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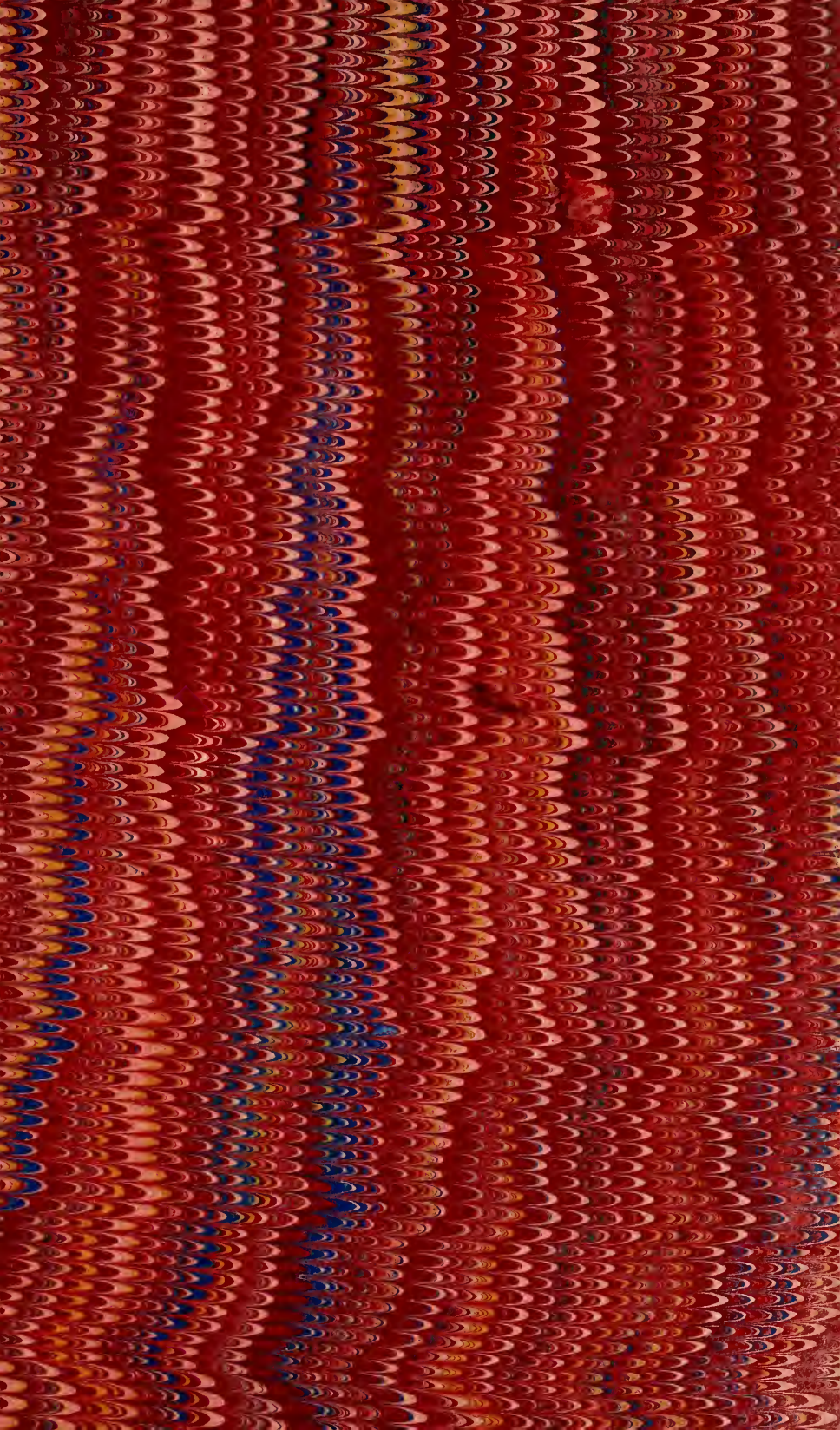
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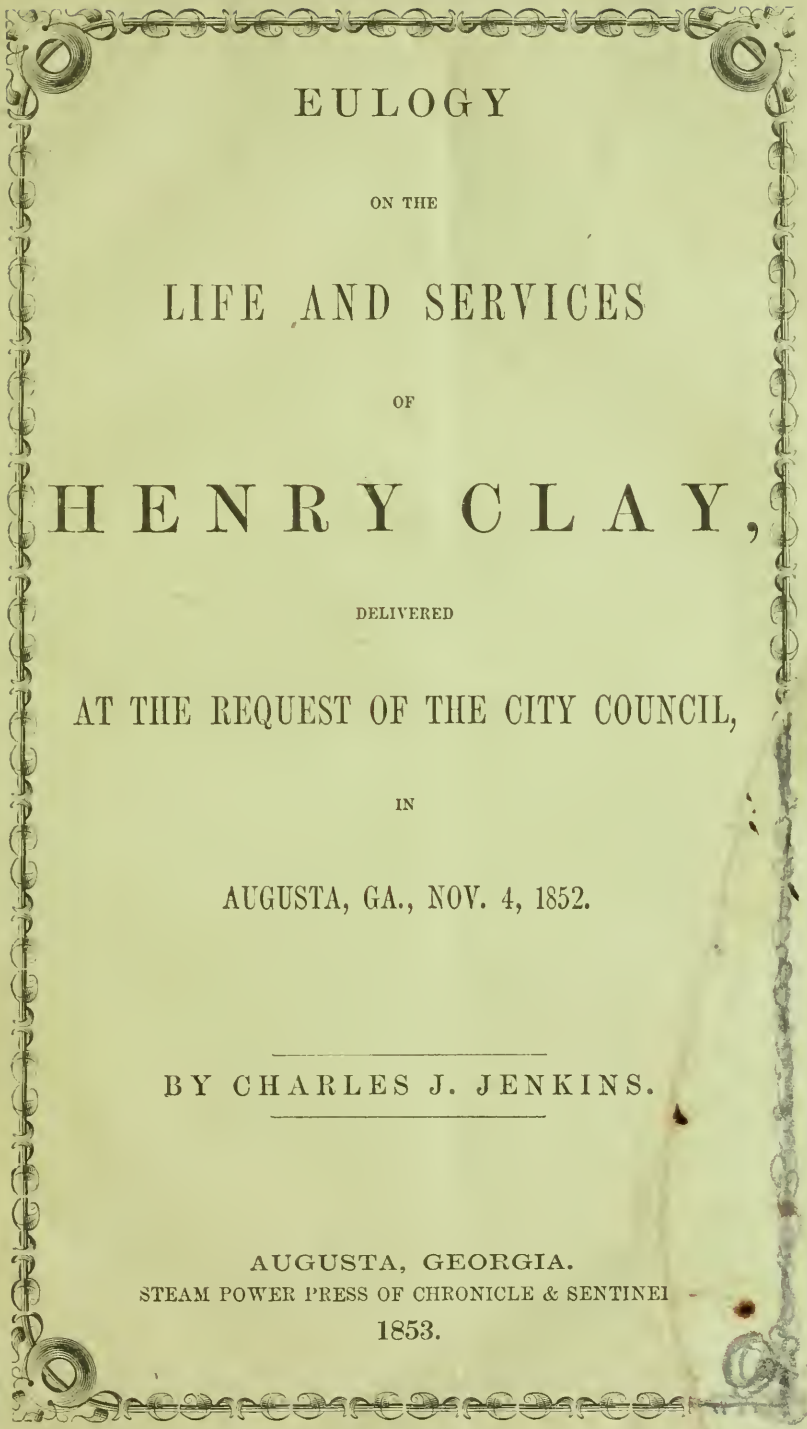












EULOGY  
ON THE  
LIFE AND SERVICES  
OF  
HENRY CLAY,  
DELIVERED  
AT THE REQUEST OF THE CITY COUNCIL,  
IN  
AUGUSTA, GA., NOV. 4, 1852.

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BY CHARLES J. JENKINS.

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AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.  
STEAM POWER PRESS OF CHRONICLE & SENTINEL  
1853.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

REGULAR MEETING OF COUNCIL, }  
AUGUSTA, Nov. 6th, 1852. }

By Mr. MAY, passed unanimously:

*Resolved*, That the Committee on the Clay Eulogy be requested to ask of the Honorable CHARLES J. JENKINS, a copy of the Address delivered by him on the fourth instant, for publication.

A true extract from the Minutes of Council, of Nov. 6th, 1852.

L. L. ANTONY, *Clerk of Council.*

AUGUSTA, Nov. 25th, 1852.

Hon. C. J. JENKINS:

*Dear Sir*:—Above we hand you a resolution, unanimously passed by Council, calling on you to furnish a copy of your Oration for publication. Will you, sir, add to the obligations we are under to you, by complying with the request.

Respectfully, Your Obedient Servants,

G. W. EVANS, }  
JOHN FOSTER, } *Committee.*  
R. PHILIP, }  
B. CONLY, }  
WM. E. DEARING, }

AUGUSTA, Dec. 4th, 1852.

GENTLEMEN:

In compliance with the request of the City Council of Augusta, communicated in your note of the 25th ult., I herewith place in your hands for publication, a copy of the Address delivered by me on the 4th ult.

Very Respectfully, Your Obedient Servant,

CHARLES J. JENKINS.

Hon. WM. E. DEARING, }  
Messrs. G. W. EVANS, } *Committee.*  
R. PHILIP, }  
JOHN FOSTER, }  
B. CONLY, }



## EULOGY.

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The life of a nation, no less changeful in its aspects than that of an individual, continually invites reflection, and each grand phase is replete with instruction. Contemplate a nation at peace—her governmental operations—her industrial employments—her daily contributions to civilization—her temples and their services. Then turn and view the same nation at war—her ordinary occupations suspended or paralyzed—her artisans forging, instead of implements of labor, (now disused) the artillery of death—her sages in secret council—her legions in the field, now achieving victory, now suffering defeat, leaving everywhere on their march the foot-prints of desolation. How dissimilar the pictures, yet how instructive each.

But the course of time is onward, and another spectacle is presented in the vicissitudes of national existence. Peace has re-established her meliorating sway and enterprise resumed her wonted pursuits. The revolving year brings again a day memorable as an historical epoch. Operatives renounce labor, merchants eschew commerce, philosophers forego study; all men, of all degrees, join to lengthen out the pageant—to swell the anthem. Her day of jubilee has come, and the nation exults in its cherished associations. Who so stoical as to look and list, yet feel no thrill.

Once again the panorama changes. Now is seen every where the drapery of mourning; deep gloom, like an ecliptic shadow, rests upon the face of society. The nation bows down under the weight of a common sorrow, uttering no

voice but of lamentation, filling the air with the dirge's solemn tones. She mourns because one, aye a *single one*, of the multitudes in whose lives she lives, has passed away to be numbered among the dead. A great man in Israel has fallen, therefore all the host of Israel lift up their voices and weep. Such was the spectacle presented by this people but a few months since, when the lightning, (man's trained messenger) took up the heavy tidings, and ere the shrouding was done, announced to many millions of his countrymen, that the sage of Ashland was no more.

Ourselves, both spectators and participants of this pervading grief, we may now pause to review the life and services of him, whose demise is felt as a national calamity.

Impelled by associations, awakened by those words of solemn import, may I be pardoned, Fellow Citizens, for turning aside from the specific duty assigned me, to speak of other like calamities that have fallen upon you in quick and overwhelming succession? When the death of CLAY came home to you in sad reality, your thoughts first reverted to the still recent fall of the lamented CALHOUN, then sought relief in the consoling reflection that WEBSTER survived. To *him*, as your country's greatest living statesman, your hope clung. But before the obsequies of the second victim are ended, comes the knell of the third, to fill up the measure of your woe. WEBSTER—CLAY—CALHOUN—names associated with the events of nearly half a century—names which the historian may not separate. Born under the auspices of the American declaration of Independence; rising up simultaneously in the East, in the West, in the South, nobly have they illustrated the principles asserted in that manifesto of a new-born Republic, each supreme in the affections of his own immediate constituency; *together*, an incomparable trio, occupying an elevation, all their own, illuminating one hemisphere, and attracting the admiring gaze of the other. Now, *all* gathered to the Fathers of the Republic, and their lofty eminence—*vacant*. He who can look up to that mighty void, and feel no sorrow, no foreboding of evil, knows not the pulsation of an American heart.



It has been happily remarked that "history is philosophy teaching by example." This is equally true in that enlarged sense, which implies lessons of wisdom deduced from the recorded experience of other nations, and in that more limited one, which supposes prominent actors in the events chronicled, presented to the rising generation, as models to be emulated. The character of a statesman who has so identified himself with his country's life, that his biography is inseparable from her history, is worthy the study of all intelligent minds. Whilst, therefore, we derive a melancholy pleasure in paying appropriate honors to the illustrious dead, ours be the effort to place fairly before the living, an elevated, but attainable standard of merit.

To estimate accurately this merit, although limited by the proprieties of the occasion, to transient glimpses of prominent points in the life of him we mourn, we may not overlook either his childhood, youth, mature manhood, or hoary age. Born in Hanover county, Virginia, during the first year of American Independence, of humble parentage, in the vale of poverty, Henry Clay was deprived in his fourth year of paternal support and guidance. His widowed mother, though true to her sacred trust, could do no more than form the basis of his character, and procure for him in a neighboring district school, the simplest rudiments of an English education. In this Seminary of learning, whose local habitation was an unpretending log-cabin—whose only class books bore the time-honored names of Dilworth, Murray, Pike and Morse—whose faculties of instruction were all united in some absolute pedagogue, unknown to fame, *perhaps* skilled to teach the young idea how to shoot—behold the Alma Mater of Henry Clay. So soon as he had acquired sufficient stature and muscular strength for the lighter labors of agriculture, he was removed thence to a life of daily toil. From this primitive and laborious occupation he passed, whilst still in boyhood, to a clerkship in a petty retail store at the Capitol of Virginia, where he remained until the completion of his fifteenth year. About this time his mother emigrated to the State of Kentucky, having first procured him the

situation of Assistant Clerk, in the high court of Chancery of Virginia. Thus, at the age of fifteen, was he left (as forcibly expressed by himself in after years) "without guardian, without pecuniary means of support, to steer his course as he might or could."

Thrown upon his own resources and earning a meager subsistence, though hopelessly precluded the teaching of professed instructors, he found in his new position sources of information never before accessible. Casual associations to which he was now introduced, both stimulated and aided his untiring efforts in the acquisition of knowledge. The frequent exhibition of forensic ability, awakened a consciousness of adaptation to the pursuit upon which he was a ministerial attendant, and in it he resolved to venture the fortunes of his life. Despite all interposing obstacles and discouragements, before the completion of his twenty-first year, he stood upon the threshold of life with the commission of an attorney and counsellor at law in his hand, modestly inviting patronage and bravely facing competition.

The yearning of a filial heart, now directed his steps towards that fair young daughter of the old dominion, in the shade of whose virgin forests the lot of his surviving parent was cast. Although the portion of life exclusively devoted to the practice of law was brief, success unparalleled as the result of such antecedents, crowned his efforts. Modest yet manly, frank yet courteous in deportment—generous from impulse—truthful in word and act, he conciliated esteem as if by magic. With a fascinating address, a vigorous intellect and a persuasive elocution, he made and improved opportunities, for which others have waited and waiting pined. An appreciating public opened before him a constantly widening field for the exercise of rare abilities, and smoothed the way for rapid advance to the front rank of his profession. In extent and profundity of legal lore, he, of course, encountered superiors, but in those departments of practice, which demanded personal influence, forcible logic or eloquent advocacy, he stood unrivalled.

The same qualities which advanced him to professional

eminence evinced his fitness for political life, and the popular sovereignty of Kentucky, no less absolute than free, quickly transferred him from private pursuits, to public service. Placed in nomination for the popular branch of the State Legislature, without his consent or knowledge, and returned without personal effort, he commenced an active political career, six years after having passed the boundary of Kentucky, a stripling short of majority—a stranger, a friendless, penniless, uneducated adventurer. He may be said to have sprung into life, with this young and vigorous State, growing with her growth, thriving upon her patronage and more than any other native, or adopted son, contributing to mould her character and develop her resources. Most worthily has she repaid his noble services, by a confidence that never waned—a sustaining suffrage that never faltered. Within her borders, was his local habitation, there repose his remains, and her separate State sovereignty, resting upon a territory of unsurpassed fecundity—towering amidst a teeming population of intelligent freemen—embellished by all the insignia of advanced civilization, shall be his enduring monument.

But as Kentucky claims no exclusive property in Mr. CLAY'S fame, so neither did she monopolise his services. Indeed, so unprecedented was the growth of his popularity and influence, that the Legislature which he first entered in 1803, elected him in 1806, to fill a vacancy in the Senate of the United States. Mark now the strides by which this wonderful man moved on to eminence. Fifteen years after having emerged from an inconsiderable mercantile establishment in Richmond, fettered by obscurity, ignorance and orphanage—nine years after commencing life in Kentucky, not then disenthralled from this tripple bondage, three years after his appearance in the State Legislature, behold the farm-boy of Hanover, sitting in council with the Conscript Fathers of America. Nor was he in that august parliamentary assembly, a Senator by the catalogue. Even then and there, his unbending integrity of character, precocious wisdom, and impressive eloquence commanded respect and asserted influence.

Mr. CLAY entered public life in an eventful era of our country's history. Our bold experiment was of doubtful issue, for the Republic was still young, still suffering from the exhaustion of her revolutionary struggle—her internal policy unsettled—her foreign relations disturbed—her Legislature agitated by rancorous party strife. His early Senatorial service was signalised by the advocacy of adequate protection to domestic industry, which he believed essential to the firm establishment of our Independence, and to which he gave a firm and consistent support, throughout a lengthened political course.

In 1811 Mr. CLAY having voluntarily retired from the Senate, was first returned to the House of Representatives, where his claim to pre-eminence was acknowledged by his immediate elevation to the Speaker's chair. Experience approved the choice, for never has that tumultuous assembly so nearly approximated the dignity and efficiency assigned it in theory, as under his administration. Throughout his membership of that body it was questionable, whether the controlling energy of his will in the chair, or his masterly capacity to lead on the floor, was the most urgent necessity of State.

At this time the momentous question of war or peace was forced upon the consideration of Congress. The popular mind had not fully apprehended the exigency of our affairs, and there was, consequently, no public opinion to guide the Legislator. The administration presenting a gloomy picture of our accumulated wrongs, and frankly acknowledging their failure to obtain redress by negotiation, irresolutely deferred a recommendation of recourse to the last argument. Upon this, as upon other questions, parties in Congress were divided. Mr. CLAY, the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the House of Representatives, came forward the fearless and eloquent advocate of an immediate declaration of war with Great Britain. It is no disparagement of his worthy compeers, to say that he was foremost of them all, in overshadowing influence and spirit-stirring appeals. His voice was the clarion of war, that aroused the slumbering

energies of the people, and stimulated their Representatives to a measure of just retaliation. The administration shaking off its irresolution, boldly met the crisis. The declaration went forth, nor throughout that sanguinary conflict, did the spirit of the great Commoner quail or his resources fail the Government.

Let it not be supposed, however, that a state of war was congenial to his taste, or in his opinion promotive of national prosperity. None knew better its exhausting processes, its deplorable results—none more appreciated the opposite consequences of enduring peace. He advocated war as the only possible escape from the degradation of nominal Independence, veiling actual subserviance to a Potentate, whose dominion we had discarded. A series of victories achieved on land, and on the ocean wave, where Britannia claimed to rule, ample demonstration afforded of our purpose, and power to maintain in essential vigor our acknowledged independence; the whole weight of Mr. CLAY'S influence and all the resources of his intellect, were devoted to the restoration of peace. A prominent actor in the negotiations which terminated hostilities—second to none of his associates in the firmness and ability which maintained our just claims, nor in the skill which foiled diplomatic finesse at every point, he is entitled to the sole credit of having secured to us the exclusive navigation of the Mississippi.

With the course of political events in our Country since that time, no statesman has been more intimately connected than Mr. CLAY—no one has so often been recognized on emergent occasions as the leading spirit. In the foreign relations and domestic policy of the Federal Government, he has been equally conspicuous and influential. The intricate subjects of revenue, (involving its sources, collection, safe keeping, and disbursement,)—of a National currency—of encouragement to domestic industry—of internal improvements—of extension and protection to commerce—of the public domain—have all elicited the highest efforts of his mind. For reasons sufficiently obvious, a review of Mr. CLAY'S opinions regarding these recent and exciting topics

of legislation, would be inappropriate to the occasion. They are referred to here as prominent way-marks in his career, denoting the comprehensive range of his statesmanship.

It is not pretended that he was always right; but his eulogist hazards nothing in asserting that, with transcendent discernment, he was always in the *pursuit* of right—always sustained by the conviction of *being* right. Who will venture to question the sincerity with which, in response to a prudential warning, he uttered that Roman sentiment, "*I had rather be right, than be President.*"

But were it conceded that Mr. CLAY'S public services thus far enumerated were unequalled in magnitude, still his most valuable contributions to the general welfare, his noblest offerings on the altar of patriotism, remain to be told. Our chief perils have sprung not from foreign controversy, but from internal dissensions. With so vast an extent of territory, involving great variety of climate and consequent diversity of pursuit, and of social organization, conflict of interest is inevitable. It was foreseen, and its prevention attempted by the framers of our Constitution. The problem they endeavored to solve was the transfer from the States to the Federal Government, of just so much political power as was necessary to maintain rights and promote interests common to all, leaving with them, severally, the residue, as an indispensable safeguard to local interests. But no human foresight could prevent efforts, on the one hand, to resume, or to paralyze, powers delegated, or, on the other, to usurp those retained. Hence, (it has been truly remarked,) the evolutions of our complex institutions, have developed tendencies analagous to the grand opposing forces of the solar system. The difference is, that in the former case, imperfect human wisdom adjusted, as best it could, their balance; whilst, in the latter, Omniscience itself devised their imperturbable equilibrium. Nearly sixty centuries of ceaseless movement, attest the unbroken harmony of the spheres; whilst *one* has three several times witnessed terrific discord among the States. God forbid that either their consolidation or their disunion be registered in the chronicles of its still incomplete cycle.

Passing over the particular questions which, on those occasions, so fearfully agitated the country, with the single remark, that they either originated in, or led to, sectional controversy, let us glance at the position of parties, as indicative of imminent consequences. *The one*, in anticipation of, or opposition to, aggressive Federal legislation, threatened to interpose the ultimate sovereignty of the aggrieved States; whilst *the other* as distinctly intimated the purpose of meeting this interposition with the central power accumulated in the Federal Government. In one instance, it will be remembered, the conflict had progressed to the adoption of an annulling State ordinance, and the issue of a counteracting Federal proclamation—a state of things analagous to the attitude of independent Nations, in the interval between a declaration of war and the first actual collision of arms. To the like extremity, in each of the other instances, events were tending. Here then was positive conflict between those opposite forces, or tendencies, in our system, whose proper balance constitutes its beauty and safety—whose direct antagonism must always endanger its very existence. Each time the controversy reached its crisis in the National Legislature, Representatives of the people, imbued with the phrensied excitement of their constituents, stood arrayed in opposing, I had almost said, in *hostile* ranks. Their acknowledged leaders, champions of extreme opinions, recognized and deprecated the peril, but seeing no escape by conciliation, nerved themselves to meet it. The whole fabric of Government shook to its foundation. Desperation, or dismay, was depicted on every face. But lo! a man of majestic mien, his countenance radiant with the blended light of intellect, of patriotism, and of hope, stands forth in the arena, bearing in his hand a manuscript of unknown import. As with calm and suasive voice he unfolds its contents, all eyes are fixed upon him, all minds intently bent to catch the growing marvel. It is a scheme of pacification, a scroll of destiny. Gradually the spirit in which it was conceived, diffuses itself throughout the assembly, quelling the tumult of passion. Reason, restored to her rightful empire, approves the project, and the impossible

adjustment of yesterday, stands revealed, the happy achievement of to-day. *Then*, millions of American hearts, with oblations of gratitude for deliverance from anarchy and bloodshed, mingled orisons for blessing on the head of HENRY CLAY.

With this imperfect sketch of a life so illustrious, gladly would I leave my Fellow Citizens to their reflections, did not the intellectual and moral traits, whose combination invested Mr. CLAY with power so extraordinary, demand a passing notice.

Who can contemplate his intellect—its gigantic strength, its admirable proportions, its exhaustless energy, without amazement. Versatile, brilliant, profound—employed in the most momentous affairs of the age to which it belonged—an age distinguished for progress in letters, in arts, in Government—it was never tasked beyond its power of efficient action. Unaided by collegiate or academic education, having sprung in early manhood, by a single bound, into the whirl of busy life, his learning was always found equal to his station. Untrained in polemics, his logic was close and vigorous. Without time or opportunity in youth to study the best models of his own or other times, he made himself a model of eloquence. It may truly be said, he had a genius for the diversified services of Republican Government. As a legislator, his resources were unfailing. Called to the Cabinet, his administrative talents shone conspicuously. Deputed to foreign service, he stood confessed an overmatch for the trained Diplomats of the first Court in Europe.

Comparing him with those illustrious cotemporaries who attained his own elevation, and may fairly be designated rivals, it will be found that in some of the prominent attributes of statesmanship, separately considered, he had equals, doubtless, in others, superiors. It was the happy combination of numerous great attributes, that distinguished him from all. Gifts which Nature parceled out among others, she seemed to have bestowed in blended endowment upon him. Such comparison, however, would be incomplete without presenting in just prominence his more profound knowledge



of human nature, his more abounding sympathy with his fellows, his greater familiarity with the avenues to the understanding and heart of man. Hence, in emergencies, his more ready and accurate discernment of the practicable, and of the means adapted to its accomplishment. Hence, whilst others exerted all their energies to effect directly opposite ends, each party claiming to be the exclusive conservators of the public welfare, he often discovered between their extreme positions, a middle ground upon which their conflicting views could be harmonised. On the memorable occasions previously adverted to, (destined to occupy a conspicuous place in history,) the success of his interposition resulted, in a great measure, from a just discrimination between the principle involved, and the extent of its application. Did time permit it might easily be demonstrated, that he surrendered the great principle for which he contended, in *neither* instance. *That* was always preserved intact; *the Compromise* consisting in its modified or restricted application. Studying the Federal constitution, and its authoritative cotemporary expositions with a practical and liberal judgment, he caught the spirit of Compromise in which it was elaborated, and perceived the necessity for its exercise in legislation, within the pale of that instrument. If, in after times, statesmen less discriminating, or less scrupulous should carry it to a ruinous extent, frittering away the provisions of our organic law, the error will be no more chargeable to him, than to the founders of the Government, who gave it the sanction of their example. Let the political puritan, who, repudiating the rule of conduct, would stigmatise the memory of its great exemplars, explain by what other means the benign Government which overshadows us could have been organised or perpetuated.

But the great secret of Mr. CLAY'S mysterious power, lay in the moral attributes that distinguished him. The substrate of his character was truthfulness—whose constant emanations were directness of purpose, and frankness in intercourse. Hence the unquestioning confidence invariably accorded to him by friends and opponents. Conjoined to this

was a moral courage, which, in the expression of opinion, or in the discharge of duty, admitted no pause to calculate personal consequences, which in party evolutions often prompted him to lead where more timid, or time-serving spirits, feared to follow. Feelingly alive to the good opinion of his countrymen, properly appreciating the honors that waited on his brilliant career, no instance can be adduced, in which he swerved from a prescribed line of public policy, or shrunk from a known duty to enhance popularity, or obtain station. True, he was too shining a mark to escape the arrows of detraction; but the judgment of his cotemporaries is, that *they* fell innocuous at his feet. We think of these things now, only to invoke in the awards of both Time and Eternity, pardon for his repentant calumniators. But Mr. CLAY'S courage was without the taint of desperation. To a well matured and clearly ascertained public opinion, he invariably paid that deference, which no wise man ever withholds. If, in accordance with the conclusions of his own reason, none knew better how to wield it as a weapon of political warfare. When, in his judgment, formed upon insufficient data, or influenced by the disturbing elements of passion or prejudice, under the false teaching of Demagogues, his whole nature revolted against tame submission to its behests. Yet ever too wise to meet it with defiance, he would bravely and hopefully essay its reformation. A firm believer in the *integrity*, he never weakly imagined, or eringingly asserted the *infallibility* of the people. With abundant capacity to occupy the bad eminence of Prince among Demagogues, be it remembered among his chief glories, that he was a living terror to those pestilent evil-doers.

Mr. CLAY'S whole life was embellished by a most elevated and catholic patriotism. Doubtless loving with peculiar tenderness, as generous natures always do, the State of his nativity—though ever turning to the State of his adoption, with a filial devotion, such as David cherished for Jerusalem, he regarded Virginia and Kentucky as integral parts of a vast empire, with whose destiny, for weal or for woe, their's and his were inseparably blended. This was the

country he delighted to honor and to serve, for in her Government, practically free in its pervading Representative principle, essentially strong in its federal organism, the most hopeful exponent of regulated liberty developed in the course of time, he found scope for the exercise of his moral and intellectual powers. His thoughts and affections, like combined rays of light and heat, permeated the country in its length and breadth, always converging in its focal brightness upon the Federal Union, commended by WASHINGTON to his children, as the palladium of their liberties. The farewell precept of our venerated Father, he enshrined in his heart and obeyed in his life.

Youthful aspirants to fame and to usefulness, gifted, yet tramelled—ardent yet fainting ; to your emulation we present this brilliant example, which our eyes have seen. Who that would be great and good, like CLAY, living under the same Government, and conscious of latent power, will pause to calculate chances or measure obstacles? Halt not upon the inquiry, whether Nature has endowed you with equal liberality. Stand boldly forward and measure statures with the briefless barrister of twenty. Take each to himself, as he did, a strong will, a brave and virtuous heart, and *on* to the ordeal. Half a century hence will be soon enough to institute comparison with the veteran statesman.

Fellow-Citizens, I have earnestly endeavored to do your bidding, painfully oppressed throughout by the magnitude of the undertaking. There is a merit too exalted for appropriate eulogy—there is a sorrow too profound for adequate expression. Such merit crowns “the life and services of HENRY CLAY ;” such sorrow broods over this multitude, assembled in public recognition of his death.

We may, however, dwell a moment, with melancholy pleasure, upon the appropriate and beautifully harmonious close of a life fruitful of grand results. You all remember, when lately, conscious of having acted well his part, feeling the infirmities and claiming the privilege of age, he retired to the peaceful shades of Ashland, resolved to spend the remnant of his days in domestic quietude. You remember well

how soon that hallowed repose, sweetened by the companionship of his aged consort, the tender and faithful partner of all his fortunes, was broken by startling sounds of civil discord, issuing from the Capitol. Then came to him the voice of Kentucky, saying, arise Time-worn Patriot, resume your robes of office, go up yet once again to the great Council Chamber, and pour oil upon the troubled waters. Obedient to a call never made in vain, he reappears in the Congress of the Nation, with hoary head, and shortened step, and broken voice, but with the fires of intellect and of patriotism burning no less brightly than in the zenith of his manhood. This time, the venerable Patriarch, that old man eloquent, came upon his last mission of PEACE to his distracted Country. That accomplished, he laid himself down to die, amid his compeers, in the scene of his toils and his triumphs, beneath the unbroken arch of the Constitution he had *thrice* rescued from destruction. What though the clouds that lowered at his coming had not all gone to their chambers of darkness! Their lightnings spent, the voice of their thunders hushed, they but lingered in broken fragments around the closing scene, like the drapery of autumnal evening, reflecting in gorgeous hues the light of the departing luminary.

But not alone did Patriotism wait upon that bed of Death. Religion, with *her* blessed ministrations, Holy Religion was there, in his last extremity, pointing his faith to the Cross whereon Divinity incarnate made atonement for ruined Humanity—elevating his hope to the throne of The Eternal, where that same Divinity, reascended, pleads in advocacy of repentant, believing Humanity. How could it be otherwise? Said not He who spake as never man spake, "*Blessed are the Peace-makers, for they shall be called THE CHILDREN OF GOD?*" Then, would *He* permit the pilgrimage of this illustrious Peace-maker among individuals, and states, and nations, to close without the bestowal of that crowning title? Title, verily, of IMMORTALITY, whereby when his ascending spirit had left with EARTH his perishable titles of earthly renown, convoying Angels announced him to the Heavenly Host. EARTH resounded with the wail, ALAS! ALAS!! for

the departed PATRIOT!!! In HEAVEN, swelled the salutary shout—HAIL! ALL HAIL!! DISENTHRALLED CHILD OF GOD!!!

Thus, in a good old age, his mission finished, his intellect unimpaired, his fame unblemished, passed the spirit of HENRY CLAY. But his *mantle*—*his* mantle, Oh, my Country, upon *whom* has it fallen? Though hidden now from our view, let us cherish the hope that it rests upon the shoulders of some unknown Elisha, waiting to be revealed in the dealings of that GRACIOUS PROVIDENCE, who, in the extremity of our peril, has always brought forth a deliverer.







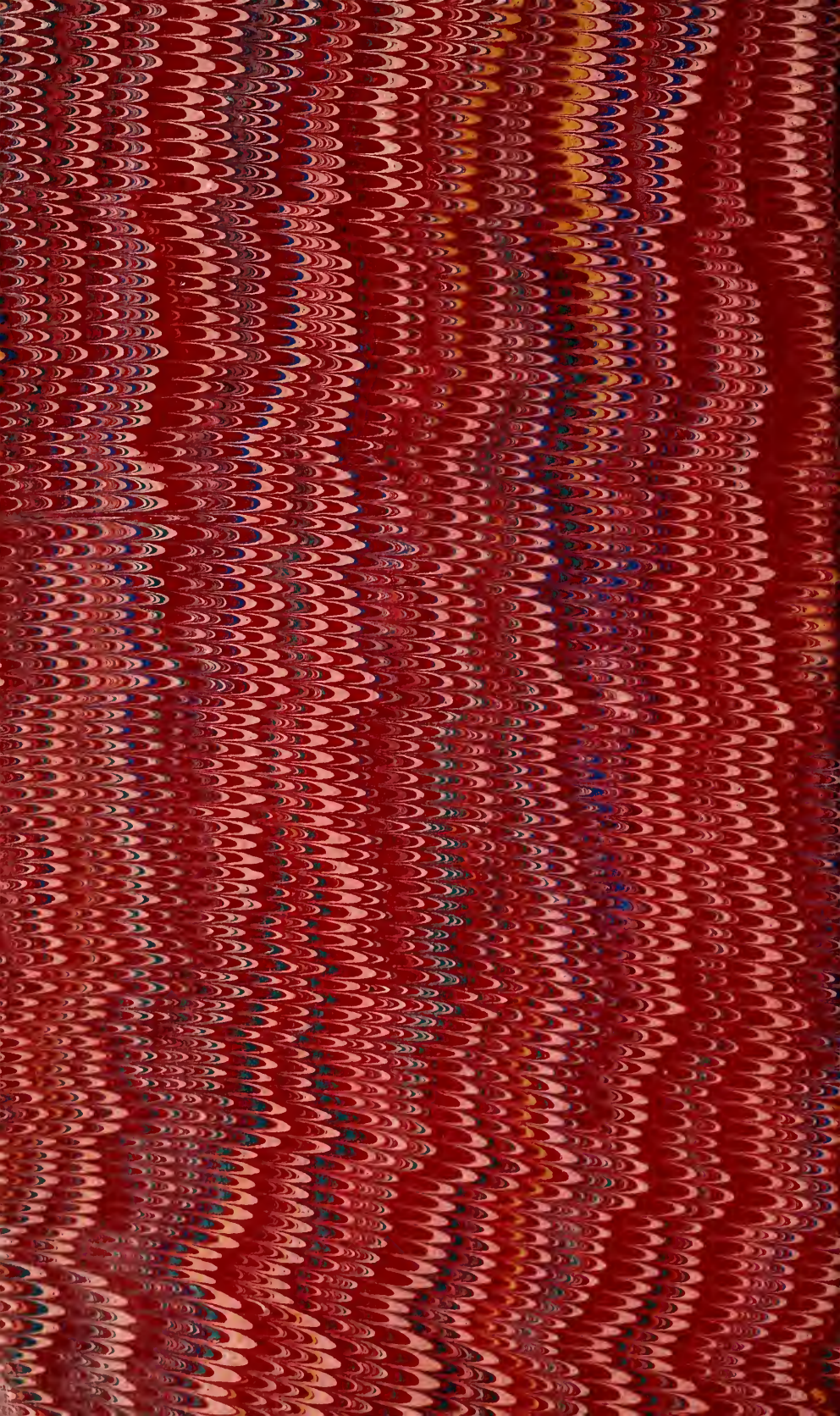


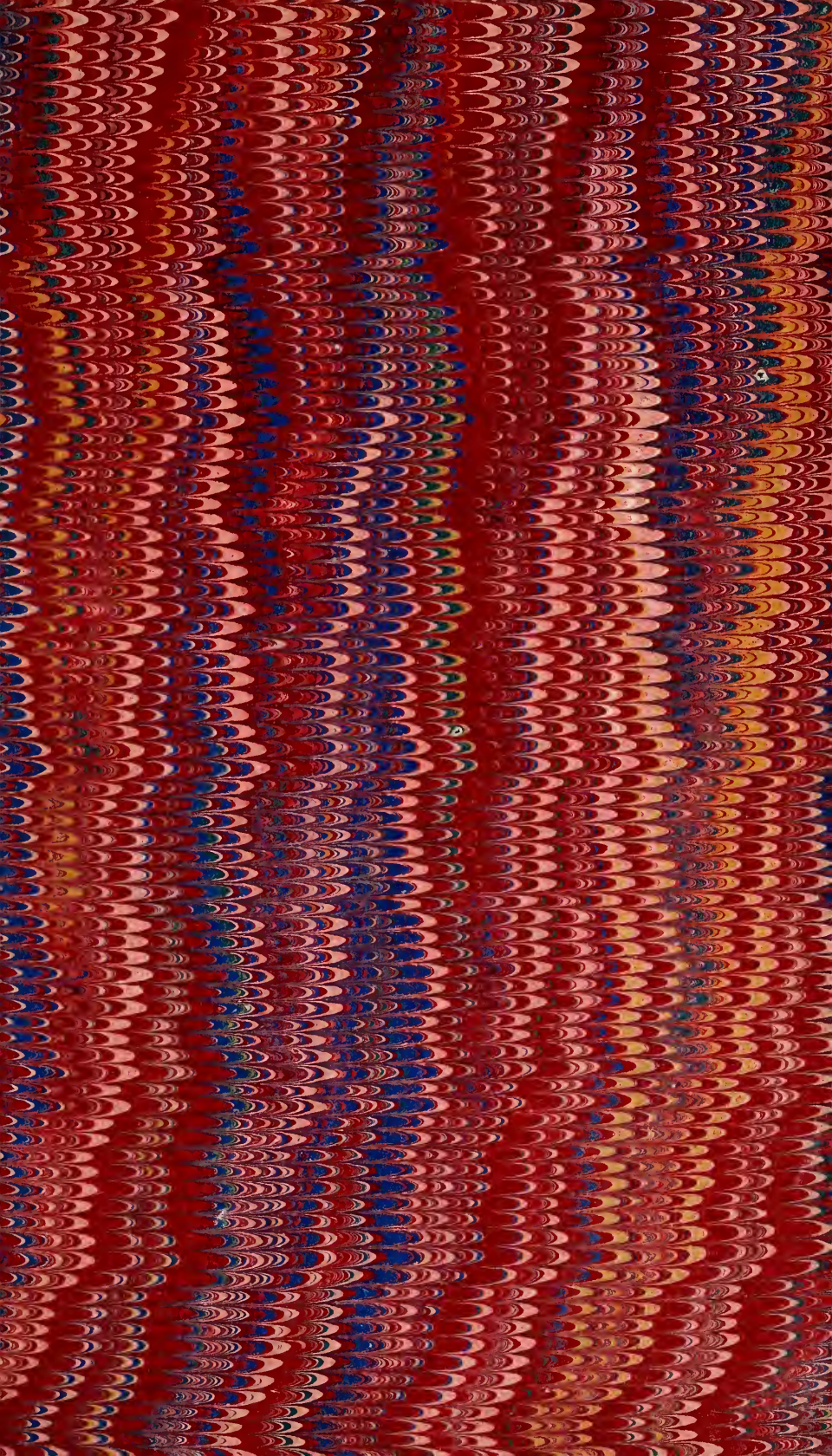












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