

Mr. Clayton, of Georgia, rose to express his regret that the good spirit which seemed to prevail in the House had been interrupted by the rather intemperate expressions of the honorable gentleman from New York (Mr. Cambreleng). But he, nevertheless, would address the House, appealing to their spirit of liberality, and in hope that whatever feeling was generated by the intemperance of that gentleman, it would not be suffered to operate against the accused, or prevent the House from dealing out their punishment in mercy. The infirmities of this mortal life every day exemplified the necessity of some forbearance. He recollected an affecting instance of an old soldier, who had been so unfortunate in his conduct as to render himself obnoxious to the presiding Judge in a Court of Justice. After forbearance was of no effect, and he was sentenced by the Court to be sent to jail, the old man rose, turned to the Judge, and, waving the stump of an arm he had lost in defence of his country, he said to the Judge,—“Sir, I am old; I fought for my country!” He then sank down; he was pardoned. Mr. C. merely mentioned the narrative to the House, and they might make the application.