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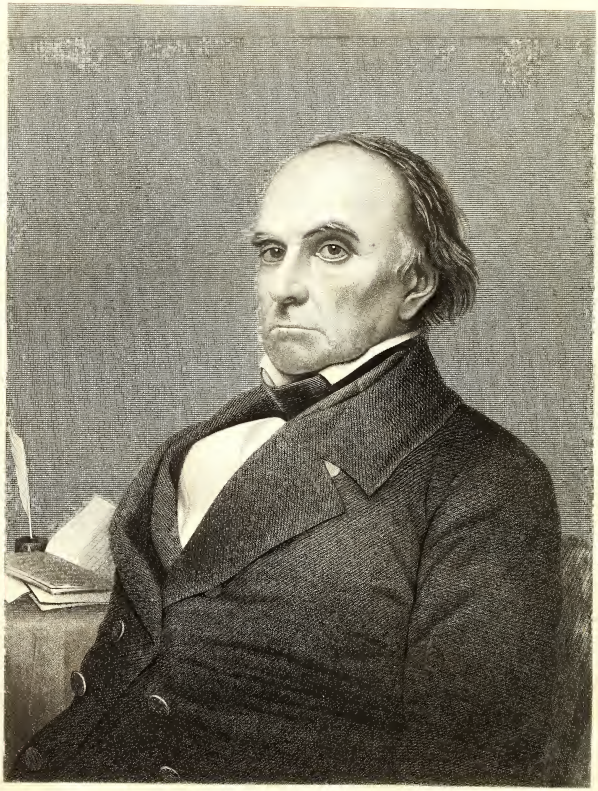

Daniel Webster

Engraved by F. H. Pease
from a Daguerreotype by Wright
WASHINGTON
1858

OBITUARY ADDRESSES

ON THE

OCCASION OF THE DEATH

OF THE

HON. HENRY CLAY,

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF KENTUCKY,

EIGHTH OF FEBRUARY, 1854.

FRANKFORT:
A. G. HODGES, STATE PRINTER.
1854.

IN THE HOUSE OE REPRESENTATIVES OF KENTUCKY.

FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

MR. WOODSON read and laid on the table the following resolution, viz:

Resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, That a committee of two on the part of the Senate, and three on the part of the House of Representatives, be appointed to request of Messrs. D. Howard Smith, Wolfe, Golladay, Machen, and Cunningham, of the Senate, and Messrs. Hunt, Bates, Eve, T. L. Jones, Boyd, King, Dunlap, and Morehead, of the House, a copy of their remarks upon the preamble and resolutions in relation to the death of HENRY CLAY, and that 5,000 copies of the same be printed, in pamplet form, by the public printer, for the use of the members of the present General Assembly.

The rule of the house requiring joint resolutions to lie one day on the table having been dispensed with, the said resolution was twice read and adopted.

IN THE SENATE OF KENTUCKY.

FEBRUARY 11, 1854.

A message was received from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Woodson, announcing that they had adopted a resolution in relation to the speeches made on the preamble and resolutions in relation to the death of Hon. HENRY CLAY.

Which was taken up, twice read, and adopted.

DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

IN THE SENATE OF KENTUCKY,

FEBRUARY 8, 1854.

Mr. D. HOWARD SMITH, of Scott, addressed the Senate in substance as follows:

MR. SPEAKER: I rise to perform a most melancholy task. It becomes my painful duty to announce to this body an event which occurred since its last session, and which has sent a pang of the deepest sorrow not only to the heart of all Kentucky, but to the whole American people, and the friends of liberty throughout the entire civilized world.

HENRY CLAY, the great American orator, patriot and statesman; he, who, by the power of his genius and the extraordinary character of his deeds, shed such an imperishable lustre upon our name and fame, *sleeps in his grave!* The brightest luminary that ever dawned upon the republic has gone down in a cloud of sorrow and tears. And whilst I stand here realizing as I do the loss my country and mankind has sustained in the death of this great and good man, my heart is moved with no ordinary emotion.

When I look back over the history of my country and contemplate the life and services of Henry Clay, I am lost in wonder and admiration. Born in poverty and obscurity, inheriting none of the mighty influences of wealth and family, he achieved for himself and his country, by the power of his own unaided genius and energy, a name and fame that will challenge comparison with the brightest intellect of ancient or modern times.

It would be impossible, Mr. Speaker, for me, on an occasion of this kind, even if it were proper, to go back and review the life and character of the distinguished deceased. But, sir, whilst this is the case, I feel that I should be recreant to my duty and my feelings if I did not call the attention of the Senate to a few of the leading events of his life.

Coming to Kentucky whilst yet a boy, he settled in the then village of Lexington, and commenced the practice of law in competition with some of the first men of the state. Thoroughly trained in the principles of his profession, and conscious of his own powers, he very soon made himself felt, and rapidly rose into position and influence. Overleaping as it were at a bound, the ordinary barriers that impose themselves between young ambition and fame, he established for himself a reputation as an able and powerful advocate that was enjoyed by but few men in the state. The latent spark of genius was soon kindled into a flame. All eyes were attracted to the youthful orator. *The people*, from among whom he had sprung, dazzled by his transcendant intellect, and warmed by his ardent and enthusiastic nature, as if by instinct, reached out their arms and claimed him as their own.

Yielding to the impulses of his bosom, and obeying what he believed to be the popular will, he was very soon returned over an able and popular opponent, a member of the other branch *of this assembly*, from the county of Fayette. In this new, and to him untried theatre, he fully sustained the high reputation he had already won at the bar. It was *here*, in these halls, that he laid the foundation of his statesmanship; it was *here* that he exhibited the first evidence of those rare and extraordinary gifts of forensic power that gave him in after life so much influence at home and fame abroad.

Standing almost without a rival in his adopted state as an orator and statesman, and the acknowledged leader of the republican party of that day in the distant west, he was very soon returned by the people of Kentucky a member of the national Congress, serving first as a member of the Senate, and then as a member of the House of Representatives. In this new and more extended field for an exhibition of talents and genius, Mr. CLAY very soon established for himself a reputation as an able and powerful debater, and as a wise and sagacious public servant, that was enjoyed by but few of the host of great men who adorned the national councils at that period.

It is to him that the American people are mainly indebted for the war of 1812—that second struggle for our independence—and its final and honorable adjustment. When our flag had again and again been insulted and outraged, and our rights trodden under foot, and a portion of the American people were disposed tamely to submit to it, the great Kentuckian was among the first to rise in his place, upon the floor of Congress, and cry out against it, and sound the clarion blast of war. With that proud indignation so instinctive in the heart of every true American, when his rights are invaded, he called on his countrymen to take up arms and avenge the wrongs that had been heaped upon them. His voice, with that of other patriots, was heard, and war declared. During the whole period of that protracted struggle Mr. CLAY stood side by side with Calhoun, Lowndes, and others, leading the war party in Congress until peace—an honorable and glorious peace—was achieved. At the close of the war, such had been his exertions in behalf of the country, and such the transcendant ability with which he had acquitted himself, that his fame was fixed.

Thoroughly and devotedly attached to our peculiar institutions; a warm and ardent friend of liberty and liberal principles, his heart was always ready to pour out, in streams

of burning eloquence, its sympathy for the oppressed of every nation. Among the ablest speeches that he delivered on the floor of Congress was one in behalf of South American independence. The shouts of the gallant soldiers under the heroic Bolivar, as the distant voice of CLAY fell upon their ears, are still echoed in that far off country. They still hold in grateful remembrance his disinterested love for their rights, as the noble shaft which they have erected to his memory fully attests.

Nor was he unmindful of the down-trodden rights of Greece—unfortunate Greece—that land of poetry and song, so dear to the memory of every patriot and scholar. In 1818, when that mother of literature and art was rent with war and commotion, CLAY, inspired as it were with the associations that were thrown around her, poured out in her behalf a torrent of fire and eloquence that electrified the whole civilized world. Mr. Speaker, if Mr. CLAY had left no other monument to his memory than his efforts in behalf of the liberties of these unfortunate countries, his name and fame would have been immortal. But, sir, the proudest achievements of his life were made in behalf of his own country. There is scarcely a page in our country's history, for the last half century, that is not impressed with the wonderful influence of his genius and patriotism.

Sir, my heart swells with pride and gratitude that words cannot express, as memory calls to view the toil, the almost superhuman exertions he underwent for his country. Who but *him* could have preserved our national unity in 1820, when every element of civil concord was shaken to the centre, consequent upon the proposition to admit Missouri into the Union? Who but *him* could have driven back the tide of war, rapine, and destruction in 1833, when that hydra-headed monster, nullification, exhibited itself in the south, and shook to the very centre the Temple of Liberty itself? Who but *him* could have settled the angry elements of sec-

tional discord and strife in 1850, which were raging like a consuming fire, and threatening all around? Mr. Speaker, the services rendered by HENRY CLAY to his country on those three memorable occasions, will live green in the memory of untold generations to come. I could ask no greater, nor more enduring monument to his memory, than the authorship of those three great measures of pacification:

"I ask not for the chisel's boast—
A Pantheon's cloud of glory
Bathing in Heaven's noon-tide the host
Of those who swell her story!
Though these proud works of magic hand
Fame's rolling trump shall fill,
The best of all these peerless bands
Is pulseless marble still."

As a statesman and patriot, he was almost without a rival. As a great party leader, HENRY CLAY stood without a peer. Born to command, it was not for him to follow in the wake of others. Bold, sagacious, and eminently wise and prudent, he possessed elements for a successful executive officer, equal, if not superior to any man of his day.

But whilst Mr. CLAY was a partisan, and perhaps the greatest party leader of his day, as has been stated, yet, sir, he never allowed party fealty to stand between him and his country. Mere questions of expediency, which usually divide parties, were to him as nothing when they interfered with his obligations to his country. He held the perpetuation of the principles of our institutions, the Union, and our peculiar form of government, above all other considerations. There was no sacrifice, no conciliation, no concession, that he would not make when it was necessary to save his country from anarchy and ruin. Patriotism was the ruling passion of his life—every motive, feeling, action, was made to bend to it. The greatest and most brilliant achievements of his long and eventful life were the result of this principle in his nature.

He was, sir, essentially and emphatically American in his every feeling. He lived for the glory of his country, and at last *died for its safety.* No leader ever won more distinction —none ever met greater opposition. Conscious of the purity of his own motives, and the rectitude of his conduct, he never in the darkest hour of his adversity desponded. It is a proud reflection to know that his life was spared to him to see that he had lived down calumny, and had at last received the gratitude and plaudit of every patriot in the land.

Among the last acts of his long and eventful life, was to leave his testimonial in behalf of the injunction of Washington, that we should steer clear of all entangling alliances with foreign powers. The admonition of the dying statesman upon this subject impressed itself upon every American heart. It was the last throb of the patriot's bosom, and as such should be held sacred.

But, Mr. Speaker, it is not my purpose to pronounce a eulogium upon the character of the distinguished deceased, nor to recount in set phrase his public services—that belongs to other and abler hands. The impartial historian, when he comes to write the history of the republic, will do full justice to his life and character. He, and he alone, can correctly portray the influence of Henry Clay on his race and the destinies of the world. Kentucky will never cease to feel grateful to him for his services, nor will she ever cease to cherish his memory as her most brilliant and gifted son.

Mr. Speaker, I offer the following resolutions, which I hope will meet the approbation of the Senate:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty to remove, by death, from our midst, our most eminent citizen, Henry Clay, we feel that Kentucky owes it to herself to place upon her own records some enduring evidence of the estimation in which she holds the purity of his public life, the soundness of his principles and patriotism, and of the profound sorrow with which the commonwealth has been impressed by this sad bereavement. Be it therefore

1. *Resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, That the melancholy intelligence of the death of our illustrious citizen, HENRY CLAY, was received by the people of Kentucky with the deepest and most painful sensibility. His long, brilliant, and patriotic services in the councils of the State and nation; his devoted and successful labors in behalf of the Union, and the cause of liberty; his matchless oratory and unrivalled statesmanship, have created an affection for his name and memory in the hearts of his countrymen that will be cherished to the latest generation.

2. That as a token of our respect for the memory of the deceased, the sergeants-at-arms of the two houses of this assembly are instructed to have their respective halls clad in mourning for the residue of the session.

3. That as a further token of our respect for the memory of the deceased, we will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

MR. MACHEN, of Lyon, arose and said:

MR. SPEAKER: Eulogy upon HENRY CLAY seems to be now unnecessary. For nearly two years a nation has mourned his loss, his memory is embalmed in the affections of the people of these United States, and wherever civilization has unfurled the sails of commerce his fame has spread. HENRY CLAY though dead, yet lives. In every hamlet in our land his virtues are rehearsed, and to every youth, it matters not how lowly may be his present lot, he speaks in cheering tones, and bids him take courage and press on. From his history, the young, the middle aged, the old, may all gather lessons of wisdom, instructive alike in their respective conditions. His fame is the common property of the nation, and although Kentucky cherished him in his more youthful career, and witnessed the first developments of that gigantic intellect, which in its noon-tide refulgence astonished the world, and caused statesmen of every clime to join in acknowledgments of its unequalled splendor, and now embosomed his loved remains, yet, sir, she asks not that his renown shall be her legacy alone, but freely concedes to the nation over

which his oratory was so potent, a full participation in that rich treasure. Mr. Speaker, it was my fate to differ with Mr. Clay in many of his political views, but, sir, I heartily joined in the wail of woe which was heard throughout the land when it was announced that death had affixed his seal upon his aged brow. In that eventful hour the nation sustained a loss in many respects irreparable. It was said by one of the ancient orators that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with their bones." But so it shall not be with Henry Clay. That Mr. Clay was without faults none will contend, but, sir, those faults are buried with his dust—his virtues will live as long as freedom has an advocate or republics a name. The resolutions offered by the gentleman from Scott meet my hearty approbation, and I trust will be unanimously adopted. I shall say no more.

Mr. Golladay, of Logan, addressed the Senate in substance as follows:

Mr. Speaker: I do not rise upon the present occasion for the purpose of making a speech, or with the hope of adding one sentiment to swell the tide of eloquent tribute to the memory of Henry Clay, which it has been my fortune to listen to upon this mournful occasion. But whilst I have listened, spell bound by the lofty eloquence and patriotic sentiments which have fallen from the lips of my colleagues who have addressed the Senate, I cannot endure the wild, and, I trust pardonable throbbings of a Kentucky heart, did I content me in my seat and not give vent to the feelings which swell my bosom on this sad occasion.

We have met, Mr. Speaker, to render up our hearts' homage to a great and good man, whose loss we, in common with a whole nation, mourn, and to bear some humble tribute of a nation's sorrow at so dreadful a dispensation of providence. Henry Clay is dead!! Who that hears his name does not

feel his heart glow with pride and deep emotion? Who does not feel proud that humanity claims such a man for her votary, and that America can appropriate his fame? But, Mr. Speaker, our sorrow and our tears are of no avail now, farther than as an expression of our deep grief at the loss of such a man. HENRY CLAY is no more, but his name and fame is dear to every American heart, and his memory is peculiarly enshrined in the hearts of Kentuckians; and though we no longer feel his presence in our national councils, no longer hear his clarion notes in our halls, no longer feel our hearts stirred into a more intense enthusiasm, by listening to his Godlike eloquence and patriotic fervor, which always, disregarding personal popularity, soared above and beyond all party shackels, knowing "no north, no south, no east, no west," nothing but his country, still may we hope that his spirit lingers around our common country and her free institutions, with intense sympathy to herald us the way to honor, greatness, and true glory.

France may boast of her Napoleon with feelings peculiar to France. Poland will muse upon the days of her Kosciusko with feelings peculiar to herself. England with mingled gloom and glory will associate Nelson and Trafalgar. Ireland as she sweeps the wild harp of her country's misfortunes, will sing of the eloquence of her Curran and the martyrdom of her Emmet; but America, proud, glorious, free, united America, will sing the virtues of her CLAY with such feelings as can alone inspire the bosom of freemen; and unlike other nations she takes not the harp with which she celebrates his praises from the willow which bends above the tomb of his burial glory.

But our CLAY is no more. That voice is now stilled in the silence of death, that voice whose thrilling notes once inspired the wild shouts of freemen, in all the ecstacy of love and admiration, is heard no more forever, but in its stead the low funereal note of woe, or the still more affecting sight of

a nation's tears; and that manly form that once rivited a nation's gaze now sleeps beneath the green sod of his loved home near by, with laurels all too fresh and green to die, and his spirit too is gone

"Like the dew upon the mountains,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountains,
It is gone and forever."

Mr. Wolfe, of Louisville, arose and said:

Mr. Speaker: The mournful event so eloquently alluded to by the honorable senator from Scott, awakens our recollections of the loss the nation has sustained in the death of Henry Clay.

Desperate would be the attempt on our part to meet correspondingly so great an affliction; for while we bow with humble submission to the will of an overruling Providence, we cannot cease to lament the heart-rending privation for which Kentucky and the whole nation weep. The twenty-ninth day of June, 1852, witnessed the expiring struggle of the illustrious statesman. On that day disease put an end to his long career. I will not say an end. His fame survives. Boundless as the shoreless air, his great name survives in our hearts. It will pervade the minds of our posterity, and of distant nations in ages yet to come; and when the marble monument, which a grateful country shall erect to his memory, shall have crumbled into dust—when nations shall have been swept from earth by the wing of time—when this mighty empire shall have perished—still will the glory of our Clay continue to shine, and his name, encircled by the imperishable wreath entwined by a grateful country, will stand in all coming time a "light, a land-mark, on the cliffs of fame."

How, Mr. Speaker, shall I portray the character of this cherished son of Kentucky? Shall I go back to the period

of his youth when an orphan boy "ignorant of a father's smile," he entered, unaided by the influence of wealth or friends, upon the theatre of life, to encounter its vicissitudes and to struggle with its difficulties? Sir, his was a high resolve. It was a dedication of himself to his country's welfare. It was a resolve to be foremost in the band of patriots, who were struggling for imperishable renown. Impelled by these feelings he pressed forward in the path of glory, as though he had already heard in advance the noble invocation of the poet of the succeeding generation—

> "In the world's broad field of battle,
> In the bivouac of life,
> Be not like dumb driven cattle,
> Be a hero in the strife."

Shall I conduct you to the halls of Congress, where his matchless eloquence inspired his countrymen with a deep sense of the wrongs that the insolent and tyrannic Briton inflicted upon our people, and where his noble spirit exerted itself above all others in sustaining their honor? Will you follow him in his career, and view him calming the angry waves of party that then threatened to engulph the most cherished of all our earthly objects, the union of these states? Fanatic zeal had well nigh severed the bonds of our Union, but his arm was mighty to save, and by his exertions the Union triumphed. Nullification too reared its hideous head. Its parricidal arm was uplifted to destroy the union of the states. But the voice of CLAY was heard pleading for peace, for the constitution, for the Union, and the uplifted arm of the traitor fell nerveless by his side. The Union triumphed, and CLAY was made immortal.

It is true he was not honored with the presidency of the Union. It is true that party spirit, with demoniac hatred, pursued him and unceasingly sought to blast him. It is true that the tempter policy whispered in his ear "beware," when duty bade him proceed. He did proceed. He lost the

presidency. He saved the Union. "He had rather be right than president."

> "Justum et tenacem propositi virum,
> Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
> Non vultus instantis tyranni,
> Mente quatit solida."

The history of HENRY CLAY will form a model for the humble and obscure youth of our country through all time. They will learn from his example, that industry, integrity and patriotism will always meet a rich reward. A contemplation of his struggles and his fame will refresh their recollection with the sublime sentiment of the poet:

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime,
> And departing leave behind us
> Foot prints on the sands of time."

Mr. Speaker, how wide the contrast between the character of the illustrious statesman whose death we deplore, and that of the great heroes and conquerors of ancient and modern times. The warrior who has desolated empires for his own aggrandizement, or the usurper of the liberties of his country, may have his hours of triumph, in which he may feast on the adulation of the sycophants that surround him. But a returning sense of the wrongs he has inflicted on his country, the fields red with human gore his ambition has produced, the dagger of the assassin that plays in airy terror before his vision, all conspire to make him wretched indeed. The life of a splendid wretch like this, stands out in bold contrast on the page of history with his who breathed no wish but for his country's good, and who daily read his history in a nation's eyes.

Such was the man our country has lost. Such was the man for whom the nation mourns. Methinks I hear falling from his lips the deep sinking words: "*The Union first, the Union last, the Union one and indivisible.*"

Mr. Cunningham, of Bourbon, rose and said:

Mr. Speaker—I am no orator, but I cannot keep my seat in silence while the noble name of Henry Clay is the subject of discussion. I knew him well and intimately—for long years I knew him, not merely as the greatest statesman of the age, but as a private gentleman, a dear personal friend. The recollection of his magnificent talents—his glorious character and career—thrill me with unutterable emotions. I am not prepared to pronounce a formal eulogy upon him; nor is it necessary. His name itself stands a tower of strength and beauty in all lands and for all times. His memory can never die. I have listened with the highest gratification to the eulogies that have been pronounced upon him here to day; and especially to the eloquent tribute paid to his character and services by my democratic friend, the talented senator from Lyon, (Mr. Machen.) My heart responds to the generous spirit in which he spoke; and I trust all parties here will cordially unite and unanimously adopt these resolutions.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

February 8, 1854.

A message was received from the Senate announcing the adoption of the following preamble and resolutions, viz:

Whereas, it has pleased the Almighty to remove, by death, from our midst, our most eminent citizen, Henry Clay, we feel that Kentucky owes it to herself to place upon her own records some enduring evidence of the estimation in which she holds the purity of his public life, the soundness of his principles and patriotism, and of the profound sorrow with which the commonwealth has been impressed by this sad bereavement. Be it therefore

1. *Resolved by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, That the melancholy intelligence of the death of our illustrious citizen, Henry Clay, was received by the people of Kentucky with the deepest and most painful sensibility. His long, brilliant, and patriotic services in the councils of the state and nation; his devoted and successful labors in behalf of the Union, and the cause of liberty; his matchless oratory and unrivalled statesmanship, have created an affection for his name and memory in the hearts of his countrymen that will be cherished to the latest generation.

2. That as a token of our respect for the memory of the deceased, the sergeants-at-arms of the two houses of this assembly are instructed to have their respective halls clad in mourning for the residue of the session.

3. That as a further token of our respect for the memory of the deceased, we will wear the usual badge of mourning on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Mr. Hunt, of Fayette, arose and said:

Mr. Speaker: It is certainly unnecessary for me to urge the adoption of these resolutions; yet, as a representative from Fayette county, I cannot remain silent on an occasion

like this. Fayette county—the home chosen by Mr. CLAY at an age when his great powers were yet undeveloped, and to which, for the rest of his life, he returned for repose in the intervals of his arduous public labors; which heard the first burst of his young eloquence, and whence issued some of the latest productions of his matured wisdom; the home, too, of many personal friends who were devoted to him through his whole brilliant but checkered career; the spot to which his lifeless body was borne on the arms of a weeping country—now, when the authorities of the state he served so long and faithfully first have opportunity to express their sense of their own and the general loss, the voice of Fayette county should be heard joining in the general lamentation.

I am sensible, sir, that this is no occasion for an elaborate dissertation or eulogium upon the character and career of Mr. CLAY. His character was of that bold, free, and open cast, his qualities were so striking, his career was so before the eyes of all men, that the world has long ago formed and pronounced its judgment upon them. He was certainly the most able and efficient of party leaders, a statesman of the boldest views and most comprehensive intellect, an orator of matchless eloquence, a civil officer of the highest administrative capacity. He was characterized, too, by manly frankness, noble patriotism, and clear and unsullied honor. He was a man of rigid iron will, and of overmastering energy of character; but at the same time he had a wonderful power to persuade, to charm, and to control those whom he specially strove to sway. He was brought into contact with the greatest men of the nation, but through the vigor of his character, and the force of his genius, he towered above them all. He was ambitious; but with a noble ambition—ambitious of attaining the highest public honors by the greatest public services. And, sir, in time of trouble, what courage and fearless patriotism marked his course? When less noble

spirits were cowering to the tempest, how boldly he faced the fiercest storm. When the violent controversies, with which we have been most convulsed, were threatening to tear asunder the ties that had so long and happily held this nation united in peace and unexampled prosperity, and to cast the fragments on the stream of discord and civil strife, on each occasion, the great statesman and patriot disregarding party attachments, sectional connections, and personal commitments, marked out, with a bold and free hand, the path of compromise, led the way, and the whole nation gladly followed. And so it happened that he, whose whole life had been one of constant struggle; who had met, throughout his career, the fiercest opposition; around whom had grown up the bitterest enmities; and whose very personal character had been subject to the vilest assaults of opprobrium and calumny; at the last found himself with almost all parties uniting upon his healing measures, the enmities of past years fallen away and disappearing, his high qualities every where recognized, and the whole nation ready to rise up with one accord, and hail him as the savior of his country.

After a long life spent in the public service, the illustrious senator died at his post. Though far advanced in years and enfeebled by a fatal disease, he repaired to the seat of government to look to the safety of his last compromise, and of the Union whose great champion he was; but his vital powers were exhausted, and he reached Washington, but to linger a few months, to give his country a few parting admonitions, and to die. Happy, thrice happy in all the circumstances of his death! On the theatre of his greatest triumphs and most brilliant services, in the very shade of the senate house, surrounded by assiduous, sympathizing, and devoted friends, with the eyes of all his countrymen turned with affectionate solicitude towards his dying bed, cheered by the recollections of a magnificent past, sustained by the confident hope of a cloudless future beyond the grave, the great statesman sank

calmly and peacefully to his rest. And then, amid the most marked demonstrations of affection and respect for his memory, attended by a band of distinguished senators, accompanied everywhere, in its long transit, by funeral ceremonies and solemn processions, with the whole nation weeping in the train, his body was borne to its last resting place. There let a massive and lofty column, fit emblem of his character and worthy of his renown, rise to heaven, to arouse, now and hereafter, the emulation of his countrymen, and to testify their gratitude for his illustrious services.

Mr. Speaker, when the whole nation has been struggling to give expression to its respect for the memory of this distinguished public servant, certainly Kentucky should not suffer this first meeting of the legislature to pass without bearing her testimony also.

I hope the resolutions will be unanimously adopted.

Mr. Bates, of Barren, rose and said:

Mr. Speaker: It will afford me much pleasure to vote for the resolutions offered, and I cannot refrain from uttering a few words, (words which spring spontaneously from my heart,) in admiration of that great man whose memory we propose to honor.

Some few years after the close of the war of 1812 I first learned something of the previous history of my country. Then all tongues were employed in awarding praise to the gallant heroes who had successfully fought their country's battles, and to the statesmen who had manned and navigated the ship of state, in that terrible struggle with the self-styled "mistress of the seas." The annunciation of the names of Jackson and of Clay caused each heart to thrill with pleasure—the one the hero who by his victory at New Orleans, had covered his country with glory—the other, the

firm, bold and talented statesman, whose eloquent and soul-stirring appeals had aroused his countrymen to a sense of their injuries and a determination to redress them. Sir, for years preceding the declaration of what has been called the second war of independence, our flag had been wantonly insulted on the high sea—our commerce arbitrarily interrupted, our seamen by force taken from their ships—and yet we forbore, for war is a remedy for evils the last to be resorted to; yet, sir, when forbearance ceased to be a virtue, there were some gallant men—and pre-eminent amongst them, the much lamented HENRY CLAY—who thought that however great an evil was war, it was yet preferable to national dishonor; and these sentiments he inculcated into the minds of his countrymen, and with thrilling eloquence proclaimed his country's wrongs, and pointed to the only remedy, war. Sir, during the struggle that ensued there were periods of gloom. Our undisciplined militia were not always victorious over their well trained veteran foes. Many faltered and were for giving up the struggle, but firm and stern stood HENRY CLAY—confident in the justice of his country's cause and of the valor of his countrymen to maintain that cause. And how gloriously were his predictions verified! Victory crowned our arms. The honor of our flag was restored, and never again to be insulted with impunity, and proud England taught a lesson she will not soon forget.

I have beeen speaking of some of the services of Mr. CLAY for his own country. However ardent his love of his country, his was a heart that would bleed at the recital of the wrongs of the oppressed of any country—of any clime. Hence, when the patriots of our sister republics of South America, in imitation of our own immortal sires, determined to burst loose those shackles that bound them, and hurl from their usurped places the rulers who held in chains their minds as well as their bodies, Mr. CLAY's whole soul became enlisted in their behalf; and he was the first to propose, and elo-

quently urge upon his own government, the propriety of giving to revolutionary South America the hand of friendship, and greeting them as brothers in the great family of nations. And when the almost forgotten descendants of the heroes, philosophers, and poets of ancient Greece, felt in their hearts the enkindling of that magic fire which once illuminated their temples, but for long centuries had been quenched by the iron hand of oppression, it was HENRY CLAY who poured oil on the flickering flame—in thunder tones proclaimed their wrongs, and, with a pathos rarely found elsewhere, implored for them aid and succor. And so long as gratitude remains a cardinal principle of human action, so long will the name of HENRY CLAY be embalmed in the hearts of the people of those distant climes.

Sir, it was Mr. CLAY's good fortune at two stormy periods of his country's history, to pour oil on the troubled waters. The people of a territory organized and adopted a constitution, and asked admission into the Union—they were denied unless they would submit to have imposed on them a form of government, which they themselves did not desire. Mr. CLAY became the champion of the people of Missouri, and the history of that memorable political struggle is a part of the history of our country, and is too well known to render it necessary for me to enter more fully into its details.

More recently, dark clouds again obscured our political horizon. Malignant factions sought to tear asunder those bonds which bind us together as a nation. They struck their poisonous fangs into the very heart of the constitution, and with demon-like ferocity strove to tear from it its most vital principles. Every patriot's heart throbbed with apprehension. A feverish state of excitement pervaded the public mind. The people instinctively turned to CLAY and CASS as pilots to whom they could trust the ship of state in that fearful storm. Sir, it is of HENRY CLAY alone that I desire to speak; not that he alone of that devoted band who stood by the consti-

tution and their country in 1850, is entitled to our gratitude. Far from it. Some of the actors on that memorable occasion have gone with Mr. CLAY to the silent grave, and a grateful country will do justice to their memories. Others are yet living, and their countrymen will not permit them to sink unrewarded into their graves. But I have said I would speak only of Mr. CLAY. It is his eulogy alone that I am feebly attempting to pronounce. Sir, in my imagination I see the ship of state breasting the storm—the heavens overcast with fiery clouds—huge billow after billow dashing against her sides—the vessel apparently unmanageable. Again I look. At her stern stands an old veteran, his gray hairs streaming to the wind. With an iron grasp he seizes the helm—the ship becomes obedient to her pilot, and is soon safely moored in her harbor. Her sails are now furled, and from her mast head is seen gracefully waving the Star Spangled Banner. From the thousands who line the shore, a shout is heard, and mingled in that shout for the safety of our country, is pronounced the name of HENRY CLAY. Sir, a nation mourns his loss, and national gratitude will erect monuments to perpetuate his memory. Kentucky too will erect his monument towering to the very skies, and sires and matrons, when they visit the consecrated spot, will point to it, and tell their children to emulate his virtues, that they may win from their countrymen like testimonials of their love and gratitude.

The sun of Mr. CLAY's destiny rose in splendor, and his countrymen gazed with almost eastern adoration upon it as it rapidly traced its course. After a while, clouds intervened between that sun and many who had loved it, and for long, long days was the light of that sun hid from their view. But even to them it did not set in darkness; for before it had reached the western horizon, the clouds were all dispersed, and we gazed with rapture upon its beauties, as it calmly and serenely disappeared from our vision. Peace to his ashes, honor to his memory.

Mr. Eve, of Owsley, rose and said:

Mr. Speaker: I trust that although I am the youngest, and one of the humblest, of the mountain members of this house, I shall be allowed, as their organ on this occasion, to add a tribute, feeble and unworthy as it may be, to the memory of Henry Clay. During his long and eventful career, the mountaineers of Kentucky ever adhered to him with unswerving and unvarying attachment. Changeless as the evergreens of their own mountains, and firm as the eternal cliffs upon their foundations, they clung the closer to him even in the winter of his adversity, and shielded him from the ruthless storms of persecution which then beset him. The honored privilege is therefore due to them of mingling in the coronach which bereaved Kentucky pours forth to her dead chieftain.

The character of Henry Clay has so often been the theme of eulogy, that it has called forth the richest stores of American eloquence and the sweetest inspirations of American poetry. In ancient times the most eloquent only were permitted to pronounce eulogies upon the illustrious dead. Mine is an humble tribute, but the tribute of a heart which, knowing no fickleness, was ever constant, ever true to Henry Clay. In my early youth I was taught to love him; and since I have grown to manhood, learned his history, listened to his eloquent voice, witnessed the display of his magic oratory, and watched the close of his brilliant career, my boyhood's dream of love has become a passion which will be co-existent with life.

If any man of this world ever deserved admiration, surely it was Henry Clay. In him centered and radiated all those attributes most worthy of the admiration of men and angels —true courage, lofty independence, incorruptible integrity, unblemished honor, ardent patriotism, unaffected piety, and the highset order of eloquence and genius. He feared no man, and scorned to flatter power. He was guilty of no

meanness, practiced no guile, nor wore any disguise. A man of the people, he was always accessible to the humblest citizen who sought his opinions. Bold and decisive, he never pursued the dishonest, cowardly policy of concealing his principles to gain temporary popular favor, but was ever remarkable for his frank and fearless enunciation of them. In a land which could boast of many noble patriots, he "was the noblest of them all." In a land prolific of great men, he was the greatest. Indeed,

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> We shall not look upon his like again."

Of the great achievements of his life, I need not speak in detail. They are known to every school boy in the land. They are a part of the nation's history, and form some of its brightest pages.

Before he had filled any public station, and while he was a mere youth, the title of "The Great Commoner" was conferred upon him for his eloquent championship of the rights of the people. Allusion has already been made to his patriotic and successful efforts to incite his native land, our own dear native land, to draw the sword in vindication of the national honor against the most formidable power on earth, and to the thunder tones of that eloquence, which startled despots of foreign lands upon their thrones of oppression, and stirred the hearts and nerved the arms of the oppressed of South America and Greece in their glorious struggles for liberty.

For almost half a century he was, more than any other man, the life and soul of our republic.

Three times when the Union was periled, he preserved it by his measures of compromise, his surpassing powers of eloquence, and his patriotic exertions. If the comparison were not impious, I would say that with an appearance of the remarkable power and miraculous success of Him who upon the sea of Galilee rebuked the wind and said unto the waves,

"Peace, be still," has HENRY CLAY, during crises in our history, when the storms of sectional strife and the maddened waves of party feeling threatened our safety, and disunion reared its horrible form amid the angry billows, lifted his voice loud above the discord, rebuking the fanaticism of the hour, and subduing even the winds and the waves of human passion.

Such have been some of the triumphs of HENRY CLAY; triumphs to which the records of history furnish no parallel; triumphs of national peace, national union, national liberty and national honor; triumphs of which we are this day the happy beneficiaries; triumphs whose importance and blessings exceed war's bloody victories, and entitle their hero to a more imperishable chaplet than ever decorated the warrior's brow. And now, when from our national capital the notes of contention break again upon our ears, and national difficulties are apprehended which may require moderation, wisdom and patriotism; when, of the leading spirits of as true a band of patriots as ever answered their country's call in the hour of their country's need, who in the year 1850 struggled for the preservation of the constitution and the Union, CASS alone is left in Congress, as it were "the last of his tribe," the patriots heart almost sickens and shudders at the thought that the best of the band who towered above other men as a pyramid towers above the vale—our own HENRY CLAY—is not there to quell the storm, if the storm should come, and that his place in the national councils *must ever be vacant.*

Sir, when I contrast HENRY CLAY with the living men of earth, it seems to me as if the sun had set forever, and left but a few stars to shed their feeble, flickering light upon us. But let those who occupy the high places in our government emulate the patriotism of HENRY CLAY, and borrow their truest light from his glorious example, and all will be well with the republic. Then sir, will our Union be preserved; then will our tree of liberty which Washington planted and CLAY defended, still spread its branches from ocean to ocean,

and lift its proud top to heaven, a refuge for the oppressed, a shelter and a shade for the free.

We have been told to-day that mists and clouds for a while obscured the sun of CLAY's destiny. I know that during many years of his life he was basely maligned. But envy, hate, defamation and persecution, have often been the fate of patriotism, and ever the fate of genius. Aristides, the just, and Cicero, the orator and savior of his country, were banished. It is, however, a gratifying and a consoling thought, that though HENRY CLAY was fiercely assailed by partisan malignity, the efforts to crush him were futile; that like the flower which blooms in freshness and beauty though trodden on, he survived every assault and came forth unharmed from every shock; though rejected at different times by each of the political parties, and though he never occupied the highest office of the government, more honors were bestowed upon him than royalty itself ever received; that while living he was almost universally regarded as the first man of his country, and at the close of an eventful life, sank to his final rest with the nation's sorrow, and amid the nation's tears; and that even now before the party names and party ties with which he was once associated have perished, all men of all parties do justice to his character and honor to his memory.

History records that when Epaminondas was dying, after the battle of Mantinea, his shield was shown to him, and he was told that the Thebans had won the victory. Turning to his friends, "Do not regard," said he, "this day as the end of my life, but as the beginning of my happiness, and the completion of my glory. I leave Thebes triumphant, proud Sparta humbled, and Greece delivered from the yoke of servitude." Not altogether dissimilar, but if possible more glorious, was the closing scene of the great Kentuckian. His death-day was not the end of his life, but the beginning of his happiness, for he died a christian, full of the chris-

tian's hopes; and that day was but the completion of his glory, for he died in his country's service, after having won his last brilliant battle in defense of the American Union. He left the Union party triumphant, disunionists vanquished, and the United States delivered from internal strife, peaceful and free. The praises of a grateful country saluted his ears in his last earthly hour—a prelude to that louder and unending strain which will sound his name from the trump of fame through all nations and all time.

I rejoice that the fame of HENRY CLAY is secure forever. No doubt can now linger in any mind as to the estimate which posterity will place upon his character. High on the column of fame his name is inscribed. The record of his great deeds can perish only when the brightest pages of history are obliterated. His name shines forth, bright and spotless as the sun in the heavens when there is no cloud to obscure it. It will be the watchword of the friends of liberty throughout the earth, and the rallying battle-cry of the friends of this Union in times of peril, with power, I trust, to save, like the name of the dead Douglass on the field of Otterburn. It is a name which will live when the proud despotisms of this world have crumbled into ruins; which will be honored and cherished amid all the changes and decay of coming time in every land beneath the sun; the peerless name of HENRY CLAY!

In honoring such a man we do honor to ourselves. Then let the resolutions pass this house; let the voice of Kentucky, through her representatives, go forth bewailing the loss of the orator, statesman, patriot, hero and sage, who was her son, and who was our father, our friend and our benefactor; let these legislative halls be clad in mourning; though feebly may we express the emotions of our hearts by words of eulogy, or the drapery of mourning,

"For we have that within, which passeth show."

Mr. T. L. Jones, of Campbell, arose and said:

Mr. Speaker: I would do great injustice to my own feelings did I allow this occasion to pass with entire silence on my part; and I trust I shall be excused for participating in the general expression of sentiment upon these resolutions, so far as to pay an unsolicited tribute to the great statesman whose name they are intended to commemorate. I desire to throw a simple garland on his grave. I was not aware, sir, that such resolutions would be offered to this house, and I was taken by surprise when the gentleman from Franklin moved a suspension of the rules that they might be presented.

It has been some time, Mr. Speaker, since the nation was called to mourn the loss of this distinguished man; almost years have passed since the tears and lamentations of our people were poured out upon the mountains and plains, and along the lakes and rivers of our great country, at the intelligence of his death; and I must confess, sir, I had not thought of the propriety of such action as is now proposed by this General Assembly. I had, with every devoted son of the republic, lamented the departure of this great luminary from amongst us. I had followed with thousands of citizens, in the metropolis of the west, the black-plumed hearse that bore, in solemn procession, his venerated remains, on their way from the capital to his home and grave. I had treasured up amongst the dearest memories of my heart, the recollections of his distinguished services and patriotic sacrifices in all the great emergencies which involved the security of our institutions and the perpetuity of those great principles which bind together the people of these states in a common brotherhood. But, sir, those recollections now spring afresh, and the chords of those memories are and will be ever ready to be awaked and attuned in harmony, at the mere mention of the name of Clay. In these resolutions, I at once perceive our simple duty, and I con-

gratulate ourselves, Mr. Speaker and Representatives, that it has fallen to our lot, and that it is meet and becoming for us to pay these last honors to the illustrious dead.

I am not a native Kentuckian—I was born and reared in a more sunny clime, and under the very shade of the great southerner who made one of that glorious "*triumvirate*," which has shed such immortal honor on their country, and of which Mr. CLAY was the senior; and I feel, sir, that I would be doing injustice even to him, did I refuse my assent in these last honors to his great cotemporary. It is true, Mr. Speaker, that under the teaching, somewhat, of this great southerner, I had imbibed a different political creed from that which Mr. CLAY so nobly advocated—but what of that, sir? I repeat, what of that, sir? We come not, on this occasion, as partisans, to celebrate the victories of a deceased chieftain, or to pay exclusive honors to his memory. We come not as Whigs nor Democrats, but we come as Kentuckians, as Americans, as Patriots, to pay the last tributes of sincere and grateful hearts to one, who although, for nearly half a century, the peerless leader of a powerful party, yet, in every controversy or contest of his time, where the honor, the dignity, the liberty, or the safety of the Union was at stake, threw aside all party obligations, and was first, last, and all the time for his country. And although there were many and glorious spirits who, with him, braved every attempted invasion upon our constitutional rights, and breasted every storm that threatened to desolate the fair fields of our prosperity—yet, if he was not the acknowledged first, he was at least "*primus inter pares*." He belongs to no party now. He is beyond and above all parties. He belongs to his country, and is the sainted treasure of his countrymen. His name is theirs, his fame is theirs, forever. Let no party claim him. His star has shot away from this little firmament of ours, and ascended amongst the constellations that never set, but beam in unclouded day

and effulgent glory forever. We come then, sir, and clasp our hands at the portals of his grave, to wreathe the last chaplet for his noble and long-honored brow; to strew flowers upon the sod that covers him; to water it with our tears, and to sing the last votive lay to his memory.

Mr. Speaker, a glorious era in the history of our country has just closed. It was the era of CALHOUN, CLAY and WEBSTER. In the language of another—"I name them alphabetically—who would dare name them otherwise?" Their genius and wisdom marked their time, as the golden age of American statesmanship. When shall we run such another cycle? CALHOUN—the wise, valiant, generous, good, and great CALHOUN, "he of the eagle eye and lion heart, the man of intellect, of high moral and exalted purpose, the bold and unanswerable defender of the rights of the States, and the strict observer and advocate of the constitution, whom his people loved with almost an eastern idolatry, not only, not so much perhaps, for his devotion to the south, for his faithful and distinguished services, for his farseeing wisdom and eminent statesmanship, but for the intrinsic dignity of the man, for the spotless purity of his life, and the acknowledged splendor of his character—he is no more." He lived not so much with the day, nor for the day, but for the age to come, and still to come; and as each revolving year shall roll on our country to its ultimate destiny, more and more will his virtues be commended, and his policy acknowledged and appreciated. The South has lost her glorious champion, the Union one of its truest defenders, and mankind a matchless ornament. That exceeding intellect, so vivid and penetrating, that almost seemed, whilst in this world, to be a spark of divine intuition, is now bathing itself in that omniscient essence that floats about the throne of its great original. Those wondrous orbs, so large, so full, so sparkling as it seemed with the true light of heaven, which, as was said by one of his eulogists, stood in their sockets as springs of life,

of animation and fire, long after breath had left the "mortal coil," are now gazing upon things eternal, and reading the metaphysics of Heaven's sainted throng—

> "Farewell gallant eagle, thou'rt buried in light—
> God rest thee in heaven, lost star of our night."

WEBSTER, the great jurist, the publicist, the commoner, the chaste and classic orator, the statesman, "the defender of the constitution," "the man of the age," has also departed. The east and north have lost their greatest luminary, their bright particular star, the aurora that shed for them, and upon them the commingled light of many stars, whose balmy yet powerful influence pervaded the south and west, went abroad blazing in classic grandeur throughout civilization, and made it, yet in its mortality, immortal. The republic has lost another firm and fast friend, one whose name is connected with half its greatness and glory. From the landing of the Pilgrims to the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, he has touched with master hand, and in gorgeous dye, the canvass of our people's history. He has magnified and exalted our country, and our race. What American youth will ever turn the pages of his pure English and chaste oratory, whose breast will not feel as proud a thrill as ever penetrated that of the Greek or Roman scholar, as he devoured the orations of Demosthenes or Cicero. What younger son of the republic will ever think of anniversary or monument whose mind will not turn instinctively to him; whose heart will not beat prouder at home, and whose step will not be firmer abroad, when he remembers the glorious deeds or hears the great name of the immortal WEBSTER. But he too is gone, and we cannot recall him—

> "Can storied urn or animated bust,
> Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
> Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust?
> Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

I need scarcely apologize, Mr. Speaker, for dwelling upon these great names on this occasion; for in praising them I but do the greater honor and justice to him who is the subject of the resolutions; their names are indissolubly connected with his and his with theirs. He was their great cotemporary, their peer, perhaps, take him all in all, "*facile princeps inter illustres.*" How magnificent he walked amongst men, even amongst these men! How ready, firm, and wise in council! How just, noble, and Godlike in action! Ever glorious CLAY!

"With all which Demosthenes wanted endued,
And his rival or victor in all he possessed,
'Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,
Though unequalled, preceded, the task was begun—
But CLAY sprung up like a God from the tomb,
Of ages the first, and last, the savior, the one!

"With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute;
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even tyranny listening sate melted or mute,
And corruption shrunk scorched from the glance of his mind."

But I need speak little of him in this presence. You knew him long and well. He was one of you and chiefly yours; the tall proud plume that waved so long and so gloriously above you, which you have watched with so much confidence and delight You can boast of many a gallant son, native or adopted, who bared his bosom or shed his blood for the honor of your commonwealth; you have enrolled in enduring marble, that gracefully looms above the surrounding hills, the names of many proud heroes and statesmen; but where in your catalogue is one to compare with his? They must all pale their lustre before the blaze of "CLAY." It stands above all and beyond all—it is the chief glory of your escutcheon. It is said you will build him a monument. It is but just and right, and will do more honor to the state than to him. Build it, if it be the last and only one you

will ever raise. In the language of his great compeer of the north, as expressed of that on the first great battle field of the revolution, "let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

Mr. Speaker, although the great era of which I spoke has passed, and these great lights gone out forever, yet let us not despair, but take fresh courage in the reflection of their noble lives and brilliant examples. Like Pitt and Fox and Burke, they were the men of their age, and culminated the political greatness and glory of their country. But like Adams and Jefferson and Madison, "they are all in the clear upper sky." Their fame is safe, and we trust in God their country is safe. But their shades are still here animating us to deeds of noble virtue like their own—

> "Their spirits wrap the dusky mountain,
> Their memories sparkle o'er the fountain;
> The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
> Rolls mingling with their fame forever."

Sir, the name of Henry Clay is a rich legacy to our children and theirs forever. We can hold him up to them as a model. We can present them his history from the humble orphan, up, up, still higher, higher, until he reached the very pinnacle of human fame. We can point them to his pathway all bright and shining, with honor and glory, and exclaim, in the language of the Mantuan bard,

> "Sic itur ad astra."

Mr. King, of Cumberland, rose and said:

Mr. Speaker: Like the gentleman from Campbell, (Mr. Jones,) I was not aware that the resolutions now pending had been presented for our adoption, until a few moments since; and upon the spur of the occasion, I hope the house will indulge me for a short time, in the expression of my

feelings and sentiments in relation thereto. For a half century, Mr. CLAY brilliantly figured upon the political arena. For nearly half a century his name has been linked with each and every great question affecting this Union.

He commenced his career in life under adverse circumstances with penury and want and orphanage as his only heritage, at a time when our government was in its infancy, and still groaning under the wounds of transatlantic oppression, when the blessings and benefits of our institutions were not fully developed, and but faintly appreciated. And from the "Slashes of Hanover," and the haunts of poverty, he gradually wended his way, step by step, up the hill of fame, until he reached its dazzling summit, and won the admiration of the world. Bold, manly and sagacious, he moved onward with irresistible force to the completion of his purpose. Frank, generous and kind, he elicited the applause and won the confidence of his countrymen. No venal ambition rankled in his bosom, no selfish design characterized his actions, but his whole life was marked with virtuous aspirations and the proudest patriotism. Few men have ever lived, whose civic achievments have been more honorable, brilliant and triumphant—none have ever died so much regretted.

As a political pioneer, he had no equal in America; as a statesman, he had more ardent admirers than any man living or dead; as a private citizen, the spontaneous and universal bursts of friendship, (the heart's best homage,) from hill and vale, in every part of the Union, clustered around him.

Sir, such being the characteristics of HENRY CLAY, who can wonder at a nation's lamentation? And whilst the Union mourns its loss, it is proper that Kentucky should join in the melancholy chorus, and chant his praises. Kentucky, the home of his adoption, the theatre of his early triumphs, the stage upon which the fierce conflicts of his matured manhood were played, and whose bosom contains his dust, feels, sensitively feels, the loss of her greatest son, her ablest

champion. Sir, although she mourns and weeps for her departed CLAY, yet she rejoices in the universal demonstration of American freemen, as they rise to do him honor, from the snow-clad hills of the north to the white foaming surge of the gulf, from the ocean-laved banks of the Atlantic to the golden beach of the Pacific.

It is needless for me, Mr. Speaker, to speak specially of the important measures in which he has been engaged, and the consequences resulting therefrom. They are all well known to the country. His appeal in behalf of oppressed Greece, struggling in chains for freedom; his efforts in behalf of South American independence, his sleepless vigilance, untiring energy and devotion to the Union in 1820, when the Missouri controversy threw dismay over the hearts of our citizens; and his patriotic efforts, inimitable eloquence and sublime devotion to that same Union in 1850, when recklessness, madness and fanaticism threatened its perpetuity, all conspire to render his name immortal; and so long as Greece and South America are known among the governments of earth, his name will be co-equal with their existence.

Mr. Speaker, when the ancient commonwealth of Rome was struggling for existence, and combatting the assaults from without and dissensions within, and all hearts sunk under the appalling reflection of a speedy dissolution and consequent anarchy, none could be found to stay the dessolating tide but Cincinnatus at his plow. Such also was the proud duty of HENRY CLAY, in the darkest hour of our history. It has been said that Mr. CLAY was ambitious. He may have been; if so, his ambition was of that lofty cast, which looked alone to the elevation of his countrymen, the preservation of our institutions, and the perpetuity of the Union.

Sir, it is said that his grateful countrymen intend raising a colossal monument to his memory, over his remains at Ashland—and I was pleased and gratified at the remarks of

the gentleman from Campbell, (Mr. Jones,) in allusion to the monument. I hope it may speedily be erected, and the name of HENRY CLAY be inscribed upon its heights, and embrace, each lovely morning, the new-born beams of the rising sun. But, sir, independent of that, his name will be transmitted to posterity, and embalmed in the hearts of each rising generation.

Sir, he loved this Union as a child loves its parent. It was his boast that his

"First, best country was ever at home,"

and for that country he lived, and in defense of that home he died.

MR. DUNLAP, from Garrard, arose and said:

MR. SPEAKER: It is not proper that I should be silent upon this melancholy occasion. It was my fortune to have been born and reared in the county of Fayette, the adopted home of the Sage of Ashland. The memories of my childish days, fraught with joy and sadness, cluster around me. Some of my youthful associates, led on by the aspirations enkindled in their bosoms, by the zeal and patriotism of him to whose memory we this day pay tribute, have cast their lots in distant lands, and are now bright and living ornaments of the age—whose characters were to a great extent, moulded by the mighty influence of the genius of CLAY; whilst others, less fortunate, have found a resting place in the silent tomb. Daily, during my collegiate course, I passed by the residence of this gifted son of Kentucky, whose pride and pleasure it ever was, in his social relations, to grasp alike the hand of youth and age. He knew no distinction, save that which exalted merit, moral worth and religious bearing, ever command. Possessing a mind, bold in conception, grand in design, and powerful in execution, he was fitted for every crisis that marked the eventful age in which his brilliant career shone forth so conspicuously. Thrice when the storm of dis-

affection and disunion, blighting in its march, threatened a severance of the kindred ties that united in bonds of love this mighty nation, did he come like an *angel* of peace, to quiet the opposing elements, and stay their onward progress.

It was the pride and boast of England, that she had a Pitt, a Fox, and a Burke, whose commanding intellects won for them immortal renown, and when called to mourn their loss, well did her gifted bard record the lines,

> "Search the land of living men
> When shall we find their like again?"

Within a few years our country has been called to mourn the loss of a Calhoun, a Webster, and a CLAY, and, in regard to whom, how appropriate the language:

> "When shall we find their like again?"

It was within this hall, I last saw Mr. CLAY. Though time had impaired his person, he stood forth, erect and manly, as in earlier days, and breathed the sentiments dear to his heart —the preservation of the republic, and the perpetuity of our glorious institutions; and in thrilling accents, he exclaimed, "Let *beware* be your watchword, and the Union constitute the elevated aim of your highest, your proudest aspirations." And, in conclusion, with the boiling tear cast from his brilliant eye, and wasting itself upon his furrowed cheek, he pointed to that marble shaft, erected upon yonder summit, (*the cemetery hill,*) which overlooks the capitol, and said it was sacred and hallowed by the ties of love, and parental and filial affection.

Mr. Speaker, engraved upon that column, was the name of HENRY CLAY, JR., who in the hour of need, forsook the quiet and seclusion of home, and under a southern sky, fell a martyr to his country's cause, in defending the flag of our Union. When the telegraphic wires announced the death of HENRY CLAY, the *hearts* of this nation tremulously pulsated, as the heart of one individual. The drapery of mourning, as it swung from the ship mast, told the loss that the com-

merce of the ocean had sustained. The halls of legislature were silent. The din and bustle of mighty cities were hushed, and the private circle wore a melancholy cast. It was no national bereavement; the civilized world was wrapt in gloom, when the funeral dirge of the great champion of freedom was heard. Greece, South America, and ill-fated and dismembered Poland, felt the mighty shock.

In the hour of decaying nature, with the vision of the future and the eternal world spread out before him, his spirit gently sunk into the ocean of eternity. With intellect undimmed, he calmly selected his final resting place. The city of Lexington, the home of his early life, around which clustered the recollections of joy and love, engaged the last thoughts of the expiring statesman. He sleeps in her cemetery, and the wailing winds, like a melancholy dirge, sweep o'er the spot that entombs and inurns departed worth. No monument is necessary to perpetuate his name. The consecrated endearment of the united hearts of the civilized world will embalm his memory.

Mr. C. S. Morehead, of Franklin, arose and said:

Mr. Speaker: I feel that I should fail in the discharge of my duty and do violence to those feelings which from my earliest youth I have always cherished towards the illustrious individual to whose memory the resolutions on your table are intended as a grateful tribute, if I permitted this occasion to pass altogether in silence on my part. The death of Henry Clay has already been signalized by a nation's grief. Patriotism and genius have united to strew garlands upon his tomb. The halls of the national legislature have been shrouded in mourning—his bier has been attended by a committee of his great compeers of the Senate to the last resting place of his mortal remains under the green sod of his own beloved Ken-

tucky. The immense multitudes of his countrymen who followed that sad and mournful procession wherever it passed, afforded the highest evidence of the love and veneration which a long life of public service had inspired. If the homage which the heart instinctively pays to exalted patriotism, be not its reward only, but its highest incentive also, it is right and proper that the memory of the good and great should be embalmed by gratitude and honored by posterity. The high and noble ambition which leads to great and self-sacrificing deeds of patriotic virtue, finds, perhaps, no greater stimulus than the hope of living in the memory and affections of future generations.

The memory of HENRY CLAY has been embalmed by a nation's tears, and Kentucky now assembled in her legislative capacity for the first time since his mournful end, is about to lay the last sad tribute upon his tomb. He was her well beloved and cherished son. Through a period of fifty years she sustained and upheld him with unfaltering devotion. I know that he reciprocated that devotion with all the affection which characterized his generous nature and ardent temperament. On an occasion intimately connected with his future destiny, he exclaimed, "Let all the world abandon me, provided Kentucky will stand by me."

He came to this state before attaining his majority, an orphan boy, who, to use his own language, "had never recognized a father's smile—poor, penniless, and without the favor of the great." How he succeeded, and what has been his bright and glorious career, it were needless for me to tell. It is imperishably blended with every monument of his country's greatness for the last fifty years. It was, indeed, a wonderful career. From the first day he entered upon public life, until its last closing scene, he was a recognized and acknowledged leader. As such I doubt whether the world has ever produced his equal. In all the elements which can unite to constitute a character to command, he certainly had no su-

perior. His boldness, his intrepedity of character, the entire absence of all dissimulation, his directness of purpose, his fervid love of country, his enthusiasm, his commanding intellect and his burning eloquence, entitled him to the preeminence so universally accorded to him.

It has frequently been said that much of the effect of his eloquence was owing to what the great orator of antiquity called action. However this may be, it was an emanation from high intellectual and moral endowments. He sought not the tinsel of mere ornament. He never marshaled his words to round a period. He studied not the graces of elocution as taught in schools. He practiced no studied forms of speech, but seized at once upon the subject, and marched boldly and directly to his object. The clear and vivid conception of ideas, a voice of unsurpassed melody and power, a dauntless spirit beaming from the eye, lighting up every feature, a force of expression and earnestness of manner which showed that whatever he said sprung from the heart, were the great elements of his persuasive power. On great and momentous questions, when he desired to stir and mould the hearts of men, he resorted to no pomp of declamation, but his appeals seemed to be the natural and spontaneous outbreakings of the fountains of the heart. Such a man, so endowed, with such characteristics, could not be other than a great party leader. As such he had warm, devoted, and enthusiastic friends, and bitter and unrelenting enemies. It is known that at one period of his career, he was assailed with unparalelled vituperation; but with a firm and dauntless heart, he stood firmly erect, with a spirit unconquered, breathing the same proud aspirations "in the cause of liberty, the Union, and the national prosperity," which had characterized his whole career. In allusion to that period of his life, in his farewell address to the Senate of the United States, after appealing to the searcher of all hearts for the purity of the motives by which he had been actuated through-

out his public life, he alluded to the debt of gratitude he owed Kentucky, and with tears streaming down his cheeks he exclaimed: "When I stood, as it were, in the darkest moment of human existence, abandoned by the world, calumniated by a large portion of my countrymen, Kentucky threw around me her impenetrable shield, and bearing me aloft, repelled the attacks of malignity and calumny by which I was assailed." Conscious of the purity of his motives, he had an unshaken and undoubting confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth and justice, and in this he was not deceived. He lived to witness this triumph. The spontaneous outpouring of gratitude from the hearts of the good men of all parties, for the last great crowning act of his life, added a new glory to his setting sun. Twice before, when the integrity of our Union was threatened, had he interposed to quell the violence of sectional faction. Deeply and immovably attached as he was to the union of the states, every throb of his great and patriotic heart was dedicated to its preservation. The Missouri compromise of 1820, and the tariff compromise of 1832, are enduring monuments to his pure and exalted patriotism.

But the great achievement of his life was the compromise or adjustment measures of 1850. He had left the senate as he supposed never to return. His health was delicate and feeble, and during the winter season it was his habit to seek in the south a more congenial clime. After the acquisition of a vast territory from Mexico, a bitter sectional controversy arose, seriously threatening to convulse this nation, if not dissolve this Union. Now that the storm has been quelled, in looking back upon the dangers which then surrounded us, I am still of opinion that the Union was in imminent peril. I was then the immediate representative in Congress from the district in which Mr. Clay lived. I was appealed to on all sides to know if he could not be induced to return to the senate, with the expression

of the opinion that he was the only man then living who could settle the agitating question. I wrote to him of the anxious desire which was felt for his return, accompanied with the expression of my own conviction that a crisis existed in which he could render greater services to his country than at any other period in his life. He answered that nothing but his solemn conviction of impending danger to the Union could have induced him again to go to the senate, but that under existing circumstances he felt it was his duty to his country to allow his friends in the legislature to use his name for that office. As you well know, he was triumphantly elected, and re-entered the senate with all the sectional questions unadjusted, with the difficulty of adjustment increased, from the bitterness of the contests of the previous session. He became thoroughly convinced that without some satisfactory settlement the Union would be dissolved. Whether right or wrong, such was the sincere and honest conviction of his heart. He did me the honor often to converse with me on the subject. I witnessed his constant and painful solicitude. It was the engrossing, the all absorbing subject of his thoughts. He would sometimes speculate upon the consequences of a dismemberment of the states, and then recoiling from the contemplation, exclaim that it was too horrible to think about, and if such an event should occur, his constant and fervent prayer to God was, that his eyes might close in death before it should take place. All his energies, all the powers of his mighty intellect, every feeling of his heart, his whole soul seemed to be concentrated to the single point of bringing about an adjustment of the alarming sectional questions which then convulsed this nation.

He rose far above the passions of the day, and declaring that he knew no north, no south, no east, and no west, he claimed the privilege of speaking to all sections in the language of concord and brotherhood. He threw off all the tram-

mels of party as utterly unworthy of a statesman where the institutions of his country were in danger. He counselled with all the true lovers of the Union, no matter to what party they belonged; and I venture the opinion that few ever left his presence without feeling the contagion of his glowing and fervid patriotism. He buried in oblivion all past party differences, and those who in time gone by, had been his opponents and revilers, were often seen in close and confidential consultation with him. He submitted to me the first draft of the resolutions, which he intended to make the basis of his adjustment, and desired that I should freely and unreservedly give him my opinion. I made some objections to one of those resolutions, and suggested the propriety of extending the Missouri Compromise line to the Pacific, on the ground that it would be more likely to unite the south, and argued that it was but carrying out that principle which had been so immediately connected with his former fame. He replied promptly that he was not the author of that *line*, and that if any credit was due for it, it did not belong to him, but another. At his suggestion I visited him in company with a distinguished Senator from Georgia, Hon. Mr. Dawson, who entertained the views I had taken, and we had a long and most interesting interview, the result of which was that he agreed that he would reflect on the subject until morning and then determine definitively. We called the next morning, and he informed us that he had made up his mind that his resolutions should be the basis of his proposed settlement—that the true principle which ought to regulate Congress in forming territorial governments, was *non-intervention*, leaving to the people, when about to form a state government, perfect freedom of action on the subject of slavery—that the extension of the Missouri line was a departure from that principle, and would prove to be altogether delusive.

He did introduce those celebrated resolutions, and the

whole question was ultimately settled according to the programme thus presented by him. On the day he made his opening speech, the lobbies of the Senate were filled to overflowing for hours before the time of meeting. Persons had come to Washington from a distance of hundreds of miles to hear him. Never was expectation more highly excited. The moment he arose, there was a breathless silence, and to look upon the thoughtful and anxious countenances of that vast crowd, one could scarcely refrain from the belief that every heart present was sending forth its secret orison to heaven for the success of the great undertaking. I need not say how he performed his high mission on that great occasion, and I may add during the whole eventful period of that discussion. With a more matured experience, he displayed the same indomitable energy, the same burning zeal in the cause of his country, the same undying attachment to liberty and union which had characterized his earlier years. His career of personal ambition had closed forever. He knew that this was the case. He knew that he was dying, that his disease was making insidious but rapid inroads upon his constitution, yet he was willing to dedicate whatever of life was left, to the perpetuity of the free institutions to which, through a long career, he had manifested so much devotion. He felt that he was but discharging a high and sacred duty, and he went to his task regardless of his feeble health, actuated by no other consideration than that of the happiness and glory of his country. I have seen him return from one of those great senatorial conflicts, during which you would hardly have supposed that old age had laid its hand upon his brow, feeble, worn down, exhausted and scarcely able to raise his head, yet his hopes and his energies seemed to increase in proportion to the obstacles and difficulties he encountered, and in the darkest period of that struggle, he never despaired of the republic.

He lived to see all his measures, one by one adopted, and

a great and distracted country restored to peace and harmony. The conflict was too exhausting for his feeble frame. After the hour of patriotic triumph had passed, he sunk to rise no more. His physical organization had been worn out, and he calmly, patiently, and with christian resignation, awaited his last dread summons. Next to the bright hopes of a christian faith, his departing spirit was most cheered with the knowledge that both of our national parties had made the great principles of his adjustment a part of their respective platforms. He died one of the representatives of the sovreignty of Kentucky, and it is her privilege to cherish his memory with a just and honorable pride. But a short time before, he had paid the last solemn tribute to the memory of his great compatriot, JOHN C. CALHOUN, who was taken from us in the zenith of his fame and glory. Kentucky has joined in the general lamentation for his loss. But the great Northern Senator was spared to unite with Mr. CLAY in his great healing measures, and in that august Senate chamber, stood DANIEL WEBSTER, in the full splendor of his intellectual supremacy, rolling back the tide of fanaticism and sectional jealousy—a spectacle of moral grandeur and sublime patriotism but seldom presented in the annals of the world. He, too, has gone forever, and Kentucky, in common with the whole nation, has mourned his death.

Whatever feelings the asperities of party may at one time have produced with respect to either of these distinguished patriots, they are now all covered by the oblivious mantle of the grave. But the fame and character of HENRY CLAY have been and are a part of the riches of Kentucky. Let them forever remain a sacred treasure. When history shall record the events of the last fifty years, his name will be shewn to possess enduring relations not only with the national prosperity of his own country, but with the cause of freedom throughout the world. The great points of his character possess a self-diffusive influence that cannot fail to be felt by

future generations. He has stamped his character on the pillars of the age in which he lived. He has breathed somewhat of his own spirit into the institutions of his country. The memory of such a man "shall resist the empire of decay."

The question was then taken, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted.

THE CLAY MONUMENT.

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FEBRUARY 22, 1854.

The bill laying off the state into congressional districts, which had been vetoed by the governor, coming up for consideration, Mr. MOREHEAD arose and said:

MR. SPEAKER: This is the birth-day of the Father of his Country. The roar of cannon which we hear reverberated by the surrounding hills, proclaims that it is a day consecrated to his memory. However we may be divided by party lines, all hearts unite at one altar in the homage inspired by a common patriotism. I am unwilling that this sentiment of patriotic devotion should, in any manner, be mingled on a day like this with the dissensions of party; I move, therefore, that the further consideration of the bill be postponed until to-morrow, and I trust, that by unanimous consent, we will take up the bill making an appropriation to the monument to be erected to the memory of HENRY CLAY. It is a subject about which there is no party feeling either in this hall, or within this commonwealth. It seems to me to be peculiarly appropriate that we should pass it on the birth-day of WASHINGTON. In paying the tribute intended by this bill to the memory of Mr. CLAY, we would be but acting in obedience to the patriotic impulses inspired by the occasion. I trust that it will be taken up by unanimous consent.

The motion of Mr. MOREHEAD was carried unanimously.

Mr. Fitch, of Fleming, arose and said:

Mr. Speaker: It is with feelings of great self-distrust that I venture to say anything in behalf of the appropriation now under consideration—especially after the very elaborate and eloquent encomiums which the same subject matter has already elicited, on a former occasion, from able and distinguished gentlemen upon this floor. It is not my purpose, however, to pronounce any formal eulogy upon the character or career of Mr. Clay; for while I regard his character and career as constituting one of the noblest themes that genius ever gave to fame, I am persuaded that nothing short of the inspiration of kindred genius could do justice to such a theme. I come therefore "to *bury* Cæsar, not to *praise* him"—to linger awhile at the *sepulchre of the sage of Ashland*, rather than to contemplate him in the *living grandeur* of his character and achievement—to direct attention, for a moment, from his acknowledged genius to his *neglected grave*, and to remind Kentuckians that he, who in his own personal career for distinction, gallantly *bore his state with him* in triumph from obscurity, to her present commanding position, now sleeps in undistinguished obscurity beneath the very soil which his genius has rendered *classic ground forever!*

Under such circumstances, Mr. Speaker, I cannot permit myself to doubt, for a moment, the action of this house in regard to the pending appropriation as reported from the senate. I cannot believe that the first legislature assembled since his death, will hesitate to avail itself of the opportunity now presented to the state, of co-operating, *as a state*, in the noble enterprise of erecting a colossal monument in memory of her most illustrious son.

The bill upon your table, sir, provides for the appropriation of ten thousand dollars out of any money in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, to aid in the erection of the National Clay Monument. It is a bill well guarded in

every respect, and has passed the other branch of the general assembly by a very emphatic and complimentary vote, amounting almost to unanimity. The provisions and conditions upon which the appropriation is suspended, are sufficient, it would seem, to satisfy the most timid and cautious that the sum thus donated by the state cannot be misdirected or misapplied. In the first place, no money is to be withdrawn from the treasury until the contract for the completion of the monument is concluded, and at least $10,000 expended in its erection. Nor even then, sir, unless the treasurer of the association shall have first given bond, with approved security, for the faithful application of the amount to the purpose indicated. Thus guarded and restricted, it occurs to me that if there can be any objection whatever to the bill now presented for our concurrence, it is to be found in the fact that the *sum* designated is *far too small* to give any adequate expression of the public sentiment of the state, in regard to the public services of that distinguished patriot, whom it has been her delight to cherish and honor for more than half a century. For myself, I would have been prepared to have voted twice the amount, had it been required; and in doing so, I would have felt no misgivings as to the prompt indorsement of the act by my constituency at home; for I believe they would think as I do, that in perpetuating the memory of HENRY CLAY, it would be almost impossible for Kentucky *to act extravagantly*. I am inclined to the opinion, sir, that as the representatives of the people, we are apt to underrate their liberality in such matters, and often pursue a parsimonious policy which is far from being in harmony with their wishes. While it is doubtless true that they would oppose and denounce any unnecessary or profligate expenditure of the public money, I am satisfied that they are prepared, not only to sanction and approve any reasonable appropriations which may be demanded by public faith, by the exigencies of the government, and for the sup-

port and encouragement of our public charities, but also to approve and sustain such appropriations as may be prompted and sanctioned by high considerations of *state gratitude* and of *state pride*. When, I would ask, have the people of Kentucky—the *great masses*—ever failed to respond properly to such appropriations? Look if you please, to yonder cemetery, and behold that majestic column, towering in beauty and grandeur far above the surrounding hills, and casting its pall-like shadows over the silent tenantry of the tomb; and tell me if the people of Kentucky have ever denounced their representatives for thus signalizing the final resting place of her heroic dead? Have they ever complained that the bones of her gallant officers and equally gallant soldiers were not left to bleach upon the sandy plains of Mexico, instead of receiving, at the public expense, an honorable interment in their own native state, and by the hands of weeping kindred and friends? *Never!* Although a large majority of them have never seen, and perchance may never see that *beautiful pyramid*—enriched as it is, with the heraldry of "names that were not born to die"—they are nevertheless proud to appropriate to themselves some of the honor reflected upon the state at large, by the liberal policy which secured its erection. And thus it will be in a pre-eminent degree in regard to this appropriation to the National Clay Monument. When that monument shall have been finished, and the true hearted Kentuckian shall stand at its base, to contemplate its colossal proportions, and to peruse the chiseled record of that pure and upright patriotism in honor of which it has been erected, and reflects that the same monumental tradition upon which he is then gazing with such intense interest will be read and admired by generations yet unborn, what exulting pride will swell his breast, as he appropriates to himself and to his state the honor and glory of promoting and perfecting the noble work. Perhaps, sir, the child of penury and want—some poor and friendless orphan boy may

be standing by his side and reading the same proud memorial. Mark the fixed attention and deep emotion of that little boy, and tell me why it is that his eye kindles and his pulse quickens, at every inscription! What does that hapless child of adversity glean of encouragement or hope from that cold marble column? Ah! he is gazing upon the monument of one, who like himself, was once a *poor and friendless orphan boy*, and it whispers to him, *though clothed in rags*, of fame and distinction. It tells him in a *still small voice* to plume his young ambition for a lofty flight!—that he lives in a land where there is no order of nobility, despotic rule, or aristocratic dominion, to cramp the noble sallies of genius; but where each individual, *by the mere ascendancy of his genius, rises and takes his rank;* and where the humblest and the poorest may justly indulge the proud consolation that if he possess virtue and talents there is no office beyond the reach of his honorable ambition! The lesson of *self-reliance* thus impressed upon one youthful heart, were worth a thousand such appropriations.

But, sir, the moral influence of such a national monument, like the fame of the great departed, will not be restricted to our own times, or confined to our own hemisphere. Looking down the vista of coming time, I fancy that I see it looming up in lustrous prominence, as a tower of strength and defense to the oppressed of every land—serving as a "*pillar of fire*" to light on other nations through the political wilderness of anarchy and misrule to the promised land of liberty, and as a *pillar of cloud* to baffle and defeat the Pharoahan hosts of tyranny! Like Mt. Vernon and Monticello, the mausoleum of CLAY is destined to become a political *Mecca*, to which the enlightened patriot will annually repair with a zeal and devotion not less ardent than that which leads the deluded Moslem to worship at the shrine of his fiery Prophet. The scholar and the tourist, as well as the patriot and the christian, will make

their pilgrimage to this hallowed spot. It will become our *great classic*, and will be gazed upon with an interest and an admiration greater than were ever fixed upon the pyramids of Egypt.

And, Mr. Speaker, were we disposed to consider this subject merely as a *political economist*, 'twere easy to show from the very site of the monument—situated as it will be at the great plexus of our railroad communications with all parts of the Union—that the travel which will be naturally attracted to our state by the sepulchre of CLAY would soon refund this appropriation to the state with accumulated interest. But, sir, as a *Kentuckian* I cannot, I will not contemplate such an enterprise as a *question of finance*. It is a matter which addresses itself at once to our state gratitude and pride, and should need no other appeal to arouse us to a sense of our duty and achievement. Other countries, sir, far less interested in his fame than our own, have already awarded to Mr. CLAY appropriate monumental honors. I am informed that a beautiful and elegantly wrought *marble tablet*, with appropriate devices and inscriptions, has been procured by the civil authorities of Greece, and now occupies a prominent place in her council chamber, as a token of her grateful remembrance of him who so eloquently defended her rights against the usurpation of the rapacious Turk.

And in this connection, Mr. Speaker, permit me to allude to an incident of touching interest related to me a few days since by the honorable chairman of the monumental association. Some time last fall, perhaps during his visit to New York on business connected with the monument, he was present at an enthusiastic meeting of the friends of Mr. CLAY, held for the purpose of promoting this enterprise, and after several interesting and spirit-stirring speeches had been made in commendation and encouragement of the project, *an old weather beaten tar*—who had been for many years a sea captain in the merchant service, rose to his feet with

tremolous emotion, and remarked that his heart was too full for utterance, but as the meeting was held in honor of the seaman's friend and defender, he could not withhold his homage; and that there was one incident connected with his eventful sea-faring life, which had awakened in his breast a livelier interest for Mr. CLAY than anything he had ever seen or heard or read of him in his own country. He stated that many years before, during a long and wearisome voyage, he determined to disembark on the coasts of South America, and spend a short time upon land. He accordingly procured a mule and set out to reconnoitre the country in quest of recreation and amusement; and after traveling some time, without meeting with anything of special interest, he at length descried in the distance a *tall and beautiful shaft* glittering in the sunlight and standing out in bold relief upon the plain before him. Curiosity at once prompted him to take it in his line of travel, and as he drew near he discovered that it was a beautiful and elegant monument, and after spending some time in contemplating its architectural beauty and finish, and speculating upon its probable design he was about turning to depart when his eye caught an *inscription*, and on alighting from his mule and examining it more closely, he found that it bore the name of "HENRY CLAY, *the champion of South American independence.*" And "gentlemen," said the gallant old tar, wiping the honest, manly tears from his sunburnt cheek, "*I never knew what it was to love my illustrious countryman until I had spent an hour in silent companionship with him at the base of his monument in that land of strangers.*"

Mr. Speaker, if ill-fated Greece is willing to expend *her* treasure in honoring the name of CLAY, and if South America can generously open her coffers to erect a monument to his memory, surely we need not distrust the state pride and liberality of his own beloved and devoted Kentucky—the state of his early adoption—the theatre of his earliest trials

and triumphs—the nurse of his genius—his *political Alma Mater*, to which he ever clung with unswerving fidelity and with the wildest idolatry, throughout all the changing fortunes of his eventful life, and in whose maternal bosom it was his desire and hope that he should find at last the urn of his sleeping dust!

Thus identified with him in political fame and fortune, from the commencement even to the close of his public career, and now the honored depositary of his mortal remains, Kentucky, far more than Greece or South America, or any of her sister states, is peculiarly interested in perpetuating to the latest generation the memory of her patriot chief!

And, Mr. Speaker, while I entertain no apprehensions as to the fate of the pending measure, permit me to remark that it would be a matter of deep and general regret to the friends and admirers of Mr. Clay, should this appropriation be made by a *mere party vote in a Kentucky legislature*. Such a result would be especially humiliating to the immediate family of the deceased, who have the holiest claims upon us to be saved and sheltered from such sorrow. But I will not anticipate such a result. I have not forgotten the unanimity which prevailed in this assembly, a few days since, when resolutions respecting his memory were under consideration. Notwithstanding the conflicting elements which necessarily enter more or less into the organization of every such body —the introduction of those resolutions seemed at once to bring all hearts under the influence of one harmonious and universal impulse, to cast over all the spell of kindness, of brotherhood, of affectionate sympathy, as well as of sadness, and without distinction of party, each seemed emulous of strewing the brightest garlands upon the departed patriot's grave. This was indeed gratifying to the political friends of the sainted dead, for it was a just and generous acknowledgment on the part of his political opponents, that although they had differed from him as a *partisan*, they were never-

theless prompt and proud to honor him as a *patriot*, and to attest the general bereavemant by mingling their tears with ours over the tomb of the *great pacificator*. So let it be again

This appropriation is intended only to embody the sense of the house, as then expressed, in a more substantial and endaring form, and ought not to awaken any political asperity of feeling whatever. If what was then so eloquently said of Mr. CLAY by the opposing party *be true*, then indeed does he deserve this tribute at their hands. But, sir, *this day itself*—sacred to the memory of Washington—forbids the exercise of a party spirit. A lively spirit of national *fraternity*, as well as of national glory, pervades our native land to-day, and a thousand patriotic associations and glorious memories throng and thrill the patriot's heart to the exclusion of all partisan selfishness. 'Tis our national Sabbath—a day when the temple of liberty is opened wide and religion and patrioism repair, hand in hand, to minister at her sacred altar; and surely there is none in this assembly who will be found, *on such a day*, bearing the flaming torch of political discord in his hand. 'Tis an occasion, sir, when party spirit should *lose a day*, and all its discordant voices be hushed into one harmonious anthem of gratitude and praise; and 'tis meet, Mr. Speaker, that a portion of the day thus consecrated to him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," should be devoted to the memory of another patriot who, with all the honors and emoluments of the republic before him, "*would rather be right than be president.*' But there is another consideration, which renders it peculiarly appropriate that this tribute should be paid to the memory of Mr. CLAY on this auspicious and ever memorable day. It was on this day, sir, that his own devoted son fell beneath the foeman's stroke on the sanguinary field of Buena Vista—a martyr to his country's cause. On that eventful day, when the shock of battle closed, his man-

ly voice was heard above the clangor of trumpets and the clash of arms, rallying his Kentucky charge to deeds of noble daring, and in the midst of the fearful conflict we find him still leading on, and encouraging his regiment, and infusing his own valor and enthusiasm throughout its serried ranks. But alas! when the "red field is won," and the smoke of the battle field has cleared away, their intrepid leader is found by his brave compatriots in arms, a *lifeless corse upon the plain*, while the trembling turf is yet reeking with the noble blood which streamed from his gallant breast. *To-day*, Mr. Speaker, is the seventh anniversary of that sanguinary contest, which gave to immortality the name of *young Henry Clay;* and while the disembodied spirit of the heroic dead is now perchance hovering over us with anxious solicitude, can we, his countrymen, refuse to appropriate this paltry pittance to the memory of his illustrious sire, when the son himself, in obedience to his country's call, *did not hesitate to appropriate his young heart's blood to that country's service in a foreign land?*

But, Mr. Speaker, aside from all the associations of the day, and the circumstantial array of the occasion, which render it a befitting time to honor patriots, there is surely enough, quite enough, connected with the national reputation and public services of Henry Clay, and wholly disconnected from mere party politics, to authorize this humble tribute to his memory. His true and thorough republicanism of character; his lofty, comprehensive, and intrepid patriotism; his uncompromising resistance of despotic power, and his earnest and *life-long* vindication of human liberty and human rights, present a glorious platform of united action in regard to his memory, broad and liberal enough, it would seem, to unite all parties in politics, and to embrace every portion of our common country.

But, sir, we are not driven to the alternative of resting our appeal to the liberality of the state merely upon his

general character as a statesman and patriot. His career has been *especially* signalized by great public services in times of great public emergency, which, while they have attracted the wonder and admiration of the civilized world, have won forever the affectionate regard of his own countrymen, without distinction of party.

Look back, if you please, to that trying crisis in the history of our government, when the Congress of our infant republic was alarmed and panic-stricken, and our whole people thrown into tumultuous confusion and dismay, upon the application of Missouri for admission into the Union. Behold the elements of political strife lashed into the wildest commotion, and our ship of state rudely torn from her moorings, and rushing furiously, without compass or pilot, upon the fatal reefs of sectional dissension! The republican faith of all is becoming weak and wavering, and even the stoutest hearts are almost ready "*to give up the ship.*" At this critical juncture, behold a dignified and majestic form appears at her mast's head, stilling the fierce tempest—charming down the seething mass with his trumpet-tongued eloquence, and finally conducting the noble vessel and her distracted crew to a safe anchorage upon the constitution and laws of his country. A few years of tranquility intervene, and again the dark cloud of war is seen gathering in the south, and brother seems ready to imbrue his hands in the blood of brother, and again we behold the same conservative patriot stepping forward, like an angel of peace, rolling back the dark cloud of nullification, "until the rainbow of *reason* appeared upon the horizon of South Carolina." Quiet is again restored to our distracted country, and the public benefactor retires to the enjoyments of private life. But soon, alas! our political heavens are again overcast with a yet more fearful tempest. Political parasites are again preying upon the vitals of the republic and reveling in dreams of prospective triumph. An all absorbing question of domestic

policy has been pressing forward for years, to a solemn decision in the sight of God and of all nations, and *the hour of its decision has now come*, and is shaking the country, the constitution and the Union, as with the shaking of an earthquake. America is everywhere calling loudly upon her patriots to rally round the structure of her political organization, and with uplifted hands, to stay the reeling fabric until the storm and convulsion are overpast. It is true, her council chamber is filled with able and eminent politicians; but the crisis calls for more than mere politicians—it demands pure and enlightened, bold and conservative statesmen; and especially does it call for such an one to stay and direct the heady current of popular impulse, and to become her *leader* throughout these troublous times. She hesitates not a moment in her choice; there is *one* who has always stood in her council chamber like *a giant in the midst of a gigantic brood;* and the *eye*, the *hope*, and the *heart* of the nation are at once directed, and fixed and centered upon the *great Cincinnatus of the west.* And by the common consent of all parties he is again summoned from his plow, to rescue the republic from impending danger—to control the wild phrenzy of fanaticism, on the one hand, and to rebuke the fierce spirit of misrule on the other. Occupying this fearfully responsible and delicate position, we behold him standing firm and self-poised, like the proud condor on the rocks of Norway's coast—defying with equal composure the storms which raved and rent the atmosphere above, and the surging elements which towered and dashed and roared below. And although embarrassed and beset on every side with political fanatics and unprincipled demagogues, his conservative counsel at length prevails, and,

"On Disunion's whirlwind loud
He rides like an angel form
And sets his glory in the cloud
A halo of the storm."

Thrice, sir, did this patriot interpose and thrice did he avert the catastrophe of the American Union; and, Mr. Speaker, when we contemplate our illustrious countryman in the moral sublimity of his character as the *great American pacificator*, who, I would ask, can refuse his homage or withhold this tribute to his memory! More especially, sir, when we reflect, that this last and crowning achievement of his senatorial career, was nothing less than the *self-immolation of a patriot to save a distracted country from civil commotion.* From the passage of the compromise measures of 1850 it was evident to all that death had selected his *shining mark*, and that Mr. CLAY must shortly die. His glorious mission upon earth was nobly consummated, and the pale messenger was despatched to beckon him away to an immortal theatre beyond the skies. When this messenger came, it found him, not in the retirement of Ashland and in the bosom of his family, but at the post of duty, which a grateful country had assigned him. But, sir, the christian patriot was prepared to receive this dread messenger as a welcome guest. The great Union battle had been fought and victory won, and sustained by that hope which hangs the promise of immortality on the tomb, the great and good man calmly dies

> "Like one who wraps
> The drapery of his couch around him,
> And lies down to pleasant dreams."

Yes, Mr. Speaker, the Sage of Ashland is no more! "That glorious orb, which for so many years has lighted our footsteps has set in death—the patriot, the statesman and the philanthropist has sunk into the grave."

This mournful dispensation has been followed by the wild wail of a grief-stricken people throughout the length and breadth of the land. The whole nation has been clothed in mourning and bathed in tears. The lapse of time which usually brings consolation, has served only to chasten and to refine this spontaneous outbust of grief into a holier and

deeper feeling of sadness, which is *still silently settling with its leaden weight upon the great popular heart of the nation.*

This is emphatically true of his own devoted state. *Kentucky* still mourns her loss and "refuses to be comforted because he is not." She looks around in vain upon her living host, to find the similitude of her departed CLAY. She misses his majestic form, his bland smile and eagle eye from the social walks of life. She misses his matchless skill, his intuitive genius and overpowering eloquence from her professional forum; and alas! she now misses, for the first time, his warning voice and conservative counsel from the Senate chamber of the United States.

But though dead our noble CLAY is still a *sceptered genius*, and as such, he will continue to sway the American mind, with an undying impulse, from his "mouldering urn." The sentiments, the principles and the patriotism of HENRY CLAY are destined to influence the world of mind and the welfare of nations, until the trump of the archangel shall wake his sleeping dust in the peaceful sepulchre where it now reposes! And yet shall no sculptured column mark the resting place of this great civic hero? Shall the stranger, who may hereafter visit Ashland in quest of the tomb of CLAY, *require the services of a guide to point out to him the little green mound beneath which the patriot hero now sleeps!* Nay! Kentucky cannot—she will not refuse a monument to him whose character constitutes her own proudest monument. She will assist in signalizing the place of his interment—the place chosen by himself, within her own borders, with a colossal monument, worthy of the state, worthy of the nation, and worthy of him whom it is intended to commemorate.

Then, sir, let us vote this appropriation *at once and unanimously.* It will give an impulse to the enterprise and inspire confidence in its ultimate success. The work will then be commenced and I trust pushed to a speedy and glorious consummation. Let it be commenced too upon a most liberal

and magnificent plan and erected by the most skillful and and eminent artists. And should this appropriation and the contributions of private enterprise be insufficient for its completion, my word for it, sir, Kentucky will vote another and yet another appropriation, if necessary, until a monument in memory of her noble son, shall rise in majestic grandeur from her soil, and lift its proud cap-stone far above the storm-cloud and the tempest, into the brighter, purer sunlight of Heaven. It will then be a befitting emblem of the lofty patriotism which, planting itself upon the eternal principles of *liberty, truth, and justice*, towered in peerless majesty before an admiring world, above the clouds and tempests of popular prejudice and passion, until it became, as it were, the radiating point of Heaven's own inspiration! And when the traveler from distant lands shall visit that monumental pile, and there contemplate the character of *Kentucky's Great Republican*, he will realize and respond to the sentiment of the poet—

Land of the west, though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a *name* that darkens all on history's wide page.
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine is heard loudest far;
Let others boast their *satellites*—*thou* hast the PLANET STAR;
Thou hast a name, whose characters of light shall ne'er depart,
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain and warms the coldest heart—
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom wins the day.
Land of the west—*it stands alone*—*thy own devoted* CLAY!

Mr. T. L. JONES, of Campbell, arose and said:

MR. SPEAKER: After the very eloquent and appropriate address which has just been delivered, I am aware, sir, that I could say nothing which would interest the house, or in any manner advance the bill before us. I therefore rise simply to give my most hearty assent, as a member of this body, to its passage, and to add a word of homage to the great character it proposes to honor.

I have been thinking, Mr. Speaker, how happy it was for us poor erring, vacillating, contending mortals, that there were periods in our lives when we could come together in one common sentiment of almost universal brotherhood; that although the currents of feeling were sometimes angry and turbulent, diverging from each other with discordant elements, and lashing with frightful animosity the opposite shores, as we moved along the never ceasing stream of life; yet there were divine principles in our nature, which at other times caused these currents to converge together, and roll on in beautiful and almost pious harmony. I hail the present, sir, as an occasion on which these consoling principles should unite us in sentiment and in action.

It was but yesterday that we were divided with some excitement in the choice of men for particular offices. It was but the other day that the two parties of this house were in almost hostile array, battling with sincere devotion to the interests of each, on the question of apportionment for national representation; but to-day, sir, I thank the "divinity that shapes our ends," we can stand together hand to hand and heart to heart, in perfect realization of that fraternal emblem, which adorns the shield and banner of our glorious commonwealth.

A platform is now presented to us upon which we may stand with perfect unity. We have found a rock—(if I might so typify the great name mentioned in this bill)—on which we cannot split; a rock which has been to us and to our common country a tower of strength since, almost, the day-dawn of our national liberty; a rock which has ever stood firm amidst the vicissitudes of governmental policy and of national strife, for half a century; against which have dashed the waves of bitterest party dissension, of fanaticism, and of threatened disloyalty and revolution. But they have dashed in vain; they have beaten upon it only to be thrown back with accumulated violence, and lost

in their native seas of shame, and, I devoutly hope, in the seas of oblivion. Upon this rock, then, let us build a temple that will in all time prove to the generations to come after us, our gratitude and devotion to the great name it will bear.

The time has come, Mr. Speaker, when our country can afford to honor, in some tangible form, our great men; when, indeed, it is her policy and duty to do so. The first years of a republic, it is true, should be devoted to industrious pursuits; to the development of her natural resources, to the cultivation of the useful arts, and to the practice of a strict and wise economy. But after she has passed the incipient stages, and arrived at years of partial maturity; after she has taken her position amongst the great nations of christendom, it becomes her to do something for honor, and she may afford to do something for ornament.

"Survey our empire and behold our home." Our country now, sir, holds a position than which none is prouder, none more enviable. Within the ordinary life of man she has increased in population from about four to near twenty-six millions; her bright sisterhood has extended from thirteen to thirty-one states, and with domain sufficient for double that number. She has progressed with amazing rapidity in wealth and commerce; her people have advanced in unparalled degree, in all the liberal arts and sciences, and her banner now floats in pride and power from the icy banks of St. Lawrence and the lakes to Mexico's burning sands and boiling gulf, from the storm-driven capes of the Atlantic to the golden shores of the Pacific. She is iron-banded and ocean-bounded. And now, sir, she can well begin to honor with enduring mementos the glorious names who have contributed to her greatness and renown. It is her duty to perpetuate their deeds, not alone by "set phrase of speech," but with the solid granite and the polished marble, more lasting even than the Grecian Acropolis, or the Egyptian pyramid. I want to see my country arrayed as a bride in her jewels,

with plastic monuments to her distinguished sons. It is not enough that she should instill by traditionary lessons or historic pages the remembrance of their great actions in the minds and hearts of her growing children. That will always be done. *Dignum laude virum musa velat mori.* But she should build them monuments to which the unlettered and the untutored may look up and learn.

It may be said, Mr. Speaker, that monumental columns and arches are the insignia of despotic governments—of empires and kingdoms. But not entirely so, sir. Why not otherwise? Why should not republics, even such as ours, raise aloft their own native marble, and engrave it with the names of their patriot heroes and statesmen. The republic of Rome, sir, erected most of the monuments which now, even in their ruin, tell of the magnificence and grandeur of that mother of empires and of states. They were not alone built in the days of her kings and emperors.

> "I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
> Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome."

I have looked upon her crumbling columns and her mouldering arches; I have beheld, in melancholy abstraction, the decaying symbols of her once glorious forum; I have lingered at the gate of Titus, and sat down before the Arch of Constantine; I have stood at the base of Pompey's Statue; I have gazed with admiration upon the column of Trajan, as it lifted its venerable shaft in beauty and majesty to the clouds; and I bethought me, sir, that I should one day see such structures raised to Heaven, not in honor of an eastern conqueror, or a victorious general who had fought for dominion alone, but to perpetuate the gallant deeds, the civil triumphs, the burning patriotism, and true devotion of the glorious men of my own native America. I trust, sir, the time is fast approaching when my Roman vision will be realized. The nation—yes, the world—is building one at the capital to our illustrious Washington. Massachusetts will

build one to her Webster—South Carolina to her Calhoun—and Kentucky must build one to her CLAY.

And now, sir, what can I say, what need I say, of the man for whom this monument is asked? Need I speak to Kentuckians, to Americans, or to the civilized world, of him? I have said on another occasion, that although reared in a distant state and in a different school of politics, I had been taught from early infancy to regard him with reverence, and to look to him as one of the pillars of his country's liberty. I have had the honor to know him, and to see him in the daily discharge of his duties in the national senate, and I have received lessons of patriotism from his own lips. I have admired him for his manly virtues, his indomitable energy, his practical statesmanship, his dauntless prowess, his far-sighted wisdom, his ardent patriotism and his matchless eloquence.

He was a benefactor to mankind—a fit follower of the Father of his Country. Washington achieved our liberties, and CLAY defended and secured them. And let me say here, sir, that I am often reminded as I sit in our daily deliberations and look upon that picture above us, of his resemblance to Washington; although unlike in feature of face, yet in general outline there is to me a striking similitude. That majestic bearing, that proud position, that fair open-handed and manly gesture, seem to me the true characteristics of the noble CLAY.

Then come, gentlemen representatives, I invoke you, men of all parties, on this auspicious day, so dearly consecrated to us by the birth of our first greatest man—the immortal Washington—let us vote a monument to this gallant leader, this patriot statesman and orator, this renowned Kentuckian. Let it be of the purest marble our earth can afford; let it be broad and square, tall and majestic, and splendid, "simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime," as was he whom it is to honor; and so let it lift its proud pinnacle and cleave the skies.

And by some plastic hand, but bold and free, and in letters of fire, inscribe upon it his name. Let the pilgrim from distant lands and the oppressed and down-trodden of all nations of the earth, come and worship at its shrine. "Let labor look up to it and be proud." Let poverty and destitution gaze upon it with emulation and encouragement. And oh! may some poor boy, even from the "Slashes" of a Western "Hanover," as he halts in its shade or lingers at its base, catch the inspiration that made so great, so wide-spread, so glorious, the fame of CLAY.