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TOWANDA.

Saturday Morning, December 7, 1850.

(For the Bradford Reporter.)

TO J. F. GAZLEY, IN CALIFORNIA.

My brother: with thy cherished form departing,
Feel the fast hope that made life dear to me;
And in the anguish of that bitter parting,
Hope breathe no whisper to my heart for thee.
Ah! why did love our spirits bind together,
In joys and woe, in grief and aid in shade;
The tie in agony of soul to sever,
And prove the dreams of blissful youth betrayed.

My brother dear: with thy sanguine bosom
Seals there a thought that, we may meet no more;
And that the memory of our past devotion,
All that time may to thy heart restore!
'Tis this that pales my cheek and opens the fountain,
Of tears that flow fast as the stream of show'ers,
For long I've wept the weary hours counting,
That part as, and perhaps to meet no more.

Does such a throb ever check thy course of daring,
Or make thy proud step falter in its way,
Or does thy spirit never yet despairing,
Dream of no future save a brighter day?
I will not ask, I know thy heart is beating
With firm resolve and courage, mountain high,
May thy support thee mid the peril's meeting,
That frowningly with thy pathway lie.

Yet thou mayest feel, no conrage, can support thee,
If his cold hand, Disease should on thee lay,
I dare not think what sorrow may befall thee,
Nay, from home, and friends, and love, away,
But, brother, should success crown thy endeavors,
Should rich rewards of earthly gain be thine,
Should all the choicest of Port Fortune, favors,
Reward thy worship at her golden shrine.

Yet brother, say, can all the gold that glistens
Within the stream of that distant land,
Repay thee for the toil, the time, the distance,
That separates thee from our loving land?
I know thou'lt toil, not for worldly power,
Nor servile homage, wealth too oft can bring,
But for the gifts affection loves to shower
On the dear forms that to thy manhood cling.

But, oh! believe, thy presence is far dearer,
On us, thy smile more pleasure can bestow,
Can wake within, an echo far sincerer,
Than Fortune's tide in its most prosperous flow.
The light of Love, and Hope, and Faith, is mingled
With the warm current of each throbbing heart,
In life sustaining equally, unsparing,
And only of this life, the dearer part!

Thou sayst a few short months will see thee hastening
In triumph hasting to thy native shore,
And that the hope, by long delay so wasting,
Will be fulfilled in greeting thee once more;
In that brief moment, long I've looked before me,
I'll hope's low voice grow silent, and upward;
But with thy words of cheerfulness come o'er me,
Her song sounds lighter than a summer bird.

No brother, champion of my childhood hours,
The proud protector of my youthful days,
My first, best, only friend, when trouble lowers,
Thou'rt the value of the world outweighs,
May He, whose voice can calm the sea's commotion,
Send prosperous gales when the glad hour shall
To wait thee o'er the perils of the ocean,
And safe, unchanged, detained to thy home.

The house, a heaven of repose awaits thee,
While high, the intervening distance o'er,
Its love-lit beacon like the day star greets thee,
Luring the wanderer to his rest once more.
Thou'rt the brother, while our prayer is calling,
Blessings, to follow ever in thy train,
For while its pledge upon our hearts is falling,
We hope in joy, to welcome thee again.

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them in compliance with a resolution of the Senate, regarding them confidentially. Believing that the established usage of the confidential communications between the Executive and the Senate ought for the public interest, to be preserved unimpaired, I deem it my indispensable duty to leave to the Senate itself, the decision of a question involving a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example, from that usage, and upon the motives for which, not being informed of them, I do not feel myself competent to decide.

"This message changed the tone of Mr. Randolph towards the President. Some weeks afterwards, when addressing the Senate with open doors, he alluded to this subject.

"I did maintain," said he, "the rights of the President; but from the moment he sent us this message, from that moment did my tone and manner to him change; from that moment was I an altered man, and, I am afraid, not altered for the better."

"Sir, if he would leave to the Senate the decision of the question, I would agree with him; but the evil genius of the American House of Representatives. He goes on to say that the question 'involves a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example, from that usage, and upon the motives for which, not being informed of them, I do not feel myself competent to decide.' If this had been prosecuted for a libel, what jury would have failed to find a verdict on such an imputation? That we were breaking up our own assents to gratify personal spleen? I say nothing about our motives, because he was not informed of them. The imputation was, that our motives were black and bad. That moment did I put, like Hamilton, my hand on the altar, and swear eternal enmity against him and his, politically. From that moment I would do anything within the limits of the Constitution and the law; for, as Hamilton said of Wilkes, 'I would not, in the person of the worst of men, violate those sanctions and privileges which are the safeguard of the rights and liberties of the best; but, within the limits of the Constitution and the law, if I don't carry out the war, whether in the Peninsula or any where else, it shall be for want of resources.'"

And further observations on the resolutions moved in conclusion, Mr. Randolph repeated what he had then said in reference to the message of the President.

"Who made him a judge of our usages? Who constituted him? He has been a professor, I understand. I wish he had left off the pedagogue when he got into the Executive chair. Who made him the censor morum of this body? Will any one answer this question? Yes or no? Who? Name the person. Abjure all, who made him the searcher of hearts, and gave him the right, by an imputation, black as hell, to blacken our motives? Blacken our motives? I did not say that then. I was more under self-control; I did not use such strong language. I said, if he could borrow the eye of Goliath himself, and look into every bush here; if he could look into that awful, calamitous, and tremendous of all possible gifts, the naked unvarnished heart, stripped of all its covering of self-love, exposed naked, as to the eye of God—I said, if he could do that, he was not, as President of the United States, entitled to pass upon our motives, although he saw and knew them to be bad. I said, if he had converted us to the Catholic religion, and was our father confessor, and every man in this House at the footstool of the confessional had confessed a bad motive to him by the laws of his church, as by this Constitution, at once the law and above the church, he, as President of the United States, could not pass over our motives, though we had told him with our own lips our motives, and confessed they were bad. I said this then, and say it now. Here I play my fool; here I fling defiance right into his teeth before the American people; here I throw the gambit to him into the breast of his competitors, to come forward and defend these miserable lines. 'Involving a departure, hitherto, so far as I am informed, without example, from that usage, and upon the motives for which, not being informed of them, I do not feel myself competent to decide.' Amiable whifflery! I wonder we did not, all at once, fall in love with him, and agree *à voce* to publish our proceedings, except myself, for I quitted the Senate minutes before the vote was taken. I saw what was to follow; I knew the thing would not be done at all, or would be done unanimously. Therefore, in spite of the remonstrances of friends, I went away, not feeling that any one would doubt what my vote would have been, if I had stayed.

After twenty-six hours' exertion, it was time to give in. I was defeated, horse-foot, and dragon—cut up, and clean broken down by the coalition of Bluff and Black George—by the combination unheard of till then of the partisan with the Blacking."

The remarks contained in the last paragraph were made in reference to the coalition between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams. Mr. Randolph was fully persuaded that it was the result of corrupt motives; and being so persuaded, he did not hesitate to express himself in the strongest terms of denunciation. But, on the present occasion, he so largely forgot himself as to indulge in language of the grossest personal insult. We do not believe that the private reputation of an absent rival. In the heat of debate, Randolph often used expressions that in cooler moments he regretted. Concentration of thought and intensity of expression were characteristic of his mind. Few men could say more pithily or pungently things. His sentences were appertains, without a superfluous ornament, and pregnant with meaning. On the present occasion, while the blood was up, and the mind glowing with intense action, we are persuaded that he looked only to the vivacity of his illustrations and the aptness of his allusions.

Having flung down the gauntlet, and challenged the boldest champion of the administration to take it up, he was not the man to take back any insulting expressions that might provoke an acceptance

of his challenge. Having offered the insult, he calmly awaited the consequences, not doubting that those consequences would be. Mr. Clay was not a man of such forbearance and Christian virtue as to permit a gross imputation on his motives to go unrebuked. The circumstances by which he was unprovoked, and the quarter from which it came, forbade it on this occasion. He was compelled to act. He had reached a crisis in his public career; a vast question hung upon the integrity of his late conduct; the public had fixed a jealous eye on his movement; had he then quailed, or even been silent, under the charge of bankruptcy in morals, both public and private, his political fortunes would have been ruined beyond the hope of redemption. Randolph, too, was the man to confront. He had been the evil genius that from the beginning stood in the way of his aspirations; not that the world sisters in the path of Bluff, to cheer him on with prophecies of future greatness, but as the angel with the flaming sword, that checked the presumptuous Balaam as he went up to curse the children of God.

These two remarkable men, so often meeting in the arena of debate, and now for the first time on the bloody field, were born in a days ride of each other. One in the baronial halls of his ancestors, on the lofty banks of the Appomattox, the other in a humble dwelling amidst the shades of Hanover. While the poor deputy clerk, in the intervals of toil, pecked up his scanty crumbs of knowledge, the proud son of fortune enjoyed the richest repasts in the highest seminaries of learning. While the one yet a youth, was borne into the halls of Congress by the sweet voices of the people, the other was still fighting his uncouth way to fame and fortune among the hunters of Kentucky.

With a laudable desire to terminate the difference between the parties in a manner alike honorable to both, General Jessup and Colonel Tamm mutually agreed to suspend the challenge and acceptance, in order that, if possible, satisfactory explanations might be entered into.

General Jessup, as the friend of Mr. Clay, stated that the injury of which that gentleman complained consisted in this: That Mr. Randolph had charged him with having forged or manufactured a paper connected with the Panama mission; also, that he had applied to him the epithet *Blackie*. General Jessup considered it necessary that Mr. Randolph should declare that he had no intention of charging Mr. Clay, either in his public or private capacity, with forging or falsifying any paper, or misrepresenting any fact; and also, that the term *Blackie*, if used, was not intended to apply to him.

Colonel Tamm made the communication to Mr. Randolph. His reply cut off all hope of any satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty; "I have given, says he, as far as I could in writing my privilege to accept a peremptory challenge from a minister of the Executive Government, under any circumstances, and especially under such circumstances. The words used by me were, that I thought it would be in my power to show evidence, sufficiently presumptive, to satisfy a Charlotte jury, that this imputation was 'manufactured' here—that Salazar's letter struck me as being a striking likeness in point of style &c. to the other papers. I did not undertake to prove this, but expressed my suspicion that the fact was so. I applied to the administration the epithet, 'patriotic, diplomatic, black-legged administration.'"

"I have no explanations to give; I will not give any—I am called to the field—I have agreed to go and am ready to go."

"The night before the duel," says General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, "Mr. Randolph sent for me. I found him calm, but in a singularly compelling mood. He told me that he had something on his mind which he wished to tell me. He then remarked, 'Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head. I will not make his wife a widow, or his children orphans. They shall be as well as he, but when the shot of Virginia rests on my bosom, there is not in this wide world an individual to pay this tribute upon him.' His eyes filled, and leaving his hand upon his forehead, he remained some moments silent. I replied, 'My dear friend (for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, beguiled by our mothers, I deeply regret that you have mentioned this subject to me; for you call upon me to go to the field and see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away. But on this subject, I have a few words to say, and then I will leave you to your own conscience and your own bosom as to the rest of your mind. I will not advise, but under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot disqualify myself, however, to communicate, to Colonel Tamm, your decision.' He begged the note to do so, and said, 'He was very much afraid that Tamm would take the sides and refuse to go out with him. I, however, sought Colonel Tamm, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph's lodgings, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit me to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms, on a passage of this poet, in which he was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tamm remarked, 'Mr. Randolph I am told that you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend.' Mr. Randolph remarked that it was his determination. After much conversation on the subject, I induced Colonel Tamm to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as he withdrew, as one of his friends, might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At last, Mr. Randolph smiling, said, 'Well, Tamm, I promise you, one thing, if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that with malice prepense he means to take my life, I may change my mind. A remark I know he made merely to provoke the anxiety of his friends.'"

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