

New Jersey's Tribute to Massachusetts.

A EULOGY

PRONOUNCED ON

DANIEL WEBSTER,

BEFORE THE CITIZENS OF BURLINGTON, N. J.,

AT THE LYCEUM,

On November 4th, 1852.

BY

CORTLANDT VAN RENSSELAER,

A MINISTER OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, AND AN ELECTOR IN BURLINGTON TOWNSHIP.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT MARSHFIELD, ETC.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.



BURLINGTON, N. J.

1852.

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THIS Eulogy was commenced with the view of preparing an article for THE PRESBYTERIAN MAGAZINE, of which the writer is the Editor. It soon expanded, however, beyond the limits originally intended; and finally assumed the form of a popular address, in response to the Providence which seemed to invite the public improvement of so solemn an occasion. It is now committed to the press, at the suggestion of, perhaps too partial, friends.

The facts and anecdotes, illustrating Mr. Webster's life, have been derived from *Mr. Everett's* Biographical Sketch, prefixed to the "Works of Daniel Webster;" from *Mr. March's* Life of Webster; and from the newspapers, especially the *New York Daily Times*, which has abounded in eloquent notices of the departed Statesman.

BURLINGTON, N. J.,

November 5th. 1852.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :

New Jersey, with her sisters of the Confederacy, stricken in Providence, mourns at the grave of DANIEL WEBSTER.

As one of the "OLD THIRTEEN,"—ever dear to the departed statesman,—New Jersey claims to participate in his obsequies. The achievements on our soil were often the theme of his glowing praise. Trenton, and Princeton, and Monmouth, were fields, whose memories of renown were cherished by him as dearly as those of Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill. Our own honoured Richard Stockton, too, was his intimate, personal friend ; and the equally distinguished son, New Jersey's high-souled Senator in Congress ; and Frelinghuysen, gracing literature with the laurels won in the halls of legislation. Nor can it be forgotten that the last cause at the bar,* argued by the giant lawyer-statesman, was in our own Capital, on the banks of the Delaware, in the presence of our great men, and in sight of the records, the statutes, and the heraldry of NEW JERSEY.

In the town of Marshfield is a sepulchre, inscribed with the name of DANIEL WEBSTER. Death, like truth, is severe in its simplicity. A few letters tell its triumph ; a little dust is its victory. That noble form, lately animated with life, lies in silence amidst earth and graves. Quenched is the full eye which delighted in the researches of knowledge, in the glance of the stars of heaven, in the woods, and fields, and streams, and sea, in the countenances of listening men, and in the pleasant charms of a rural home. He has gone. With his friendship, his learning, his eloquence, his love of country, his genius, his wealth of public service, Webster has gone down to the grave.

At this season of national bereavement, it is a duty and a privilege to attempt to gather up some of the materials which make his memory a precious inheritance of our own and of future generations. In giving method to the present Address, it is proposed to offer some account of Mr. Webster's early youth ; to form an estimate of his public life and

* The case of *Goodyear vs. Day*, the celebrated Patent case, argued at Trenton.

services : to consider his social and religious character, and death ; and to unfold some of the lessons to be learned at his grave.

I. The youth of Daniel Webster has a congruity of promise and of excellence, which it is pleasing to record. From the solemn grave of the illustrious departed on the shores of the Atlantic, let us turn to his birthplace among the hills of New Hampshire.

GOD'S SOVEREIGNTY AT SALISBURY.

God's sovereignty, exercised throughout the earth, was seen in the town of Salisbury, N. H., where was born one of the greatest of men. Amidst the rude, majestic scenery of nature ; the son of reputable and pious parents ; far away from the scenes of wealth and turmoil ; DANIEL WEBSTER, a creation of God, entered the world. In the year 1782, thousands of children were born, but the pre-eminent among them was the son of Ebenezer and Abigail Webster. Nor since the 18th of January, of that year, has there appeared on earth an intellect, whose towering majesty has reached, in the range of human elevation, the aerial height of this New Hampshire child. God, in his sovereignty, gave that mind to that human being, arranged the time and circumstances of his birth ; ordered for him the training and the memories of a blessed home ; and carried on the designs of Providence in his future career of usefulness and fame.

THE BAPTISM OF A FARMER'S BOY.

It was fit that a child of God's predestined greatness, should be consecrated to the service of his Maker. On "Meeting-House Hill" stands the old Puritan Church, where "the rude forefathers" met to worship the King of kings. It is a bright and beautiful morning, according to tradition, when Ebenezer and Abigail Webster set out for the house of God, accompanied by their children, and carrying their new-born infant for the holy rite of baptism. The *Rev. Jonathan Searle*, the minister of the parish, dressed in the robes of the olden time, is at his post, in the high, magisterial Puritan pulpit. After prayer, the reading of the Word, and a hymn, the sacrament is to be administered. The young, mysterious infant is brought forward, no one knowing or dreaming "what manner of child this was to be ;" the vows are taken ; and in the presence of God, and angels, and witnessing men, Daniel Webster was baptized "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

That old church has long since crumbled into ruin. Minister, parents, and child are also now in the dust ; but the ceremonies of that day have an interest which yet lingers around the old "Meeting-House Hill."

THE HOUSEHOLD TRAINING OF FUTURE GREATNESS.

Daniel Webster is indebted, under God, to nothing more than to his youthful training. Without this, he would have been a wreck, cast up and torn to pieces, in early dishonour, upon the terrific precipices of human passion. For the elevation of his public sentiments, for the integrity of a long career, for whatever of restraint was experienced in social life, and whatever of solace hovered around his dying bed, he was under obligations to the honoured and beloved parents who were the guardians of his childhood and youth.

His first teacher was his mother. Other children had she already nursed and taught; but the youngest boy was the darling, and she prophesied great things of her Daniel. There she sits, in her quiet home, with the young child on her knee, teaching him the letters of the alphabet, and telling him how great and good is God. It has been said that the extraordinary genius of the future statesman descended from the maternal line; and it is certain that Mrs. Webster was a woman of uncommon intellect, of warm affections, of true piety, and of commanding influence in her household. It is nevertheless true that the father was also an eminent man, both in public and private life. Daniel thus writes of his father, thirty years after he had been in his grave: "He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour; on the contrary, good-humoured, facetious,—showing, even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth all white as alabaster,—gentle, soft, playful;—and yet having a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown (a frown it was); but cheerfulness, good humour, and smiles, composed his most usual aspect."

There can be no doubt that the parents' nurture of their son left its influence upon all his future life. The Hon. RUFUS CHOATE* alludes to "that training of the giant infancy on *Catechism and Bible and Watts's version of the Psalms*, and on the traditions of Plymouth and Fort William Henry, and the age of Washington and Franklin." All that father and mother could do, to bring up their child in the true principles both of Church and of State, was done by these pious, republican parents. The glorious doctrines of the Bible, and the ennobling truths of public liberty, were the seed sown into the furrows of his mighty soul.

THE STATESMAN AT THE COMMON SCHOOL.

On the easterly side of the road, a short distance from the family

* MR. CHOATE'S speech before the Boston bar is one of the eloquent—the most eloquent?—tributes of the deeply solemn occasion. It does equal honour to the speaker's fine, intense intellect, and warm, large heart.

mansion, between two buttonwoods, stood the *log schoolhouse*, taught by Thomas Chase. Here the future statesman commenced his public education. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, with instruction in the Bible and Catechism, formed the grand outlines of an old-fashioned, New England education. Like the hills of New Hampshire, these constitute the granite range of the soil, from whence flow the tributaries and the rivers of future acquisition. Into the log school of Salisbury the little boy with a high forehead and black eye went daily, to obtain the rudiments of an English education. The hand that is learning to write in the rude copy-book is at some future day to draw up our grandest documents of State, and to sign treaties with foreign powers. Here were acquired those pure Saxon words which were to become the regalia of a king of orators; here the reading, which opened to his clear intellect the stores of ancient and professional knowledge; here the early taste for thoroughness and simplicity. How great has been the influence of the schoolhouses of New England in training up generations for usefulness in Church and State, and for the sacred duties of domestic life! Happy for Daniel Webster that the schoolmaster was abroad in his day! Long may the common schools of our land flourish, with enlarged blessings for the people; and may they never teach human learning to the exclusion of the higher knowledge of Christ!

DANIEL WEBSTER LEARNING AGRICULTURE.

Agricultural pursuits had, in after life, an absorbing influence on Mr. Webster. Where did he acquire his fondness for engaging in the cultivation of the field, and his skill in successfully managing the farm? Where else than on the old homestead? He used to follow the horse in the plough, was taught to handle the sickle, knew how to rake and stack hay, drove the cows to pasture in the morning and home again at night; in short, he was trained from a boy to do the work of a farm, and he never ceased to love these joyous and hearty occupations of his youth. The old Salisbury fields were the agricultural school where he became imbued with the taste and knowledge which afterwards made him a farmer of the highest grade, both in science and in practice.

Agriculture, as an occupation, has a useful influence. It gives a practical direction to the mind; it cultivates habits of industry; promotes self-reliance and independence; gives hardihood to the frame; fosters the attachment of home, and brings God and his providence into a peculiar kind of contact with every-day life. Deem not the farm-work of this boy an unimportant affair of his early days! Among humble and pious farmers, he is, with them, getting good and doing good.

“ Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

“ Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”

No! On that retired farm, there is ONE who will arise to a grandeur of fame, which the ambition of few will be bold enough to aim at. He will be heard of again at WASHINGTON! He will be heard of at MARSHFIELD!

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE BOY AT AN ACADEMY.

The following is Mr. Webster's own account of the circumstances which resulted in his going to Exeter Academy, a celebrated institution, founded in 1781 by the liberality of John Phillips, LL.D.:

“ On a hot day in July,—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration,—I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way.

“ When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a hay-cock. He said, ‘ My son, that is a worthy man,—he is a member of Congress,—he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it, as it was. But I missed it, and now I must work here.’ ‘ My dear father,’ said I, ‘ you shall not work. Brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest,’—and I remember to have cried, and I cry now, at the recollection. ‘ My child,’ said he, ‘ it is of no importance to me; I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—*learn—learn—*—and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.’

“ The next May he took me to Exeter to the Phillips Exeter Academy, and placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living.”

Mr. Webster entered Phillips's Academy in May, 1796, at the age of fourteen, and remained there nine months. He greatly endeared himself to Dr. Abbott, and made considerable progress in the acquisition of the Latin language, in composition, and in declamation. His intellectual and social faculties received a kindly development among the ninety boys at the institution. After leaving Exeter, Mr. Webster was placed

for six months in the family of the Rev. Samuel Wood, D.D.,* of Bosca-wen, who superintended his studies, and persuaded him to apply for admission, without delay, into Dartmouth College.

THE YOUNG STUDENT AT DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

Although Mr. Webster did not begin his Greek grammar until June, he entered College in August. This was in 1797, when John Wheelock, LL. D., was president. Mr. Webster chiefly distinguished himself, in the words of Dr. Shurtleff, by "attending to his own business," and pursuing his studies with diligence. Virgil and Cicero were his favourite Latin authors. Watts on the Mind and Locke on the Understanding developed his metaphysical acumen: and his style of speaking was nurtured by reading Burke, Pitt, Ames, Hamilton, and other distinguished orators. While in College, in the Junior year, Mr. Webster delivered a fourth of July oration, which showed that he well understood American history and the origin of our constitution. This remarkable production—for a young man—was published in the year 1800. The following extracts will be read with interest:

"The solemn Declaration of Independence is now pronounced, amidst crowds of admiring citizens, by the supreme council of our nation; and received with the unbounded plaudits of a grateful people.

"That was the hour when heroism was proved—and the souls of men tried.

"It was then, YE VENERABLE PATRIOTS (speaking to the Revolutionary soldiers present), it was then you lifted the indignant arm, and unitedly swore to be free! Despising such toys as *subjugated* empires, you then knew no middle fortune between liberty and death.

"Firmly relying on the protection of heaven, unwarped in the resolution you had taken, you then, undaunted, met—engaged—defeated the gigantic power of Britain, and rose triumphant over the aggressions of your enemies.

"Trenton, Princeton, Bennington, and Saratoga, were the successive theatres of your victories, and the utmost bounds of creation are the limits to your fame! The sacred fire of freedom, then enkindled in your breasts, shall be perpetuated through the long descent of future ages, and burn, with undiminished fervour, in the bosom of millions yet unborn."

The young orator alludes to the *Articles of Confederation* and to the *Constitution* in the same terms which characterized his subsequent speeches in the Senate of the United States:

* The Rev. Dr. Wood was one of the great and useful men of his day. It is said that he personally instructed, in his own house, one hundred and fifty-five pupils, many of whom he educated gratuitously. Of these, one hundred and five entered college: from forty to fifty became ministers: twenty pursued the profession of law, and six or seven that of medicine. Among his pupils, also, were governors, judges, and members of Congress.

"No sooner was peace restored with England (the first grand article of which was the acknowledgment of our independence), than the old system of Confederation, dictated, at first, by necessity, and adopted for the purposes of the moment, was found inadequate to the government of an extensive Empire. Under a full conviction of this, we then saw the people of these States engaged in a transaction which is undoubtedly the greatest approximation towards human perfection the political world ever yet witnessed, and which, perhaps, will for ever stand in the history of mankind without a parallel. A great Republic, composed of different States, whose interest in all respects could not be perfectly compatible, then came deliberately forward, discarded one system of government and adopted another, without the loss of one man's blood."

Mr. Webster's future eminence was clearly predicted in college. Professor Sanborn says: "By the unanimous consent both of teachers and classmates, he stood at the head of his associates in study; and was as far above them in all that constitutes human greatness as he is now." Anecdotes of him, treasured up in the traditions of succeeding classes, were told for many years. His collegiate course was the means of nurturing and developing the greatness which gave honour to New England and the whole country. Fortunate the institution which enrols Daniel Webster among its alumni!

THE GRADUATE A SCHOOL-TEACHER.

There is something sublime in the association of such a name with this great profession. Twice did this mighty man of intellect condescend, as teacher, to train the intellect of others. Once during a college vacation, and again at Fryeburg in Maine, shortly after he was graduated.* It was at the latter place that he was more particularly known as a teacher. The town of Fryeburg will ever be celebrated as the sphere which exercised the training talent of the immortal statesman. The object of Mr. Webster, in securing the situation, was honourable to his heart. It was for the purpose of assisting his brother Ezekiel through college. His salary as teacher was only \$350, or at the rate of about \$1 a day; but by becoming assistant to the Register of Deeds, he was enabled to defray his own expenses, and to contribute to the education of his beloved brother.†

Daniel Webster, a teacher! Well done, thou glorious son of Puritan

* Mr. Everett, in his glowing speech, says that when he was a little boy, about ten years old, his teacher, Ezekiel Webster [Daniel's brother], was taken sick, and that Daniel supplied the place for a week or two. This was in 1804.

† "Mr. Webster's son, and one of his friends, have lately visited Fryeburg, and examined these records of deeds. They are still preserved in two huge folio volumes, in Mr. Webster's handwriting, exciting wonder how so much work could be done in the evening, after days of close confinement to the business of the school. They looked also at the records of the trustees of the academy, and found in them a most respectful and affectionate vote of thanks and good-will to Mr. Webster when he took leave of his employment." Everett's Memoir, p. xxvii.

ancestry. The office honoured thee, as thou honoured it. Second only to the ministry in its capacities of usefulness, it needs the services of the greatest and of the best. What thou hadst, thou didst bestow; and teachers will thank thee for the recollection of thy labours, and for thy impressive professional example.

The Rev. *Dr. Osgood*, of Springfield, Mass., related* that Mr. Webster boarded with his father for seven months, whilst teaching at Fryeburg, and that during that time he [Dr. Osgood] became intimate with him. Dr. Osgood bore testimony to the manly, moral, and religious character of Mr. Webster, who “*at one time seriously entertained the idea of studying for the ministry.*” Such a testimonial, coming up from the cherished memories of half a century, exalts the young teacher in the hearts of other generations.

II. Mr. Webster's PUBLIC LIFE now opens before us. The Connecticut River, on the banks of which stands Dartmouth College, sweeps downward to the sea. Thus the career of the graduated youth swells into the vast affairs of the world.

The anticipations of Mr. Webster's early life had a glowing fulfilment in a long career of distinguished professional and political service. In his public relations, he may be contemplated as a *lawyer*, a *statesman*, an *orator*, and a *writer*. Would that a more competent person stood before you, to do justice to this various greatness!

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A LAWYER.

Whilst teaching school in Fryeburg, the eye of Daniel Webster first rested upon Blackstone's Commentaries, as the book of professional study.† He, who was born and educated in New Hampshire, and who spent the strength of his days in Massachusetts, and at Washington, was sent to Maine to learn law. The calling, which Providence had in view for the young man, was promoted by bringing him in contact with Blackstone in a country village. The principles, then acquired, were at the foundation of all his future legal attainments.

Admitted to the bar in 1805, he was drilled to the drudgery and honours of the profession, in close competition with the intellect of Jeremiah Mason, and other distinguished men. In the midst of a growing and extensive practice, he cultivated his powers by study and general reading, until finally he was surpassed by none in his vocation. His knowledge of the elementary principles of law was profound; his learning, in the application of precedents, and in the citation of statutes

* In a speech on the occasion of Mr. Webster's death. Dr. Osgood is an Orthodox Congregational minister.

† He borrowed the book, not being in a condition to buy it.

and authorities, was minute; and his skill in managing a case, and in pleading before a Court or Jury, was eminent. Daniel Webster has never had a superior in the combination of qualifications requisite for an accomplished lawyer. In the language of Rufus Choate, "he was by universal designation, the leader of the general American bar; and was one,

"The whole Law's thunder born to wield."

His reputation as a lawyer was established in the eyes of the nation by his argument in the celebrated Dartmouth College case, at Washington, in 1818. On that occasion, he appeared before the Supreme Court of the United States in all his eminence of law and oratory, winning the judgment of the Bench by his logic, and moving the audience even to tears by his pathos.* The tradition of that speech—the technical outlines being alone preserved in his Works—makes it one of the grandest forensic efforts ever put forth. No lawyer in this country has been engaged in as many great cases as Daniel Webster, or managed them with more ability and success. He was equally great in civil and in criminal cases. His knowledge of human nature was abreast of his legal learning. His eye was a searcher of character. His capacity to unravel circumstantial testimony, and to present it with precision and power to a jury, was one of the many professional adaptations, which, at times, made him terrible towards the guilty. The murder case at Salem gave opportunity for displays of this nature.†

Some of the other celebrated cases, in which Webster's fame is enshrined, are the steamboat case of Gibbons and Ogden, that of the Charles River Bridge, the United States Bank, the boundary of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, the Dorr Rebellion, the Girard Will, the Gaines estate, and the Goodyear patent.

Mighty man in a mighty profession! His name is associated with the weightiest judgments of Courts, the most intricate questions of civil and constitutional law, the dearest rights of mankind, the most severe displays of intellectual competition, and scenes of the most commanding and effective eloquence!

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A STATESMAN.

Although the sciences of law and of government have common principles, and maintain general relations of affinity and correspondence, they are by no means identical; nor does professional eminence in the

* It is said that the dignified Chief Justice Marshall did not escape the contagious sympathy of the occasion.

† See his Works, Vol. VI., 41.

one necessarily lead to equal honour in the other. On the contrary, an eminent lawyer rarely makes a great statesman. Daniel Webster was both. Law and statesmanship were the double sciences through which his great mind gave expression to its diversified powers. This remarkable combination heightens immeasurably his eminence in each profession. To be great in either, is greatness indeed; but to be great, and *so* great, in *both*, is the achievement only of genius, gifted superlatively.

Mr. Webster's early predilections seem to have been towards public life. This is indicated in his Junior oration at Dartmouth College, an oration exhibiting both political knowledge and party enthusiasm. The young student, when at Fryeburg, did not confine his studies to Blackstone. At this same place he committed to memory Fisher Ames's celebrated speech on the British treaty—a speech abounding in comprehensive investigations of political science and history. He thus began early in life that double work of law and government, which was perfected in the world-renowned reputation of an eventful public career.

Mr. Webster's first speech on entering public life, as he himself says,* was in behalf of the system of common schools—a beginning worthy of the log school-house boy, of the Dartmouth College youth, of the Massachusetts Senator, and of the United States Secretary of State. In 1813, at the age of 31, Mr. Webster, then residing at Portsmouth, took his seat as Representative from New Hampshire in the Congress of the United States. His maiden speech, delivered the same year, on the Berlin and Milan decrees, placed him in the front rank with Clay, Calhoun, Lowndes, and the other leaders in the House. The distinguished Lowndes remarked, "The North had not his equal, nor the South his superior."† Mr. Webster's most celebrated speeches in the Lower House were on the embargo, the increase of the navy, the bank, the Greek revolution, the Panama mission, and the tariff: in the Senate, on the tariff, Mr. Foot's resolution, nullification, the United States Bank, the French spoliation bill, the public lands, the power of removal from office, the national defence, the currency question, internal improvements, the annexation of Texas, the independent treasury, the boundary treaty, the compromise measures.

His statesmanlike capabilities, as Secretary of State, were signally displayed in the settlement of the Northeastern boundary, the Caroline and Amistad cases, the relations with Mexico, the German Zoll-Verein, the Hulseman letter, Central American affairs, China and the Sandwich

* Speech at Madison, Indiana, in Vol. 1., p. 403, of his Works.

† *Chief Justice Marshall*, in a letter to a friend, says: "At the time this speech was delivered, I did not know Mr. Webster, but I was so much struck with it that I did not hesitate then to state that Mr. Webster was a very able man, and would become one of the very first statesmen in America, perhaps the very first."

Islands, and the right of fishery. Mr. Webster's diplomatic and official papers, embracing the relations of the United States with the principal nations of the earth, embody an amount of intricate political disquisition, creditable to his intellect, his wisdom, and his learning.* His administration of the State department will be chiefly associated with "The Treaty of Washington" and the boundary question. This treaty was negotiated under circumstances of extreme embarrassment; England, on the one hand, never feeling better prepared for war than in 1842, and our own people being strongly clamorous for an uncurtailed boundary line. The controversy, however, of nearly half a century was settled amicably and honourably to both nations.

A necessary element in the character of a statesman is devotion to his country. The sources of Daniel Webster's patriotism were the Bible and American history; to these he had been led by a mother's piety and a father's example. The father's personal services and reminiscences, in the war of 1776, were rallying points of hereditary patriotism; and naturally served to associate, with more than ordinary vividness, the principles of the Revolution with those of the Mayflower compact, of Plymouth Rock, and of Pilgrim heroism and suffering. Nurtured under the inspirations of Bible truth, and of Puritan and Revolutionary history, Daniel Webster was a true lover of his country. Referring to the early history of New England in his Address at Plymouth Rock, he exclaimed: "Who would wish for other emblazoning of his country's heraldry, or other ornaments of her genealogy, than to be able to say, that her first existence was with intelligence, her first breath the inspiration of liberty, her first principle the truth of divine religion."

Mr. Webster's patriotism was displayed in a long public life by his *unquenchable attachment to the Union*. Thoroughly and minutely acquainted with American history, deeply realizing the radical defects of the Articles of the old Confederation, convinced of the necessity of the permanent Union of the States, and glorying in the wisdom of the Constitution as it is, he put forth his whole powers in perpetuating American liberty on its ancient covenanted foundation. He ever maintained that our present Constitution was formed, not by the separate States, but by the people of the whole United States. This was the groundwork of his argument against Nullification. His soul was with the people as the framers of the Constitution. To their wisdom in adopting this instrument, he always gave due homage. For example, in his speech at Faneuil Hall, in 1838, he said that the mechanics of Boston "saw as quick and as fully as any men in the country, the infirmities of the old Confederation, and discerned the means by which they

* See Webster's Works, Vol. vi., pp. 247-530.

might be remedied. From the first, they were ardent and zealous friends of the Constitution. They saw the necessity of united councils, and common regulations, for all the States, in matters of trade and commerce."* THE CONSTITUTION, the Constitution *originating in the wants of the people, and approved by their own wisdom*, were ideas which illuminated the way of his whole political career, and which flashed their light amidst the splendour of his most sublime eloquence. Mr. Webster's political reputation will be identified not so much with one particular measure, as with the grand principle of constitutional integrity which pervaded all his counsels and opinions. He was the man for the UNION, for "the country, the whole country, and nothing but the country." The crown of his statesmanship will receive its highest glory,—not in the laurel leaves of a general renown, but in the "bright particular stars" of the American Union, set in jewelled brightness upon his brow, adorning and adorned.

The conclusion of his celebrated speech, in reply to Colonel Hayne, presents the leading principle of his public life.

"When my eyes for the last time shall be raised to behold the sun in heaven, may they not gaze upon the broken fragments of a dishonoured, but once glorious Union: upon States dissevered, discordant, and belligerent; upon a land rent with civil feuds, and drenched, it may be, in paternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering gaze rather behold the glorious ensign of the Republic, now known and honoured throughout the earth, still full high advanced—not one stripe erased or polluted, not one star obscured—but streaming in all their original lustre, and bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory, as 'What is all this worth?' nor those of the words of delusion or folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart, 'LIBERTY AND UNION, now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

DANIEL WEBSTER AS AN ORATOR.

The characteristic of Calhoun was his earnest dialectic power, which stormed the intellect—but often in vain. Clay possessed a pathetic, soul-stirring eloquence, which commanded the homage and the emotions of the multitude. Webster's impressive majesty of thought commonly captivated the understanding; but when, on special occasions, he wielded the thunderbolts of his great right arm, and the lightning of his outbreathing soul flashed athwart the firmament, there was an awe in the spectators, seldom felt among men. Calhoun was the metaphysical reasoner; Clay, the popular orator; Webster, the philosophical Senator. Of the three, Clay had the most personal influence and the greatest tact;

* Vol. i. p. 430.

Calhoun was equal to either in honest purpose and zealous, manly determination: Webster was sublime in towering genius, comprehensive argumentation, and bold, Saxon utterance. Each was independent and lofty-minded. Although Carolina, Kentucky, and Massachusetts, are well-nigh unanimous, each in favour of her own son, the general voice of the nation would probably give to Calhoun more of bold, metaphysical subtlety (in the best sense of that word); to Clay more of winning and accomplished oratory; to Webster more of influential reasoning, literary acquisition, and enduring impression.

Daniel Webster's oratory became his personal appearance, like the drapery of a classic statue. There was a harmony in his presence, and in his words; in the light of his eye and the light of his thoughts; in his compact muscular form, and his arguments; in the majesty of his brow, and the full-meaning, solemn enunciations of his truth. He was a man equal to emergencies. Indeed, emergencies were necessary for the full development of his powers. He was ordinarily calm and argumentative. His address was in winning the understanding; but when needful, reserved forces of passionate eloquence were marshalled forth, at the sound of his great voice, with consummate skill and success. He was not aggressive by nature. His tremendous prerogative was defence. Constitutionally conservative, he stayed himself upon the established principles of American liberty and national policy. The subjects that gave scope to his powers were usually fundamental ones. Great themes exercised his greatness. He was a fearful antagonist, if compelled to vindicate his own opinions, and descend into the arena of personal conflict. His *reply* to Colonel Hayne, has nothing superior in the whole history of parliamentary gladiatorship.* His *rejoinder* to Colonel Hayne is equally celebrated as a specimen of close, succinct, unanswerable ratiocination. Mr. Webster was ordinarily concise. He spoke to the point. He did not "draw out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument." He respected his subject as well as himself. His presence excited awe in a deliberative body. Although generally slow and distinct in his enunciations, his

* The writer happened to be travelling at the South when this debate occurred. After reading the speech of Colonel Hayne, he felt that the North had received a terrible castigation, and was held up to the derision of the Republic. Nor did it seem possible, even for Webster, to turn that tremendous attack. On arriving at Augusta, Ga., the whole town was talking of Mr. Webster's reply, which was everywhere pronounced *triumphant*. Nothing but *reading* the reply satisfied me that the people had given a true judgment. On arriving at Charleston, Colonel Hayne's residence, the same judgment was freely rendered. The following is an extract from the speech of the Hon. R. BARNWELL RUETT, recently delivered before the Charleston bar, on the occasion of Mr. Webster's death: "As an orator, he leaves in his speech on Foote's resolutions, *the greatest oratorical effort ever made by an American statesman*." This speech of Mr. Webster, will be found in Vol. III., of his Works.

great thoughts came out as fast as the most attentive audience could follow them. His eloquence belonged to the North, rather than to the South or the West; but it received homage from all sections of country, from all classes of society, and from all orders of intellect. There was nothing provincial about it. On the contrary, it was pure, elevated, human, Anglo-Saxon. The oratory of Webster will go down to posterity with applause. In the monumental column of the world's eloquence, formed by the contributions to the illustrious of all ages, the name of the Massachusetts Senator will appear with those of Demosthenes, and Cicero, and Burke, and Fox, and Patrick Henry, and Clay; and if any stones in the column have a brighter polish, or more external beauty, not Grecian marble itself will attract more eyes than the enduring granite, inscribed with WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER AS A WRITER.

The aptitude of a noble mind is a pleasing exhibition of the various endowments God has given to human nature. We have contemplated Jurist—Statesman—Orator—these three; but *Writer* completes the square on which is demonstrated the entire problem of Webster's mysterious greatness.

The remark about to be made may excite at first surprise, but it will stand the test of examination:—that the English language does not exhibit purer and more classic models of efficient literature than Daniel Webster's addresses at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, and in commemoration of Adams and Jefferson. These alone would immortalize any man. They are better known throughout the United States than any similar productions of human genius. They are the familiar orations in schools, academies, and colleges, to develope, and to develope nobly, the elocution of the young men of our country; and they will contribute, throughout all coming generations, to form the taste, the style, and the thoughts, of American statesmen and public speakers. May I be allowed to introduce here an extract from his Bunker Hill Oration?

“We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence; and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it for ever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced by the same events on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must be for ever dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from

maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labour may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising toward heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise! till it meet the sun in his coming!—let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit!"

Let Mr. Webster's orations be carefully and critically examined, and there will be found pure, vigorous diction; a style which, whilst it is neither elaborately ornate nor carelessly free, conveys with elegant precision the simplicity of truth; thoughts grand and inspiring; pleasing, classical, and appropriate illustrations; minute and copious learning; graphic description; a reverence for God and for the solemn things of religion; all interwoven with passages of sublimity and beauty, and compacted in the texture of finished literature.

Mr. Webster's writings properly include his whole works. By these his reputation is to be tested. His literary orations, his Congressional speeches, his legal arguments, his occasional addresses, his diplomatic and official papers, his miscellaneous letters, form a unity of mental achievement which cannot fail in all future time to command admiration. The specimens given to the public of Mr. Webster's easy, off-hand, familiar letter-writing are equal to anything of the kind that has ever appeared.* The variety of the subjects in Mr. Webster's works is as remarkable as the general excellence which marks the treatment of them all.

One thing about Mr. Webster's writings is a fortunate attainment. I refer to his love of pure, old, strong words. No man has done more to retain the Saxon element in our literature. In his speeches, writings, and conversation, Daniel Webster was true to his mother tongue. To use one of his own allusions at the Royal Agricultural Society in England, he loved "*the kith and kin of the old Saxon race.*"†

Daniel Webster's works have recently been published in six splendid octavo volumes. They are the repositories of great thoughts on great subjects expressed in great words. Mr. Everett states that, in preparing the works of Mr. Webster for the press, almost everything was left to his editorial discretion in matters of taste. But one thing Mr. Webster

* For example, his Letters about his father and his early home; on the morning; those addressed to his farmer, John Taylor, and to various political characters.

† Vol. I., p. 438.

enjoined. "My friend," said he, "I wish to perpetuate no feuds. . . . I have sometimes, though rarely, and that in self-defence, been led to speak of others with severity. I beg you, where you can do it without wholly changing the character of the speech, and thus doing essential injustice to me, to obliterate every trait of personality of this kind." Mr. Everett well adds: "But I need not tell you, fellow-citizens, that there is no one of our distinguished public men, whose speeches contain less occasion for such an injunction." Mr. Webster's writings are pervaded with high moral sentiment, and with references to sacred subjects adapted to impress the mind with reverence. In the language of one of his friends* to the citizens of Springfield, Massachusetts:

"It is fortunate for us and for posterity that so many of his speeches have been so well preserved; and that his works have been collected and published while he lived to superintend the publication, and to adorn them with such exquisitely beautiful and touching dedications to those relations for whom he felt so warm an affection. Those works, and others which will yet be added, are of the richest treasures of the country. There is yet one—a history of the Administration of Washington, which he had long been engaged to some extent in preparing, but which it is to be feared is left incomplete. No man was so competent to write this history as he: for he knew all the history of this country by heart. He once remarked of himself, that it was but a little that he knew; but if he knew anything, it was the history of this country. He added, that at the age of fourteen years he became interested in the study of this history, and had never lost that interest, nor ceased to make it a study."

Daniel Webster's Works will serve admirably to increase and to perpetuate his reputation. Whilst they are splendid contributions to American literature, they are guardians, for posterity, of his fame as Jurist, Statesman, Orator, and Writer.

III. Having attempted to form an estimate of Mr. Webster in the prominent varieties of his public life, let us turn to his more private and social traits of character, and to the solemn scenes of his death.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S SOCIAL TRAITS.

It is acknowledged by all that Mr. Webster's greatness shone in the social circle no less than in public life. Though not as readily accessible as some men, and having an appearance, which might, at times, be called dignity, and, at times, reserve, he had nevertheless a large, social heart, which beat true in its friendships, and which was generous and warm in its affections.

A writer, who knew him well, thus remarks of his more familiar intercourse:†

"Mr. Webster was never seen to more advantage than within his own household, at the family board, or in strolling with him over his farm at Marshfield, or standing

* Reuben A. Chapman, Esq

† In the *Boston Atlas*.

with him upon the sea-beach and looking out upon the ocean before us, which, like the scope of his intellectual vision, appeared boundless.

"We have enjoyed these things, and there are no events in our life in which we have experienced more pleasure. As we write, they involuntarily rise before us, like blessed visions of other and better days. To hear him converse upon the past, the present, the future, in a familiar, colloquial manner, to listen to his great thoughts expressed in the purest words of our language, and wonder how he could thus speak and think, are joys which we can find no words to express.

"His fund of anecdote and of personal reminiscence was inexhaustible. No one could start a subject, relating to history, and especially to American Congressional life, about which he could not relate some anecdote connected with some of the principal characters, which, when told, would throw additional light upon the narrative, and illustrate some prominent trait in the characters of the persons engaged in the transaction. This great gift he possessed in a degree unsurpassed. Mr. WEBSTER'S 'table talk' was fully equal to any of his more elaborate efforts in the Senate. He could talk, to use a somewhat misnomeric expression, as well as he could speak. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and loved and appreciated nice touches of eccentric humour."

The manner in which Mr. Webster was accustomed to speak and write of his father and mother, his sisters and brothers, his wife and children, indicates the true sensibilities of his nature. The following language of one of his friends* beautifully expresses the sentiments, doubtless, of all who knew him.

"Upon a near and familiar approach to most great men, they dwindle to the size of common men. Their greatness is only seen on special occasions, and after much preparation. But he, though familiar and frank as a child, though never attempting to display his superiority, appeared greatest in his most familiar and careless conversation. It may be said of him, as travellers say of the Pyramids, that one can only appreciate their full size when standing at their base. I have heard in his private conversation higher specimens of eloquence than his published works contain.

"Great as his powers of argument and eloquence were, that which gives the brightest lustre to all his public addresses, is the lofty tone of moral purity that pervades them. This moral purity of sentiment was founded in a reverence for God and for the Christian religion. His private conversation, his most intimate friends testify, was never blemished by a profane, irreverent, indecent, or unseemly expression."

HIS LOVE OF AGRICULTURE.

Mr. Webster had a strong sympathy with nature. The works of creation afforded relaxation and delight to his mind. A taste for agricultural pursuits, which was early sown in the rich mould of his genial nature, was cultivated, as he had opportunity, and yielded harvests of enjoyment in his summer and autumnal years. In his speech on the agriculture of England, delivered at Boston, in 1840, he commenced by saying:

* Reuben A. Chapman, Esq., in his address before the Springfield bar, Massachusetts.

“MR. CHAIRMAN: I would observe in the outset of these remarks, that I regard agriculture as the leading interest of society; and as having, in all its relations, a direct and intimate bearing upon human comfort and national prosperity. *I have been familiar with its operations in my youth*; and I have always looked upon the subject with a lively and deep interest.”*

About the year 1825, Mr. Webster purchased a part of his Marshfield estate, which he afterwards enlarged by other purchases until the farm included about 2000 acres, “extending from a beach at the north, nearly two miles in length, on which the ocean dashes its ever-rolling waves, to a low range of picturesque hills on the south and southwest.” This large plantation embraced every variety of upland and lowland; and although much indebted to nature, it owed more to the laborious, reclaiming processes of a scientific and masterly agriculture. Mr. Webster attended by personal oversight to the practical working and general management of his farm. Thus, in his letter to *John Taylor*, he gives the following directions about one of his farms, whilst attending, at Washington, as Secretary of State, to the great political interests of the nation:

WASHINGTON, March 17, 1852.

JOHN TAYLOR: Go ahead. The heart of the Winter is broken, and before the 1st day of April, all your land may be ploughed. Buy the oxen of Captain Martson, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for \$160, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out and fattened. You have a good horse-team; and I think in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four-year-old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Stevens oxen, or unyoke them, and send them to the pasture for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need anything, such as guano, for instance, write to Joseph Buck, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you.

Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it is in good condition. We want no *pennyroyal crops*. “A little farm well tilled,” is to a farmer the next best thing to a “little wife well willed.” Cultivate your garden. Be sure to produce sufficient quantities of useful vegetables.

Mr. Webster was interested in agriculture, mind and heart and soul. Thoroughly conversant with its philosophical principles, he was also an enthusiast in their practical application. His crops were large; the pastures kept in good order; drainage thoroughly attended to; the agricultural implements of the best description; the cattle of a superior quality; in short, the Marshfield estate presented an example of thorough, prosperous, intelligent management.

Mr. Webster paid particular attention to his cattle. He loved a fine animal, and knew wherein consisted its good points. He was an excellent judge of stock. Among his numerous animals of foreign blood,

* Webster's Works, vol. i., page 443.

were Devons, Alderneys, Ayrshires, Hertfordshires, and Durhams. His interest in these amounted almost to a friendship. It is an affecting incident that, during one of the days of his last sickness, he ordered his favourite herds to be driven up towards the house, in a position to be seen from his window; and there, for the last time, his admiring eye looked upon their well-bred proportions of beauty and strength.

Mr. Webster's address on "the agriculture of England," to which allusion has been made, contains a large amount of useful matter. Beginning with the primary elements which enter into the consideration of the agriculture of a country, which he defined to be four—"climate, soil, price of land, and price of labour"—he makes some general remarks on each, and then goes on to discuss a great variety of practical questions of the highest interest to American agriculturists. The address contains a mass of agricultural information, compact as a rich wheat-field, and goldened all over with the natural colour of his ripe literature. It concludes as follows:

"Agriculture feeds us; to a great degree it clothes us; without it we should not have manufactures, and we could not have commerce. These all stand together, but they stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the centre, and that largest is agriculture. Let us remember, too, that we live in a country of small farms and freehold tenements; a country in which men cultivate with their own hands their own fee-simple acres, drawing not only their subsistence, but also their spirit of independence and manly freedom, from the ground they plough. They are at once its owners, its cultivators, and its defenders. And whatever else may be undervalued or overlooked, let us never forget that the cultivation of the earth is the most important labour of man. Man may be civilized, in some degree, without great progress in manufactures and with little commerce with his distant neighbours. But without the cultivation of the earth, he is, in all countries, a savage. Until he gives up the chase, and fixes himself in some place and seeks a living from the earth, he is a roaming barbarian. When tillage begins, other arts follow. The farmers, therefore, are the founders of human civilization."

Mr. Webster's general information on the branches of knowledge, which are cognate to agriculture, was extensive. He understood a good deal of chemistry, botany,* natural history, mineralogy, geology. No branch of learning was alien to him, as an agriculturist.

Mr. Webster's recreations were of the out-door kind. He loved fishing, gunning, riding, walking, sailing. His boat, which was called the "Home Squadron," often tested his skill at navigation. In these recreations he was hearty, and *up to any one* in skill and enjoyment. His habits of early rising gave him a long day, and no man had a better right to pleasant relaxation. He ever delighted in

* The writer remembers his astonishment, many years ago, when, in walking about his father's grounds in Albany, with this statesman (the only character in which he was then known to me), Mr. Webster seemed perfectly familiar with every variety of trees, some of which were rare, and referred to Michaux' North American Sylva, and other standard works on botany, as he would to Vattel's Law of Nations.

“The breezy call of incense-breathing morn;”

and the exhilaration of the early sun was spread through the habits of his life, whether at Washington or on his farm.

His mansion, with all its sights and associations, was Websterian. It is a large, massive structure, combining the antique and the modern, raised upon a knoll above the general outline of the surrounding scenery, in full view of the rolling sea, and in the midst of the associations of Pilgrim history and the remnants of Pilgrim graves.* Its internal arrangements are those of convenience and taste, with plenty of room for friends, a large library, and the miscellaneous appurtenances of a gentleman-farmer's home, specially adorned with a collection of medals, voted to General Washington by the old Congress.†

Yonder magnificent elm, which stands near the mansion, and which has seen a century of storms, sheltered its proprietor for the last time, about a fortnight before his death. Going out to reciprocate the salutations of a wedding-party who had called to see him, he returned after a few minutes into the house; leaving his last footmark upon his beloved Marshfield farm, and taking the last outdoor glance upon its beautiful and variegated outline.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

Would that a man, so great, had borne through life a consistent religious character! Here his greatness, alas! fails. Whatever may have been latterly his religious feelings and exercises, his moral example cannot be held up to the unqualified admiration of American youth.

The great question, after all, that decides human character and destiny is, “*Was he religious?*” That many have entertained doubts in reference to the religious character of the distinguished man who has now ended his earthly probation, is an admission due to truth. It is not denied, and ought not to be concealed, that Mr. Webster's character during periods of his lifetime, suffered serious loss from charges of immorality. To what extent these were true, or false, it is impossible to affirm; doubtless they were much exaggerated. And who can say that the delinquencies charged were not either backslidings from general Christian steadfastness, or sins repented of in the later exercises of his soul, and washed away by the blood of an atoning Saviour?

* Plymouth Rock is about twenty miles off, and on a clear day the scene of the Mayflower's landing may be discerned. The graveyard, where many of the early colonists of the parish were buried, is within a mile of the mansion. Here is the grave of Governor Winslow, and also of Peregrine White, the first-born child of the Colony. Near by, stood the old parish church, built next after that of Plymouth.

† These medals were offered to Congress; but that body being slow to purchase them, they were presented by private liberality to Mr. Webster's family. Since the death of the great WASHINGTONIAN, are they not to be deposited with some national institution?

There are certainly many interesting illustrations of the strength of the religious sentiment in the mind and conscience of the great statesman. His early religious training, under the parental roof, was thorough and enduring in its impressions. He acquired a taste and reverence for the Bible which never forsook him, and committed to memory the Catechism and the larger portion of Watts's Psalms and Hymns. Under the care of Dr. Abbott of Exeter Academy, and of Dr. Wood of Boscawen, his religious convictions must have been cultivated and strengthened. In his college course, Dr. Shurtleff testifies to the fidelity with which he discharged his general duties, and to the undeviating strictness of his moral character. When he taught school at Fryeburg, Dr. Osgood, who lived in the same house with him, says that he was a professor of religion, and even had thoughts of entering the ministry. His first wife was the pious daughter of a Congregational clergyman. So far, all betokens well. Evangelical religion, deeply rooted in his mind, seems to have been exerting also a practical influence on his life.

After Mr. Webster's settlement in Boston, few particulars about his religious sentiments and habits have been divulged to the public. It is well known, that at this time, or shortly after, the great mass of the educated and influential professional men of the city, were Unitarians. Almost all the old churches had departed from the ancient faith of New England, and Park Street Church was not yet founded. It is stated, in one of the papers, that Mr. Webster attended the Brattle Street Church—Unitarian—for sixteen years. Unitarianism at that time, however, was in a comparatively latent form, and many persons attended the old churches, partly from choice, and partly from necessity, who never enrolled themselves as Unitarians. Certainly Daniel Webster has never been claimed as a Unitarian. He was always a believer in the divinity of Christ, and in the fundamental doctrines of the evangelical Faith. An orthodox Congregational clergyman, who had charge of a parish to which Mr. Webster formerly belonged, says that, upon one occasion, the distinguished statesman "spoke of how the cause of orthodoxy was protected in the north of Boston by the indefatigable Dr. Morse, of Charlestown," a man who was "always thinking, always reading, always writing, always preaching, always acting"—of the Rev. Dr. Codman, "who maintained the cause at the south, at Dorchester, and of other clergymen of that day." Mr. Webster, on becoming an inhabitant of Dorchester, where he spent the summer for a number of years, called upon Dr. Codman, and, in the course of the conversation, he remarked, "Sir, I am come to be one of your parishioners, not one of your fashionable ones, but you will find me in my seat both in the morning and afternoon."

Mr. Webster, in the latter years of his life, attended the Episcopal church, of which his wife was a member. He himself had joined the Con-

gregational church, in Salisbury, in early life; and this accounts for the fact, that he occasionally partook of the sacrament, where he happened to be, with members of different denominations. Such acts show the powerful, indwelling sense of the claims of religion; and as he was the farthest possible removed from hypocrisy, they are the expressions of a sincere belief in the doctrines and requirements of the Gospel.

For the last two years of his life, the great statesman seems to have given himself up more and more to religious duties. The Rev. Dr. Shurtleff, of Dartmouth College, in referring to this subject,* “spoke of his last interview with Mr. Webster in Boston, about two years ago, at his (Mr. Webster’s) invitation. Knowing that great men are liable, from their position, to fail of receiving personal exhortation from the clergy, he resolved to do that duty which early intimacy, and as pastor in the college for a long period, made fit. He did so, and found Mr. Webster not only kindly disposed, but even anticipating him in the free communication of his personal religious feelings. Dr. Shurtleff said, ‘I found his views of Christian doctrine and the claims of Christian duty perfectly coincident with my own.’”

There are many other concurrent testimonies to the same purport. The pastor of the Orthodox Church in Marshfield, unequivocally expresses an entire confidence in Mr. Webster’s religious character. In the address at the funeral,† reference is made to his habit of engaging, at least at times, in family worship; and the pastor applies to Mr. Webster these words: “I am bound to say, that in the course of my life, I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition, who always spoke and always thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusions to God and his attributes, ever escaped his lips.” “Those who know him best, can most truly appreciate the lessons, both from his lips and his example, teaching the sustaining power of the Gospel.”

In the light of these various evidences, especially when viewed in their connexion with his sound training in the faith and his early attention to religion, the hope may be charitably indulged, that Daniel Webster relied for salvation upon the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ;‡

* At a late meeting of the officers and students of Dartmouth College.

† Published in the Appendix to this Discourse.

‡ The caution of the writer in speaking on this subject, may seem excessive, and even repulsive to those whose views of religious truth are more lax than the Westminster standards. I have, however, according to my own religious convictions, alluded to this solemn and delicate question, and endeavoured to obey the claims of Christian charity. There are persons, on the opposite extreme, who will doubtless censure even the expression of a hope. I trust that the language employed will not, on the whole, offend many of the followers of Christ. God alone knows the heart. This prerogative the writer has not attempted to invade.

and yet a little child, or a poor slave, may, in the kingdom of God, be greater than he.

The hope of his religious character is strongest when we approach his dying bed, and behold him in the hour when heart and flesh fail.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S DEATH-BED.

The startling intelligence is brought that the great statesman is dying! Disease is invading the frame which God built for the abode of living greatness. The body is but dust, but dust in mysterious glory! "It is said that when Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, was residing in Rome, he visited the studio of our countryman, Powers. In looking about the room, he discovered a plaster cast of Webster. He inquired, with surprise, whether it could be possible that it was the actual representation of any man; and after a long and careful examination, he pronounced it superior to the highest conception of mental strength and dignity which the ancients had been able to express in their busts of Jupiter." That wonder-compelling cast, though brittle, is to outlive the majestic head that gave it form. The cheek, which once corresponded with its outline, is now wan and shrunken with disease. The arch of his massive, intellectual brow, is already shaken by the failing keystone of life. The "large, black, solemn-looking eye," alone shines with unabated strength, lighting up the impending ruin, and casting rays which will soon, in expiring, render the darkness more visible. Ah! Immortal Orator! Art thou on the bed of death? Heaven sustain thee there! The terrific work of bodily destruction is going forward under the arrangements of that Providence which is concerned in all births, all lives, all deaths. Let us approach the scene with awe; and may God be with us when our own time shall come!

On Thursday morning, Mr. Webster despatched his last public business: in the afternoon, gave some directions about his farm; and in the evening, executed his will, which had been previously prepared. "During all these transactions, and throughout the whole evening, Mr. Webster showed an entire self-possession, and the most perfect composure and clearness of all his faculties, speaking with his peculiar aptness of phraseology, words of kindness and consolation to those around him, and expressing religious sentiments, appropriate to his condition, with the greatest simplicity and earnestness. His voice was as clear and distinct as it ever was, and his mind showed constant evidence of those qualities of exactness and power which had so strongly characterized his career."

On Friday afternoon, he asked to have the people employed in his family and upon his farm, called in; and after giving them much earnest advice upon matters temporal and spiritual, he bade them a last farewell.

On Saturday evening, being told that his end was approaching, he summoned, first the female members of his family, and then the male; and addressing to them appropriate words of farewell, and of religious consolation, bade adieu to them for ever. In the course of these interviews, he remarked, "What would be the condition of any of us without the hope of immortality? What is there to rest that hope upon but the gospel?"* He also remarked, "My general wish on earth has been to do my Maker's will. I thank him, I thank him for the means of doing some little good; for these beloved objects, for the blessings that surround me, for my nature and associations. I thank him that I am to die under so many circumstances of love and affection."⁴

Shortly after the interviews with his relatives and friends, as if speaking to himself, he said, "On the 24th of October, all that is mortal of Daniel Webster will be no more."

He now prayed in his natural, usual voice—strong, full, and clear—ending with, "HEAVENLY FATHER, FORGIVE MY SINS AND RECEIVE ME TO THYSELF, THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Conversing with great exactness, he seemed to be anxious to be able to mark to himself the final period of his dissolution.

He was answered that it might occur in one, two, or three hours, but that the time could not be definitely calculated.

"Then," said Mr. Webster, "I suppose I must lie here quietly till it comes."

The retching and vomiting now recurred again; and Dr. Jeffries offered to Mr. Webster something which he hoped might give him ease.

The dying statesman remarked—"Something more, Doctor—more. I want restoration."

Between ten and eleven o'clock he repeated, somewhat indistinctly, the words, "Poet, poetry—Gray, Gray."

Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of the elegy—"The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

"That's it, that's it," said Mr. Webster; and the book was brought and some stanzas read to him, which seemed to give him pleasure.

From twelve o'clock till two there was much restlessness, but not much suffering; the physicians were quite confident that there was no actual pain.

A faintness occurred, which led him to think that his death was at hand. While in this condition some expressions fell from him, indicating the hope that his mind would remain to him completely until the last.

He spoke of the difficulty of the process of dying, when Dr. Jeffries repeated the verse:—

"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will

* George T. Curtis, Esq.

fear no evil, for thou art with me—thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.”

Mr. Webster said immediately:—“The fact—the fact! That is what I want! Thy rod—thy rod! thy staff—thy staff!”

Only once more did he speak after this. On arousing from a deep sleep, he uttered the words, “I STILL LIVE.” The close was perfectly tranquil and easy. He died on the 24th of October, about a quarter before 3 o'clock, in the morning.

Thus, by a beautiful coincidence, his departure occurred early in his own favourite part of the day—early in the *morning*. In his letter, on this topic, he said: “I know the morning—I am acquainted with it and love it.” We trust, that through the infinite grace of Christ, he had reason to love that last morning, and that its light was to him, spiritually, “as the light of the morning *when the sun riseth*, even A MORNING WITHOUT CLOUDS!”

LESSONS AT DANIEL WEBSTER'S GRAVE.

IV. As Christians, and as citizens, it becomes us to endeavour to search out some of the LESSONS OF PROVIDENCE, in the light and gloom of the grave of Webster.

1. Let us THANK GOD FOR RAISING UP SUCH MEN, in His Providence, and LOOK TO HIM FOR THEIR SUCCESSION.

Webster came from the hands of God. His vast intellect, in fitting union with a noble frame, was workmanship divine. His life, although not free from censure, and in nothing perfect, has left influences so generally favourable to our national prosperity, that a thankful acknowledgment is due to the Maker and Ruler of all. The mind, which enabled the jurist to plead, the statesman to devise and execute, the orator

“The applause of listening Senates to command,”

that mind, so fertile in resources of power, and so exerted in behalf of his country, her laws, and her rights, was given and sustained in reason to the last, by Him, in whom we all “live, and move, and have our being.” Let God have the glory of his genius, his wisdom, his eloquence, his public services, his political influence, and his solemn death.

Whence but from heaven can the succession of such men be expected? To God alone can the nation look for public characters, who shall be equally able and equally willing to serve the United States of America. In time past, God has given to our country great minds as well as great natural landmarks. Bounded with mighty oceans, and coursed by vast rivers and prairies and mountains, our land has been the birth-place of Washington and Franklin and Henry and Jefferson and Adams and Marshall and Jay, and many other names of national immortality. But never have appeared simultaneously in American history three statesmen of superior mental greatness to Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. The

general mourning, which followed the departure of each from the theatre of their common fame, shows a nation's estimate of its great public loss. And never was mourning more universal and less interrupted by party prejudices, than over the last of the three—the Champion of the Constitution. In the beautiful language of one of America's chief poets :*

“The great are falling from us; to the dust
Our flag droops midway, full of many sighs;’
A nation's glory and a people's trust
Lie in the ample pall where Webster lies.

“The great are falling from us, one by one,
As fall the patriarchs of the forest trees;
The winds shall seek them vainly, and the sun
Gaze on each vacant space for centuries.

“Lo! Carolina mourns her steadfast pine,
Which, like a mainmast, towered above her realm;
And Ashland hears no more the voice divine
From out the branches of her stately elm.

“And Marshfield's giant oak, whose stormy brow
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the west,
Lies on the shore he guarded long: and now
Our startled Eagle knows not where to rest.”

But God will continue to give us great men, if we put not undue confidence in them. There are saplings in our American forests which may yet attain to equal elevation with Upland, or Hanover, or Salisbury growth; and the American eagle, when it no more shall find high resting-places for its glory, will soar away into heaven and die in the light of the dazzling sun.

2. The influence of EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING and of ASSOCIATION in the formation of character is one of the plainest inferences.

Daniel Webster was well trained and well associated all his early years. He was cradled, and nurtured, and fellowshipped, by the wise and good. Few men have had better influences to grow up under than the Salisbury boy, until after he left his Fryeburg retirement, and came to Boston. Early education marked its traces upon his character, distinctly visible. Like the even flow of a crystal current wearing into the rock of the mountain, his training wrought into the solid range of his thought and soul. Fathers! mothers! take care of your children! Without thorough religious influences, there is little hope of future restraint upon their passions, or of the right application of their talents. Unattended to in their early days, your sons will grow up to become

* T. Buchanan Read.

like the deceitful brook,—dry in the season of need, and pouring down wild torrents in every storm.

3. The value of an ACADEMICAL AND COLLEGIATE EDUCATION is another important lesson.

If Daniel Webster had not been furnished with the discipline of a complete education, his mind never could have received that intellectual expansion which made him so great among his fellows. The academy and college are the workshops of busy minds. He was early indentured to his profession, and acquired his civil and political skill from lessons in the ancient classics, in philosophy, history, and literature, and from the mind-sharpening processes of youthful competition and industry. The rule of greatness is early diligence and acquirement. There are indeed exceptions to this rule, but never exceptions like unto Daniel Webster. Such men are men of trained attainment, of early-wrought cultivation; not left to the rare contingency of self-development, but nurtured out by the skilful influence of preparatory study, mental discipline, and learned acquisition. Our academics and colleges are the training-places of able public and professional men. Let them be sustained and multiplied! Let learning be honoured!

4. A great encouragement is presented in the life of Daniel Webster to the LAUDABLE ASPIRINGS OF YOUNG MEN IN HONEST POVERTY.

Ambition, misdirected and earthly, is a curse to the soul that harbours it. But there is a pure and commendable desire *to do one's best*, which is alike the dictate of patriotism and of Christianity. Webster once engaged in the commonest employments among men. Reputable but lowly, his intellect and perseverance elevated him to the highest stations and honours of his country. Many a common school-boy will feel the influence of his example; many a student of Dartmouth and other American colleges will be stimulated by the rising fortunes of the farmer's son; and many a teacher, toiling over the double work of instructing others and of self-instruction, will gain energy from the scenes of Fryeburg, which led up to the heights of legal and political distinction. All, of every condition and age, may learn from Webster to do their best for their country. But a right ambition stops not there. And if he failed, in any respect, in the fulness of a true example, let all remember that it is our duty to do our best for our country and FOR OUR GOD.

“Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's.”

5. THE CAPRICIOUSNESS OF PUBLIC OPINION is one of the truths of the occasion.

Public men cannot count upon a full reward of their eminent services at the tribunal of popular favour. This life is a life of discipline; and

none need its trials and disappointments more than those who mingle in the great scenes of the world's affairs. Nor are any more sure of experiencing disappointments in large, embittering measures. Every statesman at times is made to realize the capriciousness of public opinion, and

“ Finds the people strangely fantasied.”

Mr. Webster received many testimonies of high national homage, and yet the highest was given not to him, but to far inferior men. It is no departure from truth to say that Harrison and Taylor never once breathed the intellectual inspirations which were the daily motions of Webster's soul. And yet such men were preferred before him. But no fame of theirs,—though the fame of battles and of victories,—can equal the triumphs of genius, wrought by thee, Statesman, Jurist, and Orator, of a deathless renown! Thou wast spared the sight of the last contest, and the fruitless efforts of a faithful few! *God himself withdrew* thy illustrious name from the struggle, wrapping thee away from the dust of an inglorious arena in the majestic pall of a statesman's mantle!

6. THE HOMAGE PAID BY INTELLECT TO CHRISTIANITY is illustrated in the life of this great man.

Mr. Webster's public speeches and addresses, throughout his whole career, are pervaded with religious thought, and the acknowledgment of Christianity. It is stated by his Marshfield pastor that he contemplated writing a book on the Evidences of Christianity, so much interest did he entertain in that great subject. Behold, then, another great name added to the long list of those whose highly cultivated intellects sustain the religion of Jesus Christ on its external and internal evidences. Let the sceptic pause in view of the confounding testimony of such an array of minds, capable of far-reaching discrimination, of severe investigation, and patient deduction of truthful conclusions.

Among Mr. Webster's many public declarations in homage of religion are the following sentences of an address delivered in commemoration of his old friend and compeer, Jeremiah Mason:

“ But, Sir, political eminence and professional fame fade away and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth. These remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life; it points to another world. Political or professional reputation cannot last for ever; but a conscience void of offence before God and man, is an inheritance for eternity. *Religion*, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death.

A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe, in such terse but terrific language, as living 'without God in the world.' Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation."

7. THE END OF EARTHLY GREATNESS is seen at the Marshfield grave.

There is an appointed season unto man and of life of death. Both his soul and his dust are under providential doom; and generation after generation passes away, amidst crumbling thrones and universal instability. Human elevation, at best a tottering pinnacle, falls at death.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The death of Webster is the expression of a universal law,—of a law which regulates the setting, as well as the rising, of the star of human destiny. This great man, closing his eyes in death, declares, with speechless solemnity, more eloquent than living utterance, that "political and professional reputation cannot last for ever; but a conscience void of offence towards God and man is an inheritance for eternity." "Political eminence and professional fame fade away and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth."

8. PERSONAL RELIGION, the highest form of worth, is the true glory and joy of a statesman.

Alas! that the character we have been contemplating, should fail in inspiring the same trust in its religious attributes as it commands in its other forms of greatness! If the illustrious statesman had exhibited the transparent and consistent piety of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE, or JOHN JAY, what an amount of service might have been rendered in the spiritual kingdom, as well as in the political world! The example of public men, and especially of great public men, is influential on a large scale. May God never curse our country with greatness dis severed from goodness! The religion of Jesus Christ, which is the only true basis of individual character, is the only safe support of the State.

Personal piety includes more than an acknowledgment of Christianity as a system of religious belief; it has holier exercises than a mere respect for sacred things: it implies more than an outward morality, however severe. Originating by the grace of God in "faith in our Lord Jesus Christ," it "works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world." Works are the evidence and the expression of faith; and *trust*

cannot be sincere, however clear may be *credence*, without the accompanying fruits of *righteousness*. Religion, heartfelt and sustaining, is the want of our nature. The highest attainments of worldly fame can never satisfy the immortal soul. It grasps for something that is divine and enduring. All else is a reed—brittle and deceitful—which no one may rest upon in a dying hour. “A *rod*—THY ROD; a *staff*—THY STAFF” —“*that is what we want*” when we go out to walk alone in the valley of the shadow of death.

APPENDIX.

THE death of Mr. Webster was received with a profound sensation throughout the country. Meetings were held in the chief cities and towns to express the deeply felt sense of national loss. The addresses, on these occasions, exhibit some of the finest specimens of American eloquence. Reference is here made particularly to the speeches of Messrs. Everett, Choate, Chapman, Park, and Curtis, of Massachusetts, of Franklin Pierce of New Hampshire, of George M. Dallas of Pennsylvania, and others in New York, Charleston, &c. It is to be hoped that these addresses will be collected, and published in a "WEBSTER TESTIMONIAL."

The following account of the *Funeral Rites and Ceremonies* has been compiled chiefly from the New York Herald:

THE SOLEMNITIES AT MARSHFIELD.

The morning of Friday, the 29th of October,—the day set apart for consigning to the tomb the mortal remains of our greatest statesman,—dawned upon the country as bright and glorious as the opening of a summer day. It seemed as if nature, like men, had, for that solemn occasion, hushed to stillness all discordant elements, as a tribute of respect to the yet unburied dead. Not a breeze came from the high shores of the ocean to disturb the serenity of that beautiful morning at Marshfield. The dying leaves still clung with lingering fondness to their parent stem, unsevered by the breath of the autumnal wind, and all things seemed to speak to the mind of peace, harmony, and love. It was, indeed, a morning well suited to that solemn ceremony which its noonday sun was doomed to witness.

ARRIVALS AT THE SCENE OF MOURNING.

From an early hour the numerous roads and avenues to Marshfield swarmed with vehicles and equipages of all descriptions, conveying thousands of sincere mourners, anxious to participate in the last sad rites of friendship and respect to the illustrious dead, and to have the melancholy satisfaction of taking a final look at the form and features so enshrined in the memory and hearts of all. Hundreds on hundreds of carriages came pouring in from every quarter, with their quota of grief-stricken hearts, and all the villages, farm-houses, and fields, for miles around, were impressed to afford accommodation to the innumerable teams which continued to arrive during the forenoon, so that by one o'clock in the afternoon there could not have been less than ten thousand persons in and about the grounds. The distance of Marshfield from Boston is about thirty-five miles, and as there were no means of railroad conveyance nearer than within ten miles, and as the facilities for reaching it by water were equally unfavourable, the largest proportion of the attendance arrived by private conveyance. Many of those from Boston had left on the previous evening, and swarmed the little villages, inns, and farm-houses on the route, seeking for accommodation during the night. They left at an early hour in the morning, and by nine o'clock there was a vast congregation present.

THE HOUSE AND GROUNDS.

Marshfield, as seen from the road, which runs through the demesne some quarter of a mile westerly, presents a very handsome and picturesque appearance. It is approached by a winding carriage road, which, with a gentle descent, leads to the front of the mansion. The house stands on a slight elevation, facing the south, while before its eastern front stretches away a long plain of marshy land, flooded at high tide, and from which it takes its name. The settlement of Marshfield is one of the oldest in New England, being next in point of antiquity to Plymouth, from which it is distant some twelve miles, and has many interesting historical reminiscences. On the little hill to the north, where now "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep," and where the honoured ashes of Mr. Webster are to-day entombed, stood the second Christian church erected on this continent by the Pilgrim Fathers, not a vestige of which, however, now remains.

The house is situated about two miles from the village of Marshfield,—a small, insignificant hamlet, containing some score of houses, two churches, and a mill, but presenting no evidence of worldly prosperity. The house has been much improved and enlarged, and it is now one of the finest seats in that portion of the country. The farm consists, for the most part, of marshy, sandy soil, so that but a small proportion of its 1,800 acres is laid out in tillage: but yet the agricultural produce has been always adequate to the feeding of the cattle, and to the payment, in kind, of some thirty or forty labourers,—the customary mode of paying farm-servants in that portion of the country. Mr. Webster also owned a large farm in his native State of New Hampshire. It was his earnest desire that Marshfield should remain in the hands of his family, and we understand that his wishes in this, as in all other respects, will be strictly complied with.

TAKING THE LAST LOOK—SCENE ON THE LAWN.

About nine o'clock, A.M., "all that was mortal of Daniel Webster" was conveyed from the library in which it had lain since his death, and placed on a bier in front of the house, under the shade of a handsome silver maple tree, which in life he had much admired. The body was encased in a metallic coffin, so constructed as to permit of the upper portion of it being taken off, and exposing to the sight of his sorrowing friends the head and bust of the deceased. It was lined with white satin, and presented a highly finished and tasteful appearance: and within its narrow limits lay, in the repose of death, all that now belonged to him whose matchless genius and surpassing eloquence had invested the whole nation with glory. Tastefully woven wreaths of oak leaves with their acorns, ivy, myrtle, and exotic flowers, adorned the coffin, and seemed appropriate offerings of respect and affection. The same habiliments by which he was familiarized to all his acquaintance, formed his only winding-sheet. They consisted of a dark blue broadcloth dress coat, with brass buttons, white pants, patent leather gaiter boots, white cravat and vest, and white silk gloves.

The scene around the coffin was extremely affecting. There marched, one by one, in mute and mournful procession, the thousands who felt a desire to take a farewell look at him whom it contained, ere the earth claimed her own for ever. It was a sorrowful sight to behold the emotion of aged men as they passed by and looked into those familiar lineaments—now how changed; and as they felt their cherished reminiscences connected with the illustrious dead crowding upon them with an appeal to their nature not to be resisted, the old men bent with excess of grief, and with convulsive effort strove to wipe away the fast-trickling tears. And stalwart manhood bent low in anguish, and moved quickly on as if ashamed of exposing its weakness. And women and maidens joined that melancholy procession, and paid the tribute of tears and sighs to the memory of him whom in his life they had loved and honoured. And scattered in clusters about the spot stood the simple villagers and farmers of Marshfield, discoursing among themselves of the bereavement which they had personally sustained, and recounting scenes

of homely life and manners, in which the lamented had taken part with them time and again. It was a scene which cannot be easily effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it.

FUNERAL RITES.

At half an hour after noon the solemn rites commenced. The relatives and friends of the deceased occupied the music-room; the deputations stood in the parlours, on the opposite side of the front entrance; while the officiating clergyman, the Rev. EBENEZER ALDEN, a lineal descendant of one of the Pilgrim Fathers, occupied a position on the piazza, where he could be heard by those within as well as by the vast multitude on the lawn. The service commenced by the reading of the following

SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.

And dost thou open thine eyes upon such an one, and bringest me into judgment with Thee? Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? Not one.

Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months is with Thee; thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass.

Turn from him, that he may rest till he shall accomplish as an hireling his day.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease.

Though the root thereof wax old in the earth, and the stock thereof die in the ground, yet through the scent of water it will bud and bring forth boughs like a plant. But man dieth and wasteth away. Yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.

And though after my skin worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Jesus said unto her: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this?

But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.

For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.

For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.

But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits, afterward they that are Christ's at his coming.

Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule, and all authority and power.

For he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet.

The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I show you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed.

In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.

So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.

Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?

The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

After the reading of these selections from Scripture followed the Address by the Rev. Mr. Alden, which is as follows:

ADDRESS.

On an occasion like the present, a multitude of words were worse than idle. Standing before that majestic form, it becomes ordinary men to keep silence. "He, being

dead, yet speaketh." In the words he applied to Washington in the last great public discourse he ever delivered, "the whole atmosphere is redolent of his name; hills and forests, rocks and rivers, echo and re-echo his praises." All the good, whether learned or unlearned, high or low, rich or poor, feel this day that there is one treasure common to them all; and that is the fame and character of Webster. They recount his deeds, ponder over his principles and teachings, and resolve to be more and more guided by them in future. Americans by birth are proud of his character, and exiles from foreign shores are eager to participate in admiration of him; and it is true that he is this day, here, everywhere, more an object of love and regard than on any day since his birth.

And while the world, too prone to worship mere intellect, laments that the orator and statesman is no more, we enter upon more sacred ground, and dwell upon the example and counsels of a *Christian*, as a husband, father, and friend. I trust it will be no rude wounding of the spirit, no intrusion upon the privacy of domestic life, to allude to a few circumstances in the last scenes of the mortal existence of the great man who is gone, fitted to administer Christian consolation, and to guide to a better acquaintance with that religion which is adapted both to temper our grief and establish our hope.

Those who were present upon the morning of that Sabbath upon which this head of a family conducted the worship of his household, will never forget, as he read from our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, the emphasis which he alone was capable of giving to that passage which speaks of the divine nature of forgiveness. They saw beaming from that eye, now closed in death, the spirit of Him who first uttered that godlike sentiment.

And he who, by the direction of the dying man, upon a subsequent morning of the day of rest, read in their connexion these words: "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief;" and then the closing chapter of our Saviour's last words to his disciples,—being particularly requested to dwell upon this clause of the verse: "Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are;"—beheld a sublime illustration of the indwelling and abiding power of Christian faith.

And if these tender remembrances only cause our tears to flow more freely, it may not be improper for us to present the example of the father, when his great heart was rent by the loss of a daughter whom he most dearly loved. Those present on that occasion well remember, when the struggle of mortal agony was over, retiring from the presence of the dead, bowing together before the presence of God, and joining with the afflicted father, as he poured forth his soul, pleading for grace and strength from on high.

As, upon the morning of his death, we conversed upon the evident fact that for the last few weeks his mind had been engaged in preparation for an exchange of worlds, one who knew him well remarked, "His whole life has been that preparation." The people of this rural neighbourhood, among whom he spent the last twenty years of his life, among whom he died, and with whom he is to rest, have been accustomed to regard him with mingled veneration and love. Those who knew him best can the most truly appreciate the lessons both from his lips and example, teaching the sustaining power of the Gospel.

His last words, "I still live," we may interpret in a higher sense than that in which they are usually regarded. He has taught us how to attain the life of faith and the life to come.

Vividly impressed upon the memory of the speaker is the instruction once received as to the fitting way of presenting divine truth from the sacred desk. Would that its force might be felt by those who are called to minister in divine things! Said Mr. Webster, "When I attend upon the preaching of the Gospel, I wish to have it made a personal matter—a *personal matter*—A PERSONAL MATTER." It is to present him as enforcing these divine lessons of wisdom and consolation that we have recalled to your minds these precious recollections.

And we need utter no apology. Indeed, we should be inexcusable in letting the present opportunity pass without unveiling the inner sanctuary of the life of the foremost man of all this world; for his most intimate friends are well aware that he had it in mind to prepare a work upon the internal evidences of Christianity, as a testimony of his heartfelt conviction of the "divine reality" of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. But finding himself gradually approaching those august scenes of immortality into which he had so often looked, he dictated the most important part of his epitaph. And so long as "the rock shall guard his rest and the ocean sound his dirge," the world shall read upon his monument not only

"One of the few, the immortal names,
Which were not born to die."

but also that Daniel Webster lived and died in the Christian faith. The delineation which he gave of one of his early and noble compeers could never have been written, except from experimental acquaintance with that which he holds up as the chief excellence of his friend. This description we shall apply to himself, trusting it will be as well understood as admired.

“Political eminence and professional fame fade away and die with all things earthly. Nothing of character is really permanent but virtue and personal worth. These remain. Whatever of excellence is wrought into the soul itself, belongs to both worlds. Real goodness does not attach itself merely to this life; it points to another world. Political or professional reputation cannot last for ever; but a conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity. Religion, therefore, is a necessary and indispensable element in any great human character. There is no living without it. Religion is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie be all sundered, all broken, he floats away, a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation, and death. A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe, in such terse but terrific language, as living without God in the world. Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away from the purposes of his creation.”

A mind like Mr. Webster's, active, thoughtful, penetrating, sedate, could not but meditate deeply on the condition of man below, and feel its responsibilities. He could not look on this mighty system,

“This universal frame, thus wondrous fair,”

without feeling that it was created and upheld by an Intelligence to which all other intelligences must be responsible. I am bound to say, that in the course of my life I never met with an individual, in any profession or condition, who always spoke and always thought with such awful reverence of the power and presence of God. No irreverence, no lightness, even no too familiar allusion to God and his attributes ever escaped his lips. The very notion of a Supreme Being was, with him, made up of awe and solemnity. It filled the whole of his great mind with the strongest emotions. A man like him, with all his proper sentiments and sensibilities alive in him, must, in this stage of existence, have something to believe and something to hope for; or else, as life is advancing to its close, all is heart-sinking and oppression. Depend upon it, whatever may be the mind of an old man, old age is only really happy when, on feeling the enjoyments of this world pass away, it has learned to lay a stronger hold on the realities of another.

Mr. Webster's religious sentiments and feelings were the crowning glories of his character.

P R A Y E R.

“Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hast formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, return, ye children of men.” In that solemn event, which has changed this abode into a house of mourning, we acknowledge Thy sovereign hand, and bow before thine infinite majesty and thine adorable power. “Clouds and darkness are round about” Thee; yet “justice and judgment are the habitation of Thy throne, mercy and truth shall go before Thy face.” Grant us then, Heavenly Father, the influences of Thy divine Spirit, that we may be enabled, in this the day of our calamity, both to see the visitation of Thy hand and submit ourselves to Thy most righteous will. We bless Thee for Thine Holy Word, which irradiates the darkness of the tomb, revealing Him who is “the resurrection and the life,” and cheering us with the promise of the holy and ever present Comforter. While we mourn, we would not forget to gratefully acknowledge Thy mercies. We bless Thee that Thy distinguished servant, to whose mortal remains we are now about to pay our last tribute of respect, was permitted to live out the allotted period of human existence, and attain his “threescore years and ten.” We bless Thee that for so long a time we were allowed to rejoice in his counsels, his affection, and care. We thank Thee that during the last hours of his life the privilege was granted to his friends, in this quiet retreat of home, to minister to his wants and soothe his dying pillow. We rejoice that in his illustrious life we have seen verified Thy promise,

"Them that honour me, I will honour." We render Thee thanks that, above all our precious memories we can reflect that in early life he devoted himself to Thy service; that he ever profoundly venerated Thy character and revered Thy word; that he loved the ordinances and institutions of Thine house; and that in his transit from earth he was enabled, as we humbly trust, to say, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." May the rich inheritance of his life, and the sad remembrance of his death, be sanctified to our eternal good.

Especially do we implore Thy divine blessing upon those who sustained to the departed the tenderest of all human relations; and whose hearts are to-day oppressed with the deepest affliction and sorrow. To thy gracious care and keeping we would fervently commend her from whom Thou hast removed a beloved husband. Thou hast laid Thine hand heavily upon her. Yet may her language be, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." May she be supported and sustained in this trying hour by the consolations of the religion of Jesus, and hear the kind voice—"In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer." Remember, also, in tender compassion, we beseech thee, the children who mourn the loss of an affectionate parent. Bless them and their children, and establish with them Thine everlasting covenant. May grace within them triumph over the repining of nature so that each one can from the heart exclaim—"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Impart the consolation of Thy Word and Spirit to all who to-day mourn that they shall no more see the face of one who was bound to them by the ties of kindred and affection. Enable them to acquiesce in Thy sovereign will, to confide in Thy compassionate love. "For the Lord will not cast off for ever." But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies. For he doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men. This bereaved household, this large circle of devoted and long-tried friends, those with whom Thy departed servant was accustomed to associate in the familiar intercourse of domestic or social life, we commit unto Thee, O Thou great dispenser of all events, praying that this impressive lesson of Thy providence, which we are now called to learn, may result in the best good of our undying souls through the sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit.

And now, Lord, we would implore Thy blessing upon our stricken laud. Enable Thy servant, the President of the United States, and those immediately associated with him in administering our national affairs, to suitably improve that act of Thy Providence, which has removed from their midst a counsellor and guide. Direct the minds of all who occupy stations of authority and influence, to recognise their dependence upon the great Arbiter of human destiny, and the Sovereign of nations. And bless the people throughout the length and breadth of our national domain. May they feel, though the right arm of their strength is broken, and perils to our peace and prosperity impend, "it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes." The Lord God be with us, as He was with our fathers; let Him not leave us, nor forsake us; that he may incline our hearts unto Him, to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgments, which he commanded our fathers.

And now, Lord, go with us, as we follow to their last earthly resting-place these mortal remains of human greatness. We go to deposit these sacred relics in the house appointed for all living, there to slumber amid the ashes of the near and dear, and the sleeping dust of those who upon these shores planted the germ of the institutions under which we dwell. Almighty God, we beseech thee, go with us; let Thy visible presence cheer the heart of every mourner. As we resign this body to the tomb, there to rest till summoned by the last trump to rise glorified and fitted for the renewed and final abode of its exalted and immortal spirit, may we be cheered and encouraged by the power of a living faith, and by the hope of a glorious reunion in the world of light and love.

These favours we ask through the prevailing merits and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, one God, the praise of our salvation be ascribed, now and for ever. Amen.

During this solemn ceremony there were few hearts in that vast assembly unmoved—few eyes that did not pay the tribute of a tear to departed worth.

The solemnities closed at the mansion at half-past one o'clock, when the funeral cortege proceeded to the tomb, about a half mile distant.

PROCESSION TO THE TOMB.

There were no ladies in the procession, and no carriages, but so great was the

length that scarcely two-thirds had left the house when the body reached the grave. The procession was composed wholly of pedestrians, and moved in the following order :

Funeral Car,
(drawn by two elegant black horses appropriately draped.)
Pall Bearers.

Asa Hewett,	Seth Weston,
Seth Peterson,	Tilden Ames,
Joseph P. Cushman,	Daniel Phillips.
Fletcher Webster and sons.	
James W. Paige and John J. Joy, and other Relatives.	
Domestics of the Mansion.	
Workmen upon the Farm.	
Attending Physician and officiating Clergyman.	
Selectmen of Marshfield.	
Committee of fifty of the citizens of Marshfield.	
Governor and Council.	
President of Senate and Speaker of House.	
City Government of Boston.	
General Pierce and Mayor Seaver.	
Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Hon. Abbott Lawrence, and George Ashmun.	
City Governments of Roxbury, Charlestown, and Cambridge.	
Delegations from other cities and towns.	
Delegations from the New York Historical Society.	
Delegates of New York Bar.	
Delegates from General Democratic State Committee, New York.	
Friends and Neighbours.	
Citizens generally.	

THE SEPULCHRE.

It had been among the cares of Mr. Webster's latter years to construct a tomb on his own grounds, wherein should repose the ashes of himself and his descendants. It stands, as we have before said, on an elevated spot, about a quarter of a mile northward from the house, occupying the site of the old church of Marshfield. From its summit the eye takes in a large extent of country, including the little village and its two modest spires, the mansion and its grounds, and in the distance is seen the blue waters of the ocean, which at that hour lay "calm as a slumbering babe." The tomb, which is merely separated by a metal paling from the old cemetery, is a rude and simple excavation, rising in a grassy mound, and descending to the depth of three or four feet. Its interior is arched with undressed stones, collected about the farm, and six stone steps conduct into it. Mr. Webster had intended, before his death, to have removed into the sepulchre the ashes of his first wife and children, who had been interred in Boston. He did not live to execute that pious duty himself, but he requested that it should be performed previous to his own interment. On the preceding day, therefore, in obedience to this expressed inclination, their remains, eight in all, were exhumed from a vault under St. Paul's Church, and conveyed to Marshfield.

The remains of DANIEL WEBSTER were deposited on the left side of the tomb, leaving the opposite side vacant.

On the plot in front stand three square, marble tablets, to *Grace Fletcher*, his first wife; to *Julia Webster Appleton*, his daughter; and to *Major Fletcher Webster*, his son.

Mr. Webster has directed that a similar monument—no larger, no smaller—shall be there erected to his own memory; the only memorial of him at present existing there is a plain marble slab, about eighteen inches in length, rising out of the mound, and bearing the inscription, Daniel Webster. The little burying-ground of which this tomb may be said to form a part, is supposed to be the second oldest in New England, and contains

the ashes of Governor Winslow, over which rises a plain monument, with the following inscription quite legible upon it:—

THE HONBLE JOSIAH WINSLOW
Gour of New Plymouth dyed December ye 18, 1680, ætatis 52.

It is also a tradition among the peasantry that Peregrine White, the first child of English parents born in the colony, is interred here.

LAST SCENE OF ALL.

When the head of the procession reached the tomb, the body was borne within the enclosure, and placed within a plain deal box, or case, covered with a pall. Some seven or eight hundred persons, who had left Boston by the steamboat Atlantic, and had not been able to disembark where it was expected they would, arrived at the place of interment at this moment. It was their anxious desire to be permitted to take a last look at the illustrious dead: and to gratify them, as well as others who had joined in the procession, the coffin was brought outside of the gate, and the upper portion of it taken off. Again was repeated the sad scene which had taken place under the maple tree, and upwards of an hour elapsed in this manner. At length the mourners slowly departed, the final prayer was said, the coffin was lowered into the tomb, and all that was mortal of Daniel Webster passed for ever from the eyes of man.

The entire proceedings were appropriate, solemn, and affecting.

* * * The Marshfield South Congregational Church was organized in 1640. According to the minutes of the "General Association of Massachusetts," no other church, belonging to the "Pilgrim Association," dates back to so early an origin. Hence, the writer infers that the First Church of Plymouth is no longer in the orthodox Congregational connexion. *If so*, the Marshfield Church is the oldest orthodox Congregational church in what was *Plymouth Colony*, but not in the *State*: the churches of Charlestown, Cambridge, and others having been organized before 1640.

Some of Mr. Webster's letters are dated from his farm in *Franklin*, N. H. The old town of *Salisbury* was divided some years ago, and the part in which Mr. Webster was born is now named *Franklin*.—C. V. R.