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A

FUNERAL ORATION,

ON THE

CHARACTER, LIFE, AND PUBLIC SERVICES

OF

HENRY CLAY.

Delivered in Cincinnati, Nov. 2, 1852,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE

CLAY MONUMENTAL ASSOCIATION OF OHIO.

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BY CHARLES ANDERSON.

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IN MEMORIAM.



## O R A T I O N .

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FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN :

THE Time and the Place of HENRY CLAY'S birth seem to me to have been singularly if not wonderfully auspicious and notable. Let us at the outset, pause to consider these co-incidences in some detail. We may discover in them quite a clue to his future character.

He was born on the 12th of April, A. D., 1777, or within less than a year after the Declaration of our National Independence, July 4th, 1776. HENRY CLAY and our Nation, therefore, were strangely coeval. They were simultaneously conceived! Is not this a most striking co-incidence? Surely, of all the years in a nation's history, its first is that in which it seems the fittest that its benefactor-statesman should be born. It may be perhaps a romantic conceit; but destiny indeed would seem to have thus provided, contemporaneously with the nation itself, a soul and mind the best constituted and adapted to her perpetuation and improvement. Beginning his existence in the fresh moments of his country's Independence, he seems to have inhaled its spirit with the first air into his infant lungs, as the vital principle of his own great nature. And through his long public career, from his first vote or speech to that last deliberate act of patriotic martyrdom, the truest and fullest independence of that native land, was the chief object of his daily labors and his nightly prayers. Was it not a most appropriate Providence that he and it should have been born together?

But the *place* of Mr. CLAY'S birth is as note-worthy as its time. He was born in Hanover county, Virginia. And Hanover county was at once the birth-place and home of that other HENRY—PATRICK HENRY—the patriot of the Colonies and of the Revolution! It was Hanover county, which in 1765, eleven years before the Declaration of Independence, elected this her first HENRY, to the Virginia House of Burgesses, for the express and single purpose of opposing the British Stamp Act. And it was *he*, whilst so representing *her* who, in the words of the author of that Declaration, “certainly gave the first impulse to the ball of revolution.” It was he, that gallant first great commoner of this Hanover county, who in the midst of the magnificent debate upon his own resolutions against that measure, (as we are told by his biographer,) and whilst descanting upon the tyranny of the obnoxious act, exclaimed in a voice of thunder, and with the look of a God: “Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third——” “*Treason!*” cried the speaker. “Treason!! treason!!!” echoed from every part of the house. HENRY faltered not for an instant; but rising to a loftier attitude, and fixing on the speaker an eye of the most determined fire, he finished his sentence with the firmest emphasis—“*may profit by their example.* If this be treason, make the most of it!”

It was this same county which in the year 1774, in her instructions to her delegates to the Williamsburgh Convention, published to the world these memorable words: “Let it suffice to say once for all, we will never be taxed but by our own representatives. This is the great badge of freedom.” And, (as if the first to foreshadow our present blessed Union,) it was she also who startled her colonial sisters with these electric words “*United, we stand—divided, we fall!* To attain this wished-for *Union*, we declare our readiness to sacrifice any lesser interest arising from a soil, climate, situation or productions peculiar to us.”



This, be it remembered, was more than two years before the Declaration of Independence. Brave and generous old Hanover!

It was that first HENRY of Hanover, who uttered these Spartan sentiments: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

It was this same first mover "of the ball of revolution," who having assembled the independent company of Hanover at New Castle, on the 2d of May, 1775, appealed to them in his renowned harangue, and told them that "for his own part, he was anxious that his native *county* should distinguish itself in this grand career of liberty and glory, and that the *Hanover Volunteers* should thus have an opportunity of striking the first blow in this colony in the great cause of American liberty."

And it was *against* "a certain PATRICK HENRY of the county of Hanover, and a number of deluded followers styling themselves an Independent Company," that the British Governor on May 5th, 1775, issued his proclamation of *Treason!* These, my fellow-countrymen, were the people amongst whom, and such were the place and the era in which HENRY CLAY was born—in the true cradle of American Independence, and in the same year in which its earliest existence began!

It may be, ladies and gentlemen, that I have over-estimated the degree of interest which ought to be attached to these incidents, of the time, place and circumstances of HENRY CLAY's birth. Yet I cannot forbear making still another allusion to them, which is quite as remotely connected with my subject. Indeed, it is as much for reasons personal to myself as for any other, that I venture to introduce it. It may serve as an apology, if not for my appointment, at least for my acceptance of a task to which I am so illy suited.

In the fourth volume of the American Archives, fourth series, page 878, I find the following entry: "At a meeting of the Hanover Committee, on Monday, the 29th of January, A. D. 1776, the following gentlemen were chosen officers of the company of regulars, to be raised in this county, viz: Richard C. Anderson, captain; John Anderson, first lieutenant; Wm. Bentley, second lieutenant; and Robert Tompkins, ensign." Signed WM. BENTLEY, *Clerk*.

And thus it was that my own father, a native also of that same revolutionary Hanover, one of the "deluded followers of her first HENRY," styling himself too a "Hanover Independent," had just before the birth of this her second HENRY, devoted himself likewise "to the great cause of American liberty." And if upon that 12th day of April, 1777, there existed in the county of Hanover, or in all the American colonies, one solitary being more helpless than any other, and who therefore more needed the protection of that consecrated soldier, or whose protection and preservation were more essential to the future prosperity and glory of his native land, (excepting one alone,) it was that infant HENRY CLAY. The plumed father in arms, there and then sentinelled and guarded his first cradled slumbers. Is it unmeet, that even the youngest and least worthy of his sons, after years of earnest and zealous defence of his principles and character whilst alive and in manhood, should here and now thus meditate in tears over the last repose of his tomb?

I have not, however, reverted in either of these instances, to the period, place and personages before mentioned, as mere narratives from his history. On the contrary, my main purpose was to lead you to this inquiry: What effect upon the budding character of this baby-boy, had that revolutionary era, that revolutionary county, and that revolutionary pioneer—PATRICK HENRY of Hanover? They became the first traditions of his young memory, the first affections of his dawning heart. What influences had they



each and all, in moulding and setting his pliant and plastic infant faculties into the firmness and strength of his manhood? It were inquiring indeed too curiously, to pursue on this occasion a philosophical investigation of that control which these incidents, as moral causes, must have exerted upon his future conduct and career. But it is so strange a fact as to enforce our attention, that HENRY CLAY became deeply imbued—replete indeed—with the spirit of that time and place, and more like PATRICK HENRY than was any other American, or than he was like any other personage. In oratory, wherein they also most singularly resembled, the two stand in American history alone and absolutely beyond and above the reach of rivalry or competition. Their moral natures too, were alike ardent and resistless. They had the same contagious gallantry of word, deed and spirit. Their patriotism was in both an absorbing personal passion, as eager as a first love, and as vigorous as self-interest. And a spirit of proud and ever-present manly independence, was the predominant sentiment and trait of each. And this last feature of Mr. CLAY'S character certainly seems, as I have already said, especially appropriate and natural to one born in the year of Independence and in that county of old Hanover.

At the early age of fourteen years, MASTER HARRY left the maternal nest—the young fledgling!—and became a sales-boy behind the counter of a small retail store near the market house, in Richmond city. What fisticuffs he there inflicted and endured, what red-nosed victories he won, and what black-and-blue defeats he suffered, before he could identify himself with the clothes and the manners of the city boys, and so become one of them—or before he had satisfied them all, that in any color or of any shape or fit, the “old Hanover homespun” was not exactly the sort of stuff to be run over or trodden upon—alas! for the omissions of history, we know not. Doubtless they were many, and it may be when in conflict with boys

“not of his size,” very grievous to his proud young spirit. But his must be a most careless or blunt perception in human character, who has not noted what a very independent class of youngsters are the “Chapman Billys,” on the market street of a small American city.

The mother having contracted a second marriage, moved with her younger children and new husband, Mr. Watkins, into the western wilderness of Kentucky. HENRY, after a year's experience of men and things as a merchant, entered the office of the clerk of the High Court of Chancery. Here, as is often the case where youngsters are thrown into such relations with grave business men of any craft or profession, he became such a favorite and pet of Chancellor Wythe, that their mutual friendship soon ripened into actual confidence on the part of the senior, and of an inextinguishable reverence on the part of the boy. Years afterwards, whilst imparting to the House of Representatives the treasures of wise counsel, which these confidences had disclosed to him, he paid a most earnest and heartfelt tribute to the mental and moral worth of this his first friend amongst the great. And in private life he never mentioned him, but in gratitude and with praise.

To obviate the necessity of a recurrence to this stage of his life, it may be as well to add here, that in this school he was subjected to a discipline and training in those systematic habits of business industry which never forsook him, and which developed in him those remarkable powers of so closely observing human character, that

“He looked quite through the deeds of men.”

And in this situation too, it should be observed, as we pass, that his duties and daily associations tended, in an unusual degree, to cultivate and increase his natural bias and previous progress towards a thorough independence of character. An orphan, hundreds of miles distant from his mother or other kindred; an associate of men of estab-



lished business and of high reputations from the beginning of his boyhood, acting upon all the responsibilities and self-reliance of manhood—his every condition in life seems to have combined providentially with his native temperament to promote the developement of this quality.

About six months before attaining his majority, he voluntarily abandoned all the attractions of this refined sphere of social life so charming to young men, and migrated also to this the then 'far West,' and to Kentucky, yet the 'dark and bloody ground' of pioneer tradition.

It would be needless to remark to his cotemporary pioneers if they were present, that this act of migration itself was at that period invariably considered as a conclusive proof of great personal enterprise and independence of character. Such spirits alone were capable of the sacrifice of the real comforts left behind, and equal in positive courage to the dangers apprehended before. To us of this age who were born here, or to others who see the West as it now is, certainly this statement appears almost incredible. It is nevertheless literally true.

It may serve to exemplify those changes in the standard of money values, as well as of other things, which are continually taking place in civilized communities, to note the fact, that HENRY CLAY's most sanguine expectations of ultimate success in his profession, only looked timidly to the possibility of making "as much as £100 Virginia money per year." And to obtain this pittance, he dared, at such an age and under such circumstances, a competition with a bar as able in proportion to its number, as could now be found in the United States.

An immediate and signal success in his profession, soon brought him before the attention of all, as being peculiarly adapted to public life. Accordingly, he at once entered upon the career of politics, and in so far as his own County, District or State were concerned, it never failed him in a single step of his exalted ascent. From the first moment of his



settlement at Lexington, there was never a station for which he was a candidate, to which he was not certainly and easily elected. Whoever else misjudged and condemned him, his neighbors and his fellow-Kentuckians—they who knew him longest and knew him best—neither flagged nor faltered in their constant approbation and their zealous support. And here stands in history, a monument to his fame more durable than bronze or marble. Fifty years of unshaken confidence by a rural constituency, unsurpassed in any age or country for right-mindedness and sound, unaffected morality, can leave no doubt in any rational mind, that its object was one entirely worthy of such faith.

From this period in his life he has been literally before the world. And the world too has taken note of his presence and elevation. Henceforth, therefore, I shall make no reference to the events of his life, for the purpose of specifying their occurrence. I may occasionally and informally mention some of them, solely as known and undenied facts, with a view further to exemplify or illustrate my own theory of his character. And as my wish is, in all simplicity and truthfulness, like a faithful portrait-painter, to present as just and perfect a resemblance of my original as my powers of perception and language can observe and depict, I will at once state distinctly, what I suppose to have been the moral and mental features and parts, which composed this very extraordinary but well proportioned whole. This order of presenting my subject, will certainly diminish that rhetorical interest, which the surprise of sudden conclusions or more highly finished views would excite. But these general sketches, like anatomical drawings, although destitute of both superficial likeness and beauty, will furnish clearer and more defined images of the framework or skeleton of the character to be represented. And both time and art would fail me in any effort at a more complete portrait.

Some of the leading traits of Mr. CLAY'S moral character might be inferred from the view which has already been presented, since those qualities which it is necessary to specify are generally the elements or the incidents of Independence. But in him they were more conspicuous and remarkable than mere constituents or accessaries usually are. They were so strong and well defined in his nature, as to have become themselves generic and elementary. For a personage could well have all the component qualities of independence in a far less degree than Mr. CLAY possessed them, and still be truly and even strongly independent. In truth, I admit that he possessed this quality in excess.

He was then, during life, a man of singular truthfulness of thought and speech; of incorruptible honesty in all his private dealings, and of unstained faith in all his public pledges or obligations; of pre-eminent moral and physical courage, whether doing or suffering—active and passive; of undaunted perseverance and resolution in difficulties the most threatening and under defeats the most disastrous and overwhelming; and of great warmth of attachment to principles as well as to persons. He had also an iron will, and like all men of great minds who perceive clearly and feel strongly, he seemed—nay, *was* quite positive and arbitrary towards the more obtuse and impassive crowd, which it is ever necessary either to draw or to drive. In this respect as in a great many others, he was peculiarly like his great adversary, Gen. JACKSON. But the whole world knows all this. There are other qualities however, which were equally distinctive in his composition, but which are not so generally known because, from their sphere and modes of exercise, they do not appear so conspicuously in public view. Of course too, the evidences of their existence must also be less familiar to the mass of his countrymen. Amongst these less known virtues, Mr. CLAY had habitually great constancy of faith in his friends, and was always the last to suspect them of treachery, or of any other want of principle.



A yet nobler trait of his disposition was an ever-ready forgiveness of insult or injury to himself, whenever there was the slightest reason to believe that the offender was afterwards disposed to do him justice. Often has he forgiven and again taken into his friendship men, who had the most deeply injured him in public estimation, or who had grievously insulted him in private life. Towards detected and convicted dishonesty or meanness, whether exerted against others or himself, he was, it must be confessed, not only implacable and violently indignant, but actively and sometimes almost ferociously vindictive. On such occasions, he knew no policy or prudence in speech or manner, but became wholly ungovernable in his passions. His natural combativeness and love of the right seemed to overwhelm his general tenderness and kindness of feeling. Another apparent exception to his magnanimity and spirit of forgiveness, occurred in those instances in which he thought any attempt had been made to tyrannise over him, or in any way to encroach upon his rights of personal independence. In such cases, he was as persistent and obstinate in a quarrel as Hotspur represents himself to have been in a bargain. He would

“Cavil on the ninth part of a hair.”

Generally, his pride of character could brook no crowing or muffling of feathers or picking of straws about him. A genuine game-cock himself, he could live in amity with his equals or inferiors, but he never acknowledged—as I believe he never met, either in England or America—a superior.

It has been almost an invariable custom, not only upon occasions like this, but for many years during their lives, to institute comparisons between the great American senators, CLAY, CALHOUN and WEBSTER. They have been justly called the great triumvirate of American intellect. And this common supremacy over all their cotemporary countrymen, may have naturally suggested to their respective friends



this comparison, for the purpose of awarding the palm between themselves. Besides, for the purpose of explicit analysis and description of an unknown character, it is of course very convenient to compare it with a standard character, which may be well understood alike by the hearers and speaker. And in all metaphysical exercises too, it is far easier and more intelligible to say what a mental faculty is like than to explain what it is. With these views only, do I follow this precedent; for in my judgment, three minds of equal eminence, and occupied in the same arena at the same time, could scarcely be found more unlike than these. And to the question, so often and so vainly mooted, which of the three was the greatest mind? I have often thought the child's method of answering the question, "who it loved the more, father or mother?" would present the most sensible solution in the case. To such interrogatories, in the confusion of its evenly-balanced affections, or in its effort to estimate sentiments of a somewhat different nature, the ingenuous prattler blushing murmurs—"Both!" So I think in this question. In that mental faculty which pre-eminently distinguished either one of these illustrious men, neither of his rivals was so endowed as to surpass many other cotemporaries in our country, and much less to equal him. And in that power of mind which predominated amongst the faculties of either of them, he not only far excelled the other two, but all of his countrymen whose minds have been subjected to public scrutiny.

Mr. CALHOUN's leading trait of mind was a searching and vigorous power of analysis. His natural tendency towards abstruse if not metaphysical studies, was greatly strengthened by the circumstance that his lot was cast amongst a people singularly addicted to such speculations. The southern Americans—and especially perhaps the Virginians, from abundant leisure and other causes, more than any other people with whom I have associated or of whom I have read, except the Scotch and Germans—most habitually

exercise and disport themselves with nice distinctions and generalizations. Mr. CALHOUN'S mind was of this order. But it was the first of its class. His was no hair-splitting in trifling and vain disputations. But with the earnestness and solemnity of a profound intellect conscious of great powers and therefore responsible for their just use, he zealously and actively employed them in great and as he believed most vital questions—the fundamental and essential principles of government and of public rights. And it is doubtful whether, in this department of republican life and duty, he had his equal amongst his countrymen of any era.

In addition to that invariable impulse to its own exertion which every predominant faculty necessarily creates, an event in his political career called forth and ever kept his peculiar powers in a most bitter and morbid exercise. He was displaced, you will remember, from his natural rank of priority in his party, by an intrigue of a man far more skilled in such arts than an earnest and guileless nature like his ever was or ever could have been. And being thus foiled in his high aim of presidential and national honors—and it will be long ere our country will have a fitter or better president than he would have been—he devoted himself as if by superstitious rites, to the alternate propagation and defence of his special political doctrine, which at once suited and required such mental traits as I have ascribed to him. Every one here knows, with what vast and varied powers of logic—with what honest, earnest, single-hearted zeal, yet with what 'one-ideaed' pertinacity—this pure and great man pursued his favorite dogmas, and to what extraordinary lengths and at what unseasonable and inappropriate times and places he urged them. With him every subject, however well it may have been started in its natural and straight-forward direction, was soon slyly twisted or forcibly whirled into "States' Rights and Nullification." It is a melancholy thought, but I have sometimes suspected this most powerful and exalted mind, by reason of its morbid



and chronic excitement, to have been almost upon the verge of monomania.

How unlike him in mind and temper was Mr. CLAY! His natural inclination was with the real and palpable world. And his early education and pursuits, though a Virginian, only strengthened that tendency. Mr. CLAY scarcely ever in his life discussed a question of constitutional philology, and never one of metaphysical distinctions. Mr. CALHOUN always and to a great extent employed his mind in such studies and exercises, and since 1829 he rarely discussed any other. The one, a practical man, worked amongst and by men, upon things equally real. The other, severing all bonds which united him with men through their ordinary interests or sympathies, devoted his extraordinary reasoning powers exclusively to the abstruse generalities of a special subject.

Although quite as ambitious of that crowning honor of American fame as Mr. CALHOUN was, and although stirred by far more ungovernable natural passions than he, yet under like and even more bitter disappointments, Mr. CLAY'S remarkably sound and clear judgment assisted his more placable and sanguine temperament to assuage the bitterness of his chagrin, and to wipe out all the sadness of its memory. And again and again did he return, like another Camillus, with a healthy and cheerful spirit to the hard service and barren honors of an unappreciating and ungrateful country, and of his whole country too—whilst, as we have seen, with far less original violence of impassioned and resentful disappointment, the great and noble southron settled into a sullen, moody and almost misanthropic seclusion from national affairs during the remainder of his life. The moral constitution of Mr. CLAY was certainly better organised in this respect, than that of his southern rival.

With DANIEL WEBSTER, the comparison will present more points of resemblance, though still very few. Like the others, he was also a man of indefatigable industry. And



like both, (Mr. CLAY always, Mr. CALHOUN in the first half of his manhood,) he was a man of affairs, or as we say, of business. But I much doubt whether—either in comparison with his own other traits and habits, or with those of many other men—Mr. WEBSTER was ever especially and pre-eminently distinguished in this respect, as was Mr. CLAY. The spheres of Mr. WEBSTER'S industry in early life were wholly, and even in his latter years, essentially different from Mr. CLAY'S chief fields of labor. WEBSTER'S boyhood and youth were ardently given up to the acquisition of a various and profound scholastic education, whilst the subject of our reflections—a mill-boy, a grocer's salesman and a deputy clerk of court, during the correspondent periods of his life—was subjecting himself to the drudgeries of systematic labor, and to the study of men and things. And each in his own sphere, consequently attained a superiority which no lapse of time or change of circumstances ever reduced within the range of competition by the other. Mr. WEBSTER was always infinitely beyond Mr. CLAY in scholarship. Mr. CLAY just as far surpassed him in his aptitude to business, in his knowledge of mankind and his control over living men. It is almost needless to say that the latter is much the rarer and incomparably the higher order of faculties. A departed congressional friend of both, (Hon. JOSEPH H. CRANE,) used to exemplify this superiority by describing WEBSTER as resembling some black-visaged genius, implicitly but somewhat moodily following the finger of CLAY, as if it were the wand of a fair enchanter who had conjured up and now directed his vast powers at his own absolute will.

And after their entrance into professional and public life, their occupations were still very diverse. For many years, WEBSTER was wholly occupied by legal studies and legal practice. Until 1829, indeed the law may be said to have been his only pursuit. Politics was an accident with him. He had acquired a national fame as a great mind, engaged

in the Law, long before he held a seat in Congress. And although such a mind must distinguish itself wherever it may appear, still his most indiscriminating admirers must admit, that in the House of Representatives, he did nothing at all commensurate with his previous professional and literary fame. The reason is obvious. He was only a great mind, a great scholar, a great lawyer, sitting, not acting in Congress. Other qualities are indispensable in that sphere. And DANIEL WEBSTER was then, at least, neither a politician nor a statesman.

Mr. CLAY, on the other hand, entered at the beginning of manhood, with all his native vigor and all a Kentuckian's enthusiasm, into political life. And from that time until his death at the Capitol, the affairs of his country were his affairs, and the public service his arena of labor and ambition. The Law, like his pleasures, were a variety and relaxation. It is very true and very singular, that he never relinquished the regular practice of his home circuit for a period of more than fifty years. Still, the main thing with him, was politics. His profession became from the beginning, a mere incident. He was, therefore, first a politician by profession; then a statesman by attainment. He was never a lawyer, in the sense and to the degree that Mr. WEBSTER was; nor was WEBSTER ever a statesman, in the sense and to the degree, that Mr. CLAY was. The latter was by no means, an indifferent lawyer, when compared with ordinary standards. In truth, he was far better read in the learning of his Profession, and infinitely more skilful and able before both courts and juries, than a host of very celebrated mere lawyers. But, he was not a great Lawyer; MANSFIELD, MARSHALL or WEBSTER being the standard. And WEBSTER was not a great statesman, either as to knowledge or efficiency, if PITT, JEFFERSON, or CLAY were in the comparison. Mr. CLAY has left no legal land-mark and monument, like the argument in the Dartmouth College case. Mr. WEBSTER never, in his life, originated, nor carried through the process



of legislation, a single public measure of importance. Whilst the instances of such authorship and parliamentary abilities in Mr. CLAY'S public service—and often in the face of an adverse party-majority, and in opposition to the earnest wishes of hostile Executives, at one time almost autocratic, at another secret, ingenious and sly, and at another treacherous and corrupt—are too numerous and notorious for recital.

Our volumes of Congressional Debates are full of great lawyer-like arguments, or wise and scholarly commentaries by the Massachusetts Senator, upon the public measures, which his great rival, or others, had devised and brought forward. But he originated nothing himself, for the interest of his country, in all the many embarrassments of Peace and War, of Prosperity and Adversity, in which, during his long congressional career, he had so often beheld her.

In Mr. WEBSTER'S diplomatic offices, he has been more successful, in his exhibition of statesmanship. Though, even in this department, he has been generally, if not greatly overrated. And, as to the celebrated Hulseman correspondence, like most of his other diplomatic writings, he rather performs the part of a great advocate than of a sound International Jurist and Minister of State. The most that can be said of it, in my poor and single opinion, is, that it was an able defence, in exceedingly bad taste, of an utterly indefensible proceeding of his predecessor. Call him "Spy," or "Commissioner," or whatever epithet or title you may, Mr. MANN was in Austria, under false pretences, enjoying her hospitalities, through the deceits of a passport, which represented him as coming and remaining there, for one purpose, whilst it was really a very different one; passing, as a private, neutral, peaceable person, whilst, upon certain contingencies he held a secret commission, from the American Government, (as the Austrians considered it) to foment Rebellion, to encourage War and Bloodshed, and to incite a dismemberment of that Empire. The nature of



the whole transaction is sufficiently indicated by the fact, that neither this Government nor the Commissioner could venture to disclose the real purposes of his mission. In a like case, in our Country, if the federal Courts in Charleston or Boston, should discharge such a British 'Commissioner' on a regular trial, there sometimes meets another Tribunal, under whose irregular and summary verdict, he would assuredly have met at least the certain death of a 'spy.' It is the very absurdity, the mockery of fanatical enthusiasm in personal idolatry, to print on satin and translate into all languages, or to enact any other extravagance of word, or deed, over this most ingenious and eloquent, but bragging defence of a proceeding so Un-American and un-republican. I say nothing to disparage Col. MANN, who is represented as a very worthy, sensible gentleman, and a very zealous and efficient officer. Nor was the fault, to the least degree, with Mr. WEBSTER, but in that miserable cause, which others had left him, to defend. But, if our Government wishes to "intervene," let it in the name of all fairness and manliness, do so openly. If she desire to send succor or sympathy to Hungary, let her accredit her commissioner to Pesth, not smuggle her spy into Vienna. Thank heaven! for his better opportunities, the fame of DANIEL WEBSTER rests on no such foundation as this. In the same field of discussion, his part in the Ashburton negotiations, and his correspondence upon the Quintuple Treaty, being topics worthy of him, evince a far higher order of mental power and moral courage. I can not think so favorably, however, of his letters in the more recent questions, concerning our Fisheries and the Lobos Islands.

To return to a brief comparison, in this respect, of himself and Mr. CLAY, as Secretary of State; it will have been anticipated, from what has already been said, that a preference of Mr. CLAY, in this department of the National service is also inevitable. Not only do I think that Mr. CLAY's administration of the duties of this office were, generally

more able and exhibited more statesmanship, but that, (contrary to what I should have myself supposed or inferred, from their general traits of mind,) Mr. CLAY has left a specimen of his Diplomatic talents, which is not only superior, in its substance, but in its style, as a composition for State papers, to any similar production of WEBSTER. I allude to Mr. CLAY's Instructions to the Commissioners to the Congress at Panama.

Mr. CLAY has, however, made his mistakes, also, upon International questions. In this opinion again, I expect to be alone; but surely, as a measure of philanthropy or of statesmanship, all his masterly arguments, his thrilling appeals, his ceaseless zeal and his Herculean labors, so indefatigable and so protracted, in behalf of the Independence of the South American Republics, have been, by the actual results, shown to have been entirely nugatory and superfluous. It is a remarkable fact, that none of that Race of People on our Continent, excepting only those who are subject to Monarchical Governments, are of the least use to themselves or the world, in a moral, intellectual, industrial, social, democratic, or any other point of view. Cuba and Brazil include the only portions of those people, who exhibit even the slightest indications of present prosperity or future progress. Mr. CLAY was in error in his hopes and expectations of this race. And his clear Reason, for once, failed in regard to their cause being that of genuine Republicanism and Civilization. And JOHN RANDOLPH, for once in a matter of common sense, in his whole life time, was eminently right. They were not, as they are not, fitted for self-government. We, with all our history of education and experiences in morals and common sense, public and personal—British, Colonial and National—are scarcely now schooled into that competency. Let Flibustiers clamor by day, or plot by night, as they will, it is simply a slander upon Republican Institutions, to assert that any such people are prepared for them.



With Mr. CLAY, however, (as it is to be hoped with some of these more modern and more lawless propagandists,) it was that ever-ruling sentiment of independence in himself and love of it, in others, which misled him, into his vain sympathies and labors, in behalf of these Republics, as well as of Greece. His error, being one wholly of degree not of principle, is not all inexplicable. On the contrary, with his sanguine, moral constitution, the only wonder in regard to him is, that in the earlier years of his life, his clear and vigorous Understanding could so generally have overmastered, or guided the impetuosity of such passions.

His Judgment and his Impulses however rightly—nay, gloriously—concurred in the promotion of the highest interests and highest honor of his Country, when they controlled him into those almost super-human efforts, in favor of the declaration of War against England, and into the advocacy of all those measures requisite to sustain and to prosecute it with vigor. It may be safely said, that if that infant in the Hanover cradle had there perished, this war would not have been declared. I am sure that impartial readers of history will, hereafter, admit that he compelled Congress to declare, and the Executive and the people to fight that war. So close was the contest between its advocates and opponents, so organized, intellectual and resolute the opposition, and so extraordinary were the natural abilities, and the industry, perseverance and ardor, which he exerted, in urging that brave blow. Jupiter, kindled and aroused by the spirit of War, into all the height and heat of his stupendous passions, hurling from Mount Olympus his flaming and hissing thunder-bolts against his foes, foreign and domestic, would scarce present too extravagant an image of his fiery assaults upon Great Britain and her American sympathisers and apologists. Of the glorious results of that War, on land and at sea; immediate and direct; upon our National prosperity, agricultural, manufacturing, maritime and commercial; upon our National

Glory, past and present, and yet to come, I shall not pause to make comment. His instrumentality in the production of these wondrous results and their self-evident consequence from the "Late War," are so obvious, that all his eulogists have urged them, and all his adversaries have admitted them, long years ago. Besides, they have been often more ably and eloquently presented, than I could do, were I to make the effort. My pearl-divings must be nearer the shore, and in the shallower soundings of this wide ocean of History.

A similar condition of the public sentiment and popular knowledge, will justify me in passing without formal notice, or arguments of advocacy or defence, all those *public measures of polity and philanthropy*, which he originated and urged upon the minds of the National Legislature and the People, with such distinguished zeal and effect. Merely as instances, not only of his great abilities and influence, but also of his extraordinary industry, I cite his early and continued advocacy—of Governmental protection to American Manufactures; of Internal Improvements, and his American System into which he perfected those measures; of African Colonization; of that scheme, whose purposes were kindred to all, the Distribution of the sales of the Public Lands, and of his three "Compromise Acts." Of these he was not only the author; but the success of each of them was chiefly attributed to his genius, industry and self-sacrificing nature. Well has he been called the "Great Pacificator." And whatever may be thought, of the right or the wrong of these several measures, I imagine none would now deny the nature and extent of his instrumentality in them, as I have described it. As for myself, I feel bound to say, that I still heartily approve his course in each of them.

It will suffice, here again, to ask your attention only to that ruling principle, which, in most of these cases, either stimulated him in their origination, or in the zealous and continued advocacy of them—his special devotion to the



general cause of Human and of National Independence. It may be an interesting fact, to such as do not closely observe the dates of events, to call attention, in this connection, to the circumstance, that Mr. CLAY'S very first commitment of his opinions and political fortunes, was a most signal display of his two most conspicuous traits—that undaunted independence of mind in himself, and a most ardent and philanthropic sympathy with the rights of Liberty in all Mankind. His first vote and speech were in favor of Negro-Emancipation in Kentucky. And such was the unpopularity of this proposition in the State, at that time and afterwards, that not even Mr. CLAY'S unequalled abilities—nothing but that respect and confidence which his evident integrity, and especially his independence, extorted from its opponents—prevented his being howled, by the accustomed outcries, into the seclusion and consequent oblivion of private life. But even a young Lion at bay, is ever an object of respect, as well to his hunters as their bloodhounds, whilst the lower orders of animals are mercilessly speared, ridden over and forgotten.

Here, again, MR. CLAY'S moral nature—in its natural season—ruled and guided the faculties of his Reason and his Understanding. As the latter, however, acquired gradually, their just supremacy with the lapse of his years, he came to see the impossibility of present success for that measure in his own State, as well as the utter Quixotism of the scheme of general Emancipation, or Abolition of Slavery, in the United States. Still, the idea of himself beholding his dear Kentucky, her Whites and her Blacks alike—disenthralled, the former from the blight and the latter from the sufferings of Slavery, never wholly forsook him. The Hope, at least, lingered within the inmost and tenderest recesses of his fond heart, like the gentle memory of a long vanished, perhaps long buried, 'first love.' Was not this, at any rate, and as a Romance, a noble sentiment, to be thus nourished, so long and so affectionately, amidst the dry and rough cares of this hard, business-world of ours?

It becomes again convenient, to resort to our comparison to elucidate our topic. Let us resume that method. I had said, that Webster was a scholar. I am told, that even this truth has been denied. I shall not pause, to answer such carping criticism. In the sense, understood between my audience and myself, he was a great scholar. Of course, also, his mind had an innate aptitude for profound scholarship. He was calm, patient, painstaking. Although possessing a quick and most retentive memory; very powerful Reasoning faculties; and inferior only to MARSHALL and CALHOUN, in the faculty of analysing and reducing compound propositions, to their simple elements, yet he was slow and deliberate in his researches, and most mature in his reflections. Such minds, inevitably, attain great scholarship in any field of human knowledge, to which they may betake themselves.

But even superior to all these points of pre-eminence, was his Imagination. I am not sure I shall find many to agree with me in this opinion. Indeed, in their blind rage of detraction, malignant critics have charged WEBSTER with plagiarism in this branch of his productions. It would be better, if they could specify that writer, past or present, in a living or dead Language, who could afford to spare him, or from whom, he need to take, thought or simile! And, I do believe, that this, after all, in its highest and widest sphere, was his great faculty. And not only did he exceed, in it, all senatorial rivals, but all American Poets, (of verse or prose,) of any age. To me, in some of his passages, he seems almost MILTONIC. The Beautiful and the Grand of Thought do so commingle, that the hearer or reader can scarcely say, whether he is more charmed into rapture, by the loveliness of his visions, or startled and stilled into terror, by his solemn and awful sublimity. The child may have the same mixed emotions, in beholding the varied and brilliant colors of the Rainbow, encircling and tinging, with their prismatic radiance, the dusky fringe of the storm-cloud.



Attendant upon this dominant faculty of WEBSTER'S mind, (as indeed it commonly is,) was a most keen and lively sense of the ludicrous. Imagination and Wit are naturally twin-sisters. Very frequently the latter, like any other rude and mirth-provoking girl, is so concealed and kept out of company by the real or the false family dignity, that the outside world becomes ignorant of their being almost invariable concomitants. And few are aware of the very wonderful powers of DANIEL WEBSTER in this respect, for he habitually suppressed their exhibition in public. But I must offer this my single testimony upon the point; that I, at least, have never met his equal, either in wit or humor, as exhibited in his unrestrained, private and social life. I can imagine no parallel by which to describe the variety and perfection of these powers, unless, in truth, we could fancy SHAKSPEARE again alive in flesh and spirit, and talking out his own infinite dramas, character by character, and all to the life. So complete and charming in this respect and generally, were his colloquial powers! MR. CLAY was exceedingly witty, humorous and entertaining in his social circles. But he was by no means the equal of Mr. WEBSTER, either in descriptive anecdote, or in his power over the risible susceptibilities of his company, when the latter should chance to unbend himself and dispel from brow and lips his scowl of dark dignity.

In Fancy and Imagination, Mr. CLAY was also very unequal to Mr. WEBSTER. The former was, in truth, by no means, remarkable in these faculties. He had enough of them, for the practical and indispensable purposes, of illustrating his thoughts and arguments, so far as to make them clearer or more memorable. But, he did not often, like WEBSTER, lend any new charm of shape or coloring, to the body of his ideas by figurative or poetical similes.

In the power of Reasoning closely, compactly, in order and to the point in debate, I do not know that Mr. CLAY was at all inferior to Mr. WEBSTER. The former was so industri-

ous in his acquisition of facts, as a basis of argument; so sound in his perception of the true relation between the cause and its effect; so entirely earnest and honest, in the declaration of this truth; so interested and absorbed, both during his preparations and his arguments, in the importance of the topic under consideration,—that he was always, as a debator, and wholly irrespective of his oratorical abilities, supremely effective in all his discussions. Reasoning, indeed, constituted a most unusual proportion of his speeches. Logic was ever their chief staple. But the general opinion certainly is, that WEBSTER's arguments possessed more intrinsic weight of truth. I do not see, how this could well be, in so far as their political, or their legislative efforts were concerned. Very rarely did Mr. CLAY, (who generally began the discussions, as he had generally originated the measures,) leave much opportunity either to others, or to Mr. WEBSTER, (whose more prudent habit was, to appear in the later stages, of the later discussions,) to discover and add many arguments of real weight and worth, after him. So full and solid was Mr. CLAY's method of presenting and answering all the arguments, upon any question!

But in forensic argumentations, and especially in the power of *statement* and in Academical and Anniversary, or Festival discourses, certainly WEBSTER's efforts are not only expressed in terser and purer English, than any other American's, but they equal those of any other writer or speaker of the mother-tongue, present or past. And they possess a breadth of view and an intrinsic preciousness of value, which quite justify that epithet of "massive" when applied to his Intellect. They almost rival the grandeur of EDMUND BURKE. These, his nobler thoughts, seem to me, however, to be the declared results of a previous, or unexpressed train of reasoning, rather than reasoning itself. Or, else, they are those simple and sublime illustrations of such truths, which, whilst they are the efforts of the Imagination, yet perform the highest office of Reason.



In these regards and in written eloquence, Mr. CLAY was not equal to Mr. WEBSTER. His style was, by no means, so pithy and picturesque. Though in respect to his written style, I think he is most egregiously misapprehended. It has been quite the fashion of shallow, or of careless critics and observers, to allege, that Mr. CLAY'S style of composition was neither pure, scholarly nor elegant: and that his argumentation, was neither orderly, analytical or profound. Speaking respectfully; I think this is all cant. It is very probable that, in his earliest manhood, when suddenly elevated into stations, usually far above the reach of persons of that stage in life, he did exhibit before his then better educated and perhaps hypercritical colleagues, the usual redundancy of youth, and the usual bad literary taste of a limited scholarship. But he most rapidly obliterated all these inequalities of original education. And he never was otherwise, than eminent for his argumentative abilities, in any body, or before any audience. Except Mr. WEBSTER, I know no American orator, whose diction in speaking, or in written compositions, excelled his. His Speeches and Letters, so far from being a cause of detraction of his posthumous fame, in purity of Grammar and eloquence of Rhetorick, quite come up to the highest American or English Standards. And nothing but that almost universal habit, of making too much allowance, for the effects of his voice and manner, when actually speaking, could have ever led such numbers, into this injustice of opinion, in regard to his style of writing. It is very true, that fluency of tongue and musical intonations of voice, can do much to conceal a defective order and collocation of words. But, it is not, at all, true, (as so many exclaim,) that a good speaker cannot be a good writer. Nor is this proposition true, in the specific instance of HENRY CLAY.

In the Understanding and especially in that most uncommon division of it, which is miscalled 'Common sense,' Mr. CLAY was greatly superior to either of his Senatorial

rivals, or perhaps to any other of our public men, since Washington. With all his ardor and quickness of temperament, he was endowed by Nature with a most healthy and reliable judgment of men and events. His perception of the particular motives and of the general dispositions of men, with whom, he held social or business intercourse, was especially acute and accurate. This quality, which is not always, if often, an attribute of a great mind, is, nevertheless, wholly indispensable to the head of a popular party. And he had it, in an eminent degree. Otherwise, he could not have battled so long and so formidably, against such odds, as were, from the beginning, opposed to him.

Sound and safe Judgment of the effects of public measures, in a nation having vast and varied interests, is, however, one of the most exalted faculties, with which the human mind ever has been, or can be endowed. It presupposes accurate and various knowledge of public affairs, and consequently, a possession of all the faculties, requisite to that acquisition; as great powers of Attention, Memory, Perception and Combination. So far as I have learned by reading, or have observed in experience of human character, it is, in some form or phase, an invariable adjunct of all real Genius. HOMER, SHAKSPEARE, and BYRON more excelled in it, than in their grand Imaginations. It was the chiefest faculty of CÆSAR, NAPOLEON, and WASHINGTON. And this solid power was the peculiar gift of Nature, to HENRY CLAY. It was his highest talent—superior, to his Eloquence, his Humor, or his admirably adjusted Moral organization. He not only knew the wants of his countrymen, better than any other living man, (which is itself, a vast knowledge,) but he was a better judge of what they were willing to accept, as he was also of the means necessary to change their inclinations, when they were unwilling.

Of Mr. CLAY, as an Orator, all the world has heard much. In the general opinion, he was more an Orator, than a



Statesman. As may have been already inferred, I dissent also from this judgment. I firmly believe, that, if he had been bereft of that fluent and facile tongue;—of that deep-toned, resounding, yet mellow voice; of that most variable eye, now archly looking a sly witticism, now melting with a tearful tenderness of expression, and now, kindling and glowing with a most fiery, heroic, Lion-like gleam of proud and rageful indignation; of those mobile and pliant features, so suddenly and magically flowing into new and changing forms, as his fresh, successive Thoughts and Feelings, came trooping from Brain and Heart, to be made visible in the mirror of his various face, and vocal in the music of his mighty speech; if he had been born blind and dumb, hard featured and graceless, he would have still been, as he was, in all these great respects, immeasurably superior to all our public men! Only our human insight would have been, thereby, deprived of those natural means of perceiving the hidden truth. The diamond may, nevertheless, be flashing around its dew-like brilliance, in the depths of its Orient cavern; though our eyes may not perceive the clue to its lone recess.

But what sort of an Orator was HENRY CLAY? It would be an easy thing, (as it is usual on like occasions,) to monopolise the whole magazine of praises, and to declare him the greatest of his own, or any other age or country. But, in our times, we require, that such boldness of assertion, shall be supported by some proof. And this rank is, by no means, so universally believed or admitted, that I could here make such an assertion, (if I were so inclined,) without, at least, designating some of the constituents of that supremacy.

Since the universal application of the art of printing to all purposes and pursuits, the rank and influence of an orator have not merely declined in the public estimation; but the "*word*" has been essentially changed and extended in its signification. The printed Oration, Lecture and

Debate, now find their way to the firesides, and are there silently read by whole millions. Formerly, a small part of these readers would have travelled to Athens or Rome, to Paris or Richmond, to hear DEMOSTHENES or TULLY, MIRABEAU or HENRY. Or else, in order to make up their opinions as to the superiority of the one or the other, they would have made gaping and open-eyed inquiries, of some market returning neighbors, of all the particulars of their respective heights, shapes, attitudes, gestures, voices, tones, countenances, &c. The practical consequence of this universal printing, is, that readers, who never heard either of them, now venture to compare the modern AESCHINES and HORTENSIUS, with their more honey-tongued rivals; and printed Eloquence has become a main element in the constitution of the word 'Orator.' It must be in this restricted and figurative sense only, that WEBSTER can be compared with CLAY. As Orators in the presence, there was no room for comparison.

We have sufficiently contemplated our subject, in the character of a written or printed Orator. I have assigned him the second place only in this capacity. Let us consider him, a few moments, as a living, present, speaking Orator; as an Orator in its true, simple and original sense.

I may have said enough also, of the degree of mere mind, which he displayed whilst actually speaking. Perhaps not. For I have thought and I now believe, that HENRY CLAY, in his highest oratorical efforts, did suggest and express positive ideas, which not only were never reported and which could never have been reported in words, but which would not have appeared in the very words and syllables actually used, even if they had been infallibly set down! His intonation, emphasis, pauses, expressions of features, attitudes, gestures, all spoke as well as—nay, sometimes better than the dry and naked words. Is this inconceivable? Let it be remembered that these aids to the intelligibility and force of speech, are



Nature's gifts and method, as much as the separate power of speech itself. Let it be borne in mind, too, that they were his readiest and favorite instruments, by especial gift from Nature, and used with a most dexterous cunning and skill, acquired by years of diligent practice. Nice phraseology and picturesque language were Mr. WEBSTER's accustomed tools. And with *them*, he and the few such as he, in a short half line of monosyllables, could, at will, awaken in the minds of the readers and wholly outside of and unexpressed by these little words, associations as countless as the separate billows, and as sublime as the aggregate Ocean! I know—for I have felt—that HENRY CLAY did the same, with *his* native powers of Oratory!

In the efficiency of spoken eloquence—in the ability to attain the true end and purpose of speaking—whether in the dignified and deliberative Senate, the more tumultuous lower House, or before the ultimate 'sovereigns,' the great People themselves, he would be esteemed a rash man or a lover of paradox, who would name any American, living or dead, except that first HENRY of Hanover, in competition with HENRY CLAY. He was, assuredly, very unequal in his displays of this supremacy. He spoke both too frequently and too carelessly of his fame in this particular to please, much less to astonish, in all his innumerable speeches. Besides; audiences always expect something from orators so famous, beyond any human power to accomplish. And, in truth, I presume he somewhat scorned that over-estimate, which he knew the majority of men place upon this talent. And, accordingly, I have frequently heard speakers, (STOCKTON, CORWIN, CRITTENDEN, and others,) who, in their best efforts, far excelled his on particular occasions, as well in the power of persuasion as of conviction. But then, I have heard him—and sometimes when one would least have expected it—speak, as I never heard man speak before; as I never expect to hear man speak again! Their stirring appeals might well have reminded one, of the wild rattling

of columns of Musketry, or even the deep and dreadful booming of the Artillery in some great Human Battle! But his higher and grander flight of Thoughts, his deeper and wider stir of Passions recalled the awful remembrance of the Lightnings swift, vivid and angular, with their crackling Thunders—Heaven's Artillery—flashing from cloud to cloud, from mountain-top to mountain-top, and scathing and rending, like stubble, their gnarled and flinty peaks, in some dark and high conflict of the maddened Elements. Such an indefinable sense of the super-human, did his mightiest efforts impart, to the bewildered fancy of the hearer!

Nor was he, by any means, in this Power and Art, only sublime and grand. He possessed them, in all their varieties. As the topic and its varying occasions required, he could be simple and graceful; or mildly persuasive; or witty and comical; or sarcastic and biting; dryly intellectual and argumentative; tenderly pathetic, or sublimely impassioned. In short, he was a consummately great Orator, both naturally and as an artist. He possessed that inexplicable, magical power, to compel his audience to reciprocate his own sympathies and sentiments. And this is the sum total of the Power and Art of Oratory.

There was the same difference, between the manly fortitude of CLAY and WEBSTER, which we have observed, between that of the former and of CALHOUN. And a yet more interesting and melancholy circumstance must again denote this superiority of Mr. CLAY. We are informed by HIRAM KETCHUM, Esq.; (one of Mr. WEBSTER's most intimate, constant, and bosom friends,) that his disappointment in failing to obtain the recent nomination for the Presidency, most materially shortened his great and useful life. And Mr. CLAY's physician gave it as his professional opinion, that the extraordinary labors and cares which he performed and suffered in the late threatened crisis, in which he saw our blessed and glorious Union, had diminished his span of



existence by at least ten years. But Mr. CLAY was often defeated, both for that nomination and in the elections before the people—shamefully in the latter cases, and dishonorably, as many yet believe, in the former. And yet, his own defeats, neither turned his fresh and warm patriotism into cold and sour misanthropy, on the one hand; nor, on the other, were permitted to gnaw and feed upon the inner and precious sources of his life. On the contrary, mortified or angry or indignant at the treachery of pretended friends or at the misappreciation of his country, as he may at first have been, so far from his brave heart suffering these passions, even to impair his constitution, I do not believe that he ever thereby lost a meal, or any part of his accustomed appetite for a meal. Indeed, immediately after his unexpected and amazing defeat in 1844, he was invited to eat, and actually did eat in the greatest cheerfulness and amidst a general mirth of his own exciting, a Dinner, which an over-sanguine friend had caused to be prepared in anticipation and in honor of his expected victory. It is very true, that, as old and almost idolizing friends, one after another, came sadly in, Mr. CLAY was deeply and passionately moved. He would have been unsympathising towards them and callous in himself, if he had been otherwise. But although the Festival began in general gloom and with many in tears, ere the first course had been removed, the great object of their sympathy rallied himself and rallied the entire company.

Being casually at Lexington, he told me, what I then saw, by his voice and manner, was the undisguised truth, that, "As much as he felt this disappointment on his own account, (if he knew his heart at all,) he felt it far more for the sake of his friends and his Country." Alas! for that country. What actual calamities and what threatened perils, would she not have escaped by a different result?—the calamities of a bloody foreign War, with its long train of miseries and crimes and the threatened peril

of a Dissolution of our blessed Union, of their number. If, indeed, we have even yet escaped this last danger!

Of Mr. CLAY'S Moral and Religious life, I shall say but a few words. I should speak of neither, if I did not know, that the one had been for years most slanderously and wilfully misrepresented, and the other, perhaps therefore, very generally misunderstood. That he was, in early manhood, quite addicted to the excitements of Gaming and of other and smaller vices of fashionable life—as the social use of Wine, of Tobacco and Swearing—I freely and frankly admit. But, even they were magnified and exaggerated by personal and party malice, to a degree which is disreputable to our Country and Institutions. The multitude and difficulty of his long series of labors, bespeak an industry, order and method in his habits of life, wholly incompatible with excess in either of the first named indulgences. The use of profane language, “he reformed altogether,” years before he died. For the other, I ‘care not a pinch of snuff’ and he cared still less. He resolutely, and with his characteristic independence, snuffed and smoked, in the face and before the eyes of Transcendental Manners, as long as he lived. As I have long ago become convinced, that he had too much self-respect, if no other restraining principle, to have been addicted to other vices, which the joint malice and hypocrisy of the world so love to hear, and upon the smallest evidences, to believe; so I have here, too much self-respect, to enter upon their disproof. In regard to all such matters, he had, however, one real and serious fault. I have said that Mr. CLAY was a man without art or guile in his life and character. He was also entirely too heedless of appearances, and of the consequent opinions and sayings of the world about him.

Of his Religious character, it becomes me, (who make no profession of any,) to say still less. I shall, therefore, be yet more brief. That he did *not* profess to be religious during the greater part of his life, and that he *did*, at a



specific time and place, make a public profession of his conversion, are, of themselves, very notable and memorable facts. They severally exemplify again his sincerity, truthfulness and independence of nature, on the one hand, in not professing it, when he did not feel it; on the other, in making that declaration openly and publicly, when he did believe himself to be the recipient of such a blessing. These characteristics became vividly apparent in that self distrust and doubt, in which, upon his death-bed, he so often spoke of his own uncertainty of the sufficiency of his faith for salvation. This union of sincerity and humility was a very touching incident in his life. I have said, that by his own action, he made a distinct line of separation between his previous and subsequent positions on this subject. This remark needs explanation, if not qualification.

Religion is very much a matter of natural temperament, perhaps of physical constitution. It may be in all men to a certain and limited extent. But some persons are endowed with it, as a strong, natural sentiment. Long before Mr. CLAY made any profession of Religion, and in the midst of his political and worldly pursuits and pleasures, I thought I had observed in him, a vein, full and fervent, of this pious principle. I still think that he was of that class of men, whose natures tend always to the earnest and devout worship of God.

To sum up the whole of these elements of character in a more general view: HENRY CLAY was a man of singularly varied, yet singularly great physical, mental and moral faculties. He not only possessed many most remarkable powers, native and cultivated, in their highest grades, but he was so well and so healthily supplied with the minor and ordinary faculties of every-day-use, that it may be said; his assortment was complete. He might have had some which did not surpass the correspondent faculties of common men, but none of his own were deficient or imperfect, and no function was absent.

This peculiarly composite yet harmonious whole consisted too of elements, which are usually incompatible in their natures and are only congruous at all, by the rare proportions in which they may be mingled. He was, for examples, sensitively impulsive, yet a most steadily working business man; with a hot and hasty temperament, yet a shrewd and sharp observer of men and their motives; ardent in his hopes and expectations, yet never dismayed with doubts, nor abandoned to despair; cheerful, even to gaiety, in his intercourse with men, but always having a strong undercurrent of solemn and feeling reverence to God; proudly conscious of his own complete and great innate powers, but as plodding, patient and persevering in his researches for extrinsic aids, as if he had been alike destitute and humble; eminently combative, yet the swiftest at pacification; full of an earnest and impassioned interest and zeal, in behalf of his favorite measures—"as a father loveth his children"—and still, as ready as Abraham with his first born, to sacrifice any or all, whenever his highest passion (love of Country,) admonished his reason, that the supreme interest, for which he had given them their being, required that bereavement.

And it was this most rare and most extraordinary collection and combination, in himself, of all these various talents and qualities, more than even his wonderful special faculties, which so greatly distinguished this personage. Other Americans of his own times, have equalled, if not surpassed him, in all but two of his high powers. As we have seen, CALHOUN excelled him decidedly, in his own sphere. WEBSTER very far transcended him in many and in great respects. But, *as a whole man*, HENRY CLAY, *was the greatest of the Triumvirate—nay—the greatest of his Age!* They, like a pair of isolated Granite Obelisks, stately, massive and grand, in their simple unity of elements and proportions, yet resplendent and rich with the lettered and sculptured treasures of antique lore, arose highly above the low level



around them. But he, like a clustered and reeded Gothic Column, upswelling to sustain some glorious Temple, in its substance the purest marble, in its form many perfect parts wisely and curiously bound and blended into one, multiform yet single, complex yet consistent, slender yet substantial—towered above them all and excelled all, as much in strength and utility, as in grace and beauty!

Of all the public men of our Country, this man was too (and this is his highest eulogy,) the most essentially and intensely National—American. He was the first-born of American Independence, and beginning life with our Institutions, ‘he grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength’—as, indeed, they with and from his—until almost a perfect assimilation seems to have taken place in their mutual qualities. To my mind, HENRY CLAY has always appeared to be the most perfect representative or personification—the embodiment,—(if it is preferred,) of our National Character. If our Nation possesses any marked characteristics, (and our bitterest enemies aver, that they are the most distinguished,) they are a respectable, not aristocratic origin; great self-reliance; an undying love of independence; a courage, which fears no adversary; a genuine love of truth, right, honor, and all the manly virtues; a shrewd self-interest, which reaches after, and retains all substantial and practical benefits, whilst it too much disregards spiritual blessings; great common sense, in perceiving the means necessary to these ends, and an industry and energy, in their pursuit, which crosses oceans, passes deserts, overclimbs mountains, fills up valleys and perforates the rock-ribbed Earth. In short, our “Uncle Sam,” is a brave, honest, truthful, eloquent, warmhearted, dashing, hard headed old fellow. And no truer sketch can be drawn of “HARRY of the WEST.”

And what shall future generations say of such a character? Unless the principles of Civilization and Liberty shall alike perish from the Earth—Tradition, long ages

hence, at her thousand firesides, will whisper with delight to her little listeners his actions, words, mien and manners; History, on her tablets of brass, will grave the clear Record of his services to his nation and his race; Poetry, wedded to Seraphic Melody, will chant his immortal praises; the deep Canvass, like Mirrors, will glow with memorial reflections of his person and achievements; the Marble Quarries, too, from their their cold white bosoms, (like the All-enclosing apocalyptic graves, with their formless dust, at Resurrection,) shall renew and reveal, in beauty and almost in life again, to the fond Statuary and the World, his pale, long-buried image; and Sculptured Monuments shall stand, grand as the Pyramids, and everlasting as the Mountains, to commemorate to all nations, races and ages of Men, the name and life of this, the Model Statesman of this, the "MODEL REPUBLIC!"







IN MEMORIAM.