers who have not seen and
 heard Mr. Clay, a distinct idea of the man.
 To introduce him as he is,—for I have no
 wish to paint his character in false or extrava-
 gant colors. One of the brightest orna-
 ments of the Republic, though I believe him
 to be, I must ask you to go with me into the
 Senate Chamber at Washington. The scene
 shall be a frequent one, and the occasion fa-
 miliar to almost every American reader. It
 was an occurrence of but a few weeks since
 when a thousand hearers listened to one of the
 orator's most masterly and eloquent displays
 of power. One evening, early in February,
 it was whispered through the streets of
 Washington, only between the hours of ad-
 journment and meeting of the Senate, from
 one day to the other, that Mr. Clay was to
 speak in reference to the abolition of slavery,
 and the merits of the slave question. The
 Senate met at 12 o'clock and soon after 10
 an immense crowd had collected within the
 walls of the Chamber. Every niche, crevice,
 and foothold was occupied, and as many
 as were within the walls were driven back
 unable to force an entrance. It was during
 what is called the morning hour, that Mr.
 Clay arose to present a memorial from be-
 tween one and two hundred of the citizens of
 the District of Columbia, praying Con-
 gress to do what could constitutionally be done
 to discountenance the movements of the Abolition-
 ists.
 Mr. Clay was "calm as a summer's morn-
 ing" in the midst of the excitement, and the
 brilliant display around him. The Sena-
 tors, who, however much they may
 have for speaking themselves, have little for
 the hearing of speeches from others, except
 upon occasions not ordinary, were very gen-
 erally in their seats, watching with lynx-
 eyed vigilance the new movement of their
 friend, opponent or rival. The Stenograph-
 ers and Reporters were busy in noting
 down the opinions of the Speaker. The
 Gentlemen's Gallery—a sort of stockaded pris-
 on house—often likened to the Calcutta
 black hole—was crammed from door to door.
 The multitude there had their eyes fixed in-
 tensely upon the man whom the President of
 the Senate formally announced as "the
 Senator from Kentucky." Opposite was the
 Ladies' Gallery, equally full, but filled
 with the beauty and fashion of Washington
 City and with the gay and intelligent mul-

the private state and rendered less sweet."
 With more than ordinary shrewdness, Mr.
 Clay has great frankness. If offended his
 friends will soon know it. Every thing con-
 nected with the man is clear and above board,
 and most devoutly do I believe him incap-
 able of deception or hypocrisy, or of know-
 ingly violating the sacred rights of his coun-
 try. In speaking of this trait in Mr. Clay's
 character the other day, a friend who knows
 me much better than I do, remarked to
 me that it was upon a certain occasion, many
 years since, when in Lexington, Kentucky,
 that he first learned to love and admire
 Henry Clay. In conversation with some one,
 Mr. Clay who is of a warm and ardent tem-
 perament, became heated and excited—so
 much that his passion got the better of his
 judgment. Language was used towards his
 opponent which his own heart in a moment
 of calmedness condemned. Mr. Clay felt that
 he had done wrong, and promptly made a
 manly and satisfactory apology,—and in a
 manner, too, as public as the insult had been
 given. No one who knows Mr. Clay will
 believe that he was influenced by any kind
 of fear, except the fear of doing wrong.
 Since commencing this article I have met
 with another and well authenticated anec-
 dote, characteristic of the man. Mr. Preston,
 the Senator from South Carolina is the
 author, and the anecdote was told by him in
 the good city of Philadelphia since the ad-
 journment of Congress.—"On one occasion,"
 said Mr. Preston, while addressing a meet-
 ing of political friends, "Mr. Clay did me
 the honor to send for, and consult with me.
 It was in reference to a step he was about to
 take—(probably the Pre-emption bill) I
 suggested to him," said Mr. Preston, "wheth-
 er such a course as he proposed would not
 ruin his own prospects, and injure those of
 his whole party." The answer given to Mr.
 Preston was characteristic of the man. It
 was an answer worthy of George Washing-
 ton himself, and one which could have been
 uttered only in the mind of a noble hearted
 patriot and statesman, devoted to the
 welfare of the Republic. "I did not send for
 you," he said, in reply to Mr. Preston's
 suggestion, "to ask what might be the effect
 of the proposed movements on my prospects,
 but whether it was right. I HAD RATHER BE
 RIGHT THAN BE PRESIDENT."

Both these anecdotes illustrate strong points
 in Mr. Clay's character. It shows a noble
 mind, one which only a truly good and great
 man could exhibit,—thus to conquer one's
 pride, and to control one's passion, and one's
 interest and ambition too, so as to make a
 wrong, a right, by atoning for injuries in-
 flicted from prejudice or any other cause.
 How many heart-burnings would be soothed,
 how many animosities would die with-
 in men's breasts,—how many noble lives
 saved,—passions hushed,—wrongs repented
 of,—and injuries forgiven would there be,
 if—thus one to another men would vindicate
 themselves by the confession of an undoubt-
 ed wrong.
 But there is one other and perhaps nobler
 trait of character belonging to Mr. Clay. I
 mean his love of universal liberty,—now in
 behalf of South America, and anon in de-
 fence of the wronged Greek,—to-day for
 Poland, and to-morrow and always, so to
 speak, for the freest freedom at home. *Ne
 sibi set toto gentium se credere mundo est.*
 The amelioration of the condition of man
 has always been one of the prominent ob-
 jects of his life. His speeches from the mo-
 ment he entered upon the stage of public
 life to the last made, have been distinguish-
 ed for their enlarged and liberal sentiments.
 He has a heart capable of feeling for the
 distresses of all mankind, and a voice ever
 ready to vindicate the rights of man. What
 olmonson said of Garrick, I may say of Mr.
 Clay with perhaps one exception in which

THE LAND BILL, MR. CLAY'S ELOQUENCE, &c.
 Of Mr. Clay's voice, manner of debate,
 and other peculiarities I will here say some-
 thing.—First, of his voice, because it is Mr.
 Clay's voice, and I know of none like it a-
 mong the list of orators I have heard at
 Washington, or elsewhere. It is one of the
 first peculiarities noticed by the stranger
 who hears him speak. It falls upon the
 ears of the hearer with all the sweetness of
 soft music,—demanding the attention and
 enlisting the feelings and sympathies of the
 dullest hearer capable of being influenced
 by sound. The tones of his own voice, I
 sometimes believe, master his own judg-
 ment. "Thrice have I heard him during
 the few years past, when alluding to one of
 his favorite subjects—the (distribution of
 the Public Lands)—his own feelings have
 carried him beyond the bounds of legisla-
 tive discretion. I have seen almost every
 man and woman in the crowded galleries
 mingling their feelings in common with
 his,—their hearts touched and their best
 sympathies called forth, together, and hur-
 ried on like the mountain stream mingling
 with the impetuous torrent when borne a-
 long to the ocean and sweeping all before.
 But it is only when Mr. Clay has felt him-

self who congregate at the Metropolis dur-
 ing a session of Congress from every nook
 and corner of the Union, and from almost all
 parts of the world. A breathless silence
 reigned throughout the Chamber, and not a
 word was lost which fell from the lips of the
 speaker. Mr. Clay's naturally homely face
 was now the picture of earnestness and intel-
 ligence. His voice,
 "Musical as Apollo's lute,"
 was turned to melody, and every word was
 spoken easily, naturally and with great ef-
 fect. Some of his noblest passages were ut-
 tered upon this occasion in a manner of pec-
 liar power, and his eloquence "flowed
 like a stream fed from an abundant spring."
 In that speech, and in all others I saw an-
 other of Mr. Clay's peculiar powers and one
 which distinguished all his diplomatic corre-
 spondence when Secretary of State, and
 when serving his country abroad. I allude
 to the clear, lucid, logical arrangement of his
 argument, and the chaste and appropriate
 language in which it was clothed, a model
 for such compositions, and remarkable for
 the man whose early advantages were so
 few as the early advantages of Mr. Clay.
 But a word more of the Abolition speech.—
 Mr. Clay spoke for two hours or more, and
 during no time, I believe, was there a word
 spoken not heard by all present. The inter-
 est, if any thing, seemed to increase as Mr.
 Clay drew to the conclusion of his speech—
 one paragraph of which—the concluding one—
 "I must send you, so characteristic is it of
 the good feelings of the man. Read it and im-
 agine Mr. Clay the author and speaker."
 "It," said he, "one dark spot (slavery) ex-
 ists in our political horizon, it is not obscured
 by the bright and effulgent and cheering
 light that beams all around us?—Was ever
 a people before so blessed as we are, if true
 to ourselves? Did ever any other nation
 contain within its bosom so many elements
 of prosperity, of greatness and of glory? Our
 only real danger lies ahead, conspicuous, ele-
 vated, and visible. It was clearly discerned
 at the commencement, and distinctly seen
 through our whole career. Shall we wan-
 tonly run upon it, and destroy all the glori-
 ous anticipations of the high destiny that
 awaits us? I beseech the abolitionists them-
 selves, solemnly to pause in their mad and fa-
 tal course. Let them consider the objects of
 humanity and benevolence which
 invite the employment of their energies, let
 them select one or more harmless, that does
 not threaten to deluge our country in blood.
 I call upon that small portion of the clergy,
 which has lent itself to these wild and ruin-
 ous schemes, not to forget the holy nature
 of the divine mission of the Founder of our
 religion, and to profit by his peaceful exam-
 ples. I entreat that portion of my country-
 women who have given their countenance to
 abolition, to remember that they are ever
 most loved when moving in their own ap-
 propriate and delightful sphere; and to re-
 flect that the ink which they use in sub-
 scribing with their fair hands abolition peti-
 tions, may prove but the prelude to the
 shedding the blood of their brethren. I ad-
 jure all the inhabitants of the free States to
 rebuke and discountenance, by their opinion
 and their example, measures which must in-
 evitably lead to the most calamitous conse-
 quences. And let us all, as countrymen, as
 friends, and as brothers, cherish in unfa-
 ding memory, the motto which bore our an-
 cestors triumphantly thro' all the trials of
 the Revolution, and if adhered to, it will con-
 duct their posterity through all that may, in
 the dispensations of Providence, be reserved
 for them."
 Mr. Clay closed his speech two hours
 earlier than the time of adjournment. An
 attempt was made to go on with the busi-
 ness of the body, but it was impossible, so
 strong were the impressions left upon the
 minds of the hearers. Senators, Members
 of the House, Foreign Ministers, and the
 crowd of listeners above stairs, were all ex-
 cited. The presiding officer could no longer
 preserve order, and the Senate adjourned
 in confusion. No man but Mr. Clay could
 have made such an impression upon an au-
 dience,—many of them campaigners, who
 in a time of peace and in a time of war, for
 a quarter of a century had heard either the
 thunders of war or the syren-toned notes of
 peace sounding in their ears.

THE COMPROMISE BILL.
 I shall refer to but one other prominent act
 in Mr. Clay's public life, and then cease to
 weary your patience. It is the most mem-
 orable in Mr. Clay's life which has been
 full of events. I mean his history connect-
 ed with the passage of the Compromise Bill
 in the session of 1832-33. This was one
 of those great events that make a deep—
 a never to be forgotten impression upon a
 man's mind. I well remember the history
 of this Bill, and I watched its progress keenly
 from its inception to its end. The Tariff
 of 1828—with the discussions that led
 to its passage—had exasperated our south-
 ern countrymen to such an extent that even
 their hot language but feebly expressed the
 fervency of their ideas. The Bill had been
 made bad by its enemies, who wished to
 make it so bad that even its friends would
 disown it—and wherever, even in opposi-
 tion to its friends, they could engraft upon
 a most obnoxious protecting item, they
 seized the opportunity so as to fasten to
 it, that would drag it down to their own
 weight. The friends of the Tariff, it is
 well known, took this Bill, not because
 they liked it, but because it had some good
 things about it, and though "a monster" some
 thought it well proportioned in some of its
 parts. The Bill, however, was passed a-
 mid an agitation that could not subside upon
 its passage. It was soon evident that Con-

Upon all occasions and upon all questions,
 Mr. Clay has spoken, I may say, with the
 greatest forecast and wisdom. One of his
 strong and often advocated opinions is, that
 government is a trust,—the officers of the
 government, trustees, and that the trust and
 the trustees were created for the benefit of
 the people. He was among the first, too, to
 raise his voice in behalf of "free trade and
 men's rights," and he it was who said
 "if Great Britain desired a MARK by
 which she could know her own subjects, let
 her give them an ear mark. The colors that
 floated from the mast head of our ships should
 be credentials of our seamen!" This in de-
 fence of naturalized citizens, whom Mr. Clay
 declared, during the last war, were entitled

to the same rights as those of the native
 born. He was among the first, too, to
 raise his voice in behalf of "free trade and
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gress had but adjourned to fan the embers at
 home, so as to create a great fire when Con-
 gress re-assembled. The Tariff soon be-
 came the subject that displaced all others in
 the public mind. South Carolina particu-
 larly led the van in opposition, and her peo-
 ple, enraged by the inspiring eloquence of a
 Hayne, a Hamilton, and McDuffie at last
 opened war. Indeed, United States vessels of
 war were stationed in the port of Charle-
 ston—and Fort Moultrie was strongly garriso-
 ned by United States soldiers. The Palmetto
 button and the nullifying cockades were
 visible emblems of the sovereignty into
 which every individual in the State was nul-
 lifying himself—and Charleston bristled
 with war, and Columbia rang with elo-
 quence. The famous proclamation of Gen-
 eral Jackson added but fury to the elements
 —and every attempt to appease the storm
 was vain as every attempt to quell it. Gen.
 Hayne, who, in his great speech, so well
 known by the great answer of Mr. Webster,
 had just introduced the new doctrine of nul-
 lification into Congress, had retired from
 the Senate to be Governor of the little nation
 nullification was creating—and Mr. Calhoun
 had taken his place. General Hamilton
 was Commander-in-Chief of the Army—
 Navy there was none—of the sovereignty
 of South Carolina—and George McDuffie
 acted as minister plenipotentiary in the
 House of Representatives. Seldom had any
 State ever put forth so many able men,
 and if aptitude, eloquence, tact or courage
 could have carried a State triumphantly
 through a crisis, no doubt South Carolina
 would pass through hers unscathed.
 The Senate of the United States in 1832-
 33 was nearly equally divided as to its po-
 litical character,—and in it was some first
 rate and many able men. Clay, Webster
 and Calhoun were the strong men of whose
 intellectual superiority there was but little
 doubt. The adroit Forsyth, the noble-
 hearted Fralighting, the cool and cunning
 but able Wright, the witty Holmes, the
 polished Sprague, the rough but glorious
 Clayton, and silver-tongued Grundy, the
 iron-boned and strong headed Ewing, were
 the Senators of that day. There were in-
 deed, but two or three little men, who
 where could have been big,—for almost all
 had a character, and a character, for no mat-
 ter what, is seldom got without some cause.
 The session of 1831-32 had been remark-
 able for violent discussions upon the Tariff,
 without any prospect of a settlement of the
 vexed question. Indeed the administration
 of the Federal Government, made up of the
 elements it was, could not, or would not
 settle it. The administration Senators from
 Pennsylvania, and Mr. Dickerson of New
 Jersey were high Tariff men, and would
 yield to the demands of the South—and it
 was very doubtful whether New York
 would for a settlement, for the Tariff interest
 in New York was not only strong, but there
 was a capital to be made out of this question as
 long as it was open, inasmuch as the opposi-
 tion of the South and North could not
 then coalesce for action.
 In this condition of things when Con-
 gress assembled in December, 1832, Mr.
 Clay found the country. During the months
 of December and January, it was remarkable
 that he scarcely ever took an active part in
 Tariff discussions. The House, it was
 clearly seen, could agree upon no Bill,
 though a Bill known by the name Ver-
 plank's Bill, was the constant theme of dis-
 cussion. It was almost demonstrated at
 last, as February was drawing to an end,
 that on the 4th March, Congress would ad-
 journ without passing any bill of modifica-
 tion—though the ordinance of South Car-
 olina, nullifying the law of 1828, was well
 known, and the threat was boisterous that
 any attempt to enforce it in South Carolina
 would lead to bloodshed and civil war.
 Though there probably was a disposition to
 modify the act of 1828, yet the nullification
 of South Carolina had added to the original
 difficulty of a settlement, for many reasons
 with Mr. Adams; that if Congress then leg-
 islated, it legislated under a threat, which
 would be a pernicious precedent. Mr. Clay
 however, and notwithstanding, resolved in
 February to introduce his famous Compromise
 Bill. It was not at first received with much
 favor, and there did not seem to be
 hardly a hope of its passage. The leading
 Administration Senators, Benton, Forsyth,
 and Wright, set their faces decidedly against
 it.—The Tariff Senators from New Eng-
 land were not its friends. Judging of a
 probability of its success by the usual vote
 of parties, a spectator would have predicted
 its defeat by two votes to one. Mr. Web-
 ster at once denounced it as a surrender of
 the whole principles of Protection that Mr.
 Clay had so often pronounced essential to
 the property of the country,—and another
 embarrassment was added to its progress, what
 now, and then, seemed and insurmountable
 one, in the strong argument that such a bill
 of revenue must originate in the House
 of Representatives. These arguments Mr.
 Clay but poorly met, but he parried and e-
 vaded them the best he could, and yet
 he pressed the passage of his Bill as a
 panacea for his country's ills.
 I very well recollect the afternoon and
 the evening when the discussion commenced
 on this Bill. I do not mean the set
 speech, with which it was introduced but
 the extempore discussion, which when it
 springs up among powerful men, upon a great
 and exciting topic, is one of the most glori-
 ous feats of intellect, an observing mind
 can ever banquet upon. It was nearly
 dark in the Senate Chamber when the dis-
 cussion was under full way, the spectators,
 who usually throng the galleries having
 gone home, expecting to hear nothing more,
 and the reporters in weariness of a long
 day's work, having either dropped their pens,
 or retreated to their closets to write out
 the doings of that day for the newspapers of
 the next. The discussion was never re-
 ported, and it is probable that not one
 hundred persons, except the Senators or
 Members of the House of Representatives
 ever heard it. It had the great advantage,
 too, over almost all the discussions in
 Washington, the question must be settled
 within a very short time, as on the 4th of
 March, Congress must adjourn, and that as
 it broke up all the previous organization of