

HENRY CLAY'S DEATH.

Last Hours of the Great Con-
-er—His Voice Sweetness.

MAY 1, 1884 and Melody.

Recollections of Ben Ferley Peere.

Henry Clay was forced by ill-health to abandon his visits to the capitol in the winter of 1851-2 and to remain in his room at the National hotel, hoping that when spring came he might return to Ashland and die in the bosom of his family. Those who were permitted to see him during that dreary winter say that there was hardly strength enough in his hands to convey food to his mouth, and that he was helped to and from his bed like a feeble child, and like an old forest oak he was beautiful in decay. The lustre of his eye was undimmed and he greeted his friends earnestly and kindly. His voice continued in all its sweetness and melody, except when its tones were moved by that bodily weakness which made it painful for him to speak, and it was always painful for him to speak long. When the last hour came he had at his bedside his eldest son, Thomas Hart Clay, and Rev. Dr. Butler, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, with which he was in full communion. His last moments were disturbed by the music and shouts of the Whigs, ratifying

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the nomination just made at Philadelphia of Winfield Scott.

When his death was known the next day political differences were forgotten in the touching eulogiums of the departed statesman and the sincerity of tone in which regret found utterance from every tongue. There could not have been a more sincere demonstration of popular regard. Other men have reached the Presidential chair, but no one has ever attained the post which Henry Clay held in the hearts of his countrymen. Mrs. Clay, who had never been much at Washington city, was at their home in Kentucky and was then in her seventy-first year. She had been the mother of twelve children, four of whom died in childhood and only three of whom were then alive.

When Mr. Clay left the State Department in 1829 he presented papers to Major General Jessup, who was his warm friend, was his second in his duel with John Randolph and had in his possession all the correspondence and unprinted instances of that celebrated meeting. It is to be regretted that he could not have written his reminiscences of "Harry of the West."