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THE GREAT ARE FALLING FROM US.

BY T. DUCHANAN READ.

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

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

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

And Marshfield's giant Oak, whose stormy
brow
Oft turned the ocean tempest from the West,
Lies on the shore he guarded long—and now
Our started Eagle knows not where to rest!
—*Phila. Eve. Bulletin.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Biographical Sketch.

Aspect he rose; and in his rising seemed
A Pillar of State. Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his visage shone
Majestic * * * * * sage he stood,
With Atalantean shoulders fit to bear
The weight of empires; and his look
Drew audience and attention still as night
Or summer's noontide air.

AMERICA is the greatest continent, and embraces within its limits the grandest mountains, the broadest lakes, the longest rivers, the largest prairies, and with all these, the mightiest intellect. Its mountains stand up like pillars supporting the azure arch in the temple of nature; its lakes are inland seas; its rivers could swallow the waters of Europe without overflowing their banks; and its mind is correlative with the magnificence of its scenery. There is but one Niagara, and that is in America; there is but one Webster, and he is in America. The cataract flows now, as it did when God first smote the rock in this Western wilderness, and He has woven a rainbow about its silver forehead, and crowned it with a fountain of diamonds. It shouts the same song of liberty it did when the world was in its infancy. It is free and mighty, and cannot be hushed into silence, nor flattered into subserviency. So with Webster, when he lifts up his voice for freedom, it is like "deep calling unto deep;" and the light of Heaven illuminates his magnetic eyes and beams on his mighty forehead.

Geologists have discovered the colossal bones of the Mastodon, and hence we infer that there were larger animals in ages gone by, than we have living at present; so, future historians will find, in their mutilated and mouldy libraries, the remains of Webster's greatness. In the glory of his manhood he represented Massachusetts; defended liberty; sympathized with humanity, and won the approbation of all good men. In the arena of debate he usually came off more than conqueror. He was regarded as the Senator of the United States. When he rose in his place, in the Council Chamber of the nation, with a voice of thunder and eyes on fire, every face was turned toward him, every tongue was silent, for he was clad to the teeth in armor, had a spear like a weaver's beam, and had been trained to battle. He has great self-possession, coolness, adroitness and tact; never was remarkable for sunshiny gaiety of

imagination; rarely strayed to select bright flowers in the garden of literature; his attempts at wit were like the antics of the elephant that tried to mimic the lap-dog; but he was emphatically great. He was the defender of the Constitution, and could present arguments in its defence with irresistible force and eloquence. His words were full of marrow, his logic unctuous with fatness. He defeated his opponents, not by the "delicacy of his tact, but by the prodigious power of his reason." There "was no honied paste of poetic diction" encrusting his speeches, "like the candied coat of the auricula," but there was tremendous weight in his arguments.

Webster, in earlier days, was sublime as Chatham, classical as Burke, terse as Macintosh, forcible as Tully. Endowed, by nature, with a noble and commanding person, he never failed to attract attention. When excited in debate, his granite face glowed with intellect; "the terrors of his beak, the lightnings of his eye, were insufferable." He was the king of the Senate, for nature had stamped him with the unmistakable mark of sovereignty, regardless of the republicanism of his country. There was grace in his gesture, dignity in his deportment, and humanity as well as patriotism in his speeches. His voice was rich, full, and clear; now thrilling like the blast of a trumpet, now intimidating by the awful solemnity of its tone, now animating by its soul-stirring notes. Abroad, he was the lion of London, his noble exterior making him "a man of mark." He has coal-black hair, (now thickly sprinkled with grey,) a lofty brow, "the forge of thought;" magnificent eyes; an ample chest; a patrician hand; a face broad and dark as some of the fugitives he would return to bondage. See him in the zenith of his manhood, standing on the battleground at Bunker Hill, with kingly dignity, uttering sentiments that will be fresh in the memories of millions, when the shaft of granite now standing there shall have crumbled to dust! Apparently as impregnable as the granite hills of his own New Hampshire, who supposed that he, so great and gifted, towering above ordinary men, was as the mountain which wraps the cloud-cloak about its shoulders, while a vest of eternal snow keeps the sunshine forever from its heart! The mountain is great, sublime and lofty, but cold, barren and unapproachable; it points toward Heaven, but remains fixed to earth.

Daniel Webster has accomplished noble feats, for which he merits the gratitude of good men. Since the days of Washington, there has been no man so well qualified, in many points, for the presidency, as he. His impatience and irritability, in consequence of his disappointment, have been frequently exhibited. As a last resort, he has tried to conciliate the South at the expense of the North. As a public speaker, he seldom enlivens his arguments with flashes of wit, but he has said some keen things, which have become as common as "household words." At a public meeting, a young aspirant for poetical and political honors, attempted to drink a toast to the honor of the immortal John Q. Adams, who was present. "Mr. Adams," said the toaster, "may he perplex his enemies as"—here the speaker hesitated, and Webster thundered out, "as he has his friends." Foote made a fulsome speech in praise of Mr. Webster, at one time, in the Senate, but the "god-like" cut him short by shouting "Git out." The Yankee twang he gave the sentence convulsed the Senate with irrepressible laughter.

For superior specimens of pure style, lofty reasoning and eloquent declamation, read Mr. Webster's arguments before the Supreme Court, his speeches delivered in Faneuil Hall, his best efforts in the Senate Chamber, his

unstudied responses at public dinners and conventions, his lectures before the lyceums, his remarks on the great political and constitutional questions of the past and present times. Indeed, all are familiar with these efforts of a master mind. The professional skill and the parliamentary talent of Mr. Webster are appreciated on both sides of the Atlantic. He has contended with the ablest intellects, stout competitors, keen opponents, and always came off with flying colors, when he was in the right. Even his rivals give him the credit of being the most forcible debator in America.

At the age of thirty he appeared in the Congress of 1812, and Mr. Lowndes then said of him, that the North had not his equal, nor the South his superior. That he has been a sagacious statesman, a skilful diplomatist, a profound investigator, and the greatest thinker in America, is the opinion of millions of his countrymen.—*Crayon Sketches.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The lamented death of this great man was noticed in a late number of the *Visitor*—what now follows we have taken from the "New York Recorder" and "Chronicle." The observations on his decease are very important and interesting:

"A brief and incomplete report of the results of the post-mortem examination of Mr. Webster has already been made public. We learn that a very careful, minute and accurate examination was made, under the eye of one of the best living morbid anatomists, and the results carefully noted down. We presume that they will be, in due time, carefully collated and made public, as they will be of equal interest to the admirers of his intellectual greatness and to the scientific world. We understand that at a recent meeting of a medical society, some of the more striking results of this examination were stated, and formed the subject of an interesting scientific discussion. The cerebral organs were of the very largest known capacity, exceeding by thirty per centum the average weight of the human brain; and, with only two known exceptions, (Cuvier and Dupuytren,) the largest of which there is any record. It is also worthy of remark, that a well-marked effusion upon the Arachnoid membrane was discovered in these investigations, although there were no perceptible evidences of any lesion during Mr. Webster's lifetime. It is supposed to have been caused by his severe fall from his carriage in Kingston last spring. It is a remarkable physiological fact, that an injury which would have impaired the intellect, if not at once caused death, in another, should in this instance have been attended with so little external evidence of so important an injury to a vital organ.

BURIAL OF MR. WEBSTER.

The occasion drew together an immense collection of people from all parts of the country, and nearly every town in Massachusetts had her representative at the grave of the illustrious dead. There could not have been less than ten thousand persons present. Grief sat heavy upon every countenance, and a silent melancholy absorbed every soul.

It was not harsh sorrow—but a tender woe, Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below, Felt without bitterness—but full and clear, A sweet dejection—a transparent tear, Unmixed with worldly grief or selfish stain, Shed without shame—and secret without pain.

Of all we saw at Marshfield, the sun alone looked cheerful. Every man, every woman, every child, indicated in their countenances the severity of their sorrow, and all seemed sensible of a common loss, and among none

of all that mighty concourse, was the grief so apparent as of the men and women of Marshfield.

Early the people began to approach, in long processions, the mansion of the dead Secretary. Innumerable carriages, heavily freighted, which had tarried for the night in the neighboring villages, came up, one after another, to the avenue leading to Mr. Webster's house. By an admirable arrangement of the policemen—sent from Boston—the vehicles, as fast as they arrived, were stopped, unladen, and then conducted to the pastures in the rear of the house. Those persons who arrived before nine o'clock, were permitted to view the body in the library, where it had lain in state for several days before. But the crowd became so great after that hour, and the desire to see the body so general, that it was brought out into the lawn in front of the house. Here, beneath the shade of a silver-leaved poplar of his own planting, were exposed for general gaze the dead majesty of the country. The corpse was attired in a blue coat, white vest, white pantaloons, gaiters, and white cravat. It was Mr. Webster in "his habit as he lived." The countenance of the great statesman was but little altered, and those who had seen him within the past two years easily recognized his features. In order to accommodate all who wished to take a farewell look, the police arranged it, so that the people marched in procession by the body. For three hours a constant train was in motion,—and many a sad tear upon that bier was shed.

The solemn train was at once put in motion, and proceeded slowly towards the sepulchre—without music—and here again the face of the distinguished dead was exposed to view. This was the most touching scene of the day. Mr. Fletcher Webster and his sons, Daniel and Ashburton, took their final leave. Then each member of the procession filled their eyes with the last fond look of the dead patriot. It would be difficult to describe the sadness of the many faces, as they turned away for ever from that form which they had so long admired. Some recalled the memories of other days, when they had seen the great orator in the Senate, at the bar, and heard him in the open air, descending, as he alone could, upon those virtues which go to make up the true greatness of a people; while many others shed salt tears upon the bier, as they were reminded of the genial hours of communion they had spent with him, and the unobtrusive, but most instructive lessons which he gave forth, seemingly and in truth, without an effort, but yet effective for truth to all who heard, and for all time.

The people having taken their leave, the body was conveyed to the enclosure which embraces the family tomb, whereupon Rev. Mr. Alden delivered the following prayer:

We now commit this "body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, looking for the general resurrection in the last day and the life of the world to come."

May these mourning relatives of the illustrious dead, and this vast concourse assembled to honour his memory, profit by the testimony of his life and death to the reality of Christian faith, and thus become better fitted to pass the solemn test when the Son of Man shall sit upon the throne of His glory, and before him shall be gathered all nations.

These blessings we implore through Jesus Christ our Redeemer.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

The body was then deposited in the tomb, —a simple structure—over the door of which, were the words—"DANIEL WEBSTER"—engraved upon a marble slab.