

MR. CLAYTON, OF GEORGIA.

Nothing gives more satisfaction to a candid and ingenuous mind, than to make acknowledgment of wrong when wrong has been committed; and certainly nothing is more honorable. Mr. Clayton, of Georgia, in a recent speech in the House of Representatives, thus concludes his remarks.—*Alexandria Gazette.*

Mr. Speaker, this is the first fair opportunity that has presented itself to make satisfaction for wrongs which I believe I myself have committed, not from malice, for I entertain that passion against no human being, but from an overwrought and incautious zeal. In my opposition to the Bank, on a former occasion, I have carefully reviewed my remarks, and find reflections which are unworthy of me and the cause they were designed to support. They were calculated to wound the feelings of many high and honorable men in and out of the Bank; and, if such has been the effect, I can offer no higher reparation than the public expression of my regret. I retract every thing personal, either in fact or tendency, and rejoice that when I have done a wrong, my sense of justice in lines me to redress it; neither a dictate of false pride, nor a dread of even deserved reproach, shall ever interpose between the injury of which I have been the unguarded cause, and the due retribution necessary to its full attainment. I do not pretend that this is a sentiment peculiar to myself; it exists in every mind to some extent, and, sooner or later, is apt to exert its just control. Sir, the day may yet come when the present Chief Magistrate shall feel and own its sway. When he shall have reached the repose of private life, removed from the tempests of political strife—when he shall have ceased to be useful to flatterers and sycophants, and standing upon that critical confine where the time past of a long life is to be reviewed in the short span of that which is soon to end—if no other wrong of which he has been the author shall extort its merited confession, that at least of the injured Duane will wring a repentant sigh. His imagination must wander into the innocent family of this abused individual, from whose quiet bosom he was reluctantly withdrawn, and, after surveying the peace which he has disturbed, the feelings he has tortured, the friendship with which he has sported, the integrity he has distrusted, the independence he has despised, and, above all, the spotless reputation his minions have attempted to defame—if his heart shall not obey the dictates of the generous sentiment I have described, it will be wanting, greatly wanting, in a principle with which even his fame of battle cannot compare, and will justly reduce the glory of his military fortunes to an empty pageant.