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ORATION

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ORATION

ON THE

DEATH OF DANIEL WEBSTER,

BY THE

REV. THEODORE PARKER.

When Bossuet, who was himself the eagle of eloquence, preached the funeral discourse on Henrietta Maria, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, and wife of Charles the First of England, he had a task far easier than mine to-day. She was, indeed, the daughter of a king, assassinated in his own capital, and the widow of a king, judicially put to death in front of his own palace. Her married life was bounded by the murder of her royal sire, and the execution of her kingly spouse, and she died neglected, far from kith and kin. But for that great man, who, in his youth, was called, prophetically, the Father of the Church, the sorrows of her birth and her estate made it easy for him to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten their faces with their own tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life. He led his hearers to his conclusion that day, as the mother lays the sobbing child to her bosom to still its grief. To-day it is not so with me. Of all my public trials, this is my most trying day. Give me your sympathies, my friends; remember the difficulty of my position; its delicacy too.

I am to speak of one of the most conspicuous men that New England ever bore—conspicuous not by accident, but by the nature of his mind—one of her ablest intellects. I am to speak of a great man, in a great office, of a great power, one of the landmarks of politics, now laid low! He seems so great that some men thought that he was himself one of the institutions of America. I am to speak while his departure is yet but of yesterday—while the sombre flags still float in our streets. I am no party man—you know I am not. No party is responsible for me, nor I to it. You will not ask me to say what only suits the public ear. There are a hundred to

do that to-day. I do not follow opinion, because popular; I cannot praise a man, because he had great gifts, great station and opportunities; I cannot censure a man for trivial wrongs. You will not ask me to flatter because others flatter; to condemn, because the ruts of condemnation are so deep and so easy to travel in. It is unjust to be ungenerous either in praise or blame. Only the truth is beautiful in speech, and it is not reverential to treat a great man like a spoiled child.

Give me your sympathies. This I am sure of—I shall be as tender in my judgment as a woman's love; I will try to be as fair as the justice of a man. I shall tax your time beyond even my usual wont—for I cannot crush Olympus into a nut. Be not alarmed. If I tax your time the more, I will tire your patience the less. Such a day as this will never come again to you or me. There is no Daniel Webster left to die, and nature will not soon give us another such as he. I will take care, by my speech, that you sit easy on your bench. The theme will take care that you remember what I say.

A great man is the blossom of the world—the individual and prophetic flower, parent of seeds that will be men. This is the greatest work of God; far transcending earth, and moon, and sun, and all the material magnificence of the universe. It is a little lower than the angels, and, like the aloe-tree, it blooms but once an age. So we should value, love, and cherish it the more. America has not many great men living now—scarce one. There have been few in her history. Fertile in multitudes, she is stingy in great men, her works mainly achieved by large bodies of but common men. At this day the world has not many natural masters. There is a dearth of great men. England is no better off than we her child. Sir Robert Peel has for years been dead. Wellington's soul has gone home, and left his body awaiting burial. In France, Germany, Italy, and Russia, few great men appear. The Revolution of 1848, which found everything else, failed because it found not them. A sad Hungarian weeps over the hidden crown of Maria Theresa, and a sadder countenance drops a tear for the nation of Dante, and the soil of Virgil and Cæsar, Lucretius and Cicero. These two are the greatest men of Europe now. There are great chemists, great geologists, great philologians—but of great men Christendom has not many. From politics great men recede; and in all Europe no kingly intellect throbs now beneath a royal crown. Even Nicholas of Russia is only tall, not great.

Yet how we love to honour great men. Indeed, we must do so. Soon as we really see a real great man, his magnetism draws us, will we or no. Do any of you remember when, for the first time in adult years, you stood beside the ocean, or some great mountain of New Hampshire, or Virginia, or Pennsylvania, or the mighty mounts that rise in Switzerland? Do you remember what emotions came upon you at the awful presence? But if you were confronted by a

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man of vast genius, of colossal history and achievements, immense personal power of thought, justice, philanthropy, of religion, of mighty power of will, and mighty act; if you feel him as you feel the mountain and the sea, what grander emotions spring up. It is like making the acquaintance of one of the elementary forces of the earth—like associating with gravitation itself! The stiffest neck bends over; down go the democratic knees; human nature is loyal then! A New England shipmaster wrecked on an island in the Indian Sea, was seized by his conquerors, and made their chief; their captive became king; and, after years of rule, he managed to escape. Then he once more visited his former realm. He found that the savages had carried him to heaven, and worshipped him as a god, greater than their fancied deities. He had revolutionized divinity, and was himself enthroned as a god. So loyal is human nature to its great men.

Talk of Democracy!—we are all looking for a master: a man manlier than we. We are always looking for a great man to solve the difficulty too hard for us—to break the rock that lies in our way—to represent the possibility of human nature as an ideal, and then to realize that ideal in his life. Little boys in the country working against time with stents to do, long for the passing by of some great brother, who, in a few minutes, shall achieve what the smaller boy took hours to do. And we are all of us but little boys, looking for some great brother to come and help us to end our tasks.

But it is not quite so easy to recognize the greatest kind of greatness. A Nootka Sound Indian would not see much in Leibnitz, Newton, Socrates, or in Dante; and if a great man were to come as much before us as we are before to Nootka Sounders, what should we say to him? It is the men who are up that see the rising sun, not the sluggards. It takes greatness to see greatness, and know it at the first—greatness of the highest kind. Bulk anybody can see; bulk of body or mind. The loftiest form of greatness is never popular in its time. Men cannot understand or receive it. Guinea negroes would think a juggler more than Franklin. Herod and Pilate were popular in their day—men of property and standing. They got nominations and honour enough. Jesus of Nazareth got no nomination—got a cross between two thieves—was crowned with thorns—and when he died eleven Galileans gathered together to lament their Lord. Any man can measure a walking-stick—so many hands wide, and so many nails beside—but it takes a mountain intellect to measure the Andes and Altai.

But now and then God creates a great, mighty man, who greatly influences mankind. Sometimes he reaches far on into other ages. Such a man, if he is of the greatest, will by and by unite in himself the four great forces of society—business, politics, literature, and the church; himself, a greater force than all of these, will sway them every one; but just as he is greater than other men in the highest mood of greatness, will he be opposed, and hated too. The tall house

in the street darkens the grocer's window opposite, and he must strike his lights sooner than before.

Human nature loves to honour great men, and often honours many a little one under the mistake that he is great. See how nations honour the really great men!—Moses, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus, the loftiest of men! But by how many false men have we been deceived—men whose life leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind. If a preacher is a thousand years before you and me, we cannot understand him. If only a hundred years of thought shall separate us, there is a great gulf between the two, where over neither Dives nor Abraham, nor yet Moses himself can pass. It is a false great man often who gets possession of the pulpit, with his lesson for to-day, which is no lesson; and a false great man who gets a throne with his lesson for to-day, which is also no lesson.

Intellect and conscience are conversant with ideas, absolute truth and absolute right as the norm of conduct. With most men the affections are before the intellect and the conscience, and the affections want a person. A great intellect embodies a principle, good or bad, and by the affection men accept the great intellect, bad or good, and with him the principle he has got. But as the affections are so large in us, how delightful is it for us to see a great man, honour him, love him, reverence him, trust him! Crowds of men come to look upon a hero's face, who are all careless of his actions, and heedless of his thought; they know not his what, nor his whence, nor his whither; his person passes for reason, justice and religion.

Intellect attaches us to an idea of truth and beauty, conscience to a principle of right, affection to a man. They say that women have the most of this affection, and so are most attachable, most swayed by persons, least by ideas. Woman's mind and conscience, and her soul, they say, crush into her bosomy heart. But when a great mind comes, he is wont to make women of us all, and take us by the heart. Each great man, if let alone, will have an influence in proportion to his strength of mind and will—the good great man, the bad great man—for as each particle of matter has an attractive force which affects all other matter, so each particle of mind and each great man has an attractive force which attracts all other mind.

But, as we somewhat control our activity with progressive increase of power over matter and mind, so we ought to know if what we follow be real greatness, or seeming greatness; and of the real greatness, if it be good or ill; for men ought not to gravitate passively, drawn by the bulk of bigness, but consciously and freely to follow great wisdom, justice, love, and faith in God. Hence, it becomes exceedingly important to study the character of great men, for they represent great social forces for good or ill.

Merchants watch the markets; they know what ship brings corn, what hemp, what coal, how much cotton there is at New York or New Orleans, how much gold in the banks. They learn these things because they live by the market, and seek to get money by their

trade. Politicians watch the turn of the people, and of the coming vote, because they live by the ballot-box, and wish to get honour and office by their skill. So, a man who would guide us to wisdom, justice, love, and piety, to human welfare, must watch, the great men knowing the quantity of truth, of justice, of love, and faith, which there is in Calhoun, Webster, Clay, because he is to live by the word of God, and only asks, "Thy kingdom come."

What a great power is a great man! Aristotle rode on the top of science for two thousand years, till Bacon, charging down from the vantage ground of twenty centuries, with giant spear unhorsed the Stagyrite, and mounted there himself, himself in turn to be unhorsed. What an influence Sir Robert Peel and Wellington have had in England for the last twenty or thirty years. What a profound influence had Frederick in Germany for half a century!—Napoleon in Europe for the last half century! In America, it is above all things necessary to study the great men. Their power is greater here than elsewhere in Christendom. Money is our only material, greatness our only personal nobility. In England, the power of great men is checked by the great families, the great classes, and the hereditary crown. Here we have no great families; historical men are not from or for such, had not historic fathers leave not historic sons. ***Tempus ferax hominum, edax hominum.*** Fruitful of men is time; voracious also of men.

It is a wonder how many famous Americans have no children at all. Hancock, Adams, Washington, Madison, Jackson—each broke off the top of the family tree, which after them dwindled down, and at length died out. And of the great men that leave sons, the wonder is what becomes of them, so little they are lost—a single needle from the American pine to strew the forest floor amid the other litter of the woods. No great families here hold great men in check. There is no great class. The mechanic is father of the merchant, who will again be the grandsire of mechanics. In thirty years half the wealth of Boston will be in the hands of men now poor; and where power of money is of yesterday, it is no great check to any great man. Here is no hereditary power. So the personal greatness of a great mind, for good or evil, is free from that three-fold check, and becomes of immense importance.

Our nation is a great committee of the whole, our state is a provisional government, riches our only heritable good, greatness our only personal nobility, office is elective. To the ambition of a great bad man, or the philanthropy of a great good man, there is no check but the power of money or numbers; no check from great families, great classes, or hereditary privilege. If our great intellect runs up hill, there is nothing to check him but the inertia of mankind; if he runs down hill, that also is on his side. The great man is amenable with us to no conventional standard measure, as in England or Europe, only to public opinion, and that public opinion is controlled by money and numbers; these are the two factors of the American pro-

duct; the multiplier and the multiplicand; millions of money, millions of men.

Hence, it is more important to study such great men before they take our heart, to know their quality and quantity; for this is to measure one of the greatest popular forces for guiding the present, and shaping the future. It is needful also to separate the real great from the great seeming; and of the real great, the great good, from the great evil. Washington changed men's ideas of political greatness. If Napoleon the Present goes unwhipped of justice, he will change those ideas again, not for the world, but for the saloons of Paris, for its journals and its mob.

A great mind is like an elephant in the line of ancient battle, the best ally if you can keep him in the ranks fronting the right way; but if he turns about, he is the fatalist foe, and treads his master underneath his feet. Great minds have a trick of turning round.

How different are conspicuous men to different eyes. The city corporation of Toulouse has just addressed this petition to Napoleon:—

"Monseignieur, the government of the world by Providence is the most perfect. France and Europe style you the Elect of God for the accomplishment of his designs. It belongs to no constitution whatever to assign a term for the Divine mission with which you are entrusted. Inspire yourself with this thought —to restore to the country those tutelar institutions which form the stability of power and the dignity of nations."

That is a prayer addressed to the Prince President of France, whose private vices are only equalled by his public sins. How different he looks to different men! To me he is Napoleon the Little; to the Mayor and Aldermen of Toulouse he is the Elect of God, with irresponsible power to rule as long and as badly as likes him best. Well said Sir Philip Sydney, "Spite of the ancients, there is not a piece of wood in the world out of which a Mercury may not be made."

It is this great importance of great men which has led me to speak of them so often; not only of men great by nature, but great by posture, on money or office, or by reputation; men substantially great, and men great by accident. Hence I spoke of Dr. Channing, whose word went like morning over the continents. Hence I spoke of John Quincy Adams, and I did not fear to point out every error in the great man's track, which ended so proudly in the right. Hence I spoke of General Taylor; yes, even of General Harrison, a mere "accidental great man. You see why." We are a young nation; a great man easily gives us the impression of his hand; we shall harden in the fire of centuries, and keep the mark. Stamp a letter on Chaldean clay, and how very frail it seems; but burn that clay in the fire, and though Nineveh shall perish, and Babylon become a heap of ruins, that brick keeps the arrow-headed letter to this day. As with bricks, so with nations.

A great man may do one of two things in influencing man—either he may extend himself at right angles with the axis of the human march, lateralize himself, spreading widely, and have a great power in his own age, putting his opinion into men's heads, his will into their

actions, and yet may never reach far onward into the future. He will have power, in his time, in America, by having the common sentiments and ideas, an extraordinary power to express and show their value, great power of comprehension, of statement, and will. Such a man differs from mankind in quantity, not quality. Where all men have considerable, he has a great deal. His power might be represented by two parallel lines, beginning, one, where his influence begins; the other, where his influence extends. His power will be measured by the length of the lines laterally, and the distance betwixt the parallels. That is one thing.

Or a great man may extend himself forward in the line of the human march, himself a prolongation of the axis of mankind; not reaching far sideways in his own time, he reaches forward immensely, his influence widening as it goes. He will do this by superiority in sentiments, ideas, and notions; he will differ in quality as well as quantity, and have much where the crowd have nothing at all. His power, also, may be represented by two lines, beginning at his birth, pointing forwards, diverging from a point, reaching far into the future, widening as they extend, and containing time by their stretch, and space by their speed. Jesus of Nazareth was of this class; he spread laterally in his lifetime, and took in twelve Galilean peasants and a few obscure women; now his diverging lines reach over two thousand years in their stretch, and contain two hundred and sixty millions of men within their spread. So much, my friends, and so long, as preface to the this estimate of a great man. Daniel Webster was a great man—for many years the favoured son of New England. He was seventy years old; nearly forty years in the councils of the nation; held high office in times of peril and doubt; had a mighty eloquence; there were two millions of readers for every speech he spoke, and of late years he had a vast influence on the opinion of the North. He has done great service; spoken noble words that will endure so long as English lasts. He has largely held the public eye; his public office made his personal character conspicuous. Great men have no privacy; their bed and their board are both spread in front of the sun, and their private character is a public force. Let us see what he did, and what he was; what is the result for the present, what the result for the future.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., on the borders of civilization, on the 18th of January, 1782. He was the son of Captain Ebenezer and Abigail Eastman Webster. No New Englander had pitched his cabin so near the north-star as Captain Webster. The family was anything but rich, living first in a log-cabin, then in a frame-house, and sometimes keeping tavern. The father was a soldier of the French war, and in the Revolution—a great, brave, big, brawny man. The mother was a quite superior woman. It is often so. When the virtue leaps high in the public fountain, you seek for the lofty spring of nobleness, and find it far off in the dear

breast of some mother who melted the snows of winter, and condensed the summer's dew into fair sweet humanity, which now gladdens the face of man in all the city streets. Bulk is bearded and masculine; niceness of woman's gendering.

Daniel Webster was fortunate in the outward circumstances of his birth and breeding. He came from that class in society whence almost all the great men of America have come—the two Adams, Washington, Hancock, Jefferson, Jackson, Clay, and almost every living notable of our time. Our Hercules was also cradled on the ground. When he visited the West, a few years ago, an emigrant from New Hampshire met him, recognized him, and asked, "Is this the son of Captain Webster? "It is indeed," said the great man. "What," said he, "is this the little black Dan that used to water the horses?" And the great Daniel Webster said, "It is the little black Dan that used to water the horses." He was proud of his history. If a man finds the way alone, should he not be proud of having found the way?

He had small opportunities for academical education. The schoolmaster was "abroad" in New Hampshire; he was seldom at home in Salisbury. Only two or three months in the year was there a school, and that was two or three miles off. Thither went Daniel Webster, a brave, bright boy, "father of the man." The schoolhouse of New England is the cradle of all her greatness.

When fourteen years old, he went to the Phillips Academy for a few months; then to study with Mr. Wood, at Boscawen, paying "a dollar a week" for the food for the body, and for the food of the mind. He was an ambitious boy, and apt to learn. Men wonder that some men can do so much with so little outward furniture. The wonder is the other way. He was more college than the college itself, and had a university in his head. It takes time, and the sweat of oxen, to carry a cart-load of cedar to the top of Mount Washington; but the eagle flies there on his own wide wings, and asks no help. Daniel Webster had little academic furniture to help him. He had the mountains of New Hampshire, and his own great mountain of a head? Was that a bad outfit?

I said he loved to learn. One day his father said to him, "I shall send you to college, Daniel;" and Daniel laid his head on his father's shoulder and wept right out.

At college, like so many other New Hampshire boys, he fought his own way, with his own fists, keeping school in the vacation. He graduated at Dartmouth in his twentieth year, largely distinguished, though he scorned his degree; and when the faculty gave him his diploma, he tore it to pieces, 'tis said, and trod it under his feet. Then he continued to fight for his education, studying law with one hand, keeping school with the other, and yet finding a third hand—this Yankee Briarus—to serve as register of deeds. This went on till he reached the age of twenty-two. Then he was here in Boston, studying law with Mr. Gore, and helping his older brother to keep

school. He was admitted to the bar in 1805, with a prophecy of eminence from his preceptor, Mr. Gore—a prophecy which might readily be made—such a head as that was its own prophesy. Next, he is a lawyer at Boscawen for two years; then at Portsmouth in 1807, a lawyer of large talents, getting rapidly into practice; "known all over the State of New Hampshire;" known also in Massachusetts. In 1812, when he was thirty years of age, he is elected to the House of Representatives in Congress. He has a wife, and soon has two daughters and two sons. Next, his house is burned; and his wife dies; he is in Boston in 1816; in 1820, then thirty-eight years old, he is a member of the Massachusetts Convention, and is one of the leading members there, provoking the jealousy, but at the same time distancing the rivalry of men Boston born and Cambridge bred. His light, taken from under the New Hampshire bushel, at Portsmouth, could not be hid in Boston. It gives light to all that enter the house. In 1822, he was elected to Congress from Boston. In 1827, to the Senate of the United States. In 1841, he is Secretary of State. Again a private citizen in 1843. In the Senate in 1845, and Secretary of State in 1850, where he continued until "on the 24th of October, 1852, all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more!"

He was ten days in the General Court of Massachusetts; a few weeks in her Convention; eight years Representative in Congress; nineteen Senator; five Secretary of State. Such is a condensed map of this great man's outward history.

Look next at the headlands of his life. Here I shall speak of his deeds and words as a citizen and public officer.

He was a great lawyer, engaged in many of the most important cases during the last forty years; but in the briefness of a sermon I must pass by his labours in the law.

As a citizen, I am to speak of him chiefly as a public orator. In that capacity he made three great speeches, not at all political—at Plymouth Rock, to celebrate the two hundreth anniversary of New England's birth; at Bunker Hill, in memory of the great battle of New England; and at Faneuil Hall, to honour the two great men who died when the nation was fifty years old, and they fourscore. Each of these orations was a great and noble effort of patriotic eloquence.

Standing on Plymouth Rock, with the graves of the forefathers around him, how proudly could he say,—

"Our ancestors established their system of government on morality and religious sentiment. Moral habits, they believed, cannot safely be trusted on any other foundation than religious principle, nor any government be secure which is not supported by moral habits. Living under the heavenly light of revelation, they hoped to find all the social dispositions, all the duties which men owe to each other and to society, enforced and performed. Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens. Our fathers came here to enjoy their religion free and unmolested; and, at the end of two centuries, there is nothing upon which we can pronounce more confidently, nothing of

which we can express a more deep and earnest conviction, than of the inestimable importance of that religion to man, both in regard to this life and that which is to come."

At Bunker Hill, there were before him the men of the Revolution—venerable men who drew swords at Lexington and Concord, and faced the fight in many a fray. There was the French nobleman—would to God that France had many such to-day!—who periled his fortune, life, and reputation for freedom in America, and never sheathed the sword he drew at Yorktown, till France also was a Republic. Fayette was there—the Fayette of two revolutions, the Fayette of Yorktown and Olmutz. How well could he say,—

"Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, and of liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration for ever!"

On another occasion, when two great men—who, in the time that tried men's souls, were of the first to peril "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour;"—men who had first been one in the Declaration of Independence, were again made one in death —then the people returned to the cradle wherein the elder Adams and Hancock had rocked Liberty when young; and Webster chanted the psalm of commemoration to the younger Adams and Jefferson, who helped that new-born child to walk. He brought before the living the mighty dead—in his words they fought their battles o'er again; heard them resolve that "sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish," they gave their hand and their heart for liberty; and they grew greater before the eyes of the people as he brought up Adams and Jefferson, and showed the massive services of these men, and pointed out the huge structure of that human fabric that had gone to the grave.

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as at subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth, in the recorded proofs of their own great actions, in the offspring of their intellect, in the deep-engraved lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their own country, but throughout the civilized world."

How proudly could he say,—

"If we cherish the virtues and the principles of our fathers, Heaven will assist us to carry on the work of human liberty and human happiness. Auspicious omens cheer us. Great examples are before us. Our own firmament now shines brightly upon our path. Washington is in the clear, upper sky. These other stars have now joined the American constellation; they circle round their centre, and the heavens beam with new light. Beneath this illumination let us

walk the course of life, and at its close devoutly commend our beloved country, the common parent of us all, to the Divine benignity."

As a political officer, I shall speak of him as a legislator and executor of the law, a maker and administrator of laws.

It is said that he had a large influence in the Massachusetts Convention. The speeches, however, do not show any remarkable depth of philosophy, or width of historic view; but they show the strength of a great man not fully master of his theme. They are not always fair; they sometimes show the spacious arguments of the advocate, and do not always indicate the soundness of the judge. His learning was then, as it always was, towards the concentration of power, not to its diffusion. It was the Federal leaning of New England at the time. He had no philosophical objection to a technical religious test as the qualification for office, but did not think it expedient to found a measure on that principle. He wanted property and not population as the basis of representation in the Senate. The House might rest on men, the Senate on money. Said he, "it would seem to be the part of political wisdom to found government on property;" yet he wished to have the property diffused as widely as possible. He was a little jealous of the legislature, but he wanted an independent judiciary. In Congress, in 1813, he was with the Federal party, and, of course, not friendly to the war; yet he went for the defence of the country, and especially for naval defence. He had an eye on the commerce of America. He saw its value, and declared it a unit. He did early large service by procuring the passage of a law for the payment of bills in uniform currency. That was the greatest service, I think, he ever performed in matters of currency or national finance. In later years he defended the United States Bank, but that question, like others, had then become a party question; and a horse in the party team must go on with his fellows, or be flayed by the driver's lash. In 1816, he opposed the protective tariff, and so in 1824. His speech at that time is a work of large labour, nice research, and still of value.

In 1828, he voted for the "Bill of Abominations," as the tariff was called, not because he was in favour of the measure, but as the least of sundry evils. Afterwards, he became a strong advocate for a high protective tariff. Here he has been blamed for his change of opinion. It seems to me his first opinion was right, and his last opinion wrong—that he never answered his first great speech—but it seems to me that he was honest in the change.

In 1816 and 1824, the South wanted a protective tariff; the North hated it. It was Mr. Calhoun who introduced the measure first. Calhoun at that time was in favour of an United States protective tariff. There was to Mr. Webster for this change, it seems to me, a good and sufficient reason; but he had other fluctuations on this matter, which, I grieve to say, do not seem capable of an explanation quite so honourble.

He defended the Constitution against South Carolina's claim of the right to secede. It is customary at the North to think Mr. Webster wholly in the right, and South Carolina wholly in the wrong, on that question; but it should be remembered that some of the ablest men that the South ever sent to Washington thought otherwise. Mr. Calhoun defended the Carolinian idea, and Calhoun was a great man, a profound man, a man of unimpeachable integrity in public and in private. Mr. Clay was certainly a great man, wise and subtle, and far sighted. I wish I thought he was as honest as Calhoun, or could be persuaded that he was as generous as Webster; but, in 1833, Mr. Clay could not vote for the Force Bill, which Webster had so proudly defended against the South Carolinian idea. Mr. Clay would not vote against it—he avoided the question—the air of the Senate was so bad he could not stay.

South Carolina claimed that the Federal government had violated the Constitution; that she (South Carolina) was judge in that matter and had a constitutional right to nullify. The question is a deep one. It is the old question of Federal and Democrat—the question between the constitutional power of the whole and the power of the parts—Federal power and State power. Mr. Webster was always in favour of a strong central government; honestly in favour of it, I doubt not. His speeches on that subject were most masterly speeches. I refer, in particular, to the speech in 1830 against Mr. Hayne, and the speech in 1833 against Mr. Calhoun.

The first of these is the great political speech of Daniel Webster. I do not mean to say that it is the justest in its political ethics, or the deepest in the metaphysics of politics, or the farthest sighted in its political providence. I only mean to say that it surpasses all others in the massive intellectual power of statement. Mr. Webster was then eight-and-forty years old. He defended New England against Mr. Hayne; he defended the constitution of the United States against South Carolina. His speech is full of splendid eloquence; he reached high and put the capstone on his fame, whose triple foundation he had laid at Plymouth, at Bunker Hill, and at Faneuil Hall.

While Secretary of State, he performed the great act of his public life—the one deed on which his fame as a political officer will settle down and rest—the Ashburton Treaty in 1842. The matter was difficult; the claims intricate. There were four parties to pacify—England, the United States, Massachusetts, and Maine; nay, it is whispered that there was a fifth party—the government at the time. The difficulty was almost sixty years old. Many political doctors had laid their hands on the immedicable wound, which only smarted sorer under their touch. The British government sent an honourable representative, and America an honourable secretary; the two trustworthy men settled the difficulty honestly, fairly, and above board. I am not niggard of my praise; but I think this the

one great deed of Mr. Webster. Perhaps no other man in America could have done so well, and drawn the thunder out of the gathered cloud. I am no judge of that. You all remember the anxiety of America and of England, the apprehension of war, and the delight when these two countries shook hands as the work was done. Then we all felt that there was only one English nation, the English Briton and the English American—that Webster and Ashburton were fellow-citizens—yea, were brothers in the same great Anglo-Saxon tribe.

His letter on the right of search, and the British claim to impress seamen from American ships, would have done honour to any statesman in the world. He refused to England the right to visit and search our ships, on the plea of their being engaged in the slave-trade. Some of my anti-slavery brethren have censured him for this. I always thought he was right in this matter.

On the other side, his celebrated letter to Mr. Ashburton in the Creole case, seems to me most eminently unjust, false in law, and wicked in morality. It is the one stain on that negociation, and it is wonderful to me that, in 1846, Mr. Webster could himself declare that he thought that letter was the most triumphant production from his pen in all that correspondence.

After the conclusion of the treaty, Mr. Webster came to Boston. You remember the speech in 1842 in Faneuil Hall. He was then sixty years old. He had done the great deed of his life. He still held a high station. He scorned, or affected to scorn, the littleness of party and its narrow platform, and claimed to represent the people of the United States. Everybody knew the importance of his speech. I counted sixteen reporters of the New England and Northern press at this meeting. It was a proud day for him and also a stormy day. Other than friends were about him. He had just scattered the thunder which impended over the nation; the sullen cloud still hung over his own head. He thundered his eloquence into that cloud—the great ground lightning of his Olympian mind. I always thought that on that occasion Daniel Webster was in the right, and his opponents in the wrong; and I grieved at the reproach which public newspapers heaped on him, and the obloquy which the Convention of Massachusetts poured upon his head. What was his sin? He had faltered in the tariff, and did not declare that money was the great object of government, and the manufacture of cotton the chief end of God in the creation of man.

At first he opposed the annexation of Texas; he warned men against it in 1837. He prepared some resolutions which were passed in the anti-Texas Convention in 1845. But as some of the leading Whigs of the North opposed that meeting, and favoured annexation, he did not appear at the Convention, but went off to New York. In 1845, he voted against annexation. He had felt it to be his duty steadily, uniformly, and zealously to oppose it. He did not wish

America to be possessed by the spirit of aggrandizement. He objected to the annexation chiefly because it was a slave State. Here he stood with Adams; but against him was Calhoun, Clay, and almost all the Democrats. Van Buren was then on his side; and many of the capitalists of the North wanted a thing that Webster wanted not. He objected to the Constitution of Texas. Why? Because it tied up the hands of the Legislature against the abolition of slavery. He said that, on Forefathers' Day, two hundred and twenty-five years after the landing on Plymouth Rock. Then he could not forget his own proud words, uttered a quarter of a century before. I thought him honest then; I think so still. But he said New England might have prevented annexation; that Massachusetts might have prevented annexation, only she could not be roused. If he had laboured then for freedom, as he wrought for slavery in '50 and '51, Massachusetts would have been roused, New England would have risen as a single man, and annexation would have been put aside to the Greek Kalends, a day beyond eternity.

He opposed the Mexican war, but invested a son in it, and praised the soldiers who fought in it, as "surpassing our fathers who stood behind bulwarks on Bunker Hill." He called on the nation to uphold the stars of America on the fields of Mexico, though he knew it was the stripes that they held up.

I come now to speak of his relation to slavery. Up to 1850, his conduct had been just and honourable. As a private citizen, in 1820, he opposed the Missouri Compromise. On Forefather's Day, in 1820, standing on Plymouth Rock, he could say,—

"I deem it my duty on this occasion to suggest, that the land is not yet wholly free from the contamination of a traffic, at which every feeling of humanity must for ever revolt—I mean the African slave-trade. Neither public sentiment, nor the law, has hitherto been able entirely to put an end to this odious and abominable trade. At the moment when God in his mercy has blessed the Christian world with a universal peace, there is reason to fear, that, to the disgrace of the Christian name and character, new efforts are making for the extension of this trade, by subjects and citizens of Christian states, in whose hearts there dwell no sentiments of humanity or of justice, and over whom neither the fear of God nor the fear of man exercises a control. In the sight of our law the African slave-trader is a pirate and a felon; and in the sight of Heaven an offender far beyond the ordinary depth of human guilt. There is no brighter page of our history than that which records the measures which have been adopted by the government at an early day, and at different times since, for the suppression of this traffic; and I would call on all the true sons of New England to co-operate with the laws of man, and the justice of Heaven. If there be, within the extent of our knowledge or influence, any participation in this traffic, let us pledge ourselves here, upon the rock of Plymouth, to extirpate and destroy it. It is not fit that the land of the pilgrims should bear the shame longer. I hear the sound of the hammer, I see the smoke of the furnaces where manacles and fetters are still forged for human limbs. I see the visages of those who by stealth, and at midnight, labour in this work of hell, foul and dark, as may become the artificers of such instruments of misery and torture. Let that spot be purified, or let it cease to be of New England. Let it be purified, or let it be set aside from the Christian world; let it be put out of the circle of human sympathies and human regards, and let civilized man henceforth have no communion with it."

In 1837, at Niblo's Garden, he vowed his entire unwillingness to do anything that should extend the slavery of the African race on this continent. Said he,—

"On the general question of slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The subject has not only attracted attention as a qnestion of politics, but it has struck a far deeper-toned chord. It has arrested the religious feeling of the country; it has taken strong hold on the consciences of men. He is a rash man, indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised. It will assuredly cause itself to be respected. It may be reasoned with, it may be made willing, I believe it is entirely willing, to fulfil all existing engagements and all existing duties, to uphold and defend the Constitution as it is established, with whatever regrets abont some provisions which it does actually contain. But to coerce it into silence, to endeavour to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, warm as is is, and more heated as such endeavours would inevitably render it—should this be attempted, I know nothing, even in the Constitution or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion which might follow."

He always declared that slavery was a local matter of the South; sectional, not national. He took the ground in 1830, that the general government had nothing to do with it. In 1840, standing under the October sun at Richmond, he declared again that there was no power, direct or indirect, in Congress or the general government, to interfere in the smallest degree with the "institution" of the South.

Yet, after all, on the 7th of March, 1850, he could make that speech—you know it too well. He refused to exclude slavery by law from California and New Mexico. It would "irritate" the South, would "re-enact the law of God." He declared Congress was bound to make four new States out of Texas; to allow all the territory below 36 degrees 30 minutes to become slave States; he declared that he would give Texas fifty thousand square miles of land for the slave territory, and ten million of dollars; would refund to Virginia two hundred millions of dollars derived from the sales of the public lands, to expatriate the free-coloured people from her soil; that he would support the Fugitive Bill with all its amendments, with all its provisions, "to the fullest extent."

You know the Fugitive Slave Bill too well. It is bad enough now; then it was far worse, for then every one of the seventeen thousand postmasters of America became a legal kidnapper by that bill. He pledged our Massachusetts to support it, and that with alacrity. My friends, you all know the speech of the 7th of March—you know how men felt when the telegraph brought the first news. They could not believe the lightning; you know how the Whig party and the Democratic party, and the newspapers, treated the report. When the speech came in full, you know the effect. One of the most conspicuous men of the State, then in high office, declared that Mr. Webster "seemed inspired by the devil to the extent of his intellect." You know the indignation men felt, the

sorrow and anguish. I think not a hundred prominent men in all New England acceded to the speech. But such was the power of that gigantic intellect that eighteen days after his speech, nine hundred and eighty-three men of Boston sent him a letter, telling him that he had "pointed out the path of duty, convinced the understanding, and touched the conscience of the nation;" and they expressed to him their "entire coincidence in the sentiments of that speech," and their "heartfelt thanks for the inestimable aid it afforded to the preservation of the Union."

You remember the return of Mr. Webster to Boston; the speech at the Revere House; his word that "discussion" on the subject of slavery must "in some manner be suppressed;" you remember the "disagreeable duty;" the question if Massachusetts "will be just against temptation;" whether "she will conquer her prejudices" in favour of the trial by jury, of the inalienable rights of man in favour of the Christian religion, and "those thoughts which wander through eternity."

You remember the agony of our coloured men. The Son of Man came to Jerusalem to seek and to save that which was lost; but Daniel Webster came to Boston to crush the poorest and most lost of men into the ground with the hoof of American power.

You all know what followed. The Fugitive Slave Bill passed. It was enforced. You remember the consternation of the coloured people in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Philadelphia—all over the land. You remember the speeches of Mr. Webster at Buffalo, Syracuse, and Albany—his industry, never equalled before—his violence, his indignation, his denunciations. You remember the threat at Syracuse, that out of the bosom of the next Anti-Slavery Convention should a fugitive slave be seized. You remember the scorn that he poured out on men who pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour" for the welfare of men.

You remember the letters to Mr. Webster from Newburyport and Kennebec. You remember the sermons of Doctors of Divinity, proving that slavery was Christian, good Old Testament Christian, at the very least. You remember the offer of a man to deliver up his own mother. Andover went for kidnapping. The loftiest pulpits—I mean those highest bottomed on the dollar—they went also for kidnapping. There went up a shout against the fugitive from the metropolitan pulpits, "Away with such a fellow from the earth!—Kidnap him! kidnap him!" And we said, timidly remonstrating, "Why, what evil has the poor black man done?" The answer was, "We have a law, and by that law he ought to be a slave!"

You remember the first kidnappers that came here to Boston. Hughes was one of them—an ugly-looking fellow. He thirsted for the blood of Ellen Craft. You remember the seizure of Shadrach; you remember his delivery out of his fiery furnace-dungeon. Of course, it was an angel who let him out—for that court, after six

trials, I think, has not found a man that, at noon-day, and in the centre of the town, did the deed. So I suppose it was an angel that did the deed, and miracles are not over yet. You remember the kidnapping of Thomas Sims; Faneuil Hall shut against the convention of the people; the court-house in chains; the police drilled in the square; soldiers in arms; Faneuil Hall a barrack. You remember Fast-day, 1851—at least I do. You remember the "Acorn," and Boston on the 12th of April. You have not forgotten the dreadful scenes at New York, Philadelphia, and Buffalo; the tragedy at Christiana.

You have not forgotten Mr. Webster's definition of the object of government. In 1845, standing on the grave of Judge Story, he said, "Justice is the great interest of mankind." I think he thought so too; but at New York, on the 18th of November, 1850, he said, "The great object of government is the protection of property at home, and respect and renown abroad.

You have not forgotten the speech at Capron Springs on the 26th of June, 1851. "When nothing else will answer," says he, "they," the Abolitionists, "invoke religion, and speak of the 'higher law.'" He of the granite hills of New Hampshire, looking on the mountains of Virginia, blue with loftiness and distance, said, "Gentlemen, the North Mountain is high, the Blue Ridge higher still, the Alleghanies higher than either, and yet this 'higher law' ranges an eagle's flight higher than the highest peak of the Alleghanies." This speech was made at a dinner. The next "sentiment" given after his was this:—

"*The Fugitive Slave Law.*—On its execution depends the perpetuity of the Union."

Mr. Webster made a speech in reply, and distinctly declared, "You of the South have as much right to secure your fugitive slaves as the North has to any of its rights and privileges of navigation and commerce."

Do you think he believed that? Daniel Webster knew better. In 1844, only seven years before, he had said, "What! when all the civilized world is opposed to slavery; when morality denounces it; when Christianity denounces it; when everything respected, everything good, bears one united witness against it, is it for America—America, the land of Washington, the model republic of the world—is it for America to come to its assistance and to insist that the maintenance of slavery is necessary to the support of her institutions!"

How do you think the audience answered? With six and twenty cheers. It was in Faneuil Hall. Said Webster, "These are Whig principles," and with these "Faneuil Hall may laugh a siege to scorn." That speech is not printed in his collection! How could it stand side by side with the speech of the 5th of March?

What was the motive of all this? It was to "save the Union." Such was the cry. Was the Union in danger? Here were a few non-resistants at the North who said, we will have "no union with

slaveholders." There was a party of seceders at the South who periodically blustered about disunion. Could these men bring the Union into peril? Did Daniel Webster think so? I shall never insult that giant intellect by the thought. He knew South Carolina, he knew Georgia very well. He knew there was no danger of the dissolution of the Union. But here is a proof that he knew it. In 1850, on the 22d of December, he declared "There is no longer imminent danger of the dissolution of the United States. We shall live, and not die." But soon after, he went about saving the Union again, and again, and again—saved it at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, and then at Capron Springs.

I say there was no real danger; but my opinion is mere opinion, and nothing more. Look at a fact. We have the most delicate test of public opinion, the state of the public funds—the barometer which indicates any change in the political weather. If the winds blow down the Tiber, Roman funds fall. Talk of war between France and England, the stocks go down at Paris and London. The foolish talk about the fisheries last summer lowered American stocks in the market, to the great gain of the brokers. But all this time, when Mr. Webster was telling us the ship of state was going to pieces, and required under girding by the Fugitive Slave Bill, and needed the kidnapper's hand at the helm—while he was advising us to conquer our prejudices—while he was denouncing the friends of freedom, and calling on us to throw over to Texas—the monster of the deep that threatened to devour the ship of state—fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars, and to the other monster of secession, to cast over the trial by jury, the dearest principles of the Constitution, of manhood, of justice, and of religion, "those thoughts that wander through eternity;" while he himself revoked the noblest words of his whole life, throwing over his interpretation of the Constitution, his respect for State rights, for common law, his own morality, his own religion, and his God—the funds of the United States did not go down one mill. You ask the capitalist "Is the Union in danger?" He answers, "Oh, yes! it is in the greatest peril." "Then, will you sell me your stocks lower than before?" "Not a mill!" Not one mill, not the ten hundredth part of a dollar in a hundred! To ask a man to make such a sacrifice, at such a time, from such a motive, is as if you should ask the captain of the steamer Niagara, in Boston harbour, in fair weather, to throw over all his cargo, because a dandy in the cabin was blowing the fire with his breath. No, my friends, I shall not insult the majesty of that intellect with the thought that he believed that there was danger to the Union. There was not any danger of a storm, not a single cat's-paw in the sky—not a capful of bad weather between Cape Sable and the Lake of the Woods!

Here is the reason. He wanted to be President. That was all of it. He must conciliate the South. This was his bid for the Presi-

dency—fifty thousand square miles of territory and ten millions of dollars to Texas; four new Slave States; slavery in California and New Mexico; the Fugitive Slave Bill; and two hundred millions of dollars offered to Virginia to carry free men of colour to Africa.

He never so laboured before, and he was always a hard-working man. What speeches he made at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Albany, Buffalo, Syracuse, Anapolis. What letters he wrote. His intellect was never so active before, nor gave such proofs of such Herculean power. The fountains of his great deep were broken up—he rained forty days and forty nights, and brought on a flood of slavery over this whole land; it covered the market, and the factory, and the court-house, and the warehouse, and the college, and rose high up over the tops of the tallest steeples! But the ark of freedom went on the face of the waters—above the market, above the court-house, above the factory, over the college, higher than the tops of the tallest steeples it floated secure—for it bore the religion that is to save the world, and the Lord God of Hosts had shut it in.

What flattery was there from Mr. Webster. What flattery to the South; what respect for Southern nullifiers, and what scorn against the "fanatics" of the North, against the higher law, and the God thereof! How he complimented the Catholics at New York, and the Methodist ministers at Boston!—and all this for ambition. Oh, what a prostration of what a power! Then what a shrinking of great consciences, and hearts, and minds! So Milton, fabling, sings that angels fallen from their first estate, seeking to enter Pandemonium,—

"To smallest forms reduced their shape immense;
* * * * They who but now seemed
In bigness to surpass Earth's giant sons.
Now less than smallest dwarfs in narrow room,
Throng numberless, and were at large,
Though without number still (amidst the hall)
Of that infernal court."

After the 7th of March, Mr. Webster became the ally of the worst of men, the forefront of kidnapping. The orator of Plymouth Rock was the advocate of slavery; the hero of Bunker Hill put chains around Boston court-house; the applauder of Adams and Jefferson was a tool of the slaveholder and the keeper of slavery's dogs, the associate of the kidnapper, and the mocker of men who loved the right. Two years he lived with that noble soul for company; his name the boast of every vilest thing. "Oh, how unlike the place from whence he fell!" Think of him! the Daniel Webster of Plymouth Rock, advocating the Compromise Measures! the Daniel Webster of Faneüil Hall, who spoke with the inspiration of Samuel Adams, and the tongue of James Otis, praising the holy dead in his praise. Think of him at Buffalo, Albany, Syracuse, scoffing at modern men who perilled their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour, to visit the fatherless and the widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world! Think

of him threatening with the gallows such as clothed the naked, fed the needy, visited the prisoner, and gave a cup of cold water to him that was ready to perish! Think of Daniel Webster become the assassin of Liberty in the Capitol!

But what was the recompense? Ask Massachusetts—ask the North. Let the Baltimore Convention tell. He was the greatest candidate before it. General Scott is a little man, when the feathers are gone. Fillmore, you know him. Both of these, for greatness of intellect compared to Webster, were as a single maggot measured by an eagle. Look at his services; look at his forehead; look at his face! The two hundred and ninety-three delegates came together and voted. They gave him thirty-three votes, and that only once! Where were the men of the "lower law," who made denial of God the first principle in their politics—where were they who, in Faneuil Hall, scoffed and jeered at the "higher law?" or, at Capron Springs, who "laughed" when he scoffed at the law higher than the Virginia hills? Where were the kidnappers! the "lower law" men. Kidnappers strained themselves to the utmost, and he had thirty-three votes. Where was the South? Fifty three times did the Convention ballot, and the South never gave him a vote—not a vote. No! not one! Northern friends—I honour their affection for the great man, there was nothing else left in them for me to honour—went round to the South and begged for the poor and paltry pittance of a seeming vote, in order to break the bitterness of the fall? They went with tears in their eyes, and in mercy's name asked that crumb from the Southern board. But the cruel South, treacherous to him whom she beguiled to treason against God, she answered, "Not a vote!"

Oh, Cardinal Wolsey! there was never such a fall! "He fell like Lucifer never to hope again."

But it seemed as if nothing could be spared him. His cup of bitterness already full, was made to run over—for they called him up at midnight out of his bed—the poor disappointed old man!—to "congratulate" him on their nomination of Scott! And they forced the great man, falling back on his self-respect, to say that he should rise with the lark, as jocund and as gay as he! Was not that enough? Oh, there is no pity in the hearts of men! Even that was not enough! Northern friends went to him, and asked him to advise men to vote for Scott. Gen. Scott is said to be an anti-slavery man; but soon as the political carpenter put the "planks," he crawled upon the Baltimore platform, and stands there on all fours to this day, looking for citizens, "native and adopted," listening for "that brogue," and declaring that, after all, he is "only a common man." Did you ever read Gen. Scott's speeches? Then think of asking Daniel Webster to recommend him for President—Scott in the chair, and Webster out. That was gall after the wormwood! They say that Daniel Webster did write a letter advocating the election of Scott, and afterwards said, "I still live." If he did so attribute it

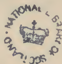
to the wanderings of a great mind, shattered by sickness; and be assured he would have taken it back if he had ever set his foot again upon the ground.

Daniel Webster went down to Marshfield—to die!—his great heart—it was always a great heart, no downfall could make it little—his great heart broke! Daniel Webster died of his 7th of March speech! That word endorsed on Mason's bill drove thousands of fugitives from America to Canada. It put chains around your court-house; it led men to violate the majesty of law all over the North. I violated it, and so did you. It sent Thomas Sims in fetters to his jail, and his scourging at Savannah! It caused practical atheism to be preached in the churches of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and, worst of all, Boston itself! and then, with its own recoil, it sent Daniel Webster to his grave, and gave him such a reputation as a man would not wish for his utterest foe.

No event in the American Revolution was half so terrible. We lost battles again and again, lost campaigns—our honour we never lost. The army was without powder in '76 in Cambridge; without shoes and blankets in '76, and the bare feet of New England valour marked the ice with blood when they crossed the Delaware. But we were never without conscience, never without morality. Powder might fail, and shoes drop, old and rotten, from soldiers' feet. But the love of God was in the American heart, and no American general said, "There is no law higher than the Blue Ridge!" Nay, they appealed to God's higher law.

Cardinal Wolsey fell, and lost nothing but his place. Bacon fell; the "wisest, brightest," lived long enough to prove himself the "meanest of mankind." Strafford came down, but it was nothing to the fall of Webster. The Anglo-Saxon race never knew such a terrible and precipitous ruin. His downfall shook the continent. Truth fell prostrate in the street. Since then the court-house has a twist in its walls, and equity cannot enter its door; the steeples point awry, and the "higher law" was hurled from the pulpit. One priest would send back his mother, and another would drive a fugitive from his own door; a third was certain that Paul was a kidnapper; and a fourth had the assurance of his consciousness that Christ Jesus would have sold and bought slaves. Practical atheism became common in the pulpits of America; they forgot that there was a God. In the hard winter of 1780, if Fayette had copied Arnold, and Washington gone over to the enemy, the fall could not have been worse. Benedict Arnold fell, but fell through, so low that no man quotes him for precedent. Webster fell, and he lay there "not less than archangel ruined," and enticed the nation in his fall.

My friends, it is hard for me to say these things. My mother's love is warm in my own bosom still, and I hate to say these things. But God is just, and in the presence of God I stand here to tell the truth.



Did men honour Daniel Webster? So did I. I was a boy ten years old when he stood at Plymouth Rock, and never shall I forget how his clarion words rang in my boyish heart. I was but a little boy when he spoke those brave words in behalf of Greece. I learned to hate slavery from the lips of that great man, and now that he takes back his word, and comes himself to be slavery's slave, oh! I hate it tenfold greater than before, because it made a bondman out of that proud, magnanimous nature.

Did men love him? So did I. Not blindly, but as I loved a great mind, as the defender of the Constitution and the inalienable rights of man.

Do men mourn for him, the great man eloquent? I put on sackcloth long ago. I mourned for him when he wrote the Creole letter, which surprised Ashburton, Briton that he was. I mourned when he spoke the speech of the 7th of March. I mourned when the Fugitive Bill passed Congress, and the same cannons that have fired "minute-guns" for him, fired also one hundred rounds of joy for the forging of a new fetter for the fugitive's foot. I mourned for him when the kidnappers first came to Boston—hated then—now respectable men, the companions of princes, enlarging their testimony in the court. I mourned when my own parishioners fled from the "stripes" of New England to the "stars" of Old England. I mourned when Ellen Craft fled to my house for shelter and for succour; and for the first time in all my life, I armed this hand. I mourned when the court-house was hung in chains; when Thomas Sims, from his dungeon, sent out his petition for prayers, and the churches did not dare to pray. I mourned when I married William and Ellen Craft, and gave them a Bible for their soul, and a sword to keep that soul living, and in a living frame. I mourned when the poor outcast in yonder dungeon sent for me to visit him, and when I took him by the hand that Daniel Webster was chaining in that house. I mourned for Webster when we prayed our prayer and sung our psalm on Long Wharf in the morning's grey. I mourned then; I shall not cease to mourn. The flags will be removed from the streets, the cannons will sound their other notes of joy; but for me I shall go mourning all my days. I shall refuse to be comforted, and at last I shall lay down my grey hairs with weeping and with sorrow in the grave. Oh, Webster! Webster! would God that I had died for thee.

Do men mourn for him? See how they mourn! The streets are hung with black. The newspapers are sad coloured. The shops are put in mourning. The mayor and aldermen wear crape. Whereever his death is made known the public business stops, and flags are half-mast down. The courts adjourn. The courts of Massachusetts, at Boston, at Dedham, at Lowell, all adjourn; the courts of New Hampshire, of Maine, of New York; even at Baltimore and Washington the courts adjourn; for the great lawyer is dead, and justice

must await another day. Only the United States Court, in Boston, trying a man for helping Shadrach out of the furnace of the kidnappers—the court that executes the Fugitive Slave law—that does not adjourn; that keeps on; its worm dies not, and the fire of that prosecution is not quenched. When death puts out the lamp of life, injustice is hungry for its prey, and must not be balked. It was very proper! Symbolical court of the Fugitive Slave Bill; it does not respect life—why should it death? and, scorning liberty, why should it heed decorum? Did the judges deem that Webster's spirit, on its way to God, would look at the Plymouth Rock, then pause on the spots made classic by his eloquence, and look at Bunker Hill, and tarry his hour in the august company of nobler men at Faneuil Hall, and be glad to know that injustice was chanting his requiem in that court?—they greatly misjudge that man. I know Daniel Webster better, and I appeal for him against his idly judging friends.

He was a great man, a man of the largest mould, a great body and a great brain: he seemed made to last a hundred years. Since Socrates, there has seldom been a head so massive huge. Since the stormy features of Michael Angelo,

> "The hand that rounded Peter's dome,
> And groined the aisles of Christian Rome."

He who sculptured day and night into such beautiful forms—he looked them in his face before he chisselled them in stone. Dupuytren and Cuvier are said to be the only men in our day that have had a brain so vast. Since Charlemagne, I think there has not been such a grand figure in all Christendom. A large man, decorous in dress, dignified in deportment, he walked as if he felt himself a king. Men from the country, who knew him not, stared at him as he passed through our streets. The coal-heavers and porters of London looked on him as one of the great forces of the globe; they recognized a native king. In the Senate of the United States he looked an emperor in that council. Even the majestic Calhoun seemed common compared with him. Clay looked vulgar, and Van Buren but a fox. What a mouth he had. It was a lion's mouth. Yet there was a sweet grandeur in his smile, and a woman's sweetness when he would. What a brow it was! what eyes! like charcoal fire in the bottom of a deep, dark well. His face was rugged with volcanic fires, great passions and great thoughts.

> "The front of Jove himself;
> An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

Divide the faculties, not bodily, into intellectual, moral, affectional, and religious, and try him on that scale. His late life shows that he had little religion—somewhat of its lower forms—conventional devoutness, formality of prayer, "the ordinances of religion;" but he had not a great man's all-conquering look to God.

It is easy to be "devout." The Pharisee was more so than the publican. It is hard to be moral. "Devoutness" took the priest and the Levite to the temple ; morality the Samaritan to the man fallen among thieves. Men tell us he was religious, and in proof declare that he read the Bible, thought Job a great epic poem, quoted Habbakuk from memory, and knew hymns by heart; and latterly, agreed with a New Hampshire divine in all the doctrines of a Christian life.

Of the affections he was well provided by nature—though they were little cultivated—very attractable to a few. Those who knew him loved him tenderly, and if he hated like a giant he loved also like a king. Of unimpassioned and unrelated love there are two chief terms—friendship and philanthropy. Friendship he surely had. All along the shore men loved him. Men in Boston loved him—even Washington held loving parts that worshipped him.

Of philanthropy, I cannot claim much for him ; I find it not. Of conscience, it seemed to me he had little ; in his latter life exceeding little ; his moral sense seemed being besotted ; almost, though not wholly gone. Hence, though he was often generous, he was not just. Free to give as to grasp, he was charitable by instinct, not interested on principle.

His strength lay not in the religious, nor in the affectional, nor in the moral part of man. His intellect was immense,—his power of comprehension was vast. He methodized swiftly. But if you look at the forms of intellectual action, you may distribute them into three great modes of force—the understanding, the imagination, and the reason; the understanding, dealing with details and methods; imagination, with beauty, is power to create; reason, with first principles and universal laws.

We must deny to Mr. Webster the great reason. He does not belong to the great men of that department—the Socrates's, Aristotle's, Plato's, Leibnitz's, Newton's, Descartes's, and the other mighties. He seldom grasps a universal law. His measures of expediency for today are seldom bottomed on universal principles of right, which last for ever.

I cannot assign to him large imagination. He was not creative of new forms of thought or of beauty; so he lacks the poetic charm which gladdens the loftiest eloquence. But his understanding was exceedingly great. He acquired readily, and retained well; arranged with ease and skill, and fluently reproduced. As a scholar he passed for learned in the Senate, where scholars are few; for a universal man with editors of political and commercial prints. But his learning was narrow in its range, and not very nice in its accuracy. His reach in history and literature was very small for a great man seventy years of age, always associating with able men. To science he seems to have paid scarce any attention at all. It is a short radius that measures the arc of his historic realm. A few leading authors whom

he loved to quote, make up his meagre classic store. He was not a scholar, and it is idle to claim great scholarship for him.

As a statesman his lack of what I call the highest reason and imagination continually appears. To the national stock he added no new idea, created out of new thought; no great maxim created out of human history and old thought. The great ideas of the time were not born in his bosom. He organized nothing. There were great ideas of practical value, seeking lodgment in the body; he aided them not.

None of the great measures of our time were his—not one of them. His best bill was the specie bill, of 1815, which caused payments to be paid in national currency. He did not administer eminently well. The affairs of Cuba, last year and this, the affairs of the Fisheries and the Lobos Islands, are little to his credit. The appointments made under his administration had better not be looked at too closely. The treaty signed at Washington in 1842, he managed well, with all its intricacies. His course in politics was crooked. Now for Free Trade, then for Protection; now for Specie, then for Bills; first for a Bank, then it is an "obsolete idea;" now for Freedom and against Slavery, then for Slavery and against Freedom; now Justice is the object of government, now money. Now what makes men Christians makes men good citizens; next religion is good everywhere but in politics; there it makes men mad. Now religion is the only ground of government; next there is no law higher than the act of Congress, and he hoots at conscience and would not re-enact the law of God. He tacked and wore ship many a time in his life, always in bad weather, and never came round but he fell off from the popular wind. Perseverance makes the saint; he always forsook his idea just as his idea was about to make his fortune. In his voyaging for the Presidency, he was always too late for the tide; embarked on the ebb, and was left as the stream run dry. The Fugitive Slave law has done the South no good save to reveal the secrets of her prison-house, the Cabin of Uncle Tom, and make the North hate Slavery with a ten-fold hate. So far as he "Websterized" the Whig party, he has done so to its ruin.

He was a great advocate; a great orator; it is said the greatest in the land, and I do not doubt that this is true. Surely, he was immensely great. Yet he has left no perfect specimen of a great orator. He had not the instinctive genius which creates a beautiful whole by nature, as a mother bears a son; the wide knowledge of deep philosophy; nor the plastic industry which creates a beautiful whole by art, as the sculptor chisels the marble boy. So his greatest and most deliberate efforts of oratory will not bear comparison with the great eloquence of nature that is born, nor the great eloquence of art that is made. Compared therewith, his mighty works are as Hercules compared with Apollo. It is an old world, and excellence in oratory is difficult; yet he has sentences and paragraphs that I think unsur-

passed and unequalled, and I do not see how they can ever fade. He was not a Nile of eloquence ; he was a Niagara.

His style was simple, the business style of a strong man. Now and then it swelled into beauty. In later years he seldom touched the conscience, the affections, or the soul, except, alas, to smite our sense of justice, our philanthropy, and trust in God. He always addressed the understanding ; not the reason—Calhoun did that the more ; not the imagination—in his speech there was little wit, little beauty, little poetry. He laid siege to the understanding. Here lay his strength—he could make a statement better than any man in America ; had immense power of argumentation, making a causeway from his will to the hearer's mind. He gathered a great mass of material, bound it together, swung it about his head, fixed his eye on the mark, then let the ruin fly. If you want a word suddenly shot from Dover to Calais, you send it by lightning ; if a ball of a ton weight, you get a steam cannon to pitch it across. Webster was the steam gun of eloquence. He hit the mark less by finnery than strength. His shot seemed big as his target.

This orator brings down his quarry with a single subtle shot, ot sixty to the pound. He carries death without weight in his gun, as sure as fate. Here is another, the tin-pedlar of American speech. He is a snake in the grass, slippery, shining, with a baleful crest on his head, cunning in his crazy eye, and the poison of the old serpent in his heart, and on his slimy jaw, and about the fang at the bottom of the smooth and forked and nimble tongue. He conquers by bewitching ; he fascinates his game to death.

Commonly Webster was honest in his oratory ; open, English, and not Yankee. He had no masked batteries, no Quaker guns. He wheeled his forces into line, column after column, with the quickness of Hannibal, and the masterly arrangement of Cæsar ; and like Napoleon, broke the centre of his opponent's line by the superior weight of his column, and the sudden heaviness of his fire. Thus he laid siege to the understanding, and carried it by dint of cannonade. This was his strategy, in the court-house, in the Senate, and the public hall. There was no ambuscades, no pitfalls, or treacherous Indian subtlety. It was the tactics of a great and honest-minded man.

In his oratory there was but one trick, the trick of self-depreciation. That came on him in his later years, and it always failed. He was too big to make any one believe he thought himself little ; so, obviously proud, we knew he valued his services high when he rated them so low. That comprehensive eye could not overlook so great an object as himself. He was not organized to cheat, and did not prosper when he tried it, this ill the lion apes the fox.

He longed for the presidency, but Harrison kept him from the nomination in 1840, Clay in 1844, Taylor in 1848, and Scott in '52. He never had a wide and original influence in the politics of the nation ; for he had no elemental thunder of his own—the Tariff was Mr. Calhoun's at first ; the Force Bill was from another hand ; the

Fugitive Slave Bill was Mr. Mason's; the "Omnious" had many fathers, whereof Webster was not one. For some years no large body of men has had much confidence in him—admiration, but not trust. In Massachusetts, off the pavements, for the last three years, he has had but little power. Only in the cities that bought him was he omnipotent. Even the South would not trust him. General Jackson was the most popular man of our time. Calhoun was popular throughout the South; Clay in all quarters of the land; and at this day Seward wields the forces of the Whigs. With all his talent, Webster had never the influence on America of the least of these. Henry Clay laboured to defeat him at Baltimore last June. This was not generous in Mr. Clay; for in '44, Webster had toiled earnestly for that "Hero of the West," toiled for his rival, toiled against hope. But Mr. Clay bore him a grudge, and on his death-bed waited for the consolation of his more generous rival's fall, saw it, was glad, and died content.

Yet Daniel Webster had many popular qualities. He loved outdoor and manly sports—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honourably had fought his way alone. He was a farmer, and took a considerable delight in country things—in loads of hay, in trees, in turnips, and the noble Indian corn, in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows—shorthorn Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshire, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen, lowing, came to see their sick lord; and as he stood in his door, his great cattle were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him.

He was a friendly man—all along the shore there were plain men that loved him—whom he also loved; a good neighbour, a good townsman;

> "Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
> But to those that sought him, sweet as summer."

His influence on the development of America has not been great. He had large gifts, large opportunities also for their use—the two greatest things that great men ask. Yet he has brought little to pass. No great ideas, no great organizations will bind him to the coming age. Ere long, men will ask for the historic proof to verify the reputation of his power. For the present, his career is a failure, he was baulked of his aim. How will it be for the future? The historian must write that he aimed to increase the executive power, the central government, and to weaken the local power of the States; that he preferred the federal authority to State rights, the judiciary to the legislature, the government to the people, the claims of money

to the rights of man. Calhoun will stand as the representative of State rights and free trade; Clay of the American system of protection; Renton of payments in sound coin; some other, of the revenue tariff. And in the greatest question of the age, the great question of Human Right, as champions of mankind there will appear, Adams, Giddings, Chase, and Mann and Hale, Rantoul and Sumner; yes, one other name, which on the historian's page will shade all these—the name of Garrison. Men will recount the words of Webster at Plymouth Rock, at Bunker Hill, at Faneuil Hall, at Niblo's Garden; they will also recollect that he declared that 'protection of property' was the great domestic object of government; that he called on Massachusetts to conquer her "prejudices" in favour of unalienable right, and with alacrity give up a man to be a slave; that he made the negation of God the first principle of government. That New England elephant turned round, and tore freedom's standard down, and trod her armies under foot. They will see that he did not settle the greatest questions by justice and the law ef God. His parallel liner of power are indeed long lines—a nation reads his word; they are not far apart, you cannot get many centuries between—for there are no great ideas of right, no mighty acts of love to keep them wide.

Was his private life good? There are many depraved things done without depravity of heart. I am here to chronicle, and not invent. I cannot praise a man for virtues that he did not have. This day such praise sounds empty and impertinent as the chattering of a caged canary amid the sadness of a funeral prayer. Spite of womanly tenderness, it is not for me to renounce my manhood and my God. Let us "naught extenuate and nothing add nor set down aught in malice." It is true that he was over fond of animal delights, of the joys of the body's baser part; fond of solid luxury, not fond of show. He had a plain house, eat a sumptuous board. He loved power, loved luxury, loved wine, not show. He was intensely proud, not plain. Careless of money, he was often in trouble on its account. He contracted debts and did not settle; borrowed and rendered not again. Private money sometimes clove to his hands, yet in his generous nature there was no taint of avarice. I wish the charges brought against his public administration may be disproved, whereof the stain rests on him to this day. A Senator of the United States, he was pensioned by the manutacturers of Boston. These "gifts" in his hand, how could he dare be just. His later speeches smell of bribes. Could not Francis Bacon warn him, nor either Adams guide! Three or four hundred years ago, Thomas More would not accept five thousand pounds, which the English clergy publicly offered him, for public service done as Chancellor. But Webster in private took—how much I cannot tell. Considering all things, their wealth and his unthriftiness, it was as dishonourable in them to bribe, as in him to take their gift!

To gain his point, alas, he sometimes treated facts, now constitution, morality, and religion, as an advocate treats matters at the bar.

Was he certain Carolina had no constitutional right to nullify? I make no doubt he did so, but in his language he is just as strong when he declares the Fugitive Slave Bill is perfectly constitutional; that slavery cannot be in California and New Mexico; just as confident in his dreadful mock at conscience, and the great God's unchanging law. No living man has done so much to debauch the conscience of the nation; to debauch the press, the pulpit, the forum, and the bar! "There is no higher law," quoth he; and how much the pulpit, the press, the forum, and the bar, denies its God. Read the journals of the last week for proof of what I say; and read our history since March of '52. He poisoned the moral wells of society with his lower law, and men's conscience died of the murrain of beasts which came because they drank thereat.

In an age which prizes money as the greatest good, and counts the understanding as the highest human faculty, the man who is to lead and bless the world must indeed be great in intellect, but also great in conscience, greater in affection, and greatest of all things in his soul. In his later years, Webster was intellect, and little more. If he did not regard the Eternal Right, how could he guide a nation to the useful for to-day? If he scorned the law of God, how could he bless the world of men? "'Twas by this fault he fell."

He knew the cause of his defeat, and in the last weeks of his life confessed that he was deceived; that before his fatal speech he had assurance from the North and South that if he supported slavery 't would lead him into place and power; but now he saw the mistake, and that a few of the "fanatics" had more influence in America than all the South! He sinned against his own conscience, and so he fell!

He made him wings of slavery to fly to lofty eminence. Those wings unfeathered in his flight. For one-and-thirty months he fell, until at last he reached the tomb. There, on the sullen shore, a mighty wreck, the great Webster lies!

Oh, what a warning was his fall!

> "To dash corruption in her proud career,
> And teach her slaves that vice was born to fear."

Had he been faithful to his own words so oft repeated, how he would have stood! How differently would have been the aspect of the North and the South, and the principles of the pulpit, the forum, and the court! Had he died after the treaty of 1842, how different would have been his fame! Then had he lived and laboured for freedom as for Slavery—nay, with half the diligence and half the mighty power—to-morrow all the North would rise to make him their President, and put on that Olympian brow the wreath of honour from a people's heart. Then he would have had a name like Adams, Jefferson, and Washington, and the tears of every good man would have dropped upon his tomb! Had he served his God with half the zeal that he served the South he would not thus have left him in age "naked to his enemies!"

But he did not fall all at once. No man ever does. Little by little

he came to the ground. Long leaning, he leaned over and fell down. But shall he bear the blame alone? Oh, no. Part of it belongs to this city, which corrupted him, tempted him with a price, bought him with its gold! Daniel Webster had not thrift. "Poor Richard" was no saint of his. He loved luxury; and was careless of wealth. Boston caught him by the purse; by that she tied him to his mortal doom. With her much fair speech she caused him to yield; with the flattery of her lips she deceived him. Boston was the Delilah that deceived him; but oft he broke the wythes of gold, until at last, with a pension, she shore off the seven locks of his head, his strength went from him, and the kidnappers took him and put out his eyes, brought him down to Washington and bound him with fetters of brass.

And he did grind in their prison house; and they said, "Our God, which is slavery, hath delivered into our hands our enemy—the destroyer of our institutions who slew many of us." Part of the blame belongs to the New England church, who calls men saints who only pray, all careless of the dead men's bones which glut the whitened sepulchre. The churches of New England were waiting to proclaim slavery, and renounce the law of God. His is not all the blame. No, it is not the greatest part. He suffers for the iniquity of us all.

His calling as a lawyer was somewhat dangerous, leading him, too oft, to look at the expedient end, not to enquire if his means be also just; to look too much at measures, not enough at principles. His intercourse with politicians was full of moral peril. How few touch politics, and are thenceforward clean.

Boston now mourns for him. She is too late in her weeping. She ought to have put on sackcloth when the speech of March 7th first came here. She should have hung her flag at half-mast when the Fugitive Slave Bill became a law; then she only fired cannons and thanked her representative. Webster fell prostrate, but was Boston more innocent than he? Remember the nine hundred and eighty-three men that thanked him for the speech, which touched their "conscience" and pointed out the path of "duty." 'Twas she that ruined him.

What a sad life was his. At Portsmouth his house burned down, all uninsured. His wife died—a loving woman, beautiful, and tenderly beloved! Of several children, all save one have gone before him to the tomb. Sad man, he lived to build his children's monument. Do you remember the melancholy spectacle in the street, when Major Webster, a victim of the Mexican war, was by his father laid down in yonder tomb—a slaughter, too, but recently laid low! How poor seemed then the ghastly pageant in the street, empty and hollow as the muffled drum. For years to me he had seemed like one of the tragic heroes of the Grecian tale. Pursued by fate, and latterly, the saddest sight in all this Western world—widowed of so much he loved, and grasping at what was not only vanity, but the saddest vexation of the heart. I have long mourned for him, as for no living or departed man. He blasted us with scornful lightning;

him, if I could, I would not blast, but only bless continual and evermore.

You remember the last time he spoke in Boston—the procession, last summer. You remember it will. What a sad and careworn countenance was that of the old man, welcomed with their mockery of applause! You remember when the orator, wise-headed and friendly-hearted, came to thank him for his services, he said not a word of saving the Union; of the compromise measures, not a word; but for his own great services he thanked him.

And when Webster replied, he said, "Here in Boston I am not disowned—at least here I am not disowned." No, Daniel Webster, you were not disowned in Boston. So long as I have a tongue to teach, a heart to feel, you will never be disowned. It is by our sin, by Boston's sin that the great man fell. I pity his victims, you pity them, too. But I pity him more; oh, far more! Pity the oppressed, will you? Will you not pity the oppressed in his sin?

Look, there! See that face, so manly strong, so maiden meek! Hear that voice! "Neither do I condemn thee, Go, and sin no more." Listen to the last words of the crucified, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

The last time he was in Faneuil Hall,—it was last Jnne—the sick old man—it was Faneuil Hall open; once it had been shut—you remember the feeble look and the sad face. I felt then that it was his last time, and forebore to look upon that saddened countenance. The last time he was in the Senate, it was to hear his successor speak. He staid an hour and heard CHARLES SUMNER demonstrate that the Fugitive Slave bill was not good religion, nor good morality or good constitution, nor good law.

He came home to Boston, and went down to Marshfield to die. An old man, broken with the storms of state, went home—to die! To him, to die was gain; life was the only loss. His friends were about him: his dear ones—his wife (the last of six children he had loved.) Name by name, he bade them all farewell, and all his friends, man by man. Two coloured servants of his were there—men that he had bought out of slavery, and had blessed with freedom and life. They watched over the bed-side of the dying man. The kindly doctor sought to sweeten the bitterness of death with medicated skill, and when that failed he gave the great man a little manna that fell down from heaven three thousand years ago, and the shepherd David gathered it up and kept it in a psalm:—

"The Lord is my Shepherd: Though I walk through the Valley of the shadow of Death, I will fear no evil; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

And the great man faltered out his last words, "That is what I want—thy rod, thy rod; thy staff, thy staff." That great man had never renounced God. Oh, no! He had scoffed at His "higher law," but in the heart of hearts there was religion still!

Just four years after his great speech, on the 24th of October, the

mortal Daniel Webster went down to the dust, and the soul to the motherly bosom of God! Men mourn for him; he heeds it not. He needs not pity. The great man has gone where the servant is free from his master, where the weary are at rest, where the wicked cease from troubling.

> "No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode;
> There they alike in trembling hope repose,
> The bosom of his father and his God!"

Massachusetts has lost her great adopted son. Has lost! Oh, no! "I still live," is truer than the sick man knew:—

> "He lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
> And perfect virtues of all-judging God."

His memory will long live with us, still dear to many a loving heart. What honour shall we pay? Let the State go out mindful of his noblest service, yet tearful for his fate, sad that he would fain have filled him with the husks the swine did eat, and no man gave to him. Sad and tearful, let her remember the force of circumstance and dark temptation's secret power. Let her remember that while we know what he yielded to, and what his sin, God knows what also is resisted, and he alone knows who the sinner is. The dear old mother of us all! Oh, let her warn her children to fling away ambition, and let her charge them every one, that there is a God who must in deed be worshipped, and a higher law of God which must be kept, though gold and union fail. Then let her say to them, "Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye and take your journey into the land of FREEDOM, which the Lord your God giveth you."

Then let her lift her eyes to Heaven, and pray:

> "Sweet Mercy! To the gates of Heaven,
> This statesman lead, his sins forgiven,
> The rueful conflict, the heart riven
> With vain endeavours;
> And memory of earth's bitter leaven
> Effaced for ever!
>
> But why to him confine the prayer,
> While kindred thoughts and yearnings bear,
> On the frail heart, the purest share
> With all that life!
> The best of what we do and are—
> Great God! forgive!"

THIRD THOUSAND.

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