

THE CLARION.

THE GOOD OLD WAY.

John Mann had a wife who was kind and true. A wife who loved him well; She cared for his home and their only child; But if the truth must tell, She fretted and pined because John was poor. And his business was slow to pay; But he only said when she talked of change, "We'll stick to the good old way!"

tower above the tallest of the forest; for it is nature so to do. So this great Genius at once shot up like a shaft. He rose to high rank at the bar. In 1799 he was elected to the Kentucky legislature; 1806 to the U. S. Senate; in 1811 to the House of Representatives; and there began his national career. Since that time, Mr. Clay has filled a large space in the public eye. His career has been checked, stormy and tempestuous. Now the object of universal praise; now attacked with very general censure; now culminating upon the crest of fortune's wave; then dashed upon the rocks and overwhelmed with roar and clamor. It was his fate at periods of his career to drain to the bottom that measure of relentless hate with which mean souls resent the imperial pride of haughty genius. It was his fate to feel that constant success is the only shield which greatness and glory can rear against the poison of envy and slander's venomous sting.

to have been partially just. No one who studies Mr. Clay's arguments upon points of political economy, can avoid perceiving how rarely he analyzes the principle involved. We see a vast array of facts, many keen and thoughtful remarks about the result of the measure, but an analysis of its principle is scarcely ever attempted. He doubtless understood the protective tariff system better than he did any other subject in the range of political economy; and no one can read his speeches upon that question without being struck with this feature. It is still more marked whenever he discusses the subject of finance. A philosophic discussion of a principle, independent of the practical condition of things, is never to be found in his speeches; and in this presented a most pointed contrast to his great rival, who so short a time preceded him to the grave. It may be said that this was the result of imperfect education, and the barely hasty study which a busy, stirring life enabled him to bestow upon abstruse subjects; but the better opinion seems to be that he was eminently a practical man, and the bent of his genius called him away from the metaphysics of politics. Mr. Clay was undoubtedly a far greater man, than the Scotch economist, Adam Smith; yet it is not probable that any extent of education, or any amount of labor, or any length of study, would have enabled him to write Adam Smith's book. Yet he was a very great debater also. None of his contemporaries arrayed facts more skillfully. None urged them with so much power. He had not the compact, elegant, sententious brevity which marked some of those the public ranked as his equals; on the contrary, without being diffuse, he abounded in episode; he introduced much matter bearing upon his point, certainly, but bearing upon it indirectly, not infrequently, also, introducing matter which did not much help on the question in hand. He abounded in the argumentum ad hominem, in personal appeal, in sarcasm, with much of personal allusion and circumstantial explanation, often carrying him away from his subject for some time, to which, however, he always returned at precisely the point where he had left it.

He afterwards led the opposition through the terms of Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler. The unexampled dexterity, skill, patience, firmness and hardihood, with which, in despite of repeated defeats, he still maintained the war, must excite unmix admiration in all who may study his career. Courage is a high quality. Courage, perfect, multifarious and unquenchable, one of the highest and rarest. Of all moral qualities, it is the most essential to a great popular leader, most especially the leader of an opposition; and with that glorious gift nature had endowed Mr. Clay to extremity. There was no political responsibility which he ever avoided to take; there was no personal peril which he ever shunned to dare; there was no row in the opposing party which he ever failed to strike. His heart never failed him in any extremity. He met every crisis promptly and at once, and in this he bore a remarkable contrast to almost every other politician of the age; none of his contemporaries approached him, in this bold, unhesitating promptness, but the man of his destiny, his great rival, Jackson, with whom, in so many other points, so close a parallel might be traced. In democracies, where the will of the people must be the ultimate law of the land, and uncertainty as to their decision is apt to induce politicians to wait and watch for indications of the probable result. The timid time-server will fear to move; he will fear to take ground upon any question until some gleams of light break out from the mass of the people, to show him the probable path to safety. Fears, misgivings, uncertainty as to his personal interest, keep him silent and still, while the masses stumble onward to their decision without the light of a leader. But no faint-hearted doubts ever clouded his bright eye, when bold Harry Clay was in the field. Like the white plume of Murat, amid the smoke and the roar and the turmoil of battle, his lofty crest was ever glittering in the van for the rally of his host. He waited for no indications of popularity, for he received his inspirations from his own clear head and dauntless heart. His convictions were so strong, his self-confidence so unbounded, his will so indomitable, his invention so rapid, his genius so grand and lofty, that he seemed to bear, stamped upon his brow, nature's patent to command. He moved among his partisans with an imperial, never doubting, overpowering air of authority, which few were able to resist. He tolerated no insubordination. Opposition seemed to him to be rebellion, and obey or quit the camp, death or tribute, was his motto. And he rarely failed to force obedience. Though the powerful rally which was made against him among his associates in 1840 and 1848, when fortune furnished the weapon to strike, exposed how much of secret dislike his despotic will had banded against him, yet it was generally beaten down to submission. His ablest and haughtiest comrades would, in general, sullenly obey. "Willing to wound, but afraid to strike." When in 1831, he wheeled short upon his footsteps with his compromise bill upon the tariff, he carried with him the great bulk of his partisans in Congress and the whole of them in the country, though directly committed to the support of the measure. In 1825, he carried with him his friends from Ohio, Missouri and Kentucky, for Mr. Adams, against Gen. Jackson, though with that vote political destruction loomed up darkly in their front. Nor was it necessary that the question should lie in his path to make him meet it. He spoke out bold and free on all points in front or around him, far or near. 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Even Kentucky, the last covert of the hunted stag, was beaten from his grasp, yet he still made head, banded his broken forces, and four years afterwards again met his destiny in the same man. He encountered a defeat terrible and overwhelming, yet he stood under it erect and lofty as a tower. He had now left the retirement, from whence as general he had marshalled his array, and had come down into the arena of the halls of Congress to strike, as well as order. And in the tremendous struggles of those stormy sessions, the battle of the giants, most gloriously did he lead the assault. It is inspiring to see how manfully he upheld the day. The repeated disasters which had crushed the hope and cowed the spirit of his partisans, broke vainly upon his haughty front. Defiance, stern and high, blazed in every feature, and war to the knife in every word. It was a brave sight to see how gallantly he would dash into the melee, deal his crashing blows right and left among Van Buren, Benton, Forsyth and Wright; trample the wretched crests of party into the dust beneath his feet, and strike with all his strength full at the towering crest of Jackson.

measure, no man was more conciliating; while his partisans would obey, no man was more kind and gentle; and his high strong nature rendered his courtesy more attractive than the most dexterous flattery of other men. As instances of this skill, I may mention that he twice carried through his land bill against a dead majority in both houses; that he carried through his Missouri compromise, when first the effort seemed hopeless; and that he won a passage for his bank bills in 1832 and 1841, with a minority of supporters in the first instance, and with an uncertain, hesitating, unreliable majority in the last. He was patient too, and could bide his time. In 1840, intestine commotion first appeared in his party, and he first formidable and organized resistance to every campaign as the leader of the opposition; his tactics had been brilliant, dexterous and admirable. The party in power was broken down, and he thought he saw himself close upon the long delayed fruition of all his hopes. The bright crown of glory which had so long glittered before his eyes, but to elude his grasp, was now within his reach. But another was selected to wear, when he won it. Another was chosen to reap the harvest which he had worked, and watched, and tended. Then, for the first time, he saw his standard deserted. His own appreciation of the services he had rendered his party was strong and intense; and under so crushing a blow, a fiery, impetuous man might be expected to commit some imprudence. Doubtless, his heart beat thick with a sense of injustice, and his blood boiled in resentment. Yet he betrayed nothing of it, at least, not in public. The great party leader knew how to bide his time. He bowed gracefully to the decision, threw himself cordially into the movement, and was still the recognized chief of the host which mustered under the banner of another. His was the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself. Four years afterwards, he feaped the fruit of his prudence and his patience. He was supported with zeal and unanimity by those who before had struck him down, and certainly nothing but the mine which was so suddenly sprung beneath his feet, prevented his triumph. After a close and most desperate struggle, he fell again, and apparently forever. Yet, even after this apparently final blow another effort was made, which most strikingly illustrated his character, and displayed upon a broad ground his prodigious power over men, and his buoyant confidence, sanguine, unbreakable spirit. When he was struck down in 1844, it seemed that his race was run. His defeats had been so numerous and continued, he had been so long in the public eye, he was so far advanced in years; the rivals of his middle age, Adams, Jackson and Crawford, had all passed away, and he seemed of a former generation. The public heart felt that his career was closed. The old make way for the young, and a new race had arisen. Taylor's victories had arrested the public mind, and the veteran statesman of Ashland, was forgotten; yet, he attempted to stem the tide of victory in the fullness of its power. His control over men was so prodigious, he bestirred himself so vigorously, he struck so hard and true to his mark, that with most of his close friends directly committed against him, and in spite of the general sense of the public, he scarcely failed to win. None but a spirit as dauntless as his own, would have dared the struggle. None but a power so great could have made it.

As a statesman, undoubtedly Mr. Clay was entitled to the very highest rank among all his contemporaries. It has been generally conceded, that his learning was not profound or various. Of science in its limited sense, he knew but little, and of the lighter and less important branches of study and accomplishment; still less. It is said, that he cared nothing for literature, had never searched deeply into history; and it is remarkable, that though at one time a minister abroad, and for four years as Secretary of State, in constant relations and intercourse with foreign envoys, of every nation, he spoke no language but his own. But he knew thoroughly that which it most imported him to know. He was profoundly versed in the theory and practices of our own government, and in a knowledge of the powers of each branch of it. He knew intimately and to the bottom, the connection, political and commercial, of America with all other nations. He knew perfectly the relation which each part of the country bore to the other, and he understood profoundly the character, genius and wants of the American people. There was nothing sectional in his policy. His broad and comprehensive genius held in its vision the interest of the whole nation, and his big American heart throbbled for it all. He was intensely American in all his thoughts and all his feelings. To cherish the interest and the glory, and to build up the power of his country and his whole country, was the aim of all his policy and the passion of his life. No candid reader, who may study his career, can deny, that on all great occasions, he was not only purely patriotic, but eminently self-sacrificing. For brighter examples of this patriotic spirit, will at once occur to all who are familiar with his career; but at this moment, I will only allude to the instances in which he took ground upon Kentucky State politics, which I cited as examples of his unhesitating boldness, when I was discussing his character as a party leader. Like all other true statesmen, his ideas were all relative not absolute. He was in no degree a man of one idea. He was not wedded pre-emptorily and at all hazards to any measure, or any principle. He understood the policy of a nation, not as fixed mathematical theorem, where under all circumstances and at all times, every result but one must be wrong; but as the practical science of fitting measures to the occasion, to necessity, and to the times. The best practical good which could be secured, was his aim, and under some circumstances, he would maintain, what, under a different condition of affairs he would oppose. Without discussing the philo-

McCLUNG'S EULOGY.

EULOGY ON THE LIFE AND SERVICES OF HENRY CLAY.

Delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, October 11, 1852, by Alexander K. McClung, Esq.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have met to commemorate the life and services of HENRY CLAY. After a long life—after a long, useful and illustrious career—he has passed away. The fiery and aspiring spirit, whose earthly life was one long storm, has at length sunk to rest. Neither praise nor censure can now reach him. When his haughty soul passed away from the earth, and the grave closed over his dust, it also entombed in its dark and narrow chamber the bitterness of detraction, and the tiger ferocity of party spirit, with which he had so long wrestled. Death has hallowed his name and burnished his services bright in the memory of his countrymen. We have met to express, in the manner which the custom of our country has established, our appreciation of those services and our sense of the illustrious dead, but as Americans, desirous to do honor to a great American.

In attempting to discharge the duty which has been imposed upon me, I shall avoid the indiscriminate eulogy which is proverbial blurb of obituaries and funeral discourses, and shall essay, however feebly, to present Mr. Clay as he was, or, at least, as he seemed to me. Great beings—grand human creatures—scattered sparsely throughout time, should be painted with truth. An indiscriminate deluge of praise drowns mediocrity and greatness in the same grave, where none can distinguish between them. When the greatest of all England, Oliver Cromwell, sat to the painter, Lely, for his portrait, whose pencil was addicted to flattery, he said: "Paint me as I am; leave not out one wrinkle, scar or blemish, at your peril." He wished to go to the world as he was; and greatness is wise in wishing it. No man the world ever saw was equally great in every quality of intellect and in every walk of action. All men are unequal; and it is wasteful, as well as just, to plant the praise where it is true, rather than to drown all individuality and all character in one foaming chaos of eulogy.

Henry Clay was most emphatically a peculiar and strongly marked character, incomparably more peculiar than any of those who were popularly considered his mental equals. Impetuous as a torrent, yet patient to gain his ends; overbearing and trampling, yet winning and soothing; haughty and fierce, yet kind and gentle; dauntlessly brave in all kinds of courage; yet eminently prudent and conservative in all his policy—all these moral attributes, antithetical as they seem, would shine out under different phrases of his conduct.

I need not detain this audience with a lengthened biographical sketch of Mr. Clay. The leading historical incidents of his life are universally known. He was born in Virginia, certainly not later than 1775, most probably a year or two earlier. His parentage was extremely humble. At the age of twenty, twenty-one or twenty-two, he emigrated to Lexington, Kentucky, where he undertook to pursue the great American road to eminence—the bar. For this career, it would have seemed at that time, that his advantages were small, indeed. Young, poor and unconnected, with scarcely ordinary attainments of education, he entered the lists with numerous and able competitors. Yet, Henry Clay, destitute, as he was, of all adventitious advantages, was not destined to struggle upward along the weary and laborious path through which mediocrity toils to rank. The cedar imbedded in barren rocks, upon the mountain side, with carelessly soil to feed its roots, will

He who ascends to mountain's tops, shall find The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow. He who surpasses or subdues mankind, Must look down on the lute of those below.

Though high above the sun of glory glow, And far beneath are earth and ocean spread, Around him are icy rocks, and loudly blow Contending tempest on his naked head, Thus to reward the toils which to those summits led.

That strong mind was tried by every extremity of fortune, and it sometimes inflated by success, yet borne by the all deathless thirst for renown, the grand incentive to all great toils or glorious deeds, he was never depressed by defeat. He faced his enemies, he faced fortune, and he faced defeat, with the dauntless heart, and the same unquivering brow, in youth and in age, regardless when or how they came, or what the peril might be. Yet when most overborne with calumny; when hatred raged fiercest against his person; and he was most stained with slander,—even at that time, to enemies as to friends, he was an object of admiring respect. When lashed into fury by disappointment, defeat and opposition, and the stormy passions of his tempestuous soul raged like a whirlwind, his bitterest opponents would gaze curiously upon him with a strange mixture of hatred, fear and admiration.

There are many phases in which it is necessary to regard Mr. Clay to reach a correct estimate of his character; and to accomplish their delineation without a degree of jumbling confusion, is a work of some difficulty. As an orator, he was brilliant and grand. None of his contemporaries could so stir men's blood. None approached him in his mastery over the heart and the imagination of his hearers. Of all the gifts with which nature decks her favorites, not the greatest or grandest certainly, but the most brilliant, the most fascinating, and for the moment the most powerful, is exalted eloquence. Before its fleeting and brief glare, the steady light of wisdom, logic or philosophy pales, as the stars fade before the meteor. With this choice and glorious gift nature had endowed Mr. Clay beyond all men of the age. Like all natural orators, he was very unequal; sometimes sinking to commonplace mediocrity, then again, when the occasion roused his genius, he would soar aloft in towering majesty. He had little or none of the tinsel of Rhetoric, or the wordy finery which always lies within the reach of the Rhetorician's art. Strong passions, quick sensibility, lofty sentiment, powerful reason, were the foundation of his oratory, as they are of all true eloquence. Passion, feeling, reason, wit, poured forth from his lips in a torrent so strong and inexhaustible, as to whirl away his hearers for the time in despite of their opinions. Nor should it be forgotten, slight and unimportant as physical qualities may appear in our estimate of the mighty dead, that his were eminently fitted for the orator. A tall, slender, erect person, changing under the excitement of speech its loose flaccidity of muscle into the most vigorous and nerved energy; an eye small, indeed, but deep and bonily set, and flaming with expression; and last and most important of all, a voice deep, powerful, mellow and rich, beyond expression—rich is a feeble phrase to express its round, articulate fullness, rolling up with sublime swell of the organ—all these together formed wonderful aids to eloquence. And his great and numerous triumphs attest their power. He had the true mesmeric stroke of the orator—the power to infuse his feelings into his hearers; to make them think as he thought, and feel as he felt. No one can form any adequate conception of the power of his eloquence, who has not heard Mr. Clay when his blood was up, and the tide of inspiration rolling full upon him. His words indeed might be written down; but the flame of mind which sent them forth red hot and blazing from its mint, could not be conveyed by letters. As well attempt to paint the lightning. The crooked, angular line may be traced; but the glare, and the flame and the roar and the terror, and the electric flash, are gone. Stormy, vehement and tempestuous as were his passions and his oratory, there was still underneath them all, a cool stream of reason, running through the bottom of his brain, which always pointed him to his object, and held him to his course. No orator, so passionate, ever committed fewer imprudencies. No passions so stormy ever left their possessor so watchful of his objects. Reason held the helm while passion blew the gale.

As a debater, it would not be just to say that Mr. Clay held the same rank; at least it may be said with justice, that in all the walks of debate he was not equally eminent. He was able everywhere; and it is but gentle criticism to say, that in some trains of thought he did shine forth with the power and lustre which marked his eloquence. It appears to me, after a critical study of his speeches, that he discussed facts with as much power as any of his great rivals. It appears to me also, that he fell beneath some of them in the discussion of principles. One of the greatest of his contemporaries taunted him once in the Senate with an inability to analyze abstruse subjects. The taunt was made stronger, probably, by anger, than truth or candor would warrant; yet it seems to me

It is difficult, among the great masters of oratory and debate, to select one whom he closely resembled. It is not probable that he had ever studied any of them closely; and even had he done so, the originality of his genius and the intense pride of his haughty temper would have prevented him from stooping to select a model. If he resembled any of them, he did not know it, and he would have cared as little to abolish the points of resemblance as to make them. To Demosthenes, to whom he has been often compared, he bore a likeness in his passion, his intensity, and in his occasional want of logic; but he was utterly unlike him in other respects. He had none of his terseness, his nakedness, and the straight forward, unhalting directness with which he dashed on to his end. To Cicero he bore no resemblance whatever. Among the eminent English speakers it would be almost as difficult to trace with him a parallel, in any considerable degree exact or close. The profound philosophy of Burke, with his gorgeous, lurid and golden language, rolling on with the pomp and power of an army blazing with banners, he in no degree approached. Sheridan's bright and pungent style, glittering with antithesis and point, was equally unlike him. I am inclined to think that of all the speakers I have read, though with less of logic and wit, and more of passion, he most resembled Charles Fox. The same rigid adherence actually to his point, even when seeming to be away from it; the same abundance and exuberance of matter; the same gladiatorial struggle to strike down his opponent, though the victory might slightly affect the question involved; the same felicitous blending of passion and logic, with sparkles of sarcasm and personality spangling the whole—all produced strong points of resemblance, not to be traced with any other orator.

To all these eminent merits as a speaker, was united a profound knowledge of men, of their motives and of their weaknesses. Though it may be that in the early part of his life, he had learned but little from books, yet amid the frank, bold and reckless pioneers which formed Kentucky's early population, where the man stood forth in all the originality and nakedness of his nature, and amid the stormy scenes of the hustings in which he was early plunged, he had gained that quick insight into the human heart, which in practical life goes farther to attain success than realms of reading. He knew men thoroughly and not only knew how, but possessed the magnetic power to bend them to his purposes.

There is probably no position in life which requires such a combination of rare and high qualities as that of a great popular leader. He must be bold and prudent, prompt and patient, stern and conciliating, captivating, commanding, farseeing, and above all, brave to perfection. The first man in the nation, the first in power, undoubtedly, whatever, may be his place, is the leader of the administration, be he in Congress or the Cabinet, President or private. The leader of the opposition can hardly be called the second man in rank or power, but if his party be strong and struggling, his position is one of great strength, and enables him, though out of the government, to strongly affect it in the direction of the affairs of the nation. One of these attitudes, Mr. Clay held throughout the greater part and all the latter portion of his life. He led the administration party under Mr. Madison's presidency, throughout the trying scenes of the war, and upon him fell the brunt of that fierce congressional struggle. When the cowardice of some commanders, and the incapacity of all of them in the commencement of the war, had brought about a series of shameful disasters, which made every American blush for his country, Henry Clay stood forth in advance of all, to encourage, to console, and to rouse his countrymen to renewed efforts. Defeats, disasters, blunders and shame hung heavy upon the party in power and disheartened its followers, while the eloquent chiefs of the opposition poured forth a tempest of invective, denunciation and ridicule against the feeble and

futile efforts, in which the honor of the nation was sullied, and its strength lost. But the fiercer roared the storm, the sterner and higher pealed forth his trumpet voice to rally his broken forces, and marshal them anew for the struggle. To Henry Clay, far in front of all others, that administration owed its support through the trying scenes of that bitter contest. He afterwards led the opposition through the terms of Jackson, Van Buren and Tyler. The unexampled dexterity, skill, patience, firmness and hardihood, with which, in despite of repeated defeats, he still maintained the war, must excite unmix admiration in all who may study his career. Courage is a high quality. Courage, perfect, multifarious and unquenchable, one of the highest and rarest. Of all moral qualities, it is the most essential to a great popular leader, most especially the leader of an opposition; and with that glorious gift nature had endowed Mr. Clay to extremity. 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Defiance, stern and high, blazed in every feature, and war to the knife in every word. It was a brave sight to see how gallantly he would dash into the melee, deal his crashing blows right and left among Van Buren, Benton, Forsyth and Wright; trample the wretched crests of party into the dust beneath his feet, and strike with all his strength full at the towering crest of Jackson.

Nor was it only in the bold and stern qualities of the party leader that he excelled; he could be winning and gentle too. While there was any hope of winning an opponent to the support of a

measure, no man was more conciliating; while his partisans would obey, no man was more kind and gentle; and his high strong nature rendered his courtesy more attractive than the most dexterous flattery of other men. As instances of this skill, I may mention that he twice carried through his land bill against a dead majority in both houses; that he carried through his Missouri compromise, when first the effort seemed hopeless; and that he won a passage for his bank bills in 1832 and 1841, with a minority of supporters in the first instance, and with an uncertain, hesitating, unreliable majority in the last. He was patient too, and could bide his time. In 1840, intestine commotion first appeared in his party, and he first formidable and organized resistance to every campaign as the leader of the opposition; his tactics had been brilliant, dexterous and admirable. The party in power was broken down, and he thought he saw himself close upon the long delayed fruition of all his hopes. The bright crown of glory which had so long glittered before his eyes, but to elude his grasp, was now within his reach. But another was selected to wear, when he won it. Another was chosen to reap the harvest which he had worked, and watched, and tended. Then, for the first time, he saw his standard deserted. His own appreciation of the services he had rendered his party was strong and intense; and under so crushing a blow, a fiery, impetuous man might be expected to commit some imprudence. Doubtless, his heart beat thick with a sense of injustice, and his blood boiled in resentment. Yet he betrayed nothing of it, at least, not in public. The great party leader knew how to bide his time. He bowed gracefully to the decision, threw himself cordially into the movement, and was still the recognized chief of the host which mustered under the banner of another. His was the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself. Four years afterwards, he feaped the fruit of his prudence and his patience. He was supported with zeal and unanimity by those who before had struck him down, and certainly nothing but the mine which was so suddenly sprung beneath his feet, prevented his triumph. After a close and most desperate struggle, he fell again, and apparently forever. Yet, even after this apparently final blow another effort was made, which most strikingly illustrated his character, and displayed upon a broad ground his prodigious power over men, and his buoyant confidence, sanguine, unbreakable spirit. When he was struck down in 1844, it seemed that his race was run. His defeats had been so numerous and continued, he had been so long in the public eye, he was so far advanced in years; the rivals of his middle age, Adams, Jackson and Crawford, had all passed away, and he seemed of a former generation. The public heart felt that his career was closed. The old make way for the young, and a new race had arisen. Taylor's victories had arrested the public mind, and the veteran statesman of Ashland, was forgotten; yet, he attempted to stem the tide of victory in the fullness of its power. His control over men was so prodigious, he bestirred himself so vigorously, he struck so hard and true to his mark, that with most of his close friends directly committed against him, and in spite of the general sense of the public, he scarcely failed to win. None but a spirit as dauntless as his own, would have dared the struggle. None but a power so great could have made it.

As a statesman, undoubtedly Mr. Clay was entitled to the very highest rank among all his contemporaries. It has been generally conceded, that his learning was not profound or various. Of science in its limited sense, he knew but little, and of the lighter and less important branches of study and accomplishment; still less. It is said, that he cared nothing for literature, had never searched deeply into history; and it is remarkable, that though at one time a minister abroad, and for four years as Secretary of State, in constant relations and intercourse with foreign envoys, of every nation, he spoke no language but his own. But he knew thoroughly that which it most imported him to know. He was profoundly versed in the theory and practices of our own government, and in a knowledge of the powers of each branch of it. He knew intimately and to the bottom, the connection, political and commercial, of America with all other nations. He knew perfectly the relation which each part of the country bore to the other, and he understood profoundly the character, genius and wants of the American people. There was nothing sectional in his policy. His broad and comprehensive genius held in its vision the interest of the whole nation, and his big American heart throbbled for it all. He was intensely American in all his thoughts and all his feelings. To cherish the interest and the glory, and to build up the power of his country and his whole country, was the aim of all his policy and the passion of his life. No candid reader, who may study his career, can deny, that on all great occasions, he was not only purely patriotic, but eminently self-sacrificing. For brighter examples of this patriotic spirit, will at once occur to all who are familiar with his career; but at this moment, I will only allude to the instances in which he took ground upon Kentucky State politics, which I cited as examples of his unhesitating boldness, when I was discussing his character as a party leader. Like all other true statesmen, his ideas were all relative not absolute. He was in no degree a man of one idea. He was not wedded pre-emptorily and at all hazards to any measure, or any principle. He understood the policy of a nation, not as fixed mathematical theorem, where under all circumstances and at all times, every result but one must be wrong; but as the practical science of fitting measures to the occasion, to necessity, and to the times. The best practical good which could be secured, was his aim, and under some circumstances, he would maintain, what, under a different condition of affairs he would oppose. Without discussing the philo-

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