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With the author's respects.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

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DISCOURSE

PRONOUNCED IN THE

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

IN AUGUSTA.

SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 28th, 1852,

BY REV. E. P. ROGERS.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

PUBLISHED BY J. A. CARRIE & CO.
AUGUSTA, GEO.
1853.

DISCOURSE.

2 D SAMUEL 3: 38.

“ Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel ?”

I SHALL make no apology for a discourse commemorative of that distinguished man, whose recent death has wrung a nation's heart with bitter sorrow. The sad message, which lately borne upon the wailing eastern blast, swept over our country, proclaiming to city and hamlet, to the dweller on the broad prairie and in the far off wilderness, that the last of the three stars in America's brilliant constellation had sunk in unclouded radiance beneath the horizon, has fallen with saddening, crushing power on every ear, and has caused a swelling tide of sorrow to pour itself through the great heart of the whole American people. When the tidings first came, that all that was mortal of Daniel Webster was no more, the nation reeled and staggered under the mighty blow—a stunning sense of a fearful and overwhelming catastrophe paralyzed our hearts, and hushed us in mute, but poignant sorrow, before the hand of

God. Never, since the death of him, who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," has such a feeling of irreparable disaster impressed itself upon the whole people; never, from the North to the South, from the East to the West, has there gone up, mingling with the melancholy music of autumnal winds, such a deep-toned wailing from the stricken bosom of a great people. Language cannot express the nature of that profound impression which the announcement of his death made upon the nation. Ever since the fatal moment, when first America learned that her prince and great man had fallen, she has covered herself with sack-cloth and refused to be comforted. A nation of mourners have celebrated his funeral rites; a broken-hearted people have stood around his bier. Not at Marshfield, in the home he loved so well, beneath the lofty tree which his own hand had planted, within the sound of the moaning of that ocean, which was so fitting a type of the vastness and breadth of his intellect and the sublimity of his character; not there alone in that ancient burial place, where rest the mortal remains of those who were dearest to his heart, have his funeral rites been celebrated. That simple granite tomb, which his own hands prepared, is not his only sepulchre—he is buried in the heart of the nation. The whole people have attended his obsequies; the whole people have paid distinguished honors to his remains; and, while there is a heart left in the Ameri-

can people, he will have in this world an immortality, second only to that to which Death has introduced him in the world beyond the grave.

When the first shock of that blow, which has laid low in death, America's distinguished son, had begun to yield, and the prostrated energies of a stricken people, were permitted to rally, it was striking to witness the simultaneous pouring forth of the best tribute which could be paid to his illustrious memory. The forum, the legislative hall, the court, the popular assembly, the chamber of commerce, and the halls of learning, re-echoed to the eloquent strains of those who, amid their grief for his loss, delighted to do honor to his transcendent abilities, his learning, his eloquence, his statesmanship, and above all, his devotion to his country. Contending parties have forgotten the animosities of party strife, and united in honoring his memory. Strains of eloquence, such as their lofty theme only could inspire, have come from orators of every political creed, presenting all that was massive, grand and sublime in his character. The poet has tuned his harp to loftier measures to sing of his greatness; while the pens of many ready writers have been swift to transcribe the minutest events of his life, and give every thing connected with his history to his eager and craving countrymen.

Nor has the pulpit been silent. The clergy of the nation, for whose sacred office our departed statesman

ever manifested the profoundest reverence ; to whose ministrations he ever listened with respectful attention, and in whose behalf one of his most splendid forensic efforts was made, the clergy have not been wanting in respect to his memory, and in their effort to meet the occasion of his decease in an appropriate manner. Upon the Sabbath succeeding his funeral, many an eloquent discourse, suggested by that event, was delivered from the pulpits of all Christian denominations, and many crowded audiences testified in their solemn and rapt attention to their absorbing interest in the theme. I rejoice to know, that in one of the pulpits in this city, a just and beautiful tribute has been paid to his memory. That this pulpit has been so long silent, is to be attributed only to the fact, that its regular occupant was far distant from the scene of his stated ministrations, when the great event occurred, which furnishes the theme for the present occasion. And we have embraced this opportunity to gather up the lessons of his life, his character, and his death, with no expectation of doing honor to him ; but in simple justice to ourselves. The feelings, which for the days that have elapsed since the death of Webster, have been swelling within our hearts, demand an utterance. We must speak them out, we must sympathize with our country, and with the world, in this mighty bereavement ; we must pay our humble tribute to one whom we revered and admired ; and we must endeavor to gain some

instruction, admonition, and consolation from that great event, which has made us one of a nation of mourners.

I do not appear this evening as the eulogist of our departed statesman. To undertake that office, would be as presumptuous as it is needless. Yet it is fitting that I should attempt, at least, a brief sketch of that extraordinary character, which has made his death a national calamity of the first magnitude. And not only a national calamity, but one in which the world participates; for it has well been said by one who knew him well,* that “not from one land, not in one tongue alone will his death be mourned. From the four corners of the globe, tributes and testimonies will be gathered up. The shepherd who tends his flock beneath the clear skies of Greece—the cavalier that spurs over the plains of South America—the Hungarian pining in exile or languishing in prison, will all, when they hear of his death feel a common grief at a common loss. Liberty will mourn a champion—humanity a friend.”

“Great men are among the best gifts which God bestows upon a people.” In this respect, how highly favored has been our country. “He hath not dealt so with any other nation.” Washington, Hamilton, Adams, Madison, Jay, Marshall, of the elder day—Clay, Calhoun, Webster, of the later.—What a galaxy is here! And now all are gone. Of the last great three, one,

*Hon. Geo. S. Hilliard, of Boston.

the noble, pure CALHOUN rests in the soil hallowed by the memory of those exiles, who found there an asylum from bigotry and persecution in the lovely valleys and magnificent cities of the old world. Another, the beloved statesman of the West, sleeps in his own beautiful Ashland, and the generous sons and fair daughters of brave Kentucky will ever guard his resting place with affectionate and reverent care. And now the last sleeps with the Pilgrim Fathers in his own New England. They are "at rest, with kings and counselors of the earth;" and the places that knew them will know them no more forever!

When such men die, the world is anxious to collect every memorial of their history and character, to trace back the mighty river of their greatness, to its source, to learn under what influences their powers were first developed, and their destiny shaped; and he who gathers up even the fragments of their history, performs a grateful task for multitudes of curious and interested survivors.

A brief inquiry into the parentage and early history of our great departed statesman is appropriate to this occasion. He was the son of a worthy sire.

EBENEZER WEBSTER was a fair specimen of those true noblemen of nature, the early settlers of this country. Born and reared upon the confines of civilization, and favored with but scanty early advantages; he, by his native talent and force of character became pos-

sessed of no mean distinction in the portion of our country where his lot was cast. In the early French wars, he served with honor, with such men as Stark and Putnam, whose names are linked with the glorious history of the American Revolution. In that memorable struggle he bore a distinguished part, at the battle of Bennington, and the defeat of Burgoyne. When the war was ended, he served his country no less faithfully in her councils. In the Assembly and the Senate, and on the Judicial bench in his native State he ever maintained a deserved reputation for wisdom, integrity and pure patriotism. It is an interesting fact, that he was a thorough student, and master of the principles of the American Constitution, and his opinions generally, commanded the respect of his fellow-citizens. Such was the worthy father of the illustrious son. That son was born amid the unrivalled scenery of New Hampshire, whose lofty mountains were a fitting emblem of the solidity and massive qualities of his mind and character. His mother was the instructress of his early years, and prophesied while he was yet a child that, he would attain to extraordinary distinction. The prophecy proved something more than the fond vision of a partial mother's fancy.—She lived to see him an honored member of the Congress of the United States.

His first scholastic training was in one of those rude log school houses, where many men have been trained for future greatness, in "*the land which grows school-*

masters." There, by an obscure village teacher, a Mr. William Hoyt, was the first impulse given to that giant mind, which ceased not to impel it round the entire circle of knowledge until that soaring intellect entered on the loftier studies of the spiritual and eternal world.

Thus, amid rude and obscure scenes, with none of the advantages of wealth or rank to help him, was America's great modern statesman prepared for his life-work. "Emerging to the light of day, on the outer rim of civilization, engirt by a northern wilderness, with primal nature all around him, on a sterile and reluctant soil, and far removed from the appliances of an advanced society, he had little else to rely on than the inflexible principles of a New England farmer, and the great resources which God had planted in his soul. But on the rugged hills and under the arms of that original forest which sheltered his birth, with patriot blood coursing his veins, thought and grew this child of Genius. Trampling the snows, and conquering the surly blasts, he made his way to the country school, while yet a boy, a matchless Olympian—thence rising by the intensity of his energy, the firmness of his character, and the stupendous qualities of his intellect, step by step, from school to college, from college to the courts—to the halls of State legislation, to the councils of the Union—to the helm of State—to the undying affections of America, and to the admiration of the

world.—Self-reliant, and self-cultured, he hewed, with sinewy strokes, his own eternal niche in the Temple of Fame.”

It was amid the scenes of his childhood, and by assisting his father in the laborious yet honorable pursuits of husbandry, that Mr. Webster acquired that fondness for country life, and that knowledge and skill in agriculture which never ceased to be one of his most prominent characteristics. In one of his greatest speeches,—that “On the Agriculture of England,” delivered in Boston in Jan., 1840—he stated that “he had always regarded Agriculture as the leading interest of society,” and that “he had been familiar with its operations in his youth, and had always looked upon the subject with deep and lively interest.”

Of his early home, rude and simple as it was, he always entertained the fondest remembrance. He never was ashamed of the comparatively humble circumstances of his birth and his childhood, and I know of none of the many exalted sentiments which fell from his lips which contains more that is truly noble than that which he uttered in the Presidential campaign of 1840, in reference to the early history of one of the candidates for the highest office in the gift of the American people.* “It is only shallow-minded people who make either distinguished origin matter of personal merit, or

* General Harrison.

obscure origin matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life, affect nobody in this country but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by public rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself, need not be ashamed of his early condition."

"Gentlemen," continued this great man, "it did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin, but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early as that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I make to it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have gone before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affections and the touching narratives and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of them who once inhabited it are now among the living, and if I am ashamed of it, or if I ever fail in affectionate veneration for *him* who raised it and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all the domestic virtues beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of a seven years' revolution-

ary war, shrunk from no danger, no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity be blotted forever from the memory of mankind."—(*Speech at Saratoga, Aug. 1840.*)

The history of Mr. Webster's life after he entered upon the practice of his profession in his native State in 1805, is known to the nation. It is a part of her history. His progress, so wonderfully rapid to the first rank in the honorable profession of the Law, until he became the acknowledged leader of the American Bar; his entrance upon public life; "his first term of four years' service in Congress, when by one bound he sprang to his place by the side of the foremost of the rising American statesmen;" his steady, onward progress in a path far above that trodden by ordinary minds, until he stood before the nation and the world distinguished by a double eminence—"eminence of the very highest rank in a two-fold field of intellectual public display, the profession of the Law, and the profession of Statesmanship;" you need not that I should speak to you of this. You know, this stricken nation knows, how his intense study and his transcendent abilities bore him "in a double and parallel current" to the towering summit of a fame, both in law and diplomacy, which, however it might possibly be equalled by a few noble names in one of these departments, has never been equally enjoyed by another in them both. It would

seem as if the herculean labors of those three and thirty years with which he has been identified with public life and history, would have been well repaid by the fame he had earned as the Prince of the American Forum, as greatest advocate of the age. But when we consider that this was but the half of his reputation; that during all this time he not only most diligently and successfully pursued the legitimate practice of the Law, but was engaged constantly in the great public affairs, adjusting the weightiest matters of public policy, defending the most sacred rights of his country, arranging the most delicate and important relations with foreign powers, and guiding the ship of State on many a troubled sea, until his country reposed on his arm with confidence that her rights and her honor would be safe under its protection, and that her noble Constitution would never be wrested from his giant grasp; when you remember this, "know ye not that a Prince and a great man has fallen in Israel?" "Who," asks the eloquent Choate, "who any where has seen, as he had, the double fame, wore the double wreath, of Murray and Chatham; or of Dunning and Fox; or of Erskine and Pitt; or of William Pickney and Rufus King; in one transcendent superiority!"

But it is needless to dwell upon the history of his public life, and his distinguished services to his country. How can I do justice to the labors, the success, the triumphs of nearly fifty years, in a few hasty words.

In the language of one of his best eulogists, "I dare not come here and dismiss in a few summary paragraphs the character of one who has filled such a space in the history, who holds such a place in the heart, of his country. It would be a disrespectful familiarity to a man of his lofty spirit, his great soul, his rich endowments, his long and honorable life, to endeavor thus to weigh and estimate them." "A half hour of words, a handful of earth, for fifty years of great deeds in high places!"

But there was one distinguishing trait in the character and history of our departed statesman which stands out in bold relief on every page of the record of his life, which we may and ought to dwell upon, with some particularity. None of America's sons have been more thoroughly *American*. The great idea which became the complete and controlling vision of his soul was AMERICA. While her history will gather lustre from his connection with it, he gathered his inspiration from that history. No man was more familiar with it from its first records. No man had a more intelligent and earnest appreciation of the principles and character of the fathers of this country; of their heroic sacrifices and labors to lay its broad foundations, and commence the massive structure of its greatness. No mind was more deeply penetrated with the wisdom and breadth and comprehensiveness of the institutions which they originated, or more accurately foresaw the influence

they must exert upon their country and the world. His public life was one great offering to the Constitution of his native land, to the integrity of her institutions, to her national honor, and her national interests. No mere questions of party, no local or sectional interest, so roused his great soul, and called his gigantic energies into full play. When questions involving the prosperity or the honor of his country were under consideration, then his best powers, his profoundest research, his most powerful logic, his masterly eloquence were never invoked in vain. Then he knew no North, no South, no East, no West. His capacious mind, his deep heart, were filled with his country, his *whole country*, and his mightiest intellectual efforts owed their being to the creative power of this great idea. He loved his country—in her vast extent; her varied wealth of natural resources—the sublimity and beauty of her mountains and plains, her rocks and her streams; her spreading prairies and her magnificent cataracts; and in his breadth of frame, his massiveness of brow, and general nobleness of presence, he was a fitting son of such a land. He loved his country for her history—for the great and good men whom God had given her—for the wonderful progress she had made under his own eye from infancy to maturity. He loved her for the indomitable energy, industry, and enterprise of her people, for her free institutions; her system of Popular Education; her pure spiritual religion. He loved her

for the mighty past, and for the far mightier future which his prophetic soul discerned as within her grasp in ages to come; for the sublime destiny which stretched before her; and his vast soul was ever thrilled with patriotic desires that she should achieve that destiny. "How sincerely," says a recent writer, "how passionately was he devoted to the preservation of the Union. How largely it moved, how extensively it describes the substance of his highest eloquence. Nothing but the majestic image of his whole undivided country could satisfy the poetic and patriotic necessities of his capacious imagination."

At this sacred shrine—the altar of his undivided country—he paid his loftiest and purest, and fondest earthly homage. The Union was not an abstract idea in his mind, but seemed almost transformed into a living creature, not so much the subject of cold and passionless argument, as the object of warm, devoted affection. The language of the immortal Washington, the father of his country, found an echo from the heart and from the life of that country's distinguished son. "It will be wise to habituate ourselves to reverence the Union as the palladium of our National happiness; to accommodate, constantly, our words and actions to that idea, and discountenance whatever may suggest a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned."—(*Original manuscript of Washington's Farewell Address.*)

Such was ever the spirit of Daniel Webster; a spirit of pure, unqualified, whole-hearted devotion to the American Union,—of generous ardent love to his whole country. As has well been said, “He was the beau-ideal of an American citizen,” and I take leave to add that when we consider all that is implied in being a true American citizen, this is the highest style of character to which humanity can attain.

Yes, my countrymen! that great heart which now lies cold and pulseless in the grave, throbbed to its last beat, with vast and generous love for us and our native land. Courts and Cabinets may mourn the loss of one who was their glory and strength; the Forum may be clad in sable for him who was its acknowledged master; the Halls of legislation and the Popular Assembly may mourn that they shall no longer re-echo to the strains of his matchless eloquence; Letters and Art may bring their tribute of sorrow at the quenching of the radiance of that brilliant mind, but alas! our country weeps, that he who loved her with such a mighty affection; who shrined her honor and her glory in his heart of hearts, and daily bowed in fond and sacred reverence there, and who only left her for his God, is gone from her forever.—Weep, my stricken country, for the last of your great ones is fallen! “The beauty of Israel is slain upon her high places. How are the mighty fallen!” That majestic form which so well represented a great and glorious land, is stricken down, and lies

beneath the clods of the valley. That gigantic soul which was absorbed and inspired by the sublime idea of America, has passed away, and the great day of our mourning has come. The granite hills of New Hampshire are left, but he who resembled them in the strength and grandeur of his being, is gone. The majestic ocean still thunders along her coast, but her waves are sounding a fitting dirge for him whose mind was as vast, whose soul was as deep as her mighty waters.—Plymouth Rock still remains, but he who smote that rock with the rod of his eloquence, causing streams of wisdom and patriotism to gush from its flinty bosom, sleeps the sleep of death in Pilgrim soil. “Departing day still lingers and plays on the summit” of the monument on Bunker Hill, but he who laid its foundations, and placed its top stone shall no more recount the heroic deeds, and embody the sublime principles which it commemorates.

Our country is left in her vastness, her strength, her beauty and her grandeur, but he is gone who added lustre to her glory, “and mountain and ocean cannot adorn her, as his presence gilded her soil and her name.”

And now it remains to us to speak of the last scenes of our departed Webster’s life. In the long and distinguished career which it was his privilege to run, there were many scenes crowded with elements of sublimity, beauty, pathos and power.—But none, nor

all of these ever equalled its close. The testimony which that wonderful scene has borne to his religious character, is worth more to his sorrowing country than the rich record of his palmiest days of health, or of triumph. Had that been wanting, how much had been wanting! But those solemn hours as they brought nearer and nearer to his clear, calm self-possessed perceptions the hour when he must meet his God, bore witness to a composure, a resignation, a fitting preparation for that solemn event, which assures us of the undoubted presence of the faith and hopes of Religion, by that bed of death. And indeed the evidence of his religious feeling has accumulated upon us from many sources. His early training was of a strictly religious character. The Bible, the Catechism and Watt's version of the Psalms were the text books of his childhood. In his youth he was the subject of deep religious impressions, and at no period of his life was he ever known to manifest any thing but the profoundest reverence for the Religion of Christ. His famous plea in the case of Girard's will, which is said to have been an effort on which he himself placed a high estimate, is one of the most just and noble defenses of Christianity and her ministers which the world has ever saw. His most intimate and valued friends bear a most decided testimony to the depth and fervor of his religious emotions, to his intense admiration for the Holy Scriptures, his constant habit of studying its sacred pages, his reli-

ance upon its consolations in seasons of deep affliction, to his most respectful attendance upon the ministrations of the sanctuary, and his desire to be instructed and edified by them. Said he to a friend, on one occasion, "I have read through the entire Bible many times. I now make it a practice to go through it once a year. It is the book of all others for Lawyers as well as Divines. And I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought, and of rules for his conduct. It fits man for life. It prepares him for death." Said he to the minister of the Parish in which he resided, "I want my pastor to come to me in the spirit of the Gospel, saying, 'You are mortal! your probation is brief, your work must be done speedily; you are immortal too. You are hastening to the bar of God; the Judge standeth before the door.' When I am thus admonished, I have no disposition to muse or sleep."

When the period of his probation did arrive, it found him ready. He met the Great Destroyer with an unshrinking front, with dignity, but not stoicism. In that solemn hour his soul reposed only on the truths, the hopes, the promises of the Gospel. "*What,*" said he to those who gathered round him, "*What would be the condition of any of us without the hope of immortality? What is there to rest that hope on but the Gospel?*" Resting on this foundation he could say, as he did say, "My general wish on earth has been to do my Maker's Will. I thank him, I thank him for the means of doing

some little good ; for these dear objects ; for the blessings that surround me ; for my nature and associations. I thank him that I am to die under so many circumstances of love and affection."

Yet there was nothing of pride or self-reliance in his dying hours. His humble fervent prayer was for the forgiveness of his sins, and that his Heavenly Father would receive him to Himself "through Jesus Christ." His physician says :

"On leaving Mr. Webster for the night at half-past eleven, on Saturday, October 16, 1852, I asked him if I should repeat to him a hymn at parting, to which he gave a ready assent ; when I repeated the hymn which begins :

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins."

"He gave very serious attention to the recital and at the close he said, Amen, amen, even so come Lord Jesus." This was uttered with great solemnity. He afterwards asked me if I remembered the verse in one of Watt's hymns on the thought of dying at the foot of the Cross, and repeated these lines with remarkable energy and feeling :

"Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie,
Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)
If I must perish—*here* to die."

After this he said that "he owed it to his fellow-countrymen to express his deep conviction of the divine

inspiration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and had embodied some thoughts which he gave to Mr. Edward Curtis.

He repeated the text, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and then what he had given to be inscribed on his tomb-stone, which was as follows :

"Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief."

And when at last the shadows of the Valley of Death began to thicken around his soul, then he turned to the Gentle Shepherd of Israel, and sought to lean on his rod and staff, as he went through the passage to the Tomb. Oh! if this was not the spirit of the Christian, in what scene of death shall we find that spirit? If the unbroken serenity, the calm submission, the quiet waiting for his appointed time to depart, the confession of sin, and the prayer for pardon through a sin-atonng Saviour, the intelligent elevated state of religious feeling which he was assisted to maintain to the last, the triumphant assurance of Immortality embodied in his last words, if all this does not assure us that this great man went to his grave a believer in Jesus, in the triumph of Faith, and putting his trust in the hopes of the Gospel, then I know not how such an assurance can be given us from the bed of death. What though his character was like that of all his race, imperfect and sinful; what though there were great blemishes and frailties in that character, what was well said of David,

the son of Jesse, may be said of him. "Such oceans of feeling lay within his breast, as could not always slumber in their calmness. For the hearts of a hundred men strove and struggled together within the narrow continent of his single heart, and will scornful men have no sympathy for one so conditioned, but scorn him, because he ruled not with constant quietness the unruly host of divers natures which dwelt within his single soul?" We extenuate not his errors, we claim for him no exemption from that sinful nature, which is our common inheritance; we allow no admiration for his powers, no gratitude for his services, no love for his personal virtues to blind us to the fact that he, like all of us, was a sinner of a sinful race; but we say, and we say it confidently, that the influence of his life and of his death, as a whole, will always be in favor of justice, virtue and piety—that the cause of truth, of morality, and of religion, will always have the sanction of his expressed and recorded opinions, and be associated with every mention of his name. But in the words of the sweet poet, whose strains lingered in his memory on his dying bed—I would

" No further seek his merits to disclose,
Nor draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose ;)
The bosom of his Father and his God !"

All that was mortal of Daniel Webster, sleeps in the quiet grave at Marshfield, surrounded by the precious

dust of those he loved so well. He sleeps in the beautiful home, which will hereafter be honored as a second Mt. Vernon by his sorrowing and surviving countrymen. Around him are those scenes of rural beauty in which he took such delight when returning for a time from the councils of the nation and the cares of state, he sought refreshment and repose in the bosom of his family, and in the labors and recreations of country life. Near him the ocean, with which his great soul often held communion, sings his majestic requiem, and mourns the mighty dead. How sacred that spot in years to come! What reverent pilgrimages will be made to that simple granite sepulchre! How many tearful eyes will trace, with deep emotion, the inscription on its portals—"DANIEL WEBSTER!" his only epitaph, and all the epitaph he needs. While Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill remain, the objects of historical interest, and patriotic reverence, and grateful affection, in the hearts of the American people, with them will be linked forever in affecting remembrance the tomb of Webster!

Let the love, the gratitude, the patriotism of America, hallow that spot till the end of time. Let the turf above it, be watered by the grateful tears of a bereaved people, that it may be ever fresh and green as the immortal chaplet of his fame. And let it be a source of inspiration to the American people, prompting them, to honorable industry, sublime integrity, exalted action,

devoted patriotism, and humble piety, through the long line of generations yet to come, so that our children and our children's children to the remotest ages, may rise up and bless God and their country for the revered and beloved memory of

DANIEL WEBSTER!

A few closing reflections may be permitted on this occasion.

While we mourn the loss of the great and gifted men, whom God has given us, we are admonished of the duty of gratitude to Almighty God, that such men have been ours, and that their memory and their sepulchres are with us at this day.

It has been one indubitable evidence of the grandeur of God's designs, in respect to this country, that he gave us such men to lay its foundations, and to rear the solid structure of its greatness.—The long line of patriotic statesmen, of which WASHINGTON was the illustrious head, and which bears such names as Jefferson, Adams, Hamilton, Jay, Madison and Marshall, Calhoun, Clay and Webster, has left the imprint of their wisdom, their patriotism, their devotion to the cause of Freedom, not only on the history, but on the institutions, the laws, and the national sentiment of their country. For what we are to-day as a people, for what we may be, we are indebted under God to them. Genius of the highest order, talents whose solidity was only equalled

by their brilliancy, patriotism of the purest stamp, wisdom of the profoundest cast, and eloquence of the sublimest character, all have characterized the great men of America. Take them all in all, the world "will not look upon the like again." Under their fostering care, we have in one sense realized the ancient prediction, that "a nation shall be born in a day," for our last, our lamented countryman, saw with his own eye, the thirteen original States with their three millions of people scattered along the Atlantic shores, cross with their myriads the Alleghanies, Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, until they invaded the shores of the Great Pacific, bearing the Eagle of their country from the rising to the setting sun. That the names of such men are inscribed on the scroll of our country's history; that the deeds of such are recorded in her annals and celebrated in her songs; that the wisdom and patriotism of such men have pervaded her institutions and her laws, and that the glorious memory of such men is left us as a precious heritage to her unborn generations, this is indeed occasion for devout and fervent thanksgiving to our country's God.

Let us also be admonished of our duty to put our trust as a people more entirely and confidently in the God of our fathers.

The mighty arm on which we have leaned, has at last proved to be an arm of flesh, and lies palsied in the grave. And only when it broke, did we begin to

realize how heavily we had leaned upon it. How fully and confidently we trusted to him to guard our honor, to protect our rights, to preserve our Constitution from the unholy grasp of lawless fanaticism, and to bind us together in a permanent and glorious Union—we knew not, until Death, inexorable Death, forced him to resign the mighty trust. And now we stand trembling under the sense of hopeless bereavement, with the responsibilities of the great future crowding upon us, and know not how we are to sustain worthily the burden of our very greatness. One by one, those on whom we leaned have been taken from us. Clay is gone, and Calhoun is gone, and now Death has taken Webster away! Oh! never were such responsibilities heaped upon a people at such a crisis in their history. “Amid the passionate haste of our prosperity, the headlong recklessness of our popular feeling, what a fearful thing it is to remember that the powerful brake which the wisdom, moderation and weight of our great statesman afforded, is suddenly wrenched from the train.” The pilot whose sturdy arm and far-reaching vision guided our ship of State over the stormy billows, has sunk beneath the waves, and who shall seize the helm and keep the noble vessel on her way? All seems dark, and threatening, and men’s hearts fail them for fear. We now begin to understand what it involves to maintain and make permanent a great national character. The nation trembles under a sense of awful responsi-

bilities, just beginning to be appreciated, and fears and dreads the future. I confess that the spirit of despondency and foreboding seems appropriate to this solemn crisis. But my countrymen, amid the darkness that now surrounds us, there is one truth which is radiant with light—"The Lord reigneth." The God of our fathers lives. The God of our country lives, and we may hope that He will not forsake the land which He has loved and blessed. If the removal of one in whom we trusted, and on whom we leaned, shall rebuke our forgetfulness of the Great Being whom our fathers delighted to honor, and shall lead us as a people to put our trust in Him, and acknowledge Him in all our ways, then this last and mighty stroke will prove a lasting blessing to this nation.

And finally, what a striking and impressive testimony to the value of *Religion*, is furnished by the event which our nation deploras.

When that noble mind which had traversed almost the entire circle of human learning, power and fame, drew near to the stern realities of the grave and the lofty realm of spiritual existence which lies beyond; oh, then its confidence was not in the triumphs of the Forum or the Senate, or the Cabinet. When that most illustrious man of his age, was called to meet his God, there was nothing in the attainments and successes, and glories of his earthly career, on which he rested his confidence and his hope. No light could be

thrown from these into the valley of the shadow of death, which the loftiest and the lowliest alike must tread. Reposing only in the merits of Christ, humbly confessing his sins; praying that God would forgive them, and receive his departing spirit to Himself, leaning on the rod and staff of the Shepherd of his people, did this great man die. Let bold infidelity, let scoffing skepticism, let senseless impiety, hide their diminished heads, and shrink away before the simple grandeur of that scene. Let Religion rejoice that her Heavenly reality, her divine power, her celestial beauty, her inestimable worth, were so fully acknowledged and honored there. Let a sorrowing nation exult in the hope that while all that was mortal of DANIEL WEBSTER is mingled with its kindred dust; his immortal spirit, through the grace of God, has entered upon that "*rest which remaineth for the people of God.*"

