



Henry Clay.

THIRD PERIOD . . . 1800-1850.

HENRY CLAY.

1777-1852.

HENRY CLAY was born at "The Slashes," Hanover County, Virginia, whence he got his title, "Mill-Boy of the Slashes." His mother, early left a widow, was poor, and on her second marriage, to Mr. Henry Watkins, removed to Kentucky. Henry Clay became a clerk and then a law-student in Richmond, Va., and in 1797 followed his mother to Kentucky, making his home in Lexington. He rose speedily to eminence as a jury lawyer, and in 1803 entered public life as a member of the State Legislature. In 1806 he entered the United States Senate, and after the war of 1812 he was sent to Belgium as one of the Commissioners to treat of peace with Great Britain.

His share in public life was most important. He was the author of the Missouri Compromise of 1820, of the Tariff Compromise of 1832, of the Bill for Protection and Internal Improvements; his agency in the first two and in the Missouri Compromise of 1850, gaining for him the title of the "Great Pacificator." With Calhoun and Webster, he formed the triad of great statesmen who made illustrious our politics in the first half of the nineteenth century.

He died in Washington City and was buried in Lexington, Kentucky, where an imposing column, surmounted by his statue, marks his tomb. In the Capitol grounds at Rich-

mond there is also a fine monument and statue to his memory. It has been said of him that no man ever had more devoted friends and more bitter enemies. See Benton's account of his duel with Randolph.

His home, "Ashland," on the suburbs of Lexington, is now a part of the University of Kentucky. The old Court House in which so many of his famous speeches were made still stands in Lexington, and is cherished as an honoured reminder of his greatness in the eyes of his admiring compatriots. See under A. H. Stephens, *Sketch in the Senate, 1850*; also, *Life*, by Prentice, and by Schurz.

WORKS.

Speeches, [of which several collections have been made.]

Henry Clay was perhaps the greatest popular leader and orator that America has produced, although his influence will not be so lasting as that of profounder statesmen. He was a master of the feelings and could sway the multitude before him as one man. "His style of argument was by vivid picture, apt comparison, and forcible illustration, rather than by close reasoning like Webster's, or impregnable logic like that of Calhoun."—John P. McGuire.

TO BE RIGHT ABOVE ALL.

Sir, I would rather be right than be president. (*In 1850, on being told that his views would endanger his nomination for the presidency.*)

NO GEOGRAPHICAL LINES IN PATRIOTISM.

I know no North, no South, no East, no West.

MILITARY INSUBORDINATION.

(*From the speech on the Seminole War, delivered 1819.*)

I will not trespass much longer upon the time of the committee; but I trust I shall be indulged with some few

reflections upon the danger of permitting conduct, [Gen. Jackson's arbitrary court-martial], on which it has been my painful duty to animadvert, to pass without a solemn expression of the disapprobation of this House. Recall to your mind the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now?

"Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

And how have they lost their liberties? If we could transport ourselves back to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian whether he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, No! no! we have nothing to fear from our heroes; our liberties shall be eternal. If a Roman citizen had been asked whether he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his devoted country. The celebrated Madame de Staël, in her last and perhaps her best work, has said that in the very year, almost the very month, when the president of the Directory declared that monarchy would never show its frightful head in France, Bonaparte with his grenadiers entered the palace of St. Cloud, and, dispersing with the bayonet the deputies of the people, deliberating on the affairs of the state, laid the foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which overshadowed all Europe.

I hope not to be misunderstood ; I am far from intimating that General Jackson cherishes any designs inimical to the liberties of the country. I believe his intentions to be pure and patriotic. I thank God that he would not, but I thank Him still more that he could not if he would, overturn the liberties of the Republic. But precedents, if bad, are fraught with the most dangerous consequences. Man has been described, by some of those who have treated of his nature, as a bundle of habits. The definition is much truer when applied to governments. Precedents are their habits. There is one important difference between the formation of habits by an individual and by government. He contracts it only after frequent repetition. A single instance fixes the habit and determines the direction of governments.

Against the alarming doctrine of unlimited discretion in our military commanders, when applied to prisoners of war, I must enter my protest. It begins upon them ; it will end on us. I hope our happy form of government is to be perpetual. But if it is to be preserved, it must be by the practice of virtue, by justice, by moderation, by magnanimity, by greatness of soul, by keeping a watchful and steady eye on the executive ; and, above all, by holding to a strict accountability the military branch of the public force.

Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

1780-1843.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY was born in Frederick county, Maryland, and was educated at St. John's College, Annapolis. He became a lawyer, was appointed District Attorney of the District of Columbia, and spent his life in Washington City.

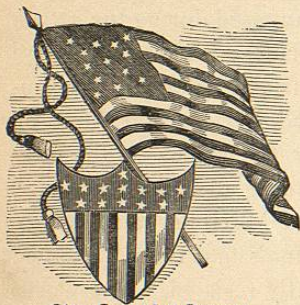
A very handsome monument has been erected to his memory in San Francisco by Mr. James Lick : his song, the "Star-Spangled Banner," will be his enduring monument throughout our country. It was composed during the attack on Fort McHenry in Baltimore Harbor, 1814. Key had gone to the British vessel to get a friend released from imprisonment, in which he succeeded, but he was kept on board the enemy's vessel until after the attack on the fort ; and the song commemorates his evening and morning watch for the star-spangled banner on Fort McHenry, and the appearance of the flag in "the morning's first beam" showed that the attack had been successfully resisted. The words were written on an old envelope. (See illustrations in the *Century Magazine*, July, 1894.)

WORKS.

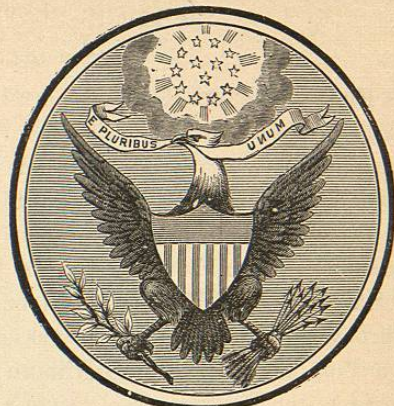
Poems, with a sketch by Chief-Justice Taney.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

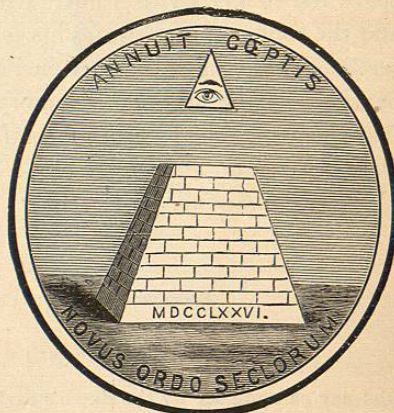
Oh ! say can you see by the dawn's early light,
 What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
 Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the clouds of the fight
 O'er the rampart we watched, were so gallantly streaming!
 And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
 Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there ;
 O, say, does that Star-Spangled banner yet wave
 O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?



Star-Spangled Banner.



Obverse.



Reverse.

Seal of the United States.

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the Star-Spangled banner; O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave;
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto—"In God is our trust"—
And the Star-Spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

1780-1851.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON was born near New Orleans and educated in France where he studied painting under David. While still a young man, his father put him in charge of a country estate in Pennsylvania. Afterwards he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Philadelphia, Louisville, New Orleans, and Henderson, Kentucky, but unsuccessfully; for he knew and cared much more about the birds, flowers, and beasts

around him than about the kinds and prices of goods that his neighbors needed.

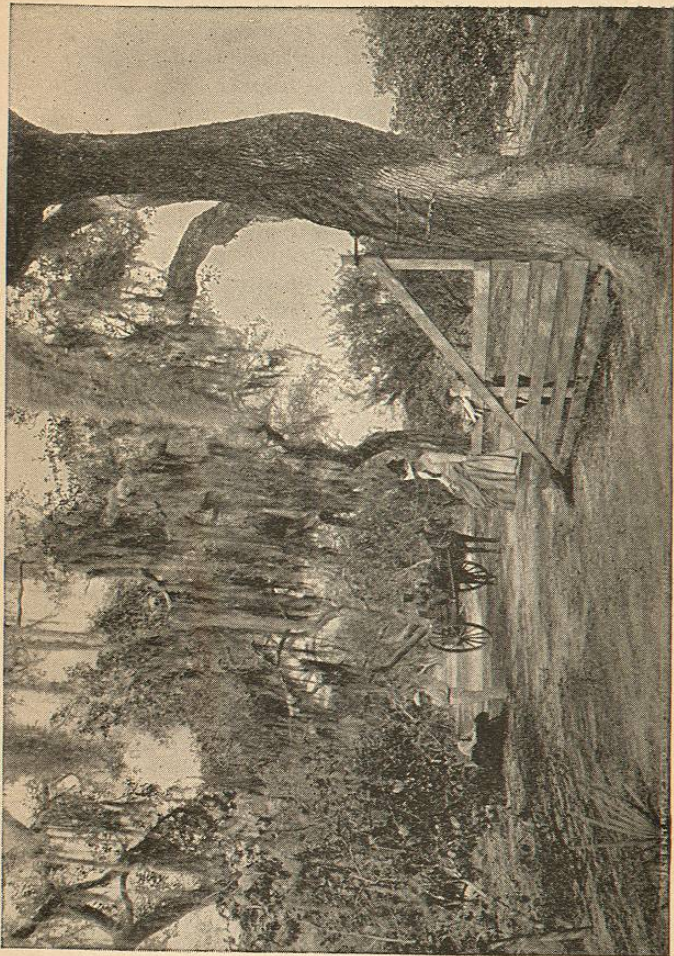
His great literary and artistic work is "The Birds of America," consisting of five volumes of Ornithological Biographies and four volumes of exquisite portraits of birds, life-size, in natural colors, and surrounded by the plants which each one most likes. "Quadrupeds of America" was prepared mainly by his sons and Rev. John Bachman of South Carolina. These works gave him a European reputation. He died at Minniesland, now Audubon Park, New York City.

His style in writing is pure, vivid, and so clear as to place before us the very thing or event described. The accounts of his travels and of the adventures he met with in his search for his birds and animals are very natural and picturesque; and they show also his own fine nature and attractive character.

A biography arranged from his diary by Mrs. Audubon was published in New York, 1868. See also Samuel Smiles' "Brief Biographies." The State Library of North Carolina possesses a set of Audubon's invaluable works, of which there are only eight sets in America.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and the fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered *Stuartia*, and, mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that



Scene in Louisiana.

here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step; in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and, opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird should have fixed his abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and, again bouncing upwards, opens his bill and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the haut-boy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great

brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their leaves and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming-Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beautiful petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed pecking cautiously, and with sparkling eyes, into their innermost recesses, while the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and cool the flower, without injuring its fragile texture, and produce a delightful murmuring sound, well adapted for lulling the insects to repose. Then is the moment for the Humming-Bird to secure them. Its long delicate bill enters the cup of the flower, and the protruded double-tubed

tongue, delicately sensible, and imbued with a glutinous saliva, touches each insect in succession, and draws it from its lurking place, to be instantly swallowed. All this is done in a moment, and the bird, as it leaves the flower, sips so small a portion of its liquid honey, that the theft, we may suppose, is looked upon with a grateful feeling by the flower, which is thus kindly relieved from the attacks of her destroyers.

Its gorgeous throat in beauty and brilliancy baffles all competition. Now it glows with a fiery hue, and again it is changed to the deepest velvety black. The upper parts of its delicate body are of resplendent changing green; and it throws itself through the air with a swiftness and vivacity hardly conceivable. It moves from one flower to another like a gleam of light, upwards, downwards, to the right, and to the left.

THOMAS HART BENTON.

1782-1858.

THOMAS HART BENTON was born in Hillsboro, North Carolina, and was partly educated at the State University. He left before graduation, however, and removed with his widowed mother to Tennessee, where twenty-five miles south of Nashville they made a home, around which a settlement called Bentontown gradually grew up.

He studied law with St. George Tucker, began to practice in Nashville, and was elected to the State Legislature in 1811. In 1815 he removed to St. Louis, and was elected United States Senator in 1820 on the admission of Missouri to the Union. He worked heartily and successfully in the interests of settlers in the West. His title "Old Bullion" was derived from his famous speeches on the currency,

during Jackson's administration, and they gained him a European reputation.

He and Calhoun were opposed to each other on almost every question, and they carried on a ferocious warfare in the Senate. He was a Senator for thirty years, 1820-50, and his great work gives an account of men and measures during that very exciting and intensely interesting period, in which he was himself one of the most prominent actors.

A fine statue was erected to him in the park at St. Louis.

WORKS.

Thirty Years' View of the Workings of Our Government. Abridgment of the Debates of Congress. Examination of the Dred Scott Case.

Benton's style as an orator was easy, full, and strong, showing him well acquainted with his subject and confident of his powers.

The "Thirty Years' View" is noted for its excellent arrangement and for a style easy and fluent yet not diffuse. "It is a succession of historical tableaux," of which the following extract presents one of the most famous.

THE DUEL BETWEEN RANDOLPH AND CLAY.

(From *Thirty Years' View*.)

Saturday, the 8th of April (1826)—the day for the duel—had come, and almost the hour. It was noon, and the meeting was to take place at 4½ o'clock. I had gone to see Mr. Randolph before the hour, and for a purpose; and, besides, it was so far on the way, as he lived half-way to Georgetown, and we had to pass through that place to cross the Potomac into Virginia at the Little Falls Bridge. I had heard nothing from him on the point of not returning the fire since the first communication to that effect, eight

*By permission of D. Appleton and Company, N. Y.

days before. I had no reason to doubt the steadiness of his determination, but felt a desire to have fresh assurance of it after so many days' delay, and so near approach of the trying moment. I knew it would not do to ask him the question—any question which would imply a doubt of his word. His sensitive feelings would be hurt and annoyed at it. So I fell upon a scheme to get at the inquiry without seeming to make it. I told him of my visit to Mr. Clay the night before—of the late sitting—the child asleep—the unconscious tranquillity of Mrs. Clay; and added, I could not help reflecting how different all that might be the next night. He understood me perfectly, and immediately said, with a quietude of look and expression which seemed to rebuke an unworthy doubt, *I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother*, and went on with his employment which was, making codicils to his will, all in the way of remembrance to friends.

. I withdrew a little way into the woods, and kept my eyes fixed on Mr. Randolph, who I then knew to be the only one in danger. I saw him receive the fire of Mr. Clay, saw the gravel knocked up in the same place, saw Mr. Randolph raise his pistol—discharge it in the air; heard him say, *I do not fire at you, Mr. Clay*; and immediately advancing and offering his hand. He was met in the same spirit. They met halfway, shook hands, Mr. Randolph saying, jocosely, *You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay*—(the bullet had passed through the skirt of the coat, very near the hip)—to which Mr. Clay promptly and happily replied, *I am glad the debt is no greater*. I had come up and was prompt to proclaim what I had been obliged to keep secret for eight days. The joy of all was extreme at this happy termination of a most critical affair:

and we immediately left, with lighter hearts than we brought.

On Monday the parties exchanged cards, and social relations were formally and courteously restored. It was about the last high-toned duel that I have witnessed, and among the highest-toned that I have ever witnessed; and so happily conducted to a fortunate issue—a result due to the noble character of the seconds as well as to the generous and heroic spirit of the principals. Certainly, duelling is bad, and has been put down, but not quite so bad as its substitute—revolvers, bowie-knives, blackguarding, and street-assassinations under the pretext of self-defence.

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JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN.

1782-1850.

JOHN CALDWELL CALHOUN is one of the greatest statesmen that America has produced. He was of Scotch and Irish descent, and was born in Abbeville County, South Carolina. He received his early education from his brother-in-law, the distinguished Dr. Moses Waddell, then attended Yale College, and studied law. Early in life, 1811, he entered the political arena, and remained in it to the day of his death.

As Secretary of War under President Monroe, he re-organized the department on the basis which is still maintained. He was elected Vice-president with Adams in 1824, re-elected with Jackson, 1828, and became United States Senator, 1832, succeeding Robert Y. Hayne who had been chosen governor of South Carolina in the Nullification crisis.

From this time forth until his death, he was in the midst of incessant political toil, strife, and activity, having Web-