

Of that species of discourse ycleped a speech, we have rarely perused a more curious and grotesque variety than one by Judge Clayton, of Georgia, which occupies near eleven columns of the Washington Telegraph of Wednesday evening. It was levelled at the Enforcing Bill, and at President Jackson. Such a gush of rigmarole could be expected from the Judge, or Mr. Randolph, alone. Their old idol; the President, is treated by both as the most furious and scornful of the iconoclasts whilom assailed the statues and other images;—or as the Russian boors are said to pummel their priests,—the papas or popes,—when they (the boors) have been too free in their potations. Judge Clayton was once a most devout worshipper and enthusiastic panegyrist of General Jackson; in his harangue, he scoffs, rails and rhetorizes at him, as if he had the Bank of the United States for his object, instead of his dear friend and peerless patriot. He “rips up” the old sins of the General, with which he must have been as well acquainted when he tired pen and tongue to make him President, as he was on the 28th of February last. In a note to the speech, he tries to explain away the inconsistency, thus—

“I was told, by a gentleman from Tennessee (Mr. Isacks), that these things I knew of Gen. Jackson before he was re-elected, and yet I was in favor of him. Keep General Jackson within proper bounds, and he can do the American people no possible harm. Ours is a Government of laws, and, so long as they conform to the Constitution, no public functionary can do us mischief without doing himself a greater. Because I was for him as President, it does not follow that I shall invest him with royalty. A man, within proper restrictions, may make an excellent President, who, with unlimited power, would make a desperate tyrant. The lion is a noble and generous animal, and we are delighted to view him in his cage; but if his keeper should politely offer to turn him out for our special amusement, I venture to say some one would kindly thank him, and instantly remind him, that he is in the *habit* of doing mischief when unchained, and yet never thereby think of offering disparagement to the lion.”

This is ludicrously quaint and probably sincere. The Judge wants a lion resembling Snug the joiner, who would “roar you as gently as any sucking dove.” Perhaps he wished or expected to be one of the keepers. The conclusion of the speech is particularly droll. We annex a few sentences of it.

“Go with me, Mr. Speaker, to the scene of action, and let me present you the picture which is furnished by the materials of this case. General Jackson girds on his dagger, and with cool and deliberate step marches to the peaceful plains of Carolina: He seizes the first man he meets, and exerting the whole strength of a great Government he throttles him, and, with the strangling grip of Hercules, chokes him to the earth.”

The President and the orator then talk in these terms.

“True, the Government wants not your money; true, that I have said your burdens ought to be lightened; true, I have said there is more than the wants of the Government require; but there stands at my back, unconnected with the Government, a confederacy of individuals, one of whom cries out to me, kill him, kill him, unless he will contribute, from the sweat of his brow, something to my woollens! Kill him, kill him, says another, unless he gives something to my cottons! Kill him, kill him, says a third, unless he yields a tribute to my iron! Sir, in this critical moment, I leave him and I you and this House to ponder on the scene.”