

never should move, nor sparkle, nor resound in eloquent tones again!

The last time we had seen Henry Clay was, standing in an open barouche, on the very spot where his hearse now paused, in front of the City-Hall. He was addressing then a vast concourse of his fellow-citizens, who had assembled to do him honor; and never shall we forget the exquisite grace of his gestures, the melodious tones of his matchless voice, and the *interior look* of his eyes—as if he were rather spoken *from*, than *speaking*. It was an occasion not to be forgotten.

It is proposed, in the present article, to afford the reader some opportunity of judging of the character and manner of Mr. Clay, both as an orator and a man, and of his general habits, from a few characteristic anecdotes and incidents, which have been well authenticated heretofore, or are now for the first time communicated to the writer. Biography, in Mr. Clay's case, has already occupied much of the space of all our public journals; we shall, therefore, omit particulars which are now more or less familiar to the general reader.

It was the remark of a distinguished Senator, that Mr. Clay's eloquence was absolutely intangible to delineation; that the most labored and thrilling description could not embrace it; and that, to be understood, it must be *seen* and *felt*. During his long public life he enchanted millions, and no one could tell *how* he did it. He was *an orator by nature*. His eagle eye burned with true patriotic ardor, or flashed indignation and defiance upon his foes, or was suffused with tears of commiseration or of pity; and it was because *he* felt, that he made *others* feel. "The clear conception, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object"—*this* was the eloquence of Henry Clay; or, rather, to pursue the definition, "it was something greater and higher than eloquence; it was *action*—noble, sublime, God-like."

While the coffin containing all that remained of the great Orator of Nature was being carried up the steps of the City-Hall, a by-stander remarked, in hearing of the writer:

Well, we never shall look upon *his* like again. What an orator he was! I heard him speak but once, yet that once I shall always remember. It was a good many years ago, now. It was in the immense car-house, or *dépôt*, at Syracuse. The crowd was immense; and every eye was turned toward the platform from which he was to speak, as if the whole crowd were but one expectant face.

Presently he arose—tall, erect as a statue; looked familiarly around upon the audience, as if he were in an assembly of personal friends (as in truth he was), and began. He commenced amidst the most breathless silence; and as he warmed up with his subject, there was not a look of his eye, not a movement of his long, graceful right arm, not a swaying of his body, that was

not full of grace and effect. Such a voice I never heard. It was wonderful!*

Once he took out his snuff-box, and, after taking a pinch of snuff, and returning the box to his pocket, he illustrated a point which he was making by an anecdote:

"While I was abroad," said he, "laboring to arrange the terms of the Treaty of Ghent, there appeared a report of the negotiations, or letters relative thereto; and several quotations from my remarks or letters, touching certain stipulations in the treaty, reached Kentucky, and were read by my constituents.

"Among them, was an odd old fellow, who went by the nickname of '*Old Sandusky*,' and he was reading one of these letters, one evening, at a near resort, to a small collection of the neighbors. As he read on, he came across the sentence, '*This must be deemed a *sine qua non*.'*"

"What's a *sine qua non*?" said a half-dozen by-standers.

"*'Old Sandusky'* was a little bothered at first, but his good sense and natural shrewdness was fully equal to a '*mastery of the Latin*.'

"*'Sine—qua—non?'* said '*Old Sandusky*,' repeating the question very slowly; '*why, Sine Qua Non* is three islands in Passamaquoddy Bay, and Harry Clay is the last man to give them up! '*No Sine Qua Non*, no treaty,' he says; and he'll stick to it!'"

You should have seen the laughing eye, the change in the speaker's voice and manner, said the narrator, to understand the electric effect the story had upon the audience.

Previous to Mr. Clay's entrance upon public life in the service of his country, and while he was yet young in the practice of the law, in Kentucky, the following striking incident is related of him:

Two Germans, father and son, were indicted for murder, and were tried for the crime. Mr. Clay was employed to defend them. The act of killing was proved by evidence so clear and strong, that it was considered not only a case of murder, but an exceedingly aggravated one. The trial lasted five days, at the close of which he addressed the jury in the most impassioned and eloquent manner; and they were so moved by his pathetic appeals, that they rendered a verdict of manslaughter only. After another hard day's struggle, he succeeded in obtaining an arrest of judgment, by which his clients, in whose case he thought there was an absence of all "*malice prepense*," were set at liberty.

* A gentleman, after hearing one of Mr. Clay's magnificent performances in the Senate, thus describes him: "Every muscle of the orator's face was at work. His whole body seemed agitated, as if each part was instinct with a separate life; and his small white hand, with its blue veins apparently distended almost to bursting, moved gracefully, but with all the energy of rapid and vehement gesture. The appearance of the speaker seemed that of a pure intellect, wrought up to its mightiest energies, and brightly shining through the thin and transparent veil of flesh that invested it." It is much to be lamented that no painting exists of the departed statesman that really does him justice. What a treasure to the country, and to the friends of the "Great Commoner," would be a portrait, at this time, from the faithful and glowing pencil of our pre-eminent artist, Elliott! But it is now "*too late*."

They expressed their gratitude in the warmest terms to their deliverer, in which they were joined by an old and ill-favored female, the wife of one and the mother of the other, who adopted a different mode, however, of tendering *her* thanks, which was by throwing her arms round Mr. Clay's neck, and repeatedly kissing him, in the presence of a crowded court-room!

Mr. Clay respected her feelings too much to repulse her; but he was often afterward heard to say, that it was "the longest and strongest embrace he ever encountered in his professional practice!"

In civil suits, at this period, Mr. Clay gained almost equal celebrity, and especially in the settlement of land claims, at that time an important element in Western litigation. It is related of him, at this stage of his career, that being engaged in a case which involved immense interests, he associated with him a prominent lawyer to whom he intrusted its management, as urgent business demanded his absence from court. Two days were occupied in discussing the legal points that were to govern the instructions of the court to the jury, on every one of which his colleague was frustrated. Mr. Clay returned, however, before a decision was rendered, and without acquainting himself with the nature of the testimony, or ascertaining the manner in which the discussion had been conducted, after conferring a few moments with his associate, he prepared and presented in a few words the form in which he wished the instructions to be given, accompanying it with his reasons, which were so convincing that the suit was terminated in his favor in less than one hour after he re-entered the court-room.

Thus early, and in a career merely professional, did Henry Clay commence his sway over the minds of deliberative men.

The subjoined incident, connected with Mr. Clay's style of "stump-speaking" is related in "Mallory's Life" of our illustrious subject. It illustrates his tact and ingenuity in seizing and turning to good account trivial circumstances:

Mr. Clay had been speaking for some time, when a company of riflemen, who had been performing military exercise, attracted by his attitude, concluded to "go and hear what the fellow had to say," as they termed it, and accordingly drew near. They listened with respectful attention, and evidently with deep interest, until he closed, when one of their number, a man of about fifty years of age, who had seen much back-wood's service, stood leaning on his rifle, regarding the young speaker with a fixed and sagacious look.

He was apparently the Nimrod of the company, for he exhibited every characteristic of a "mighty hunter." He had buckskin breeches, and hunting-shirt, coon-skin cap, black bushy beard, and a visage of the color and texture of his bullet-pouch. At his belt hung the knife and hatchet, and the huge, indispensable powder-horn across a breast bare and brown as the hills he traversed in his forays, yet it covered a brave and noble heart.

He beckoned with his hand to Mr. Clay to approach him.

Mr. Clay immediately complied.

"Young man," said he, "you want to go to the Legislature, I see."

"Why, yes," replied Mr. Clay; "yes, I *should* like to go, since my friends have put me up as a candidate before the people. I don't wish to be defeated, of course; few people do."

"Are you a good shot, young man?" asked the hunter.

"I consider myself as good as any in the county."

"Then you shall go: but you must give us a specimen of your skill; we must see you shoot."

"I never shoot any rifle but my own, and that is at home," said the young orator.

"No matter," quickly responded the hunter, here's *Old Bess*; she never failed yet in the hands of a marksman. She has put a bullet through many a squirrel's head at a hundred yards, and day-light through many a red-skin *twice* that distance. If you can shoot *any* gun, young man, you can shoot 'Old Bess'!"

"Very well, then," replied Mr. Clay, "put up your mark! put up your mark!"

The target was placed at about the distance of eighty yards, when, with all the coolness and steadiness of an old experienced marksman, he drew "Old Bess" to his shoulder, and fired. The bullet pierced the target near the centre.

"Oh, that's a chance-shot! a chance-shot!" exclaimed several of his political opponents; "he might shoot all day, and not hit the mark again. Let him try it over!—let him try it over!"

"No, no," retorted Mr. Clay, *beat that*, and *then I will!*"

As no one seemed disposed to make the attempt, it was considered that he had given satisfactory proof of being, as he said, "the best shot in the county;" and this unimportant incident gained him the vote of every hunter and marksman in the assembly, which was composed principally of that class of persons, as well as the support of the same throughout the county. Mr. Clay was frequently heard to say: "I had never before fired a rifle, and have not since!"

It was in turning little things like these to account, that Mr. Clay, in the earlier period of his career, was so remarkable. Two other instances in this kind, although not new, may be appropriately mentioned in this connection.

In 1805 an attempt was made to obtain the removal of the capital from Frankfort, Kentucky. Mr. Clay, in a speech delivered at the time, reverted to the physical appearance of the place, as furnishing an argument in favor of the proposed removal. Frankfort is walled in on all sides by towering, rocky precipices, and in its general conformation, is not unlike a great pit. "It presents," said Mr. Clay, in his remarks upon the subject, "the model of an inverted hat. Frankfort is the body of the hat, and the lands adjacent are the brim. To change the figure, it is Nature's great penitentiary; and if the members would know the bodily condition of the

prisoners, let them look at those poor creatures in the gallery."

As he said this, he directed the attention of the members of the Legislature to some half-dozen emaciated, spectre-like specimens of humanity, who happened to be moping about there, looking as if they had just stolen a march from the grave-yard. On observing the eyes of the House thus turned toward them, and aware of their ill-favored aspect, they screened themselves with such ridiculous precipitancy behind the pillars and railing, as to cause the most violent laughter. This well-directed hit was successful; and the House gave their votes in favor of the measure.

The second instance is doubtless more familiar to the reader; but having "spoken of guns," it may not be amiss to quote it here:

During an excited political canvass, Mr. Clay met an old hunter, who had previously been his devoted friend, but who now opposed him, on the ground of "the Compensation bill."

"Have you a good rifle, my friend?" asked Mr. Clay.

"Yes," said the hunter.

"Does it ever flash in the pan?" continued Mr. Clay.

"It never did but once in the world," said the hunter, exultingly.

"Well, what did you do with it? You didn't throw it away, did you?"

"No; I picked the flint, tried it again, and brought down the game."

"Have I ever 'flashed,'" continued Mr. Clay, "except on the 'Compensation bill'?"

"No, I can't say that you ever did."

"Well, will you throw *me* away?" said Mr. Clay.

"No, no!" responded the huntsman, touched on the right point; "no; *I'll pick the flint, and try you again!*"

And ever afterward he was the unwavering friend of Mr. Clay.

From the same authority we derive another election anecdote, which Mr. Clay was wont to mention to his friends. In a political canvass in Kentucky, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Pope a one-armed man, were candidates for the same office. An Irish barber, residing at Lexington, had always given Mr. Clay his vote, and on all occasions, when he was a candidate for office, electioneered warmly for him. He was "Irish all over," and was frequently in "scrapes," from which Mr. Clay generally succeeded in rescuing him. Somebody, just before the election took place, "came the evil eye" over him; for when asked who he was going to vote for, he replied, "I mane to vote for the man who can't put more nor *one hand* into the treasury!"

A few days after the election, the barber met Mr. Clay in Lexington, and approaching him, began to cry, saying that he had wronged him, and repented his ingratitude. "My wife," said he, "got round me, blubbering, and tould me that I was *too bad*, to desert, like a base spalpeen, me ould frind. 'Niver's the time,' says

she 'when you got in jail or in any bad fix, *niver's* the time he didn't come and help you out. Och! bad luck to ye for not giving him your vote!" Mr. Clay never failed to gain his vote afterward.

An anecdote is related of Mr. Clay, aptly illustrating his ability to encounter opposition, in whatever manner presented. A Senator from Connecticut had endeavored to inspire the younger members of the Senate with a respect for him, nearly allied to awe; and to this end was accustomed to use toward them harsh and haughty language, but especially to make an ostentatious display of his attainments, and his supposed superior knowledge of the subject under discussion. Mr. Clay could ill brook his insolent looks and language, and haughty, overbearing manner, and took occasion in his speech to hit them off, which he did by quoting Peter Pindar's Magpie,

"Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chattering bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone!"

"It would be difficult," says the biographer who relates this circumstance, "to say which was the greater, the merriment which this sally caused, or the chagrin of the satirized Senator.

A striking instance of the simplicity as well as humanity of Mr. Clay's character is given in the following authentic anecdote of him, while a member of the House of Representatives:

"Almost every body in Washington City will remember an old he-goat, which formerly inhabited a livery-stable on Pennsylvania Avenue. This animal was the most independent citizen of the metropolis. He belonged to no party, although he frequently gave pedestrians 'striking' proofs of his adhesion to the 'leveling' principle; for, whenever a person stopped any where in the vicinity, 'Billy' was sure to 'make at him,' horns and all. The boys took delight in irritating him, and frequently so annoyed him that he would 'butt' against lamp-posts and trees, to their great amusement.

"One day, Henry Clay was passing along the avenue, and seeing the boys intent on worrying Billy into a fever, stopped, and with characteristic humanity expostulated with them upon their cruelty. The boys listened in silent awe to the eloquent appeal of the 'Luminary of the West,' but it was all Cherokee to Billy, who—the ungrateful scamp!—arose majestically on his hind legs, and made a desperate plunge at his friend and advocate. Mr. Clay, however, proved too much for his horned adversary. He seized both horns of the dilemma, and then came the 'tug of war.' The struggle was long and doubtful.

"'Ha!' exclaimed the statesman, 'I've got you fast, you old rascal! I'll teach you better manners than to attack your friends! But, boys,' he continued, 'what shall I do *now*?'

"'Why, trip up his feet, Mr. Clay.' Mr. Clay did as he was told, and after many severe efforts,

brought Billy down on his side. Here he looked at the boys imploringly, seeming to say, 'I never was in such a fix as *this* before!'

"The combatants were now nearly exhausted; but the goat had the advantage, for he was gaining breath all the while the statesman was losing it.

"Boys!" exclaimed Mr. Clay, puffing and blowing, 'this is rather an awkward business. What am I to do *next*?'"

"Why, don't you know?" said a little fellow, making his own preparations to run, as he spoke: 'all you've got to do is to let go, and run like blazes!' The hint was taken at once, much to the amusement of the boys who had been 'lectured.'

The collisions between Mr. Clay and Randolph in Congress and out of it, are well known to the public. The following circumstance, however, has seldom been quoted. When the Missouri Compromise question was before Congress, and the fury of the contending parties had broken down almost every barrier of order and decency, Mr. Randolph, much excited, approaching Mr. Clay, said:

"Mr. Speaker, I wish you would leave the House. I will follow you to Kentucky, or any where else in the world."

Mr. Clay regarded him with one of his most searching looks for an instant; and then replied, in an under-tone:

"Mr. Randolph, your proposition is an exceedingly serious one, and demands most serious consideration. Be kind enough to call at my room to-morrow morning, and we will deliberate over it together."

Mr. Randolph called punctually at the moment; they talked long upon the much-agitated subject, without coming to any agreement, and Mr. Randolph arose to leave.

"Mr. Randolph," said Mr. Clay, as the former was about stepping from the house, "with your permission, I will embrace the present occasion to observe, that your language and deportment on the floor of the House, it has occurred to me, were rather indecorous and ungentlemanly, on several occasions, and very annoying, indeed, to me; for, being in the chair, I had no opportunity of replying."

While admitting that this might, perhaps, be so, Mr. Randolph excused it, on the ground of Mr. Clay's inattention to his remarks, and asking for a pinch of snuff while he was addressing him, &c., &c. Mr. Clay, in reply, said:

"Oh, you are certainly mistaken, Mr. Randolph, if you think I do not listen to you. I frequently turn away my head, it is true, and ask for a pinch of snuff; still, I hear every thing you say, although I may *seem* to hear nothing; and, retentive as I know your memory to be, I will wager that I can repeat as many of your speeches as you yourself can!"

"Well," answered Randolph, "I don't know but I *am* mistaken; and suppose we drop the matter, shake hands, and become good friends again?"

"Agreed!" said Mr. Clay, extending his hand, which was cordially grasped by Mr. Randolph.

During the same session, and some time before this interview, Mr. Randolph accosted Mr. Clay with a look and manner much agitated, and exhibited to him a letter, couched in very abusive terms, threatening to cowhide him, &c.; and asked Mr. Clay's advice as to the course he should pursue in relation to it.

"What caused the writer to send you such an insulting epistle, Mr. Randolph?" asked Mr. Clay.

"Why, I suppose," said Randolph, "it was in consequence of what I said to him the other day."

"What *did* you say?"

"Why, sir, I was standing in the vestibule of the house, when the writer came up and introduced to me a gentleman who accompanied him; and I asked him what right he had to introduce that man to me, and told him that the man had just as good a right to introduce *him* to me; whereat he was very indignant, said I had treated him scandalously, and turning on his heel, went away. I think that must have made him write the letter."

"Don't you think he was a *little out of his head* to talk in that way?" asked Mr. Clay.

"Why, I've been thinking about that," said Randolph: "I *have* some doubts respecting his sanity."

"Well, that being the case, would it not be the wisest course not to bring the matter before the House? I will direct the sergeant-at arms to keep a sharp look-out for the man, and to cause him to be arrested should he attempt any thing improper."

Mr. Randolph acquiesced in this opinion, and nothing more was ever heard of the subject.

Another incident, touching Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph, will be read with interest:

At one time Mr. Randolph, in a strain of most scorching irony, had indulged in some personal taunts toward Mr. Clay, commiserating his ignorance and limited education, to whom Mr. Clay thus replied:

"Sir, the gentleman from Virginia was pleased to say, that in one point at least he coincided with me—in an humble estimate of my philological acquirements. Sir, I know my deficiencies. I was born to no proud patrimonial estate from my father. I inherited only infancy, ignorance and indigence. I feel my defects: but, so far as my situation in early life is concerned, I may without presumption say, they are more my misfortune than my fault. But, however I may deplore my inability to furnish to the gentleman a better specimen of powers of verbal criticism, I will venture to say my regret is not greater than the disappointment of this committee, as to the strength of his argument."

The particulars of the duel between Mr. Randolph and Mr. Clay may be unknown to some of our readers. The eccentric descendant of Pocahontas appeared on the ground in a huge morning gown. This garment constituted such

a vast circumference that the "locality of the swarthy Senator," was at least a matter of very vague conjecture. The parties exchanged shots, and the ball of Mr. Clay hit the centre of the visible object, but Mr. Randolph was not there! The latter had fired in the air, and immediately after the exchange of shots he walked up to Mr. Clay, parted the folds of his gown, pointed to the hole where the bullet of the former had pierced his coat, and, in the shrillest tones of his piercing voice, exclaimed, "Mr. Clay, you owe me a coat—you owe me a coat!" to which Mr. Clay replied, in a voice of slow and solemn emphasis, at the same time pointing directly at Mr. Randolph's heart, "Mr. Randolph, I thank God that I am no deeper in your debt!"

The annexed rejoinder aptly illustrates Mr. Clay's readiness at repartee:

At the time of the passage of the tariff-bill, as the house was about adjourning, a friend of the bill observed to Mr. Clay, "We have done pretty well to-day." "Very well, indeed," rejoined Mr. Clay—"very well: we made a good stand, considering we lost both our *Feet*;" alluding to Mr. Foote of New York, and Mr. Foot of Connecticut, both having opposed the bill, although it was confidently expected, a short time previous, that both would support it.

After the nomination of General Taylor as a candidate for the Presidency, made by the Whig Convention at Philadelphia, in June, 1848, many of the friends of Mr. Clay were greatly dissatisfied, not to say exasperated, by what they deemed an abandonment of principle, and unfairness in the proceedings of that body: meetings were held in this city, at which delegates from the northern and western parts of this State and from the State of New Jersey attended, and various arrangements, preliminary to placing Mr. Clay again in nomination for that office, were made, and perfected. These steps were not concealed, and many of the friends of General Taylor were so uncharitable as to avow their belief that this dissatisfaction was fostered and encouraged by Mr. Clay himself. The following extract from a letter written to a friend in this city,* one who had from the beginning opposed the movement, will exhibit Mr. Clay's true sentiments on that subject:

"ASHLAND, 16th October, 1848.

"MY DEAR SIR—I duly received your obliging letter of the 5th instant, and I have perused it with the greatest satisfaction.

"The vivid picture which you have drawn of the enthusiastic attachment, the unbounded confidence, and the entire devotion of my warm-hearted friends in the city of New York, has filled me with the liveliest emotions of gratitude.

"There was but one more proof wanting of their goodness, to complete and perpetuate my great obligations to them, and that they have kindly given, in deference to my anxious wishes; it was, not to insist upon the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency, after the promulgation of my desire to the contrary."

In another letter, to the same party, written a

* NICHOLAS DEAN, Esq., President of the Croton Aqueduct Board, a life-long friend of Mr. Clay.

few weeks earlier, occurs the following touching passage, indicating his sense of the oppressive loneliness with which he was then surrounded. Referring to the recent departure of his son James on his mission to Portugal, accompanied by his family, he says:

"If they had, as I hope, a prosperous voyage, they will have arrived at Liverpool about the same day that I reached home. My separation from them, probably for a length of time, the uncertainty of life rendering it not unlikely that I may never see them again, and the deep and affectionate interest I take in their welfare and happiness, has been extremely painful.

"I find myself now, toward the close of my life, in one respect, in a condition similar to that with which I began it. Mrs. Clay and I commenced it alone: and after having had eleven children, of whom four only remain, our youngest son is the sole white person residing with us."

We are indebted to the same obliging gentleman from whom we derive the foregoing, for the following graphic description of a visit paid to Mr. Clay in his sick chamber at Washington:

"On Monday, the first of March last, at about one o'clock, at the National Hotel, Washington, having sent in my name, Mr. Clay kindly admitted me to his room. I found it darkened by heavy closed curtains, and the sufferer seated in an easy chair at the remote end, near a moderate coal-fire. I approached him rapidly, and, taking his extended soft hand and attenuated fingers, said, 'My dear sir, I am most honored and gratified by this privilege of being again permitted to renew to you, personally, the expression of my unabated attachment and reverence.'

"'But, my dear sir,' he playfully answered, 'you have a very cold hand to convey these sentiments to an invalid such as I am. Come, draw up a chair, and sit near me; I am compelled to use my voice but little, and very carefully.'

"Doing as he desired, I expressed my deep regret that he was still confined to a sick room, and added, that I hoped the return of spring, and the early recurrence of warmer weather would mitigate his more urgent symptoms, and enable him again to visit the Senate Chamber.

"'Sir,' said he, 'these are the kind wishes of a friend, but that hope does not commend itself to my judgment. You may remember that last year I visited the Havana, in the expectation that its remarkably genial and mild climate would benefit me—but I found no relief; thence to New Orleans, a favorite resort of mine, with no better result. I even became impatient for the return of autumn, thinking that possibly its clear bracing atmosphere at Ashland might lessen my distressing cough; but sir, the Havana, New Orleans, and Ashland have all failed to bring me any perceptible benefit.'

"'May I ask, my dear sir, what part of the twenty-four hours are you most comfortable?'

"'Fortunately, sir, very fortunately—I should add, mercifully—during the night. Then, I am singularly placid and composed: I am very wakeful, and during the earlier part of it my thoughts take a wide range, but I lie most tranquilly, with-

out any sensation of weariness, or nervous excitement, and toward day fall into a quiet and undisturbed sleep; this continues to a late hour in the morning, when I rise and breakfast about ten o'clock. Subsequently my cough for an hour or two, is very exhausting. After one o'clock, and during the evening, I am tolerably free of it, and during this period, I see a few of my close personal friends. And thus passes the twenty-four hours.'

"I was grieved to learn, through the public prints, that Mrs. Clay has been ill; may I hope that she is better?"

"She has been sick; indeed, at one time, I was much alarmed at her situation; but I thank God,' (with deep emotion,) 'she is quite recovered.'

"I almost expected the gratification of meeting your son James and his wife here.'

"No, sir; you may remember that I once told you that he had made a very fortunate investment in the suburbs of St. Louis. This property has become valuable, and requires his attention and management: he has removed thither with his family. It's a long way off, and I would not have them make a winter journey here; beside, I have every comfort and attention that a sick man can require. My apartments, as you perceive, are far removed from the noise and bustle of the house; and I am surrounded by warm and anxious friends, ever seeking to anticipate my wishes.'

"During this brief conversation—in which we were quite alone—Mr. Clay had several paroxysms of coughing. Once he rose and walked across the room to a spittoon. The most careful use of his voice seemed greatly and constantly to irritate his lungs. I could not prolong the interview, though thoroughly impressed with the belief—since mournfully verified—that it would be the last.

"I rose, took my leave, invoking God's blessing on him; and, as in the presence of Royalty, bowed myself out of the room backward.

"On rising from his seat, as above remarked, he stood as erect and commanding as ever; and while sitting in close proximity to him, his burning eye fixed intently upon me, it seemed as if rays of light were emitted from each. This phenomenon is not unusual in consumptive patients, the extraordinary brilliancy of the eye being often remarked; but in Mr. Clay's case it was so intense as to make me almost nervous, partaking as it did of the supernatural.

"I have thus given you the arrangement, and very nearly the precise words,* of this my last interview with one of the greatest men of the age. It was altogether a scene to be remembered—a sick room, with the thoughts of a nation daily directed to it! It is full of pathos, and approaches the sublime."

The day previous to the call and conversation above described, the Editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* saw Mr. Clay in the street at Washington, and thus mentions the fact in the "Gos-

sip" of his April Number: "Passing the National Hotel at two o'clock, on this bright and cloudless warm Sunday, we saw a tall figure, clad in a blue cloak, attended only by a lady and child, enter a carriage before the door. Once seen, it was a face never to be forgotten. It was Henry Clay. That eagle-eye was not dimmed, although the great statesman's force was abated. We raised our hat, and bowed our reverence and admiration. Our salutation was gracefully returned, and the carriage was driven away.

"As we walked on, to keep an engagement to dine, we thought of the late words of that eminent patriot: 'If the days of my usefulness, as I have too much reason to fear, be indeed passed, I desire not to linger an impotent spectator of the oft-scanned field of life. I have never looked upon old age, deprived of the faculty of enjoyment, of intellectual perceptions and energies, with any sympathy; and for such I think the day of fate can not arrive too soon.' One can hardly choose but drop a tear over such a remark from such a man."

Thus "broken with the storms of state," and scathed with many a fiery conflict, Henry Clay gradually descended toward the tomb. "During this period," says one of his Kentucky colleagues, "he conversed much and cheerfully with his friends, and took great interest in public affairs. While he did not expect a restoration to health, he cherished the hope that the mild season of spring would bring him strength enough to return to Ashland, that he might die in the bosom of his family. But, alas! spring, that brings life to all Nature, brought no life nor hope to him. After the month of March, his vital powers rapidly wasted, and for weeks he lay patiently awaiting the stroke of death. The approach of the destroyer had no terror for him. No clouds overhung his future. He met his end with composure, and his pathway to the grave was lightened by the immortal hopes which spring from the Christian faith. Not long before his death, having just returned from Kentucky, I bore to him a token of affection from his excellent wife. Never can I forget his appearance, his manner, or his words. After speaking of his family and his country, he changed the conversation to his own fortune, and, looking on me with his fine eyes undimmed, and his voice full of its original compass and melody, he said: 'I am not afraid to die, sir; I have hope, faith, and some confidence: I do not think any man can be entirely certain in regard to his future state, but I have an abiding trust in the merits and mediation of our Saviour.'

"On the evening previous to his departure," writes his excellent pastor and faithful attendant, Rev. Dr. Butler, "sitting an hour in silence by his side, I could not but realize—when I heard him in the slight wanderings of his mind, to other days and other scenes, murmuring the words, 'My mother, mother, mother!' and saying, 'My dear wife!' as if she were present. I could not but realize then, and rejoiced to think, how near was the blessed reunion of his weary heart with

* They were reduced to writing immediately afterward.

the loved dead, and the living who must soon follow him to his rest, whose spirits even then seemed to visit and to cheer his memory and his hope."

Mr. Clay's countenance immediately after death looked like an antique cast. His features seemed to be perfectly classical; and the repose of all the muscles gave the lifeless body a quiet majesty, seldom reached by living human being. His last request was that his body might be buried, not in Washington, but in his own family vault in his beloved Kentucky, by the side of his relations and friends. May he rest in peace in his honored grave!

A DUEL IN 1830.

I HAD just arrived at Marseilles with the diligence, in which three young men, apparently merchants or commercial travelers, were the companions of my journey. They came from Paris, and were enthusiastic about the events which had lately happened there, and in which they boasted of having taken part. I was, for my part, quiet and reserved; for I thought it much better, at a time of such political excitement in the south of France, where party passions always rise so high, to do nothing that would attract attention; and my three fellow-travelers no doubt looked on me as a plain, common-place seaman, who had been to the luxurious metropolis for his pleasure or on business. My presence, it seemed, did not incommode them, for they talked on as if I had not been there. Two of them were gay, merry, but rather coarse boon-companions; the third, an elegant youth, blooming and tall, with luxuriant black curling hair, and dark soft eyes. In the hotel where we dined, and where I sat a little distance off, smoking my cigar, the conversation turned on various love-adventures, and the young man, whom they called Alfred, showed his comrades a packet of delicately perfumed letters, and a superb lock of beautiful fair hair.

He told them that in the days of July he had been slightly wounded, and that his only fear, while he lay on the ground, was, that if he died, some mischance might prevent Clotilde from weeping over his grave. "But now all is well," he continued. "I am going to fetch a nice little sum from my uncle at Marseilles, who is just at this moment in good-humor, on account of the discomfiture of the Jesuits and the Bourbons. In my character of one of the heroes of July, he will forgive me all my present and past follies: I shall pass an examination at Paris, and then settle down in quiet, and live happily with my Clotilde." Thus they talked together; and by-and-by we parted in the court-yard of the coach-office.

Close by was a brilliantly-illuminated coffee-house. I entered, and seated myself at a little table, in a distant corner of the room. Two persons only were still in the saloon, in an opposite corner, and before them stood two glasses of brandy. One was an elderly, stately, and portly gentleman, with dark-red face, and dressed in a

quiet colored suit; it was easy to perceive that he was a clergyman. But the appearance of the other was very striking. He could not be far from sixty years of age, was tall and thin, and his gray, indeed almost white hair, which, however, rose from his head in luxurious fullness, gave to his pale countenance a peculiar expression that made one feel uncomfortable. The brawny neck was almost bare; a simple, carelessly-knotted black kerchief alone encircled it: thick, silver-gray whiskers met together at his chin; a blue frock-coat, pantaloons of the same color, silk stockings, shoes with thick soles, and a dazzlingly-white waistcoat and linen, completed his equipment. A thick stick leant in one corner, and his broad-brimmed hat hung against the wall. There was a certain convulsive twitching of the thin lips of this person, which was very remarkable; and there seemed, when he looked fixedly, to be a smouldering fire in his large, glassy, grayish-blue eyes. He was, it was evident, a seaman like myself—a strong oak that fate had shaped into a mast, over which many a storm had blustered, but which had been too tough to be shivered, and still defied the tempest and the lightning. There lay a gloomy resignation as well as a wild fanaticism in those features. The large bony hand, with its immense fingers, was spread out or clenched, according to the turn which the conversation with the clergyman took. Suddenly he stepped up to me. I was reading a royalist newspaper. He lighted his cigar.

"You are right, sir; you are quite right not to read those infamous Jacobin journals." I looked up, and gave no answer. He continued: "A sailor?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have seen service?"

"Yes."

"You are still in active service?"

"No." And then, to my great satisfaction, for my patience was well-nigh exhausted, the examination was brought to a conclusion.

Just then, an evil destiny led my three young fellow-travelers into the room. They soon seated themselves at a table, and drank some glasses of champagne to Clotilde's health. All went on well; but when they began to sing the *Marseillaise* and the *Parisienne*, the face of the gray man began to twitch, and it was evident a storm was brewing. Calling to the waiter, he said with a loud voice, "Tell those blackguards yonder not to annoy me with their low songs!"

The young men sprang up in a fury, and asked if it was to them he alluded.

"Whom else should I mean," said the gray man, with a contemptuous sneer.

"But we may drink and sing if we like, and to whom we like," said the young man. "*Vive la République et vive Clotilde!*"

"One as blackguardly as the other!" cried the gray-beard tauntingly; and a wine-glass, that flew at his head from the hand of the dark-haired youth, was the immediate rejoinder. Slowly wiping his forehead, which bled and dripped