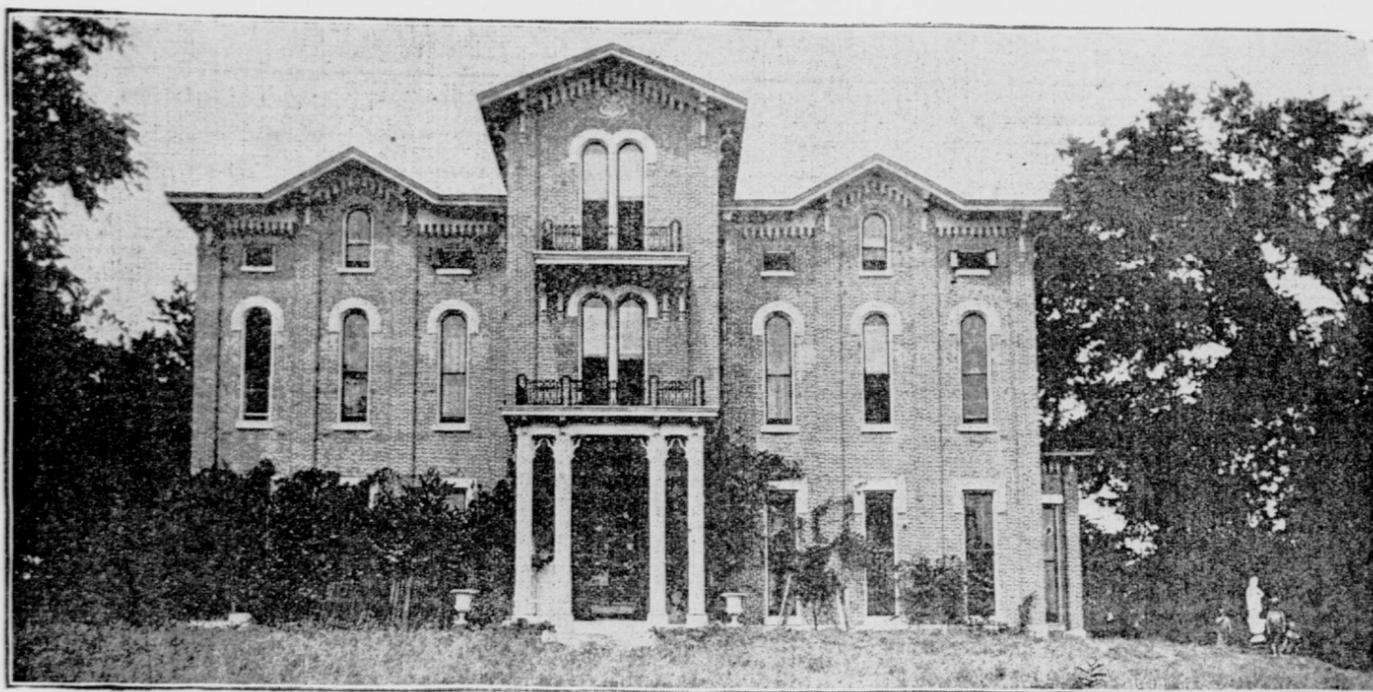


WHITEHALL, WHICH GENERAL CLAY LEFT TO UNCLE SAM, "IN TRUST FOR THE INHABITANTS OF THIS EARTH."



WHITEHALL, AS IT LOOKED AT THE TIME OF GENERAL CLAY'S DEATH.

Come in the world, is a copper ball, which bears the cross and which looks little larger than a child's balloon. In the olden days many a pilgrim to the Eternal City was wont to climb to this dizzy height, and there pray on naked knees. The ascent now as then is by a narrow stairway between the inner and outer walls of the dome to the lantern, and then by a circular iron staircase into the ball. Once there, the visitor finds it large enough to hold a small party, and hot enough, because of the sun's rays, which beat down on its thin copper sides, to roast an ordinary man of flesh and blood inside of an hour. The guides still tell many a story about the copper ball. Here, they say, two monks were praying once, when they were shaken from their knees by an earthquake. The dome reeled with such violence that the poor pilgrims thought they were about to be hurled to the ground. When the two monks failed to descend their friends climbed to the ball and found one delirious with terror and the other dead.

HOME OF "CASH" CLAY.

Final Disposition of Whitehall Will Depend on Will Contest.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 15.—"Cash" Clay is dead, and now they all is fightin' over his wills," remarked a member of one of the first families to-day.

"Course they all is fightin' over 'Cash' Clay's will," returned his friend, also a first family man. "What did you expect? Why, man, it wouldn't be 'Cash' Clay's will if there wasn't a fight over it."

So it is that after death, even, the affairs of the sturdy czar of Whitehall are in a turmoil. It is indeed consistent with the fire eating, slashing, shooting life he led.

There was no doubt of a will contest in his case, for six separate wills have been offered for probate in the County Court of Madison County. They name different beneficiaries, from Dora Clay Brock to the United States of America.

The most interesting will was that left in possession of his divorced girl wife. It is written in his own hand and stamped with his private seal in wax. It contains this interesting paragraph:

The Whitehall lands and fixtures of 360 acres shall remain, including houses, trees, etc., forever the same intact—finest natural park on earth. It shall be in fee simple the property of the United States of America in trust for the inhabitants of this earth. It shall be so long under the care of my executors as may be deemed best by the federal government, and then be under their direction and support in the purposes of this legator.

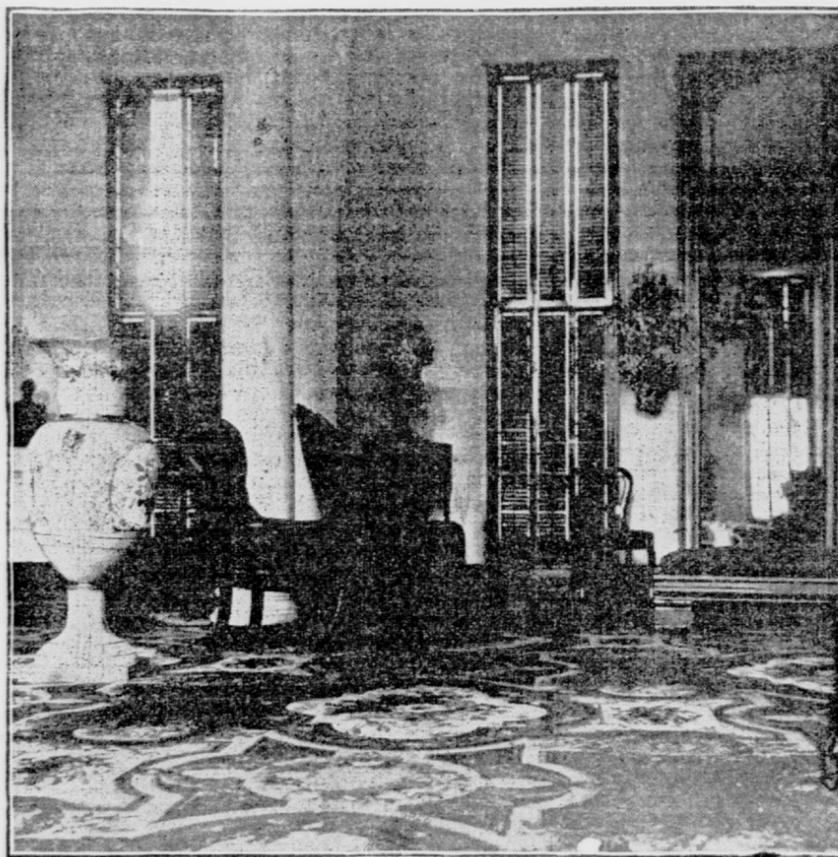
In the following section he provided for the maintenance of the park by setting aside "my coal mines in Clay County, Ky., bought of Eli Bowlin, near Manchester, about three hundred acres." He desired that they be controlled into a company and work to the end of supporting the park.

It is doubtful if the United States ever gets possession of the park. His children assert that he had been of unsound mind for years and long before he married Dora Richardson, the fourteen-year-old girl from his kitchen. They date his insanity from the time he shot a negro servant who disobeyed him, and will lay claim to all of the property on this ground. The children have a further claim on Whitehall in that it was entailed by the will of General Green Clay and that it can only go to the direct heirs.

General Clay's funeral was strikingly out of the ordinary. A hearse and four carriages, of which two were empty, comprised the funeral procession from Whitehall to Richmond, a distance of six miles. Negroes lined the road. They went for miles and miles to see the funeral, and at every road crossing and at scores of houses on the road hundreds had

assembled to see the hearse bearing the famous advocate of negro freedom pass into the burying ground of his father, General Green Clay. At the town limits of Richmond the small procession was swelled into one of the largest ever seen in the Madison County capital. The honorary pallbearers, the relatives and admirers

high. I had folding doors, secured with a chain, which could open upon the mob and give play to my cannon. I furnished my office with Mexican lances and a limited number of guns. There were six or eight persons who stood ready to defend me. If defeated, they were to escape by a trap door in the roof, and I had placed a keg of powder, with a match, which I could set



GLIMPSE OF GENERAL CLAY'S PARLOR, SHOWING SOME OF THE VASES.

and friends from every part of the country were assembled to join the procession and march to the church. The funeral was at the First Baptist Church, the Rev. Mr. Timberlake, a life-long friend of General Clay, conducting the services.

The children were the mourners—children to whom he had not spoken for twenty years—while the former child wife, Dora Richardson Clay Brock, a girl upon whom he had attempted to settle his earthly possessions by five wills, was missing. She was in Lexington. She said the children of General Clay thought her beneath them and had never reconciled themselves to his claim that he could take this child of nature, educate her and place her on the high plane of the aristocracy.

Friends of the old anti-slavery advocate say that if he was insane in the later years of his life he always was mad. It was a mad freak, they said, which made up his mind to talk against slavery to the Southern planters, after hearing William Lloyd Garrison lecture at Yale. He was in many fights and duels before he issued a challenge to the world to come and try to take him out of Whitehall.

He never attempted a more dangerous thing, however, than editing "The True American," an abolitionist paper, in this city about sixty years ago. This is the way he fortified himself for it, according to his own account:

I selected for my office a brick building and lined the outside doors with sheet iron to prevent them being burned. I purchased two brass 4-pounder cannon at Cincinnati and placed them, loaded with shot and nails, on a table breast

off and blow up the office and all my invaders; and this I should most certainly have done in case of the last extremity.

Then there was his fight at Russell's Cave in 1840 with Samuel M. Brown, a great bully and fighter for slavery. Brown called him a liar,

which was something Clay never stood. Clay, knowing his man, promptly pulled out his bowie knife.

"Clear the way and let me kill the — rascal," cried Brown, springing forward with a Colt revolver.

The crowd fell back on either side and Brown took his aim. Clay either had to run or advance. He chose the latter and, turning his left side toward Brown, his left arm protecting the vital parts to some extent, he sprang forward, knife in hand.

"Seeing I was coming," said Clay in describing the contest, "and knowing that nothing but a sudden and fatal shot could save him, he held his fire and, taking deliberate aim, just as I was within an arm's reach he fired at my heart. I came down on his head with a tremendous blow, which would have split open an ordinary skull, but Brown's was as thick as that of an African. The blow laid open his skull about three inches to the brain, indenting it, but not breaking the textures; but it so stunned him that he was no more able to fire, and feebly attempted to seize me."

Brown was rapidly being cut to pieces when his friends seized him and threw him over a fence, giving him a bad fall, which ended the fight.

Raising his bloody knife, Clay cried: "I repeat that the statement made by the speaker before Brown's assault has been proved a falsehood, and I stand ready to defend the truth."

No one wanted to go against the terrible bowie, and Clay's friends took him away to look for his wound. They found only a red spot over his heart. The bullet had lodged in the scabbard of his bowie knife. This was only one of many fights, and it is typical of the life of one who has been called "the last of the Romans."

Whitehall, which has been willed to the public, is a large two and a half story building of brick and in a grove of beautiful evergreen trees. There are forty-two rooms, but only three or four of the rooms on the first floor are furnished. The main parlor and hall hold many rare relics of General Clay's strenuous life. There are immense vases and gorgeous rugs, divans and chairs, all bought by General Clay in St. Petersburg when he was Minister to the Court of St. James, and sent to his wife at Whitehall. There are also bowie knives and revolvers and guns of various descriptions that he used in the army and in his various fights and duels. Relic hunters from all parts of the country are already inquiring for these things, and when they are offered for sale the competition for them will be exceedingly keen. The house is just as it was when General Clay died, and nothing may be done until the legal battles in the courts result in the final disposition of the estate. The mansion, although in good repair on the outside and well preserved within, is too large for a modern residence, and it is doubtful if it is ever used as a private residence. General Clay occupied one room, and in this he died in the midst of only strangers, his faithful body-guard, "Jim" Bowlin, who had been with him for fourteen years, and "Joe" Perkins, who for many years had administered to his wants.

HIS IDEA OF CEREMONY.

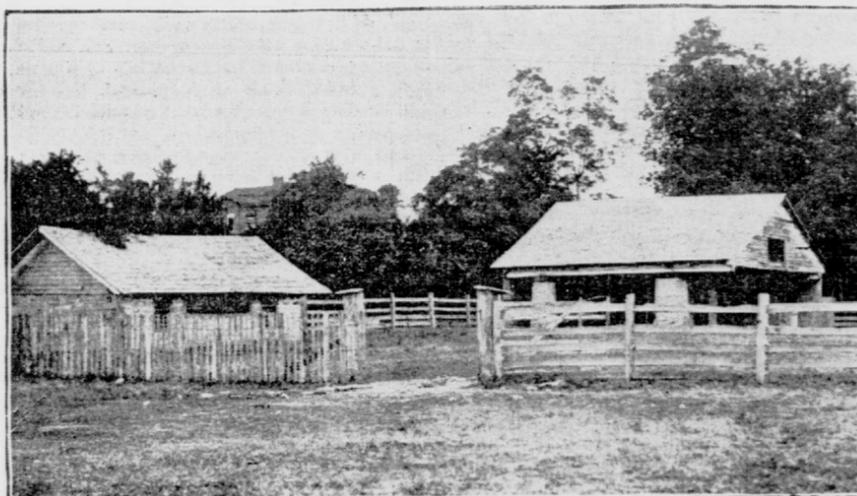
Dr. Alfred Wallace, the octogenarian English scientist who asserts that he can prove the earth to be the centre of the universe, lived in his youth in the Moluccas. One of his neighbors in those remote islands was an old sailor, and of this aged man Dr. Wallace sometimes tells an old story.

In a certain port the sailor had been once invited to a dance. He accepted the invitation, and all through the evening he bounded in a hearty and uncouth manner through dances of every kind. But he wore no gloves, and hence, the climate being tropical, his large, moist hands left stains on the white raiment of the women.

One, a little vexed, thought she would take him to task for this.

"Don't you think, dancing so much, you ought to wear gloves?" she said.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered. "I'll wash my hands when I'm through."



ENTRANCE TO THE WHITEHALL ESTATE, WHICH GENERAL CLAY LEFT FOR A NATIONAL PARK.