THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

AN EULOGY,

DELIVERED ON

OCCASION OF THE FUNERAL OBSEQUIES

OF

HON. HENRY CLAY,

IN

THE CITY OF DETROIT,

JULY 13, 1852.

BY GEORGE DUFFIELD,
PASTOR OF THE FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

DETROIT:
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1852.

Rev. George Duffield,

Sir—In accordance with the generally expressed wishes of those who listened to the eloquent Address, delivered by you in this city, upon the 13th inst., on the occasion of the solemnities commemorative of the Death of Henry Clay, and also to gratify the desire of hundreds who were unable to obtain places in the Church, and were therefore deprived of the privilege of hearing your beautiful Eulogy upon the life of the departed Statesman, and furthermore feeling, *themselves*, that such a production should be perpetuated and circulated, the Committee of Arrangements request that you will furnish them a copy, at your earliest convenience, for publication.

Respectfully, &c.,

Z. PITCHER,	JAMES A. HICKS,
J. B. CLARK,	JOHN McREYNOLDS,
J. M. HOWARD,	W. F. CHITTENDEN,
JOHN OWEN,	S. B. MORSE,

Detroit, July 15, 1852. Committee.

To Z. Pitcher, J. B. Clark, J. M. Howard, John Owen, Jas. A. Hicks, John McReynolds, W. F. Chittenden, S. B. Morse, Committee:

Gentlemen—I forward herewith, the only copy I have, of the Eulogy you request, having no time to make a transcript. It is at your disposal.

Although of necessity prepared in much haste, if it will contribute to commend to my fellow citizens the patriotism so conspicuous in the life of that illustrious Statesman, and to yourselves' and others' estimation and assured profession, the humble faith and hope, in the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, which he experienced and professed in his late years and dying exercises, I shall be abundantly rewarded.

With sentiments of personal respect and friendship,

I remain, yours &c.,

Detroit, June 15, 1852. GEO. DUFFIELD.

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT.

TIDINGS of woe, on the lightning's wings, have spread over our land! Pangs of grief are felt from the heart to the extremities of this great Confederacy! And here, WE throng this temple, fellow citizens, to mingle in the general lamentation. An idol of the people has fallen from the shrine of Liberty. The living embodiment of that pure patriotic spirit, whose clarion voice, like bugle sounds, for half a century ever heard in times of peril and distress, has ceased to breathe! HENRY CLAY HAS BEEN NUMBERED WITH THE DEAD! What a heavy wave of sorrow has this event rolled over the breast of this American people! A mighty nation groans, and, assuming the habiliments of woe, befitting the obsequies of a loved and honored leader, enters the house of GOD to indulge the gushing sorrows of its bleeding heart. What crowds of solemn reflections meet us here! How painful do we feel their pressure! Yet is it well for us, fellow citizens, to tarry for a season in this Sanctuary and ponder on the mournful event.

Few men, if ever any one, occupied the same place in the affections of his countrymen. WASHINGTON is, indeed, beloved and honored by all, as the Father of his Country, and the founder of this great Republic. His noble and disinterested patriotism, his untiring de-

votion to freedom, and his peculiar talents, both as a General and a Statesman, have gained for him the admiration of the world. But we feel, when contemplating his history and character, a sort of reverential awe, resembling that experienced when gazing on what is grand and sublime. The sentiments of veneration give predominant character to our emotions. We look and wonder, lost in silent thought, as though there was that in his excellence which elevated him beyond our sympathy and communion.

Other noble and lofty men, also, yet spared in the good providence of God, impress us deeply by the greatness of their talents, and the ability they display as Statesmen and Civilians. But there was somewhat about the illustrious deceased that commanded esteem and overcame the heart. Easy of access to all—prepossessing in personal appearance—combining dignified grace and ease in his demeanor—devoid of all haughtiness and stiff reserve—cordial and kind in his manners—frank, open, and above the meanness of deception—inviting, rather than repelling approach—of bland, benignant aspect—instinct with natural benevolence, and condescending and courteous even to the lowest, he was seldom visited or addressed without making and leaving indelibly the impression of a familiarity more like that between mutual friends, than in the intercourse of business. He never failed to implant the memorials of himself deeply in the affections of those whom his position and influence attracted, or who were impelled towards him by their interest or necessity. He was emphatically the People's man: made such, not by designing demagogueism and disgusting flattery; but by

the amenities and kindness of his generous soul—by the irradiations of his pure and beaming patriotism—by his burning zeal for the public good, and by his unwavering devotion to his Country's glory. In private life he was kind and liberal to a fault. "His door and his purse were alike open to the friendless stranger and the unfortunate neighbor." The curse of aristocracy never chilled the warm flow of his natural feelings. His feelings changed not with his fortunes; but at the decline of life his heart was as warm, his hand as free, and his smile as familiar, as at its commencement.

It is not surprising, therefore, that never did one possess more firmly the affection of sincere and warmest friends. His very name, when uttered, sent a thrill to the heart. The loud, spontaneous cheers and welcomes with which he often was greeted, proved the intensity of popular affection to be that rendered to the idol of the soul. When covered with the frosts of age, and far, far advanced in years, beyond the average maximum of human life, popular attachment abated not in the least its fervor. It continued to be just as fresh and glowing, as is wont to be extended to them who, added to other excellence, possess the bloom, the beauty and fascinating charms of youth. Though gathered in a good old age, like a shock of corn fully ripe, his name lives in richest verdure, in the memory of a loving and grateful people. And there, like laurel wreaths and chaplets of evergreen, will it remain, unchanged by the lapse of time.

Long had he been spared to guide his Country's councils and foster her greatness. For half a century the eloquence of his deep-toned, silvery and exquistely

modulated voice—which was itself the melody of music's sweet strains—soothed and calmed the troubled, or excited, and inspirited the fainting, hearts of his countrymen. And, if a Nation weeps that that voice will no more be heard, or his tall, muscular or manly form no more be seen in its Legislative Halls, our saddened hearts should not prove ungrateful to the Author of all our mercies, the giver of every good and perfect gift, that, in His wise and bounteous providence, so much political worth and ennobling patriotism have been so long preserved to us. While, therefore, we give vent to the flowings of our grief, let us suppress its sobbings, and, in sober, chastened submission to the will of that great Being, whose decree adjudges all alike to death, endeavor rapidly to trace some of the more instructing events of his history, and profit from the lessons taught us by his decease.

The leading facts and events of his career are public property. They are for general profit. Nor can they fail, like the impressions of light upon the plated mirror, to leave upon our minds, as we look upon them, some traces of the excellence that adorned his character, as the Man, the Statesman and the Republican, the Orator, the Patriot and the Philanthropist.

Neither birth, nor fortune, nor noble patronage, lent their adventitious aid to advance his greatness. He was the favored child of a guardian providence, which watched and led him forward, restrained and placed him in positions which made him the architect of his own fame, and threw around him greater lustre than could have been inherited or reflected from a titled ancestry. He was the fifth son of a Baptist Clergyman,

whose labor and fidelity in his sacred vocation, were well known and greatly esteemed throughout a district of country in Hanover county, Virginia, vulgarly called "the Slashes." He was born on the 12th of April, 1777, about nine months after the glorious declaration of American Independence, and during the first eventful campaign of that memorable revolutionary struggle, which, under GOD, accomplished the liberty of these United States. He may be said to have dated his existence almost from the very hour when our patriotic fathers rose in their moral might and grandeur to proclaim Freedom on the earth. Though not himself an hero of '76, yet burning with the same patriotic fires that kindled the glory of this land, and breathing the same spirit of ardent devotion to his Country's honor, he lived till both he and his Country were counting together the same magic number in their years. Let the plated tablet, therefore, on his coffin's lid, as it receives the record of his birth and death, and tells to coming generations in those glorious golden numerals, that *he died in the* SEVENTY-SIXTH *year of his age*, become hallowed with our patriotic reminiscences. Over his ashes, even in the darkness of the tomb, let it rest, and, like the vestal lamp, prove another and sacred memorial of that pure flame with which our fathers lighted their sacrifices on the altar of our Country's freedom.

When but five years of age, his father died. Deprived of that paternal counsel and instruction so much needed in youth, and subjected to the pains and privations so incident to the widowhood of a christian Pastor's wife, (who seldom shares even in the limited bounty previously extended to him,) HENRY CLAY, at

that early age, was consigned entirely to a mother's care. She was "a woman of an uncommonly vigorous mind, richly adorned with feminine graces, and every way competent to superintend his incipient education." Straitened as to means, embarrassed greatly in the little left her at her husband's death, and surrounded with a family of small children, she was prevented from giving her beloved HENRY the thorough course of study she designed he should pursue. Nevertheless, she infused into him her own spirit, and enstamped upon him much that was of value in her own character. The means of education she could obtain for him were exceedingly meagre, and those but interruptedly enjoyed. The humble country school of the neighborhood was all the opportunity afforded: and that was deficient in almost every essential respect. Yet was it sufficient to beget in him earnest desires for knowledge, which pecuniary privations prevented from being realized. All that maternal love could do, was done; but that was only to lead him to the trickling rills of science, and induce him to drink the sweet waters, which refreshed his young spirit, and rendered his desires intense to seek their gratification by laving in the pure fountains whence they flowed. This he accomplished in after life, through indomitable energy.

In common with his brothers, large portions of his time were devoted to manual labor, rendered necessary by his mother's embarrassed condition. He learned to handle the hoe, the spade, the plow, and the axe, and by the sweat of his brow to earn his daily bread. While yet a tender lad, seated on a bag of grain thrown across the horse's back, which he rode without a sad-

dle, or any other bridle but a rope, his frequent visits with his little grists to a neighboring mill on the Pamunkey river, gained for him the rustic and familiar title of "The Mill-boy of the Slashes." He shrunk from no employment, nor felt himself degraded by any service, however lowly, when directed to it by the mother he so dearly loved. His attachment for her was most ardent; and it was often the subject of his deep regret that he was permitted to enjoy her society for so short a period.

When in his fifteenth year, his mother again married, and removed to Woodford county, in Kentucky. HENRY was found in a small drug store in Richmond, Virginia. His stay there was short, having exchanged the apothecary's counter for the office of Mr. P. TINSLEY, then Clerk of the High Court of Chancery, where he found pursuits more congenial to his taste, and means more ample for the cultivation of his mind. His industrious habits, his amiable appearance, and his gentle and courteous manner, gained for him the favor of the venerable Chancellor WYTHE, who gave him the benefit of his library and instructions, and made him his amanuensis. Here he rapidly advanced in knowledge, especially of his vernacular language, by the perusal of books recommended and furnished by his friend; and laid the foundation of those habits of order, regularity, system, and assiduous application, which, in after life, were of such great practical advantage to him. He found it, as it is ever, well for aspiring youth to be under the guidance of well stored, well disciplined, methodical old age.

In his nineteenth year, he became a member of the

family of Robert Brooke, Esq., Attorney General of Virginia, where his advantages were much increased and diligently and successfully improved. Toward the close of 1797, not having yet attained to legal manhood, he was admitted to the practice of law, by the Judges of the Virginia Court of Appeals. He soon after followed his mother to the West, and commenced the duties of his profession in Lexington, Kentucky, which he selected as the theatre of his future life. Here he encountered more than the ordinary embarrassments which meet young men in the commencement of their professional career. But ten years since, in referring to this period of his life, he said, "I was without patrons, without friends, and destitute of the means of paying my weekly board. I remember how comfortable I thought I should be if I could make £100 Virginia money per annum, and with what delight I received the first five shilling fee. My hopes were more than realized. I rushed into a lucrative practice."

In his rapidly rising success, he relaxed not his efforts, by severe study, to qualify himself more thoroughly for his profession. Instead of spending his evenings in juvenile recreations, as many do, he conned assiduously over his own self-directed and unaided studies, to enrich his mind with learning, and to polish his mental powers. There was nothing, at that time, in his modest, unassuming behavior, feeble constitution, and languid, even seemingly listless movements, that indicated the lofty powers of eloquence, and the commanding talents, whose latent energies then lay dormant in his soul. Although frequently solicited, he had declined to take an active part in the debates of a

Society of which he was a member. This was generally attributed to the causes just stated, until at the close of some animated discussions in one of the society's meetings, just as the question was about to be put, from the chair, he privately remarked to one seated near him that the subject did not seem to have been exhausted. Unexpectedly, his friend announced that Mr. CLAY had something to say, when, the courteous smile and nod of the chairman having introduced him, he arose, amid great appearances of trepidation and embarrassment, to make his first speech. His first words were, "Gentlemen of the jury," which falling on his own ear, greatly increased his embarrassment, so that blushing, and hesitating, and stammering, he repeated the same words, and seemed ready to fail. But the politeness and good breeding of his audience having suppressed any indications that their sense of the ludricous had been affected, or his embarrassment noticed, suddenly obtaining self-possession, he spoke with so much force and eloquence as to carry conviction and astonishment at once to the hearts of all.

Having thus commenced his efforts and eloquence as a popular speaker, he soon became a formidable competitor of the old, and, at that time, very distinguished, members of the Bar in Lexington. The mild, gentle, affable and courteous companion in social life, in civic strife reared his towering head, as unbending and invulnerable as the gnarled oak. General respect for his talents, the confidence of the community, his insinuating and winning ways, and his captivating appearance, secured for him ample patronage and influential, devoted friends. His acute sensibilities and

great philanthropy, his benevolent, sympathising disposition, allied with his deep knowledge of human nature and great powers of oratory, qualified him pre-eminently for a practitioner in criminal cases. It is said, that of the large number committed to his care, he never in one single instance was defeated. Nor was he less successful and conspicuous as a civil lawyer. His genius and talent, in this respect, had so filled the eyes and won the hearts of his fellow citizens, that in 1806, at the early age of thirty, (the earliest possible,) he was placed in the Senate of the United States, by the side of the old men and giants of those days.

At the age of twenty-six, he entered the arena of politics, having been elected by acclamation to the Legislature of the State. From that time to the close of his eventful life, he enjoyed but little repose from Legislative labors. His arduous conflicts, his unabating philanthrophy, his enduring toils, and his patriotic triumphs, on this field of his glory, have bound the hearts of the American people to him in intense affection and enthusiastic admiration. The secret of his popularity lies in his disinterested devotion to the public good, and the unappreciable value of his public services.

His earliest effort in the field of politics proved, indeed, a sad failure. But that very failure has thrown a halo of glory around his name. There are few who would not now award to him the praise of having then discerned, with foresight and accurate eye, the policy that would have proved as important to the prosperity of his State as to the interests of humanity. It was while the Constitution of the State was undergoing a careful review and scrutiny for its better adaptation to

the interests of the people, that Mr. CLAY became a citizen of Kentucky. His instinctive love of liberty, strong and continuous as the throbbing pulsations of his very life, and the deep flowings of his pure philanthropy, like the warm gushings of the vital blood from the heart, prompted him to advocate the gradual abolition of slavery. Never did that institution meet his deliberate favor, however his conservatism and attachment to the Union imposed mountain barriers against his co-operating with the reckless Vandalism of fanatical reformers, who blaspheme and curse the federal Constitution, and would destroy this great Confederacy and blight the glory of our Union, regardless of every other social interest, in their raging zeal for the immediate emancipation of the slave. He regarded slavery, although existing in Kentucky in its mildest form, "unsightly and revolting—an evil, and one of great magnitude. Nor did he hesitate to pronounce it such," as "he saw it diffusing its baneful influences through the halls of legislation, and twining its sable folds around the very pillars of government, contaminating and withering." The Convention frowned upon his policy; and the clouds of popular disfavor for a season settled upon the prospects of the young politician, then so far in advance of his seniors and of the day in his philanthropic views.

The opinions so early entertained, he never altered. Under their influence he became the constant and ardent friend of the American Colonization Society, of which in 1836 he was elected the President; and at the meeting of one of whose auxiliaries he declared, "If I could be instrumental in eradicating the deepest stain

upon the character of our country, and removing all cause of reproach on account of it, by foreign nations; if I could only be instrumental in ridding of this foul blot that revered State that gave me birth, or that not less beloved State which kindly adopted me as her son, I would not exchange the proud satisfaction which I should enjoy, for the honor of all the triumphs decreed to the most successful conqueror." He continued to his latest day zealously to espouse the cause of that Society, in the belief and hope that it might contribute somewhat toward the result he so ardently desired, viz: the earliest practicable abolition of slavery, or, at least, to the means of founding along the coast of Africa free States like our own, to throw the radiant light of liberty far into the interior of that dark and unknown Continent.

Yet, during the sessions of Congress of 1819, '20 and '21, when he saw the integrity of these United States seriously endangered by the discussions to which the application of Missouri for admission into the Union gave rise; and it became obvious that the land, from one end to another, rocked as in an earthquake, causing sensations of horror to come over the stout-hearted patriots and good men of all classes, and threatening to ingulf in utter ruin the liberties of his country—he threw himself, with all his zeal and energies, into the maddening conflict, and, amid cries of separation, disunion and civil war, labored intensely and untiringly for the amicable adjustment of this distracting question. While, all around him, raged the fierce flames of angry debate, he alone remained collected and calm; and has been well compared, at that crisis, to one basking in

sunshine on the summit of a lofty mountain, unmoved by the storms that were bursting and dashing around its base. "Every darker passion," it was said, "appeared to have died within him, and he looked down upon the maddening and terrific scene with that calm and sublime regret, and gave utterance to his thoughts, in that high, majestic, and pathetic eloquence, which seemed almost to designate him, as a superior being, commissioned by Heaven to warn our country against the vice of anarchy and blood." Though failing in various efforts, yet was it mainly through his influence, that finally, after Congress and the Country had, for three sessions been convulsed, and scenes almost of riot had been enacted in the capitol, in the bland spirit of compromise, he was enabled to seize the brand of discord, and taking it from the hand of enraged millions, and supplying its place with the olive branch of peace, to quench its lurid flame in the pure fountain of patriotism. Mr. Clay was heard himself to say, that "so intense had become his excitement, and so exhausting his efforts, that his life in all probability would have been sacrificed to them, if the admission of Missouri had been delayed a fortnight longer." We cannot fully estimate the obligations of gratitude due to him who thus strained the bow of life almost to breaking, for having allayed the most terrible tempest of passion, prejudice, and sectional animosity, which has ever swept over our beloved Country.

Yet has that gratitude not only been withheld, but his reputation and integrity most cruelly assailed, by enemies who sought, in various ways, to pluck from his hands the fair laurels he had won. It was no love for

slavery or desire to protect it, but the overpowering love of Country, that actuated him. Speaking of his property, when vindicating himself from malignant attacks, he said in 1828, "whatever my estate may be worth, it is a gratification to me to know, that it is the produce of my own honest labor—no part of it being hereditary, except one slave, who would oblige me very much if he would accept his freedom."

The clouds of popular disfavor, which, for a season, in the very commencement of his political life, seemed to darken his prospects, were soon dispersed. The rising sun of his fame shone forth in the splendor of the popularity that pertained to the name of THOMAS JEFFERSON. As the zealous champion of the Democratic party in his neighborhood, opposed to the stringent measures of the administration of the elder ADAMS, Mr. CLAY effectually reinstated himself in the confidence and affection of his State. In 1806 he was chosen to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States, occasioned by the resignation of Gen. JOHN ADAIR, in the last year of his term, where he soon displayed himself to be the zealous friend of internal improvement, and made the indellible impression of his great ability, which age did but burnish and brighten in gold that never rusts.

He was severely censured shortly afterwards for the course he pursued in successfully protecting Col. AARON BURR, from the charges of treasonable conspiracy against Kentucky and the Federal Union. In accordance with the popular sentiment around him, Mr. CLAY believed him an innocent and persecuted man, and prevailed with the grand jury to return the indictment, as

devoid of any testimony to criminate. It is an honorable evidence of his incorruptible patriotism, that, on learning his mistake, from documentary proofs of the most unquestionable nature, exhibited to him while at Washington soon after the trial, he utterly refused all friendship with him. So deep became his abhorrence of the guilt of that wretched man, that on Mr. CLAY's return from Europe in 1815, when in flattering terms addressed by Mr. BURR, who, at the same time, extended to him his hand with customary friendly salutation, and endeavored to engage in conversation, he met him with marked coldness and resolute refusal to reciprocate the civility; and thus terminated all the intercourse he ever had with him.

During his first session in the Senate of the United States, notwithstanding his youth, he engaged actively in the business of that august body. The subject of public improvements, and the power of Congress in relation to them, was under discussion when he entered it. His investigations convinced him of the constitutionality and expediency of a judicious system of measures, as well for internal improvement as for external defense. The first specimen of his eloquence in the public councils of this country, was given on this subject. But a youth from the wilds of Kentucky, he arose amid grave Senators and hoary headed age and experience—yet did he, while advocating a local improvement within the district, there fearlessly assert and vindicate the grand and fundamental principles which lie at the foundation of national prosperity. His eloquence and success kindled the bright flame which has since shed its benign illumination over our vast republic,

and justly entitled him to be styled the Father of a system to which, throughout his whole life, he adhered with unfaltering attachment and fidelity.

Returning to the Legislature of his own State, he thwarted effectually the reckless effort then in agitation, prompted mainly by prejudice and hostility against Great Britain, virtually to get rid of the common law, by prohibiting the reading of any British elementary work on law, and reference to any precedent of a British court. He regarded this mad attempt of a bigotted patriotism, as legislative Vandalism: yet, fearing lest the reckless assault might be consummated, he succeeded in effecting a compromise—in advocating which, he is said to have given one of the most splendid specimens of elocution ever witnessed. "Every muscle of the orator's face," says an observer, "was at work—his whole body seemed agitated, as if each part was instinct with a separate life. The appearance of the speaker seemed that of a pure intellect wrought up to its mightiest energies, and brightly glowing through the thin and transparent veil of flesh that enrobed it."

He appeared the second time in the Senate of the United States during the session of 1809-10. It was a period of intense political excitement and agitation. A crisis was arriving in what has been well termed "the transition state" of our Union, when the great constitutional elements of our federal government were chrystalizing. The shocks of the American Revolution had shaken down the whole system of colonial government and dependence. The federal constitution, as the general solvent, was operating, by the action of State and National Legislation, and by the wisdom, power, patri-

riotism and justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in their decisions, to secure the healthful and efficient play of those chemical affinities which should arrange the dissolving elements, and deposit them in stable, organic and permanent structures and relations. The powerful contests of the two great political parties of the day, whose principles and policy of government differed so widely, and were tending to dangerous extremes in both directions, had disturbed the whole mass of the population, and thrown public sentiment into one general and mighty effervescence. The embarrassed state of the country's foreign relations quickened greatly those tendencies and the general heaving. The Union formed by the Constitution, had not yet been strengthened by the cohesions of interest. There had not yet been accomplished the interlacings of those sentiments and habits since developed by domestic and foreign commerce and necessary government, which, like the ever-growing tendrils of the noble vine, instinctively seek support, and sustain its spreading branches in their upward growth. Nor had the spirit of fervent patriotism yet controlled and stimulated the circulation of the country's vital blood, and proved its sanative virtue superior to the irritations of prejudice, strife, and the antagonism of warring parties.

The war of 1812 proved the occasion of fiercer contests in the very bosom of our own confederacy, than with our old and mighty foe, threatening even the destruction of the Union, and a return to anarchy and confusion. It was during this season that Mr. CLAY's lofty patriotism beamed forth and shed around the bright lustre of its glory, like the bright star of hope from behind

the stormy cloud, to cheer the tempest-tost mariner, who trembles for the foundering of his bark. Passing from the Senate to the popular branch of the National Legislature, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, from his very entrance into it, he possessed peculiar opportunities for the exercise of his powers and the display of his zeal for his country's welfare and honor. His strong arm curbed the fiery spirits of Congress, and his firmness and decision restrained so effectually all attempts at gross violation of order and decorum, during a period of intensest excitement, that never before or since was the honor of that body so signally maintained, and the slightest disrespect toward it so promptly rebuked. "Not one of his decisions was ever reversed on an appeal from the chair."

A small and badly equipped army, a very limited navy, an empty treasury, deep indebtedness both on the part of the government and people, and the apparent want of necessary means, seemed to many certain to render that war impracticable and ruinous. The very Ishmael of the fierce opposition waged against it on the floor of Congress, while magnifying the might of England, boldly predicted disgrace and ruin in the war, and threatened those who sustained the administration in it, with the total loss of their political power. The patriotism of Mr. Clay blazed forth with intensely indignant flame. "In other countries, France or England, for example," said he, "the fall of Paris or London is the fall of the nation. Here are no such dangerous aggregations of the people. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and every city on the Atlantic, may be subdued by a usurper, and he will

have made but a small advance in the accomplishment of his purpose. Even let the whole country east of the Alleghany submit to the ambition of some daring chief, and the liberty of the Union will be still unconquered. It will find successful support at the West." His words were prophetic. In lending his strong support to the government, and in eloquently vindicating its measures, he did more, perhaps, than any other man, to apply the kindling torch to the spirit of American patriotism, that smouldered and struggled in the breasts of millions, and to light that flame whose brilliant glare, as it suddenly flashed forth, dazzled England in all her glory, and has sent its illumination throughout the world.

When the country's energies had been waked by the electric fire of his eloquence into vigorous action—when its loud, majestic, patriotic shouts, like those of a young giant, had began to respond to his spirit-stirring appeals—when his own pure and towering patriotism had diffused among all parties enthusiasm for the country's defense—and while the beacon fires burned free and bright from hill to hill and town to town, and all things indicated that the indomitable spirit of American freedom was up, no longer for defence but for glory—from the floor of Congress Mr. Clay passed with other Commissioners to Europe to negotiate for peace. War was not his delight. He chose it rather than dishonor and disgrace. He was not a man of blood. He preferred the arts and bliss of peace to the thunder of the battle-field and the wreaths of glory encircling the conqueror's brow. Promptly and efficiently, therefore, when the time arrived to do it safely and honorably,

he did what he could to allay and soothe the fierce spirit that had roared responsive to his impassioned and thrilling appeals.

The Convention at Ghent formed the proudest era in his public life. In common with his colleagues, he gathered immortal honors in that negotiation. But it was to *his* immovable firmness, at a certain stage in its progress, that the waters of the great Father of Rivers, the pride of the West and the wonder of our country, rolls to the Ocean his rapid swelling tide in its vast magnificence, unburdened by vessels of foreign lands, and unfettered by stipulations of royal authority.

Resuming, upon his return, his place in the councils of the nation, he found that a total and radical change had occurred in the circumstances and condition of the country. These led him to correct and change the views he had previously held on some subjects of public policy. Particularly he relinquished his scruples as to the constitutionality of a National Bank, and became as zealous for the incorporation of the second as he had been in refusing to renew the charter of the first. His judgment in this respect did but reflect the spirit of the man, which never was for pressing matters of mere questionable policy to extremes, but for compromising politically wherever and whenever the interests of his country and the exigencies of the Union required. In this matter neither versatility of mind nor fickleness of character can be justly attributed to him. Nor can his motives be justly impeached, having, for such a change of views, the sanction of the highest authority in the Nation—the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Previously to the war of 1812, while zealously contending for the measures of the Administration, and against a powerful opposition, he had vindicated alike the Embargo and the Non-importation law; which latter had been enacted in retaliation, or as a counteractive of the orders of the British Council excluding American products from Great Britain, and destroying our export trade. "Without an export trade, which these orders prevent," said he, "inevitable ruin will ensue, if we import as freely as we did prior to the embargo. A Nation that carries on an import trade, without an export trade to support it, must in the end be as certainly bankrupt, as the individual would be who incurred an annual expenditure without an income."

It was his uniform plan, in investigating any matter of a public nature, to inquire, FIRST, what might be its bearing on the whole community, and how the public good, the happiness and prosperity of the country, would be promoted by it. No selfish or party line of policy could ever make him deviate from this just rule of procedure. In the keen and far-sighted perceptions of his strong mind, trained so early and uniformly to look for the greatest good of the whole, he became convinced that duties upon imports, both as a protection against excesses of trade, and for fostering into self-support the manufactures of a country yet young and inexperienced in the arts for rendering its own staple products more valuable, was the policy greatly preferable to a reckless, unrestrained commerce, whose excessive importations may serve to enrich the few, but ultimately impoverish the many. Such views ren-

dered him alike the friend of internal improvements, for facilitating domestic trade, and of a tariff, for the promotion and protection of domestic manufactures.

The value and necessity of public improvements for advancing a people's prosperity, are now universally felt and acknowledged; although, in contending for this policy, Mr. CLAY had to meet the displeasure of the administration he had so zealously supported and defended, and encounter the obloquy and opposition, as well of former political friends as of invidious foes. His zeal for domestic interests and industry roused all his energy to counteract what he believed to be the reckless policy previously pursued, of free trade with other nations, to their enrichment and our impoverishment. His views of political economy were purely patriotic, and made him the firm advocate of the tariff bills of 1816, 1820 and 1824. The first proved utterly inadequate. The distress of the Country during the four years subsequent to its passage, had greatly increased, and seemed to him to have originated, particularly in the manufacturing districts, in a great degree, from inadequate protection. To the second bill he therefore gave his ardent support. He confessed, when advocating it, that he felt great solicitude for its success. "The entire independence of my Country of all foreign States, as it respects a supply of our essential wants," said he, "has ever been with me a favorite object. The war of our revolution effected our political emancipation. The last war contributed greatly towards accomplishing our commercial freedom. But our complete independence will only be consummated after the policy of this bill shall be recognized and

adopted." The bill was defeated in the Senate, after having passed the House.

The distress of the country enormously increased through the four following years, so that many began to fear lest the productive interests of the land would be utterly annihilated. Every department felt the blighting influence. Commerce, navigation, agriculture, the mechanic arts and trades, all fell under the gloom that had paralyzed manufacturing industry. "Numerous vessels lay idle at their moorings," or went to sea in ballast. Enterprize fainted. Produce was plenty—purchasers were few. The contents of granaries and storehouses, filled to bursting, were beginning to decay. Money could be obtained but at ruinous rates. Labor was but little sought, and still less rewarded. Specie, the very life-blood of the currency, was drained out of the country. Property of all kinds was excessively depreciated. Embarrassment and derangement prevailed in every department of industry. And the whole country seemed to be seated in sackcloth and ashes, with its hands shackled by a policy unwise and ruinous.

It was under these circumstances, that the Committee of Manufactures in the House reported, in 1824, a bill for the revision of the tariff. Mr. CLAY came forward with the deepest solemnity, intimating that he should anxiously and fervently implore Divine assistance for the performance of what he deemed to be his momentous duty on the occasion, in rising to advocate that bill. In supporting it, he had to encounter the eloquent intellectual giant of our Country. A gentleman present has described the grandeur of their colli-

sion. "The eloquence of Mr. WEBSTER," says he, "was the majestic roar of a strong and steady blast, pealing through the forest; but that of Mr. CLAY was the tone of a god-like instrument, sometimes visited by an angel touch, and swept anon by all the fury of the elements." The bill became a law; and his zeal and labor and his success in its advocacy, obtained for him the proud title of "The Father of the American System."

The seven years which followed the passage of that law, were like the seven years of luxuriant growth and fatted kine in Egypt, seen by PHARAOH in his dream. If any seven years in our national history should be selected as marked pre-eminently by general prosperity enjoyed under the Constitution, *they* stand forth in bold relief as that period. For that system Mr. CLAY remained the firm friend through life. Yet, in the spirit of compromise, so characteristic of his peace-loving disposition, he found it necessary to adopt, in 1832-3, the sliding scale by which the relations of commerce and manufacture have been since much disturbed—and the question is still left for the decision of the people of the United States: whether, like the health and excitement quickly produced by stimulus and spirits, to prefer a rapid and ephemeral prosperity, secured through free trade, unrestrained by impost protection against the injury which heavy foreign capitalists may inflict, erewhiles, upon commerce, agriculture, manufactures, the mechanic arts, and laborious industry in general; or whether, by the action of a protective tariff, the excesses of a licentious commerce shall be checked, and, by fostering domestic manufactures,

opening new branches of industry at home, facilitating intercourse and cheapening transportation by public improvements, and developing our mineral, agricultural and other productive resources, promote and secure the prosperity to be attained and preserved by the more natural and temperate course of the functional proceses of assimilation, growth and healthful developement. The amount of time, care and labor devoted to this subject, through a long period of Mr. CLAY's life, rendered it improper and impossible for us to pass it unnoticed.

The limits of this address prevent us from remarking upon the ardor of his attachment for liberty, which displayed itself in the part he acted and speeches he delivered—at one time in favor of the struggle of the Greeks for freedom, at another for the recognition of the independence of the Spanish provinces of South America, and then again of Texas. It may suffice to say that his influence contributed greatly to the measures adopted by Congress on those subjects. It is enough, too, to state that his philanthropy ever rendered him prompt to sympathize with suffering, and redress the wrongs inflicted, by merciless vengeance and cupidity, upon the red men of our own forests. But we cannot thus dismiss the period of his life, of all others the most perilous and perplexing to himself.

Seldom has a man been placed in such painfully trying circumstances as was Mr. CLAY shortly after his own name had been first before the Country as a candidate for election to the Presidency of the United States. Upon the failure of the Electoral College to choose a President, the names of his three rival candi-

dates were returned for selection to the House of Representatives, of which he was at the time the Speaker—his own having not received the constitutional number of votes. The charge of "bargain and corruption" was malignantly made against him, because his choice made between those rivals determined the election, in 1824-5, in favor of the candidate of whose Administration he afterwards became the highest subordinate officer. His conduct and motives in this transaction, were blazoned before the country and the world. The severest criminator of them, however, cannot refuse to admit, so far as the simple facts are concerned, that, as it was well known he had no political or personal fellowship with one of the candidates, some of whose public acts he had condemned for reasons stated, and that as another of the candidates was deemed in truth to be physically disabled by disease for the duties of the office, so he gave his choice for the third, who met in every respect his personal and political preference. In reference to this slander, it is sufficient to remark, that its originally responsible fabricator, on his death, confessed the wrong he had done by falsehood to the innocent and lofty minded patriot.

During the period of Mr. Clay's Secretaryship, he had ample opportunity for the exercise and exhibition of his talents for diplomacy. It is said that more treaties with foreign powers were made and signed during that time, (and that too one of more than ordinary intricacy in our foreign relations,) than during any equal period before or since.

On all great occasions, when his country's interest demanded it, even till he had passed his three scores

and ten, he was not unwilling to buckle on the harness, and to work with energy inspiring to those who witnessed it. He had passed, as he had hoped and believed, once and again to the retirement of private life, when the agitation of the subject of slavery, which, in different forms, had distracted Congress and the Country, was reaching an alarming crisis. The perplexities and apparent peril of the Union, brought him, in 1848, for the last time, from his retirement in the bosom of his family, on to the arena of public life. The fires of youth seemed again to be kindled in his breast; and the spirit of pure, disinterested patriotism that dwelt there, roused him to make his last and greatest effort to save his Country, as he believed, from impending ruin. Twice before had he saved that Country from the horrors of civil war; and as he saw the hydra-headed demon again lift his head, and heard him utter his hideous howl, aged and infirm as he was, he could not remain at ease.

Whatever views may be entertained in reference to his attempts the second time, to secure a compromise on this exciting subject, and to arrest the approach of civil war, the purity of his patriotism, and his devotion to the prosperity of the people of the United States, cannot be questioned. His great soul could not endure the thought of their dismemberment. To prevent it, he was willing even to sacrifice the life which had ever been devoted to his country's welfare. And that life, although protracted beyond the full term, at last became a sacrifice. It is said, that, notwithstanding the infirmities attendant on great age, during the pendency of the existing discussions and debates in the United

States Senate in 1850-51, when our sagest statesmen thought our political barque was driving on the breakers, he displayed all the fire and energy of middle life. The labor he endured was perfectly astonishing. By his personal conversation, his incessant attention, and his unwearying efforts, as well as his public speeches, he contributed, as it is affirmed by those who witnessed them, more than the influence of ten ordinary men to bring about the ultimate adjustment of jarring interests, and the conciliation of angry passions, which, though not exactly in the form and manner he proposed, he nevertheless regarded sufficient for the preservation of the Union. The powers of nature gave way after that season of excitement; and although he returned to Washington last fall, to defend, if necessary, the measures of adjustment, to the adoption of which he had so largely contributed, his vigor had failed him, and the state of his health never allowed him to participate in the discussions of the Senate. He was led up, in the providence of GOD, to the Capitol of the Nation, as was AARON to Mount Hor, to die in presence of all the people.

It is matter for our grateful praise to GOD, that he felt himself prepared for that event. For months he watched the slow and steady approach of death. But the Destroyer had no terrors for him. His sky was serene. No cloud obscured his prospect into the unseen world. He died not as the skeptic or philosopher, devoid of all the cheering hopes of immortality; but as the Christian dies. "I am not afraid to die, sir," said he to a friend, "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." Twenty years before he wrote, "I am a member of no religious sect, and I am not a professor of religion. I regret that I am not. I wish that I was, and trust that I shall be. I have, and always have had, a profound regard for christianity—the religion of my fathers—and for its rights, its usages and its observances." He lived to realize his wishes.

A few years before his death, he was admitted, by the initiatory rite of baptism, to the christian church, and became a member of the Episcopal denomination. When in Washington he communed with Trinity Church, and during his protracted illness enjoyed the visits and converse of its truly liberal-minded, evangelical and estimable Pastor, who relates that he averred to him "his full faith in the great leading doctrines of the Gospel, the fall and sinfulness of man, the divinity of CHRIST, the reality and necessity of the atonement, the need of being born again by the Spirit, and salvation through faith in the crucified Redeemer."

"It was my privilege," said the Hon. Mr. VENABLE, of North Carolina, a ruling elder of the Presbyterian Church, after an eloquent tribute to his memory, "a short time since to converse with this distinguished Statesman on the subject of his hopes in a future state. Feeling a deep interest, I asked him frankly what were his hopes in the world to which he was evidently hastening. "I am pleased," said he, "my friend, that you have introduced the subject. Conscious that I must die very soon, I love to meditate upon the most

important of all interests. *I love to converse and hear conversations about them.* The vanity of the world, and its insufficiency to satisfy the soul of man, has long been a settled conviction of my mind. Man's *inability to secure by his own merits the approbation of God,* I FEEL TO BE TRUE. *I trust in the atonement of the Saviour of men as the ground of my acceptance, and my hope of salvation.* My hope is feeble—*but I hope in His mercy and trust in His promises.*"

He acknowledged that it was through the pious example of one very near and dear to him, that he was led deeply to feel, and earnestly to seek for himself, the reality and blessedness of religion. To his Pastor he spoke at large "on the mercy of that provision by which our Saviour became partaker of our humanity, that our hearts and hopes might fix themselves on Him," averring that it was "too late for him to look at Christianity in the light of speculation. He had never doubted its birth, and he now wished to throw himself upon it as a practical and blessed remedy." Among his last words, in moments when his mind wandered slightly from surrounding scenes to other objects, his lips were heard to murmur the endearing appellations, "Mother! Mother! Mother!" and "My dear Wife!" In one of his final intelligent acts on earth, parental affection gleamed forth in its mild, calm, and sweet tones, he said to his son, "I am going soon, sit near me." An hour longer, and his spirit, without a groan, a struggle, or a sigh, took its leave of earth.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest?
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay—
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

The contrast between the early and late years of Mr. CLAY, is in some respects of the most striking character. The living and dying testimonies just cited, rank him with those who have "died in the Lord." The errors and vices of former periods of his life, it may be thought by some, demand the protest, if not the rebuke, of the Minister of CHRIST. But neither is necessary from us. He lived long enough to see their evil, and penitently and cordially to condemn them and himself on their account.

Full thirty years ago, when solicited by company to engage in a game of cards, he replied, "Excuse me, gentlemen—I have not played a game of any kind of hazard for more than twelve years; and I take this occasion to warn you all to avoid a practice so destructive of a good name, and drawing after it evil consequences of incalulable magnitude. In earlier days it was my misfortune, owing to a lively and ardent temperament, to fall into this vice, and to a considerable extent, and no one can lament more sincerely the evil, and the consequences of it, than I do. These have followed me into nearly all the walks of life; and, although I have long since abandoned the pernicious practices which led to them, it seems that they will never abandon me." In reference to the practice of single combat, once deemed so essential to the vindication of injured honor, although unhappily involved in several, he never was stained with the blood of an enemy slain. "I owe it," says he, "to the community

to say, that whatever heretofore I may have done, or by inevitable circumstances yet may be forced to do, no man in it holds in deeper abhorrence than I do the practice of duelling. Condemned as it must be by the judgment and philosophy, to say nothing of the religion of every thinking man, it is an affair of feeling about which we cannot, although we should, reason. The true corrective will be found, when all shall unite, as all ought to unite, in its unqualified proscription." His views were more chastened and corrected by a still higher standard in later life. God, through the mercy of Jesus Christ, and the cleansing of his atoning blood, blots out the iniquities of the guilty as a cloud, and their trangressions as a thick cloud, however great they may be, when, in penitence and faith, they cast themselves submissively at His feet. And, if He "who delights in mercy" does this, well may it be our delight to "remember them no more for ever." The last years and dying exercises of Henry Clay rebuke alike those that would make the iniquities of his youth encouragement for theirs, or matters of reproach against the grace in which He trusted.

His life and death also furnish a beautiful illustration of the blessed preserving and redeeming influence which the faith of pious parents may have upon the character, history and destiny of their children. A widowed mother, imbued with the piety of the father, whom he lost when but five years old, ere he had reached his fifteenth year and had left the parental mansion, had deeply and indelibly impressed upon him her own image, and elicited, nourished and strengthened that natural benevolence, which, ere it was sanctified

and perfected in the love of God, formed the secret of his attractive amiableness, and of his subduing eloquence, developed itself in the brightest specimen of patriotism that ever adorned the history of a free people.

The seeds sown in infancy and youth, like those hidden deep in the soil beyond the fructifying rays of solar heat, often lie dormant, while buried beneath the accumulations of passion and strife, and the cares and conflicts of riper years. But they do not perish. God's faithfulness never fails; and, although the mother's religious views may have led her to think the visible token of that covenant needed not to be applied to her infant son, yet He that "keepeth covenant and mercy unto thousands of them that love Him," forgot not His gracious promise, "I will be a God to thee, and to thy seed after thee." His providence remarkably honored that son of his handmaid, by making him in various ways a blessing to his country, and, in the end, rewarding that mother, by making her son a son of God. Who will say how much or how little influence that mother's faith and prayers may have had upon the character and destiny of her son, and, through him, upon the weal and glory of this great Republic?

The life and history of Henry Clay admirably illustrate the equality of our social and political system. It is our glory that our institutions place no barrier in the way of talent and worth; nor are the rightful advantages restricted to men of titled families or name; but are open and free to all, who justly and deservedly aspire to the trusts and offices, the power and influence, originated for the public good. The poorest child, ed-

ucated in the humblest district school, unknown beyond the circle of its family and associates, and even the hapless victim of privations attendant on early orphanage, may, by the development of social, moral and intellectual worth, find his way, in due season, to our Legislative Halls, to the floor of Congress, to the Cabinet, and even to the seat of the Chief Magistrate of this great Constellation of Republics. HENRY CLAY, the fatherless "Mill-Boy of the Slashes," the affectionate and obedient son of a widowed mother, rose, not indeed to the Presidential Chair, but close beside it, as the highest functionary, the right arm of the Chief Magistrate; nay, in the affections and honor of his countrymen, far, far above it, as the bright

> Sun of the Free! where Summer smiles
> Eternal o'er the clustered isles—
> Where Greece unsheathed her olden blade
> For glory in the haunted shade:
> Where Chimborazo stands sublime,
> A land-mark by the sea of Time;
> (His) name shall as a blessing given
> For man, oh! never to depart,
> Peal from our gladdened earth to Heaven,
> The warm, wild music of the heart.

Finally the Life and History of HENRY CLAY afford a signal demonstration of the value and reward of political integrity. He never courted popularity, nor did it, when lavished on him, cause him to sacrifice moral principle. If any one feature, in his character and career, stands out, with more distinct prominence than another, it was his indomitable adherence to principle. He cared not where party went, nor what it promised or threatened. No selfish motives could induce him to swerve. This fixedness of determination was mistaken by many for a despotic will or obstinacy of purpose. But it was devotion to right. "I have interrogated my conscience as to what I ought to do," said he, on a

trying occasion, "and I shall fulfil its injunctions." On another, to a friend, who suggested danger, lest his own and the prospects of his party might be injured by a particular work proposed, his answer was, "I did not send for you to ask what might be the effects of the proposed movement on my prospects, but WHETHER IT IS RIGHT; *I would rather be right than be President!*"

Lightnings may play upon the rock
Whose star-kissed forehead woos the gale,
While THEY escape the thunder-shock
Who dwell within the lonely vale,
Living unnoted!—Not so thou,
Chief, of the fearless soul and brow!
Yet (did) the lightning and the storm
Beat on thy long devoted form!
The silvery day-dream burst! and lo!
Around thee curled the promised Bow.

Seldom has a brighter fame fallen to the lot of frail mortal man!

Far in the mountains of the North—
Far in the sunny South away,
A winged lustre boundeth forth
The deathless name of HENRY CLAY.

A Nation is in tears for the loss of such patriotism, principle and purity, withdrawn from the political world. Its griefs are the tribute paid to the integrity that adorned his political character.

Wail for the glorious Pleiad fled—
Wail for the ne'er returning star,
Whose mighty music ever led
The spheres in their high home afar!
What! lift the funeral song of woe,
Such as should o'er the loved ones tomb
In sorrow's tenderest accents flow?
Ah! Freedom's kindling minstrel, no!
Strike! strike, with a triumphant hand
Thy harp, and at its swelling roll
Speak through the borders of our land
The might, the beauty of that soul,
Whose genius is our guardian light,
Through sunny ray or darkling night—
A worshipped Pharos in the sea,
Lifting on high its fearless form
To guide the vessel of the free
Safe through the fury of the storm.