

The Lexington Observer referring to the death of the widow of Henry Clay says: "Mrs. Clay was an extraordinary woman, and was as deserving of the great man to whom her destiny was united more than sixty years ago as he was of her to whom he then pledged his youthful affection—an affection which subsisted through upwards of half a century, intensified the more with each revolving year in which they tread life's path together. Gifted with all the graces which adorn and beautify the female character, and thrown for years in the society of the highest, most refined, and intellectual of this country and Europe as the partner of him whose entire life, from manhood's estate, was devoted to the public, and whose whole career was as brilliant as the meteor's flash, she never for an instant lost sight of her duties to her family to whose happiness and prosperity she was devoted with more than ordinary maternal interest. Perfectly unostentatious and utterly indifferent to all that savored in the slightest degree of false pride and gaudy show, she ever pursued the even tenor of her way, discharging with scrupulous fidelity all her duties as wife, mother, mistress, friend. Rejoiced as she could not but be at the thronging glories with which the name of her great husband was constantly emblazoned, it never had the slightest tendency to either make her vain-glorious, or seduce her from the duties which she had marked out for herself, to mingle the more with the world, in order the more conspicuously to share the homage which his great intellect and his unsurpassed public services commanded from his admiring countrymen. Intelligent, retiring, modest and domestic, she was in all respects a model woman of the old school. She has gone down to the grave lamented by her family, to whom her loss is irreparable; mourned by her numerous friends and acquaintances to whom she was most tenderly attached, but leaving to them the noblest legacy which the dead can leave—a pure and spotless name and an example than which there is no brighter in all the records of the past. Her remains will repose by the side of him to whom she was so long wedded in life, in the noble monument erected to his memory by a grateful people; but she will need no other inscription upon the tablet which marks the spot of her sepulture to perpetuate her virtues and her worth than the simple words—LUCRETIA CLAY!"