"You have made a mistake," assented Stefanone. "Let us not talk about it any more."

"Very well."

Griggs turned away and walked slowly toward the hotel, well aware that Stefanone was watching him and would think that he was going to warn Lord Redin of his danger. That, indeed, was Griggs's first impulse, and it was probably his wisest course, whatever might come of the meeting. But the Scotchman had made up his mind that he would not see Griggs under any circumstances, and though the latter had seen him enter the hotel less than ten minutes earlier, the servant returned almost immediately and said that Lord Redin was not at home. Griggs understood, and turned away thoughtfully.

Before he went down the Via Condotti again, he looked over his shoulder toward the steps, and he saw that Stefanone was gone. As he walked along the street, the whole incident began to fade away in his mind, as real matters so often did nowadays. All at once he stopped short, and roused himself by an effort — directing his double, as he would have said, perhaps. There was no denying the fact that a man's life was hanging in the balance of a chance, and to the man, if not to Griggs, that life was worth something. If it had been any other man in the world, even that fact would have left him indifferent enough. Why should he care who lived or died? But Dalrymple was a man he had injured, and he was under an obligation of honor to save him if he could.

There was only one person in Rome who could help him — Francesca Campodonico. She knew much of what had happened; she might perhaps understand the present case. At all events, even if she had not seen Lord Redin of late, she could not be supposed to have broken relations with him; she could send for him and warn him. The case was urgent, as Griggs knew. After what he had said to Stefanone, the latter, if he meant to kill his man, would not lose a day.

(Conclusion in October.)

F. Marion Crawford.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HENRY CLAY.[1]

IT was said of Mr. Clay by one who, though a political enemy, was yet a lifelong friend, that "his private life was as complete and as perfect as his public life was glorious."

The number of those who knew him personally has been rapidly diminishing in recent years, but there are left in Kentucky enough to testify to the beauty of his intercourse with his friends, his family, and his neighbors, and to the never-failing love which he bore the "warm-hearted and whole-souled people" of his State, and which they returned with a feeling very nearly akin to adoration. From the day when, a youth of twenty-one, he addressed the people of Lexington from an old cart drawn up on the public square of Cheapside, to the day when from the steps of Ashland, after the defeat of 1844, he thanked the electors of Kentucky for their allegiance, and when, as an eye-witness relates, there was "not a man, nor a youth, nor a boy" in the assemblage "who did not shed tears"— from the day when he first came among them to the day when he went away not to return, he never lost his hold upon the affections of the people of his own State.

To tell of these things there is left the old man who in his youth presided as judge over many of the cases in which Mr. Clay appeared as counsel, and who, much as he admires Mr. Lincoln, still believes that, had Henry Clay been spared his country a little longer, there would have been no place for a Lincoln in our history.

There is left the boy whose father named him for Henry Clay,— when the father was one of the two Clay men in Botetourt County, Virginia,— and who remembers how, in order to hear Mr. Clay deliver his famous speech in the Polly Bullitt case, he spent the whole of one long summer day curled up on the window-sill of a court-room in Louisville, not even going home for his dinner, lest he should lose his point of vantage.

There is left the little girl — now no longer a little girl — the proudest recollection of whose life is of the kisses Mr. Clay used to give her, and for which, with commendable business exactness, he always paid her with a silver ten-cent piece deposited in her sunbonnet. She now confesses that when she saw the statesman approaching she learned to lay this bonnet upon the table of her father's shop, that it might be well in evidence, and the impressive ceremony of the dime and the salutation might not be omitted before the Whig leader, her father, and several other old cronies settled down for their regular afternoon discussion of

[1] See "A Few Words about Henry Clay" (with portrait) in THE CENTURY for July, 1885.

national affairs — for all Kentuckians are politicians. Henry Clay at that time, the "little girl" relates, walked the streets of Lexington with the same majestic air which his contemporaries love to describe in the lofty English of their day, and always carried with him a gold-headed cane — most likely a present from some distant admirer — and a cigar. And it was the stumps of these very cigars, smoked in the silversmith's shop on Main street, that the vagabond "King Solomon" of Kentucky, whose name is now happily preserved to fame, afterward enjoyed — he who proudly boasted that he had smoked more of the stumps of Henry Clay's cigars than any other man in the United States!

Four of Mr. Clay's six daughters died in childhood, one at the age of twenty, and the last when she was scarcely older, so that there was a pathetic suggestion in his tenderness toward all little girls. His devotion to an invalid grandchild is particularly remembered by the members of his family. He used to reserve for her the figs of a certain tree in the conservatory at Ashland, and would cut them every morning with his own hands, and take them to her with a rose from a favorite bush. "There was never a child who did not love him," says the mother of this little granddaughter.

That he did not always confine his attentions to little girls, but often availed himself of a privilege which was never disputed, is attested by the memories we meet with, from New England to New Orleans, of kisses still fresh in the minds of old ladies who were young girls in the days of those national campaigns when Mr. Clay went abroad through the land, convincing the voters by his arguments, and winning, without argument, the solid strength of feminine influence.

He has himself many times borne witness to his love for Kentucky, and for his own home, with its winding walks, where ash-trees and evergreens meet overhead and periwinkle banks the edges, where dogwood and redbud flower, and in the dusk of spring days the mocking-bird answers the plaintive note of the whippoorwill. Here the statesman loved to walk, and think out in peace the problems that were vexing him.

The longing for his home and his family grew with advancing years and failing health. A friend who traveled out with him from Washington in 1850, the last time he made that trip, tells of his reluctance to be thrown in with strangers, and of the constant expression of his desire to be at home. The party went by stage from Washington to Wheeling, and care had to be taken at every step to keep back the crowds. From Wheeling they went down the Ohio by boat to Maysville, and there took stage again for Lexington, a drive of sixty-four miles. The trip was not an easy one, though, thanks to "internal improvements," not so hard as it had been when Mr. Clay first made his way from Ashland to the nation's capital in 1806.

The old limestone road from Maysville to Lexington, over which Mr. Clay drove, was begun in 1829, and was the first macadamized turnpike in Kentucky. Its constructors conceived a great highway running from Ohio to New Orleans, binding the North to the South. A rusty iron mile-post a little way out from Lexington, on which can still be read the legend, "Zanesville [Ohio], Maysville, Lexington, Nashville [Tennessee], Florence [Alabama]," takes one back to the days when one really traveled, stopping at taverns to change horses, and dallying along the way in delightful fashion. The road was completed only from Lexington to the Ohio, and a bill granting it the aid of the Federal Government was vetoed by President Jackson. Yet the old general was in the habit of driving with his coach and four gray thoroughbreds through Kentucky, on his way from the Hermitage to Washington, and must sometimes have enjoyed this road, for it is on record that he did not avoid Lexington on his route. It was at a toll-gate on this road, perhaps, that a certain historic reply was made to one of General Jackson's mounted escort who had ridden on ahead to announce the presidential coach, and to inquire what the toll would be. "The same as for any other citizen of the United States," answered the old woman who kept the toll-gate, and who was most likely a Clay Whig beneath her outward show of Jacksonian Democracy.

For Mr. Clay, on his homeward journey in 1850, even after he was in sight of Lexington, there was an unlooked-for delay. On the outskirts of the town, at the end of what is now Limestone street, eager hands were laid upon the vehicle that bore him, the horses were unharnessed, and in the midst of a shouting throng of people the coach was drawn by the hands of men with bared heads to the Phœnix Hotel — formerly Postlethwaite's Tavern — in the center of the town. The crowd demanded a speech, and the traveler was forced to come out upon the balcony and comply with their request. The address was a short one, however, and after expressing to the people who filled the streets below him his appreciation and affection, he ended, "And now I must ask you to excuse me, for, strange as it may seem, there is an old lady at Ashland whom I had rather see than all of you."

A few days later there was a public gather-

ing in Mr. Clay's honor at the fair grounds, and it was understood that he would address his constituents. In spite of a sudden and heavy fall of rain, the people stood waiting on the grounds "as thick as the pegs on a shoemaker's board." When the orator appeared a great cheer went up. He began his address, Governor Metcalfe of Kentucky holding an umbrella over him. The old governor—known as "Stone-hammer Metcalfe," because as a mason in his youth he had built the foundations of the executive mansion at Frankfort, which he afterward occupied—stood with head uncovered, his long white hair floating in the wind. After speaking for about fifteen minutes Mr. Clay said, "Fellow-citizens, I cannot tax your patience further"; but there were cries of "Go on! Go on!" from the audience, and after a few moments of hesitation he resumed: "I thank you. My friends, if you can stand it," — for the rain was still coming down,— "God knows that I can." He spoke in all for about an hour, but long before he had ended, the summer storm had passed, and the barbecue went on without further interruption. This scene is described by one who stood in the rain and listened on that day — a college student of seventeen, who had driven thirty-five miles the night before to see and hear once more the great American.

Of the relations that existed between Mr. Clay and those with whom he mingled in daily life there is one living who loves to tell — Mrs. James Clay, the wife of one of his sons. "I never knew a man," she says, "more loved — adored in his own family than Henry Clay, and no one was ever more deserving of such love. In nearly ten years which I spent in Mr. Clay's family I never heard him speak an unkind nor even a hasty word to any member of his household." His unfailing courtesy toward all who approached him, the peculiar adaptability of his manners, was characteristic. A member of the religious community settled at Shakertown on the Kentucky River, in recalling a few years ago a visit of Mr. Clay's to their town, the interest he displayed, and his kindliness, concluded, "He was just as common as any of us." His sympathies were as wide as human nature, and his manner was but the easy and natural expression of this sympathy. He recognized a certain dignity in every human soul which exacted his respect and consideration. Having seen the littleness that may dwell in the great, he was all the more keenly alive to the greatness that is so often inherent in the little people of the world.

There is no doubt that on occasion Mr. Clay could be severe. At a dinner given at Ashland to Captain Marryat, the foreign abuse of the custom of feeing servants was spoken of, and Mr. Clay related as an instance in point an experience he had had in London. Unfamiliar with the usage in such matters, after an interview with Lord Castlereagh he had failed to pay to his lordship's chief lackey the usual perquisite. Some days later the servant waited upon him at his hotel, and called his attention to the oversight. Mr. Clay repaired the omission, but was too much impressed to fail to seek afterward some explanation. Captain Marryat denied warmly and somewhat brusquely that such a custom existed in England. To pass off the unpleasantness, Mr. Clay proposed a toast, asking the guest of honor to drink with him. "No," answered Captain Marryat, shortly; "I have drunk enough." "Then," said Mr. Clay, looking toward a friend, a young man who sat at the end of the table, "will you drink with me to this toast, Dick? It seems that you have not yet drunk too much."

Mr. Clay's exactness in business affairs was a notable trait, and there is an incident that illustrates the delicacy which made him avoid in his private relations even the appearance of an interested motive. A friend — Colonel Morrison of Lexington — for whom he had named his youngest son, desired, when making his will, to leave this namesake a sum of money. Mr. Clay, who was writing the will, would not consent to this, and persuaded Colonel Morrison to make the bequest instead to the Transylvania University. This institution was the first college west of the Alleghanies, and among the original contributors to its founding were:

George Washington, President of the United States	$100.00
John Adams, Vice-President	100.00
Aaron Burr	50.00

Colonel Morrison's legacy was expended on the present Morrison chapel and on the campus which surrounds the university buildings.

Of Mr. Clay's grace and dignity of manner there is but one report; of his appearance the reports are various. A friend who says that he was not an ugly man adds, "No portrait ever did him justice." Healy had great difficulty in getting the color of his eyes, and failed absolutely to get the expression or fire. The artist Oliver Frazer, to whom he sat many times, and who records that he was "the worst sitter in the world," waxed enthusiastic over his model. Though not much given to politics, he made it a point always to be present when Mr. Clay spoke, to hear the ring of his voice, and to watch the changes of his expression.

The engraving accompanying this sketch is made from a portrait of Mr. Clay by Matthew Jouett, father of the admiral. Jouett painted one other portrait, and the histories of the two have a touch of local color. The first was

painted for a hemp manufacturer who had come in from the country to hear Mr. Clay speak at the old court-house in Lexington. The man and his views — the subject of the speech was possibly a protective tariff — so pleased him that before leaving the court-room he engaged Jouett to make for him a portrait of the statesman. Somewhat later the manufacturer came into collision with his former idol in a lawsuit, and thereupon sold the painting for a race-horse.

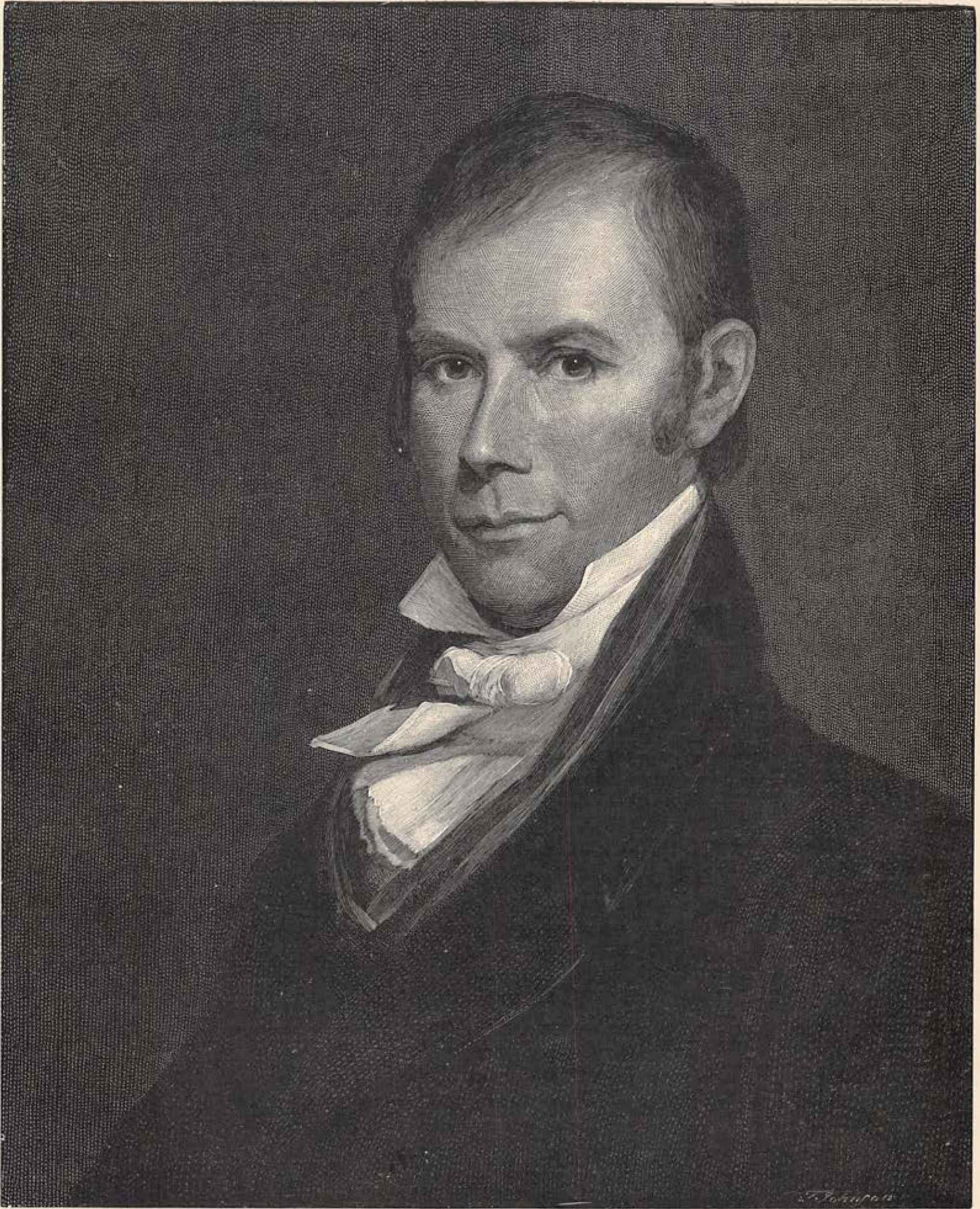
The second Jouett portrait, the one here reproduced, hung for many years in the home, near Lexington, of another of Mr. Clay's admirers. But in Kentucky, where the possession of the blue-grass land is a fruitful source of litigation, and of bitter and enduring enmities as well, even political sympathies were not always able to prevail against the strain. The inevitable lawsuit occurred, and the portrait was banished to the garret. Afterward it was given to a friend who, on inquiring about it, was told that it should never again darken the walls where it had hung. This gentleman, before the humor of the owner should be changed, put the picture into his buggy, and drove with it to his home in a neighboring county.

This portrait is one of the few which represent Mr. Clay in earlier life. The face which we see in it is not the familiar face of the man of matured powers, of ripened judgment, and of wise beneficence, the framer of compromises, the great pacificator. It is Henry Clay the war-maker, "young Harry of the West," not yet grown old; the leader of the young Americans in the House of Representatives; the man who, with all the ardent patriotism of a child of the decade which heard the Declaration of Independence, defied the peace party, and drove the administration into the war of 1812; the man to whom President Madison seriously contemplated offering the command of the armies of the United States in that war. It is the Henry Clay in whom was added to the patriotism which he had brought from Virginia, and the enthusiasm which was his birthright, not a little of the reckless daring of the backwoodsman of Kentucky.

This impetuosity, this emotional quality, in Mr. Clay was one great cause of his success as a leader, and of the devotion of his followers. His political sympathizers not only admired, but loved him. The distress of the Whigs in Kentucky, in the South, and in fact all over the Union, after his defeat in 1844 was of those who grieved as for a personal bereavement. In Kentucky the disappointment was felt by all ages and classes. Colonel Throgmorton of Louisville, having heard a man shouting "Hurrah for Polk!" as he went through the corridors of the hotel, knocked him down, and thereupon ended the argument. At a girls' school in the same place the pupils groaned in chorus every time the report of a cannon fired in celebration of the Democratic victory was heard, and the schoolmaster, when he learned the cause of the manifestation, silently allowed it to proceed.

A bride of the night of November 7, 1844, at whose wedding the President-elect, as they believed, was present, tells of the consternation when the returns from the polls came in. She and her husband, on their way to Washington for their wedding journey, waited in Louisville for definite information, and, when it came, abandoned their Eastern tour, and took boat for New Orleans instead. Their boat carried the news down the Mississippi, and at every landing the shore was black with people. As they proceeded, they left distress and blank dismay behind them, and at New Orleans the expression of grief was appalling. The husband of the lady who describes this trip fell ill on the way, and at New Orleans a physician was summoned to attend him. He inquired of his patient if he had recently suffered any great shock. The patient having mentioned Mr. Clay's defeat, the physician, who was also a Clay man, embraced him, and they wept together. Mrs. James Clay, who was living at Ashland in 1844, and was with Mr. Clay when the election returns came in, tells of the calmness with which he received the news. In his family, she says, there was disappointment, but no words either of anger or complaint.

There are many traditions of Mr. Clay's eloquence: one of a speech, no copy of which is preserved, delivered, against the advice of his friends, in the court-house square in Lexington, from a platform of dry-goods boxes. His purpose was to reply to some calumnies industriously circulated against him — some imputations of party infidelity. "Fellow-citizens," he began, "I am now an old man — *quite* an old man. Yet it will be found I am not too old to vindicate my principles, to stand by my friends, or to defend myself." He ended amid the dead silence of the audience, many of whom had listened with tears in their eyes; for the speech was not only a defiance to his enemies, but an appeal to those who in forty years had never wavered in their loyalty. It was expected by those present that a reply would be made by Tom Marshall, a favorite with Kentuckians, and far-famed for his wit and repartee. Marshall had formerly been a Whig, but had "gone off with Tyler." A few moments after Mr. Clay's speech was ended there were loud cries for Marshall from the Democrats, but Marshall was not forthcoming, and to Mr. Wycliffe, the editor of the Whig organ of Lexington, who asked him a few days later why he had not



PAINTED BY MATTHEW HARRIS JOUETT. OWNED BY H. C. McDOWELL. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

HENRY CLAY AT THE AGE OF FORTY-THREE.

H. Clay

taken up the gauntlet as was expected, he only replied, "Mike Wycliffe, did you think I was fool enough to answer that speech?" And again, when he was jokingly taunted with cowardice, "No; I was n't afraid," he said, having, perhaps, gained confidence in the mean time; "I could have answered that speech; but, my God! the rebound!"

Those who try to tell of the wonderful power of Henry Clay's oratory, of his expression, of his gestures, of the tones of his voice, and of the effect produced upon his listeners and the feelings inspired in themselves, break down in the attempt. The glory of an orator perishes with the generation which heard his voice. It cannot be preserved nor described. It must be taken on faith by those who come after. In talking to an old man who in his youth had many times sat under the spell of that voice, whose sightless eyes had once followed lovingly the rapid and impassioned movements of the "Western Patriot," and trying to elicit from him some expression which might convey the vividness of the emotions experienced, I first realized the hopelessness of the task undertaken. He tried to convey to me, in phrases which he felt were impotent, an impression of the magic of Mr. Clay's power, and finally broke off: "You cannot do justice to him, child. No one can. It is impossible."

Madeleine McDowell.

SONNETS FOR THE TIMES.

I.

TOO cheap we rate the boon of sire to son,
Our birthright-freedom. Covetous of gold,
To sit in high state councils we have sold,
To frame our laws; and plutocrats have won
By dint of crafty coin to loll upon
Our judgment benches. Countrymen, behold!
This is the land men died to rear of old;
We are their heirs who fought at Marathon.
Lo, now, the freedom ye so light esteem
With patriot blood, and blight of prison-bars,
And rack and wheel and scourge, six thousand years
Have bought. This is that Liberty, the dream
Of captives and the prophecy of seers,
Won from her home among the wizard stars.

II.

Upon the stubborn path the nations tread,
With weary feet ascending the steep slope
Above whose summit gleams Man's deathless hope,
We long were foremost — the ascent we led.
And must we lose that garland from our head?
With our own power powerless to cope,
Shall we at heels of states we chided mope,
Lacking the ardent air on which we fed?
A few there yet must be whose cheeks would flame
To see thee laggard, clanking chains of gold
'Mid little realms, Columbia — that great name,
Hailed oft with mighty shouting in the van —
Reckoned with dotard empires, phantoms old,
The lost lights, the delusive hopes of Man.

William Prescott Foster.