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Miscellaneous.

EXTRACT FROM AN ARTICLE ON DANIEL WEBSTER.

[From the New York Courier—by which journal it is taken from the sheets of the unpublished work, now in press.]

Daniel Webster was born on the 18th day of January, 1782, in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire. His earliest ancestor, of whom the family have any certain knowledge, was Thomas Webster. He was settled in Hampton as early as 1636.—The descent from him to Daniel Webster can be found recorded in the Church and town Records of Hampton, Kingston, (now East Kingston) and Salisbury. The family came originally from Scotland two centuries ago and more. It is probable however, from certain circumstances, that they tarried in England awhile, before emigrating to the new world. They did not bring over with them all the distinguishing characteristics of their countrymen;—the Scottish accent had become a mere tradition at the time of Mr. Webster's father's birth.

The personal characteristics of the family are strongly marked: light complexion, sandy hair in great profusion, bushy eyebrows, and slender rather than broad frames, attest the Teutonic and common origin of the race. Dr. Noah Webster—the compiler of the Dictionary—was, in personal appearance, the *vera effigies* of the whole family.

The uncles of Daniel Webster had the same characteristics. They were fair haired and of a different physical organization. No two persons could look like each other less than Ezekiel Webster, the father of Daniel, and either of his brothers. They resembled their father, who had the hereditary feature and form; but Ezekiel Webster had the black hair and eyes, and complexion of his mother, whose maiden name was Batchelder. She was a descendant of the Rev. Stephen Batchelder, a man famous in his time in the county of Rockingham and the towns adjacent.—There are many persons now alive in Kingston who will tell you, they have heard their fathers say, she was a woman of uncommon strength of character, and sterling sense.—Daniel, and his only brother of the whole blood, alone of the five sons of Ezekiel Webster, had the Batchelder complexion; the others ran off into the general characteristics of the race.

Many persons in Kingston and Salisbury still live who recollect Ebenezer Webster well. They say his personal appearance was striking. He was tall and erect; six feet in height; of a stalwart form, broad and full in the chest. His complexion was swarthy, features large and prominent, with a Roman nose, and eyes of remarkable brilliancy. He had a military air and carriage—the result, perhaps, of his services in the army. He enlisted early in life as a common soldier, in the Provincial troops, and during the war of '56, served under Gen. Amherst, on the Northwestern frontier; accompanying that commander in the invasion of Canada. He attracted the attention and secured the good will of his superior officers, by his faithful and gallant conduct; and before the close of the war, rose from the ranks to a captaincy. Peace between England and France soon following the capture of Quebec and conquest of Canada, the provincial troops were disbanded, and returned to their homes.

Previous to the year 1763, the settlements in New Hampshire had made little or no progress toward the interior of the State for more than half a century the fitful eruptions of the French from Canada, and the constant if not more cruel assaults of their subsidized allies—the Indians—repressed any movement toward the interior. To defend what they held, by a kind of *cordons militaires* of block houses, was all the frontier men hoped.

The cession of Canada to England however, by the treaty of Paris, in 1763, removing the great obstacle to farther progress into the interior, the royal Governor of New Hampshire, Benning Wentworth, began to make grants of townships in the central part of the State.

Col. Stevens, with some other persons about Kingston, mostly retired soldiers, obtained a grant of the town of Salisbury, then called, from the principal grantee, Steven's town. This town is situated exactly at the head waters of the Merrimack river; which river is formed by the confluence of the Pemigewasset and Winnepesaukee. Under this grant, Ebenezer Webster obtained a lot situated in the north part of the town. More adventurous than others of the company who obtained grants, he cut his way deeper into the wilderness, making the road he could not find.

In 1764, he built a log cabin and lighted his fire. "The smoke of which," his son has since said, "ascended nearer the North star than that of any of his majesty's New England subjects." His nearest civilized neighbor in the North, was at Montreal, hundreds of miles off.

His first wife dying soon after his settlement in Salisbury, Ebenezer Webster married Abigail Eastman, of Salisbury, a lady of Welsh extraction. She was the mother of Daniel and Ezekiel; and, like the mother of George Canning, was a woman of far more than ordinary intellect. She was proud of, and ambitious of her sons; and the distinction they afterwards had acquired, may have been, in part, at least, the result of her promptings.

It was the great desire of Ebenezer Webster to give his children an education. A man of strong powers of mind and much practical experience himself, he still had felt deeply and often the want of early education, and wished to spare his sons the mortifications he experienced. The schoolmaster was not then abroad, or at least had not visited Salisbury in his travels. Small towns schools there were, it is true, and persons superintending them called teachers,—*lucra a non lucendo*. But these schools

were not open half the year, and the schoolmasters had no claim to their position but their incapacity for any thing else. Their qualification was the want of qualification. Reading and writing were all they professed, and more than they were able to teach.

The school was migratory. When it was in the neighborhood of Webster's residence, it was easy to attend; but when it was removed into another part of the town or another town, as was often the case, it was somewhat difficult. While Mr. Webster was yet quite young, he was daily sent two or three miles to school, and in the midst of winter, on foot. For carriages or carriage roads then, "were not;" and with the exception of an occasional ride on horseback, he walked daily to school and back. If the school moved yet farther off into a town not contiguous, his father boarded him out in a neighboring family. He was better provided with opportunities for obtaining whatever of instruction these schools could impart than his elder brothers, partly because he evinced early and irresistible thirst for study and information, and partly because his father thought that his constitution was slender and somewhat frail—too much so for any robust occupation. But Joe, his elder half brother, and somewhat of a wag, used to say that "Dan was sent to school in order that he might know as much as the other boys."

Mr. Webster had no sooner learned to read than he showed great eagerness for books. He devoured all he could lay hands upon. When he was unable to obtain new ones, he read the old ones over and over again, till he had committed most of their contents to memory. Books were then, as Dr. Johnson said on some occasions, "like bread in a besieged town; every man might get a mouthful, but none a full meal."—What were obtained, were husbanded with care.

Owing chiefly to the exertions of Mr. Thompson, (the lawyer of the place,) of the clergyman, and Mr. Webster's father, a very small circulating library was purchased.—The institution received an impetus about this time from the zeal and labors of Dr. Belknap, the celebrated historian of New Hampshire.

Among the few books of the library, I have heard Mr. Webster say, he found the Spectator, and that he remembers turning over the leaves of Addison's criticism on Chevy Chase, for the sake of reading concordantly the ballad, the verses of which Addison quotes from time to time, as subjects of remark. "As Dr. Johnson said in another case, the poet was read and the critic neglected. I could not understand why it was necessary that the author of the Spectator should take so great pains to prove that Chevy Chase was a good story."

The simple, but sublime story of Chevy Chase, would be no indifferent test for the discovery of how much or how little of the poetic faculty there might be in an individual. None but those who had some poetic fervor could appreciate or even understand it; while those who felt its pathos, its beauty and grandeur most, must needs have the deepest sensibilities. A distinguished literary character has said that he would have preferred to be its author than of all the productions from which he derived his fame. Sir Philip Sydney said he never read it but his heart was stirred within him as at the sound of a trumpet.

Mr. Webster was early fond of poetry.—He was not satisfied with reading it merely, but committed a great deal to memory.—The whole essay on man he could recite verbatim, before he was fourteen years. A habit of attentive exclusive devotion to the subject before him, aided by a wonderful memory, fixed everything deep in his mind. It is his art, or talent, or genius, that works the miracles we read and behold. He had a great taste, too, for devotional poetry: Watts' Psalms and Hymns he committed to memory, not as a religious task, but as a pleasure. Nor was he less acquainted, or less fond of the sublime poetry of the Bible. Evidence of this is seen everywhere in his works; for there is scarcely a speech or production of his that does not contain ideas or expressions, the types of which may be found in that book.

When he attained his fourteenth year, his father took an important and decisive step with him. On the 25th of May, 1806, Ebenezer Webster mounted a horse, put his son on another, and proceeded with him to Exeter. He there placed him in Philip's Academy, then under the care of Dr. Benjamin Abbott, its well known and respected President.

The change was very great for a boy, who had never been away from home before and who now found himself among some ninety other boys—a stranger among strangers, all of whom had seen more of the world, and assumed to know much more of it than himself. But he was not long in reconciling himself to this new change, and to his new duties.

He was immediately put to English grammar, writing and arithmetic. A classmate of his informed me that he mastered the principles and philosophy of the first, and that in the other studies he made respectable progress—in the autumn he commenced the study of the Latin Language—his first exercises in which were recited to Joseph Stevens Bookminister, who was acting, (in some college vacation, I think,) as assistant to Dr. Abbott.

It may appear somewhat singular that the greatest orator of modern times should have evinced in boyhood the greatest antipathy to public declamation. This fact is established by his own words, which have recently appeared in print. "I believe," says Mr. Webster, "I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to, while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do. I could not make a declamation. I could not speak before the school. The kind & excellent Bookminister sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys, but I could not do it. Many a piece I committed to memory, and rehearsed in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school was collected to hear declamations, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors smiled, sometimes frowned. Mr. Beckingham always pressed and interested me most winingly that I would venture, but I never could command sufficient resolution."

Such diffidence to its own powers may be natural to genius, nervously fearful of being unable to reach that ideal which it proposes as the only full accomplishment of its wishes. It is fortunate for the age, fortunately for all ages, that Mr. Webster, by determined will and frequent trial, overcame this moral incapacity—as his great prototype the Grecian orator, subdued his physical defect.

He remained at the Exeter Academy but a few months; accomplishing in those few months, however, the work of years to some. In Feb., 1797, his father placed him under the tuition of Rev. Samuel Woods, in Boscowen—of whom his pupil always speaks in terms of affection and respect. He boarded in his family; and I have heard him say that Mr. Woods' whole charge for instruction, board, &c., was but one dollar per week. We pay much dearer now for much less.

It was on their way to the house of Mr. Woods that his father first opened to him his design of sending him to college—a purpose which seemed to him impossible to be fulfilled. It was much more extravagant than his most extravagant hopes. It had never entered his mind a moment. A collegiate education in those days was something of far greater importance than is in these, when the ability to command it so general. It made a marked man of thousands. It gave the fortunate graduate at once position and influence—and if not genius, or eminent ability, supplied or concealed the want thereof. The alumnus surveyed life from an eminence, and could aspire to its chiefest honors by a kind of prescriptive right.

Most grateful to his father for the prospect held out through his self-sacrificing devotion, Mr. Webster applied himself to his studies with even increased ardor. All that Mr. Wood could teach he learned.—Among other books he read Virgil and Cicero, both of whom he faithfully studied, the latter he warmly admired. Of the Latin Classics, I presume there is not one so familiarly known to Mr. Webster as Cicero. It may seem a little strange, indeed, that with all his early energy, and constant study of Rome's greatest orator, he should not have imitated unconsciously his manner of expression or thought. He much more resembles Demosthenes, in vigor and terseness of style, and in copious vehemence; whose works in the meanwhile he never so completely mastered.

At Boscowen, Mr. Webster was fortunate enough to find another circulating library, the volumes of which he fully appreciated. It was in this library that he met for the first time, Don Quixote, in English. "I began to read it," (I have heard him say,) "and it is literally true that I never closed my eyes until I had finished it; nor did I lay it down any time for five minutes; so great was the power of this extraordinary book upon my imagination."

In the summer of this year, August, 1797 he entered Dartmouth College as a freshman.

His college life, as can be easily conceived, was not an idle one. With such a desire for the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge, the danger to be feared was that he would undertake too much rather than too little; and that his reading would be too miscellaneous, and that he would acquire therefrom, habits of mental carelessness.—From the testimony of his intimates in the college, it is known that he read constantly. Besides a regular attention to the prescribed rules and studies of his class, he devoted himself to the acquisition of whatever was useful in English history, or graceful and becoming in English literature. He superintended the publication of a little weekly newspaper, making selections for it from books and periodicals, and contributing occasionally an editorial of his own. These were, perhaps, the first of his productions ever published. I know not if they are to be met with now. He delivered some addresses while in college, before literary societies, which were also published.

Ezekiel Webster—the sole brother of Daniel of the whole blood—was destined by his father to carry on the farm. But he had other aspirations, and so had his brother for him. Accordingly, when Daniel returned home on a visit in his sophomore year in the spring of '99, he held serious consultations with his brother Ezekiel, in relation to his wishes.

It was resolved between them, that Ezekiel should go to college, and that Daniel should be the organ of communication with their father on the subject. He lost no time in opening the negotiation, and experienced no great difficulty in obtaining the consent of his father, who lived only for his children, to their design. The result was that in about ten days, Mr. Webster had gone back to college, having first seen his brother bid adieu to the farm, and place himself in school under a teacher in Latin. Soon afterwards Ezekiel went to Mr. Woods and remained with him till he was fitted for college.

In March, 1801, his father carried him to college, where he entered the freshman class.

He had not great quickness of apprehension nor vivacity of intellect, and was not, therefore, early estimated at his full value. But he had a strong mind, and great powers of observation and memory. He acquired slowly but safely. Not fluent of speech, he was always correct in language and thought. Few excelled him in clearness and vigor of style, none in argumentative ability. He wanted but opportunity to become a great man.

He fell dead while arguing a case in Concord, New Hampshire, in 1829. A handsome monument was erected to his memory in Boscowen, where he was buried.

Mr. Webster while in college, during the winter vacations, kept school, to pay the collegiate expenses of his brother as well as his own. Being graduated in August 1801, he immediately entered Mr. Thompson's office in Salisbury, as student of law, and remained there till January following. The *magister domi* seemed then to require that he should go somewhere and do something to earn a little money. An application was at this time made to him from Fryeburg, Maine, to take the charge of a school there. He accepted the offer, mounted his horse, and commenced his labors on reaching Fryeburg. His salary was \$350 per annum, all of which he saved—as he made besides a sufficient sum to pay board

and other necessary expenses, by acting as assistant to the Register of Deeds for the county, to whose chirography there was the only objection of illegibility. The ache is not yet out—I have heard Mr. Webster say—which so much writing caused him.

In September, 1802, he returned to Mr. Thompson's office, in which he remained till February, 1804. Mr. Thompson was at Coke's Littleton was the book in those days upon which pupils were broken in—which is like teaching arithmetic by beginning with differential calculus. "A boy of 20," says Mr. Webster, "with no previous knowledge of such subjects, cannot understand Coke. It is folly to set him upon such an author. There are propositions in Coke so abstract, and disquisitions so nice, and doctrines embracing so many conditions and qualifications, that it requires an effort not only of a mature mind, but of a mind both strong and mature, to understand him. Why disgust and discourage a boy by telling him he must break into his profession through such a wall as this?"

Mr. Webster soon laid aside Coke till "a more convenient season," and, in the meanwhile, took up other more plain, easy and intelligible authors.

While not engaged in the study of law, he occupied himself with the Latin classics. He added greatly to what acquisitions he had made in the language while in college, reading Sallust, Cæsar, and Horace. Some odes of the latter, which he translated into English, were published.

But books were not at this time of his life, as they never have been, Mr. Webster's sole study. He then was fond, and has been through life, of the many field sports, fishing, shooting and riding. These brought him into near communion with Nature and himself; supplied him with the material and opportunity for thought; made him contemplative, logical and earnest. At a subsequent period of his life, he found that the solitary rides he was wont to indulge in afforded him many an edifying day. "The great argument in the Dartmouth College case was principally arranged in a tour he made from Boston to Barnstable and back. John Adams' speech before the Philadelphia Convention in '76, was composed by Mr. Webster, while taking a drive in a N. England chaise. His favorite sport of angling gave him many a favorable opportunity for composition. The address for Bunker Hill (for instance) was all planned out even to many of its best passages, in *Marsh-pee Brook*;" the orator catching trout and elaborating sentences at the same time.

A like fondness for solitary rambles and sequestered spots, is said to have characterized Canning and Burke; who found their faculties brightened and their philosophy improved by this self-communion. With them, as with the Roman Lægius, Egeus, avoiding crowds and bustling life, to be met with only in solitude. So true is it that the intellectual man is never less alone than when alone; and that to him his mind a kingdom is, & his own thoughts his most agreeable and instructive companions.

In July, 1804, Mr. Webster went to Boston, and after some unsuccessful applications elsewhere, obtained admission as a student in the office of the Hon. Christopher Gore, who had then just returned from England, and resumed the practice of law. It was a most fortunate event for Mr. Webster. Mr. Gore was no less distinguished as a lawyer than as a statesman and publicist,—eminent in each character,—and was, besides, one of the rare examples of the highest intellectual qualities united with sound, practical, keen common sense. He knew mankind no less than books; and the wisdom he derived from the study of both, he could impart, in most impressive language. With him Mr. Webster enjoyed the best opportunity thus far of his life for studying books, and men, and things; and he made the best use of the opportunity.

He attended the session of the Supreme Court which sat in August of this year, constantly, and reported all its decisions.—He also reported the decisions of the Circuit Court of the United States. He read diligently and carefully the books, generally, of the Common and Municipal Law, of the best authorities on the Law of Nations, some of them for the third time, accompanying these studies with a vast variety of miscellaneous reading. His chief study, however, was the Common Law, and more especially that part of it which relates to the science of Special Pleading. This, one of the most ingenious and refined, and at the same time instructive and useful branches of the law, he pursued with devotion. Besides appropriating whatever he could of this part of the science from Viner, Bacon, and other books then in common study, he waded through Saunders's Reports—the old folio edition—and abstracted and put into English, out of the Latin and Norman-French, the pleadings in all the reports. This undertaking, both as an exercise of the mind, and as an acquisition of useful learning, was a great advantage to him in his succeeding professional career.

An anecdote I have heard Mr. Webster tell in relation to his first interview with a gentleman, then and afterwards distinguished in the history of the country, it may not be improper to relate here. "I remember one day," says Mr. Webster, "as I was alone in the office, a man came in and asked for Mr. Gore. Mr. Gore was out, and he sat down to wait for him. He was dressed in plain grey clothes. I went on with my book, till he asked me what I was reading, and coming along up to the table, took the book and looked at it. 'Roccus,' said he, 'de navibus et nando.' Well, I read that book too when I was a boy; and proceeded to talk not only about 'ships and freights,' but insurance, prize, and other matters of maritime law, in a manner 'to put me up to all I knew, and a good deal more. The grey-coated stranger turned out to be Mr. Rufus King."

In March, 1806, Mr. Webster was admitted to practice, in Suffolk Court of Common Pleas. The custom then prevailed for the patron to accompany his pupil into Court, introduce him to the Judges, make a brief speech in commendation of studious conduct and attainments, and then move for his admission. On Mr. Webster's admission, one informs me that he recollects almost every word of Mr. Gore's speech, and that it contained, among other things, a prediction of his pupil's future professional distinction. In all probability the prediction, as is generally the case, aided its own accomplishment. Certainly, the favorable opinion of such a man as Mr. Gore must have been an additional incentive to Mr. Webster's ambitious hopes and efforts.

The clerk of the Court of Common Pleas for the county of Hillsborough, New Hampshire, resigned his office in January, 1805. Mr. Webster's father was one of the Judges of that court; and his colleagues, from regard for him, tendered his son the vacant clerkship. It was what Judge Webster had long desired. The office was worth \$1,500 per annum, which was in those days, and in that neighborhood, a competency; or rather absolute wealth. Mr. Webster himself considered it a great prize, and was eager to accept it. He weighed the question in his mind. On the one side he saw immediate comforts; on the other, at the best, a doubtful struggle. By its acceptance he made sure of his own good condition, and what was nearer to his heart, that of his family. By its refusal, he condemned both himself and them to an uncertain, and probably, harassing future. Whatever aspirations he might have cherished of professional distinction, he was willing cheerfully to relinquish, to promote the immediate welfare of those he held most dear.

But Mr. Gore prematurely and vehemently interposed his dissent. He urged every argument against the purpose. He exposed its absurdity and its consequences. He appealed to the ambition of his pupil; once a clerk, he said he would always be a clerk—there would be no step upwards.—He attacked him, too, on the side of his family affection; telling him that he would be far more able to gratify his friends from his professional labors than in the clerkship. "Go on," he said, "and finish your studies—you are poor enough; but there are greater evils than poverty; live on no man's favor; what bread you eat, let it be the bread of independence; pursue your profession; make yourself useful to your friends, and a little formidable to your enemies, and you have nothing to fear."

Diverted from his design by arguments like these, it still remained to Mr. Webster to acquiesce in the father's wish and determination, and satisfy him of his propriety. He felt this would be no easy task, as his father had set his heart so much upon the office; but he determined to go home immediately, and give him, in full, the reasons of his conduct.

It was midnight, and he looked round for a country sleigh or stage-coach; at that time, there were things unknown in the centre of New Hampshire—and finding one that had come down to market, he took passage therein, and in two or three days he was set down at his father's door. (The same journey is now made in four hours by steam.) It was evening when he arrived. I have heard him tell the story of the interview. His father was sitting before the fire, and received him with manifest joy.—He looked feebler than he had ever appeared, but his countenance lighted up on seeing his clerk stand before him in good health and spirits. He lost no time in alluding to the great appointment—said how spontaneously it had been made—how kindly the chief justice proposed it, with what unanimity all assented, &c. &c. During this speech, it can be well imagined how embarrassed Mr. Webster felt, compelled, as he thought, from a conviction of duty to disappoint his father's sanguine expectations. Nevertheless, he commanded his countenance and his voice, so as to reply in a sufficiently assured manner. He spoke freely about the office; expressed his great obligation to their Honors, and his intention to write them a most respectful letter; if he could have consented to record any of his judgments, he should have been proud to have recorded their Honors', &c. &c. He proceeded in this strain, till his father exhibited signs of amazement, it having occurred to him, finally, that his son might all the while be serious. "Do you intend to decline this office?" he said at length. "Most certainly," replied his son; "I cannot think of doing otherwise. I mean to use my tongue in courts, not my pen; to be an actor, not a register of other men's actions."

For a moment Judge Webster seemed angry. He rocked his chair slightly, a flash went over his eye, softened by age, but even then black as jet, but it immediately disappeared, and his countenance regained its serenity. Parental love and partiality could not after all have been gratified with the son's devotion to an honorable and distinguished profession, and seeming confidence of success in it. "Well, my son," said Judge Webster finally, "your mother has always said that you would come to something or nothing, she was not sure which. I think you are now about settling that doubt for her." The Judge never afterwards spoke to his son on the subject. Mr. Webster having thus reconciled his father to his views returned to Boston. In March, following, having been admitted to the bar as before stated, he went to Amherst N. H. where his father's court was then in session; from Amherst he went home with his father. His design had been to settle in the practice at Portsmouth; but unwilling to leave his father, who had become infirm, and had no sons at home, he opened an office at Boscowen, near his father's residence, and commenced the practice of his profession.

Judge Webster lived but a year after his son's commencement of practice; long enough, however, to hear his first argument in court, and to be gratified with confident predictions of his future success. Then, like Simeon of old, he gathered up his garments and died.

He died in April, 1806. Exposure to the hardships of a frontier life, more severe than we can now entertain any idea of, the privations and labors he suffered and underwent in the Indian wars, and the war of the Revolution, had broken in upon a constitution naturally robust, and hastened his de-

cease. He was of a manly and generous character, and of a deportment and manner to gain him great consideration among all that knew him. In civil and military life, he obtained deserved distinction. Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for twelve or fourteen years, he made good, by the integrity of his purpose, the clearness of his judgment and the strength of his character, the want of early education; and gained for his opinions and decisions a confidence and concurrence not always accorded to persons professionally more learned. He was distinguished also in his military career. Entering the army a private, he retired a major; and won his commission by faithful and gallant service, as well in the Revolutionary, as in the French and Indian wars. He acted as major under Stark at Benning-ton, and contributed no little to the fortunate result of that day.

In May, 1807, Mr. Webster was admitted as attorney and counselor of the Superior Court in New Hampshire, and in September of that year relinquished his office in Boscowen to his brother Ezekiel, who had then obtained admission to the bar, and moved to Portsmouth, according to his original intention.

He married in June, 1808, Grace Fletcher, the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Fletcher, of Hopkinton, N. H. By her he had four children, Grace, Fletcher, Julia, and Edward; but one of whom, Fletcher, survives. Edward died with the army in Mexico, 1847, Major of the Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers. He was one of the most gentlemanly, amiable, and honorable young men of the age.

Mr. Webster lived in Portsmouth nine years, waiting one month. The counsel most eminent at the bar of the county at that time were Jeremiah Mason, Edward St. Lee Livermore, Jeremiah Smith, Judge of the Superior Court and Governor of the State; William King Atkinson, Attorney General of the State; George Sullivan, also Attorney General; Samuel Dexter, and Joseph Story, of Massachusetts, all lawyers of much more than ordinary ability, and some of surpassing excellence. No bar at that time, probably in the country, presented such an array of various talents. Mr. Webster's estimate of Judge Story and Mr. Mason, expressed in public, will form not the least important nor least enduring monument to their fame. It will outlast the sculptured marble. For Mr. Mason, his professional rival sometimes, his friend always, he entertained a warm regard as well as respect. Mr. Mason was of infinite advantage to him. Mr. Webster has said, in Portsmouth, not only by his unvarying friendship, but by the many good lessons he taught him, and the good example he set him in the commencement of his career.—"If there be in the country a stranger intellect," Mr. Webster once said, "if there be a mind of more native resources, if there be a vision that sees quicker or sees deeper into whatever is intricate, or whatever is profound, I must confess I have not known it."

Mr. Webster's practice, while he lived in Portsmouth, was very much of a circuit practice. He followed the Superior Court in most of the counties of the State, and was retained in nearly all the important causes. It is a fact somewhat singular of his professional life, that with the exception of instances in which he has been associated with the Attorney General of the United States for the time being, he had hardly appeared ten times as junior counsel. Once or twice with Mr. Mason, once or twice with Mr. Prescott, and with Mr. Hopkinton, are the only exceptions within recollection.

Mr. Webster's practice in New Hampshire was never lucrative. Clients then and there were not rich, and fees, consequently, were not large; and few were persons so litigious as in places less civilized by intelligence. Though his time was exclusively devoted to his profession, his practice never gave him more than a livelihood.

He never held office, popular or other, in the government of New Hampshire. He occasionally took part in political affairs, and was then not useful in his action. His vote was always given, his voice and pen sometimes exercised, in favor of the party whose principles he espoused. Even in that early period of his life, however, when perhaps something could be pardoned to the vehemence of youth, he used no acrimonious language of his political opponents, nor suggested or participated in any act indicative of personal animosity towards them.

At thirty years of age, he had become well known and respected throughout the State; so much so, that he was elected a Representative of the State in Congress, after an animated contest, in November, 1812, and took his seat at the extra session in May, 1813.

What has been written thus far, relates rather to the private life of Mr. Webster; what follows concerns mostly, his public; as gathered from the records and contemporaneous testimony.

But the ingenious youth of the country should understand, that Mr. Webster, great as he is, has not become so, without great study. Greatness has not been thrust upon him. He has studied books, he has studied mankind, he has studied himself, (which is the very fountain of all true wisdom,) deeply and conscientiously, from his earliest youth. There has been no inappropriation of time with him; none trifled away. Even in the hours of relaxation, he has thought of, and methodized the gleanings of the Past, or prepared results for the Future.

He laid early and solid the foundation of his fame. While the mind was eager and facile to receive earnest impressions, he sought after everything in the way of learning, that was sincere, elevated, and ennobling, to fill and satisfy it. He pursued no study he did not comprehend; understood no task to which he did not devote his whole mind. Whatever he strove after he acquired, and whatever he acquired, he retained.

It was this early and constant seeking after knowledge, this desire unsatisfied with acquisition—this all-embracing pursuit, that determined his intellectual character, and prepared him for any encounter with the world. What he has said of Adams and Jefferson, might be applied with equal truth to himself. "If we could now ascertain all the causes which gave them eminence and distinction, in the midst of the great men with whom they acted, we should find

not among the least, their early acquisitions in literature, the resources which it furnished, the promptitude and facility which it communicated and the wide field it opened, for analogy and illustration; giving them thus, on every subject, a larger view, and a broader range, as well for discussion, as for the government of their own conduct."

Prosperity of the United States.

The London Examiner, discoursing upon this subject has the following:—"The prosperity is attractive, and it is the boast of some of the journals, that while the members of Congress are daily threatening a dissolution of the Union, neighboring states and countries are anxious to be admitted members of it. Canada talks of annexation; California is pressing for admission; Cuba is ready to join, and is only withheld by the power of Spain, and the modesty and integrity of the United States in refusing to accede to its wishes, and to grant some assistance to accomplish them. Mexico has laid aside, it is said, its hostile pretensions, and its people are looking earnestly and anxiously for incorporation. Central America is seeking a closer connexion, and hoping for the time to come when it shall form a part of the great Republic that is to stretch over the whole continent. Events are advancing rapidly, through the Congress may stand still. Society will not wait for its leave to live, and thrive, and grow, and will, in some way or other, settle the slavery question; perhaps before Congress has done talking about it. In America it is seen more than in Europe that society must prosper more than legislation, and does not depend on that to regulate its future existence. Thus, while members of Congress are threatening dismemberment, there is gathering round the States as a nucleus other states ready to adhere to it and increase it on every tide. It is swelling too, by immigration from every quarter, and exhibiting the extraordinary spectacle of men of nearly every lineage of the earth being harmoniously absorbed by the great Anglo-Saxon family, and becoming one with it. The reverse of the phenomenon that occurred on the plains of Babel seems there in progress, and many, if not branches of all the various nations of the earth, are united to one tongue and live under one law."

The Problem solved by the Bees.

[The advanced Scholar in Mathematics.]

Bees secrete only a limited quantity of wax, and it becomes requisite that this should be employed in the most economical manner possible. "Bees, therefore," as one remarks, "have to solve this difficult problem: A quantity of wax being given, to form of it similar and equal cells of a determinate capacity, but of the largest size in proportion to the quantity of matter employed, and disposed in such a manner, that the greatest possible space in the hive." The problem is solved by bees in all its conditions. The cylindrical form would seem to be the best adapted to the shape of the insect; but had the cells been cylindrical, they would not have applied to each other without leaving a vacant and superfluous space between every three contiguous flames. Had the cells, on the other hand, been square or triangular, they might have been constructed without unnecessary vacancies, but these forms would have both required more material, and been very unsuitable to the shape of the bees' body. The six-sided form of the cell obviates every objection; and while it fulfills the conditions of the problem, it is equally adapted by a cylinder, to the shape of the bee.

The base of each cell, instead of forming a plane, is usually composed of three pieces like the diamonds on playing cards, and placed in an oblique manner to form a hollow pyramid.—This structure, it may be observed, imparts a greater degree of strength, and still keeping the solution of the problem in view gives the greatest capacity with the smallest expenditure of material. This has indeed, actually been ascertained by mathematical measurements. The angle is 120°. Maraldi, the inventor of glass fibers, determined by minutely measuring these angles, that the greater were 109° 22', and the smaller, 70° 30', and Reamer, being desirous to know why these particular angles are selected, requested M. Klaproth, a mathematician, (without informing him of his design, or telling him of Maraldi's researches,) to determine, by calculation, what ought to be the angles of a six sided cell, with a concave pyramidical base, formed of three similar and equal rhombic plates, so that the least possible material should enter into the construction. By employing what geometers denominate the infinitesimal calculus, he found that the angles should be 109° 26' for the greater, and 70° 34' min. for the lesser, or about one thirtieth of a degree more or less than the actual angles made choice of by the bees!

French Cornish Sheep. Mr. A. L. Bingham, of Cornwall, Vermont, gives the weight of an unwashed, obtained the present season from 83 Merino Sheep, of the "Tanner Stock," together with the aggregate live weight of carcasses of the same sheep obtained after they were shorn. Twenty-seven of these are stated to have been only ten months old when shorn. The aggregate of eighty-three sheep, was 10,457 lbs., being an average of 126 lbs. each. Aggregate weight of wool obtained from the eighty-three sheep, was 1,434 lbs., or an average of 18 lbs. each fleece, and two and two-sevenths ounces of wool for each pound of carcass. The growth of the fleeces is stated to have been just one year, with the exception of the lambs which were but ten months old. The ewes, it is stated, produce "three crops of lambs in two years."—*Albany Cultivator.*

Every man, no matter how lowly he may appear to himself, might still endeavor to produce something for the benefit or use of society; remembering that an insect furnishes by its labor materials wherewith to form the regal robes of kings.

Distressing Accident.—On Tuesday last, Mr. Lewis Pease, of Brownington, went out from his house to his saw-mill early in the morning, and a few hours afterwards was discovered in the road by a step-back, down which he was engaged falling logs to his mill, dead. It is supposed from appearances about the log, and upon the side of the hill, that in starting the logs towards the mill, he was run over and crushed to death. He leaves a family to mourn his loss.—*Irishburg W. Mag.*

Crossing the Atlantic.—Capt. Emmons, the veteran chief steward of the Royal mail steamships, sailed from Boston in the Asia on Wednesday, on his one hundred and sixty-eighth voyage across the Atlantic Ocean, within the twelve years last past. Allowing the distance to be 3000 miles he has sailed within the period named, over 500,000 miles, averaging one trip each 25 days.

Factories Stopped.—We learn from the Pittsburg papers of Tuesday, that all the cotton factories of Allegheny City have been a total, throwing about 1100 hands out of employ.

It is not true that a suitably registered tariff should protect the capital employed in manufacturing and keep in employment the industry of the country.

Frederic VII. of Denmark, it seems, has married a mantle maker. He has already had two wives, from each of whom he has been divorced. There is something rotten in the state of Denmark.

It is said, I have and spent, what authorizing,—that on the winter drive in some most particularly large, he was bound to include, "Venerable man; you have come down to us from Heaven's gate;—I have been humbly instructed, and you give us, that you might build this paper day." As usual decided intention appears, otherwise in the Backus-Williams Address, it would make as if there was some possibility for the way. At least, one may say with the Italian,—It may be a very, a great trouble.