MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MAGIC OF MUSIC.

The sprightly correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* who is travelling through Syria, and at last accounts had reached the ancient city of Baalbeck or Heliopolis, gives the following description or the effect which his flute and the negro melody had upon the descendants of Ishmael :

"In travelling through Syria, as in other parts of the world, I always carried my flute with me, to relieve the lonely hours at night, and excite a social feeling among the natives. I had fluted my way after the fashion of Goldsmith, through many a difficulty; and now I was resolved to see what the magic of music would do in removing the prejudices of the Araba. As soon as it was dark, we had a good fire lit in the corner, and pulling off our shoes, as custom required, we spread our mats close by, and sat down cosily to enjoy the cheerful fire, my friends (the Southerner and the English captain) smoking their chibouks, while I brought forward my knapsack, and began putting the pieces of my flute together. The Arabs, who had begun to crowd in, were greatly interested in the strange instrument that I was getting under way; and Yosef, who was rather proud of his civilization, sat by enjoying their remarks, and giving us a running interpretation. Some thought it was a sort of pistol, with a large touchhole; but this notion was ridiculed by the more knowing ones, who said it was plain to see that it was a new fashioned pipe, and that they would soon see me put the bowl to it, and begin to smoke.

"At last I got all the pieces adjusted, and commanding silence by a mysterious motion of the hand, commenced playing that classical air of "Old Zip Coon," which I dare say was never heard before among the ruins of Baalbeck. There was the most breathless attention on all sides, interrupted only by the suppressed exclamation of *Tahib! Tahib!* (Good, good!) when I blew a very shrill or false note; and soon the women and children from the neighboring house began to crowd in, and there was gradually a larger circle formed around the room, the audience squatting down in rows, till there was scarcely space enough left to breathe. I blew away with all my might, for not only was I excited with the success of my experiment, but rather inspired with the music I was making, which I assur you was not bad. The familiar airs of home made me sentimental, and I merged into the doleful air "Give me back my heart again," not a damsel seemed disposed to listen to it. They commenced in the very middle of the most pathetic strain to call for "Old Zip Coon." When I had ended there was no end of the *tahibs*. Mr. Coon was a decided hit.

"In order to vary the entertainments, silence was commanded again, and Yosef was desired to explain that there would be a song; that it was a song of an old black gentleman who lived in America, who was a pacha among the blacks; that he was called Uncle Ned because he was so venerable, and, being very old, the hair all fell out of his head, and there was no hair at all in the place where the hair ought to grow; that he hadn't any eyes to see with, and consequently was as blind as a post or stone wall, or any thing else that is supposed to be deficient in eyes; that he neither had teeth to eat bread with, and he had to let the bread alone and eat something else; that his fingers were as long as canes in the break, which was about an average of sixteen feet; and eventually, that one day when he was out in the field, a horrible monster, called Grim Death, came along and caught him by the heel and carried him away, and he was never heard of any more except in this song, which was written in commemoration of these facts.

"Then upon, having excited the most profound interest in the the history of Uncle Ned, I launched forth into the song, keeping as near the tune as possible, and going through all the motions descriptive of the baldness of his head, the absence of his teeth, and the length of his fingers, At length, when I arrived at the final catastrophe, when Grim Death seized the old gentleman by the heel, made a sudden motion at the heel of one worthy who was sitting near by, completely upsetting him with fright, and causing a laugh from the audience that seemed as if it would never come to an end! It was the best hit of the the evening, and completely removed all constraint.

"The women had gradually uncovered their faces, and the men were in such good humor that they world are pretty much the same by nature; and that there are few faces so barbarous as not to be moved by music and a spirit of sociability."

FATAL USE OF CHLOROFORM.

The Boston *Traveller* contains a long document from Drs. J. C. Warren, in relation to a death by chloroform, accidentally administered at the Massachusetts General Hospital. It appears that chloric or sulphuric ether is used in the hospital, in preference to chloroform. Three operations were performed on Saturday, Oct. 30. The first was for a contracted hand, and, the patient was etherised with what was supposed to be chloric ether. The operation was performed, and the patient escaped without any other inconvenience than a slight soreness of the throat.

The second case was for a tumor on the right side of the face. During the operation the patient came very near dying, but was saved. The third case which proved fatal, was that of a young man about twenty years old, a native of Ireland, who had his arm entangled in the machinery of a bark mill about five days before. He refused to have it amputated until mortification had taken place.—On Saturday the operation was performed. Etherization was carefully made, and the operation was accomplished in about two minutes. Just as it was finished, it was perceived that his pulse was rapidly failing. Dr. Warren continues:

"Word was given to suspend the dressing, and dash water on his face, which was immediately done. Notwithstanding this, the respiration and pulse went on diminishing, and soon ceased. He was to all appearance entirely dead. Artificial respiration was directly produced by moving the ribs; the limbs were rubbed, ammonia was momentarily applied to the nostrils and mouth, and when these things failed, ammonia was introduced into the mouth, as in other cases. Soon after this, to our great joy, a slight inspiration followed, and the efforts being continued, his respiration improved, though he breathed with difficulty, owing to the quantity of mucus in the lungs. By great efforts on the part of the gentlemen standing around but three, and turning him on his side, so as to drain sponging the back part of his mouth, he was from time to time relieved.

"At last, passing an empty spoon into his mouth, and pouring some brandy and water from another into it, he was made to swallow fully. A stimulating injection into the bowels was also administered. After aiding in clearing his lungs for some length of time, it was thought he might be removed to his bed; there a little brandy and water was given occasionally, which he swallowed readily. He also spoke and answered all questions proposed to him until the last moment, showing that the organ of voice was not injured. When asked if he suffered, he said "yes," and placed his hand on the region of the heart. Mucus continued to fill his throat. There was no obstruction in the opening of the larynx, for mucus issued from it in a copious stream, showing that his whole lungs were affected.

"Having remained with him until the pulse had become pretty good, and the respiration apparently better, we adjourned, to meet again in an hour and a half. Placing at the same time the house surgeon at his side, with instructions to keep his throat clear of mucus, and support him by stimulants, with the strongest injunctions not to leave him till our return.

"Shortly before the time fixed for the return of the surgeons, which was half-past three o'clock, the house surgeon, percieving his pulse to suddenly fail, and that his breathing was more hurried, uncovered the stump to see if it was bleeding; and found some effusion of venous blood, probably produced by the liquefaction of blood from chloroform poision. He then cleared the mouth of mucus, which he had hardly completed when the patient breathed his last without any effort or convulsion."

Dr. Warren states that chloroform was placed on the table, instead of chloric ether, by the mistake of a new officer of the hospital.

ERICSON'S CALORIC SHIP.

This is unquestionably one of the most interesting mechanical experiments of the day. Scientific men are watching the result with eager curiosity; not that a hot-air engine is a new invention. A Scotchman put one up some years since, which failed. A small engine, built according to him, is said to have worked well; at all events, he and his friends are so well satisfied with its performance, that they have gone to a great expense in building a vessel and machinery to try the experiment on a large scale.

The first great economy is to be in fuel. Mr. Ericson proposes to lose no heat except by radiation. The hot air escaping from the cylinder, passes through an arrangement of wire gauze, or at all events is brought in contact with so large a metallic surface as to deposit its caloric immediately. A current of cold air in the opposite direction, follows or takes the caloric deposited in the tubes, and expanded by it, enters the cylinder. Thus Mr. Ericson expects to use the same heat over and over again, except what is lost by radiation or leakage. Indeed, if it were not for this unavoidable waste, we do not see why he would not have the long sought for Perpetual motion.

Little fuel will be necessary, and the great drawback in steamships, the transportation of coal, is avoided, and increased space made available for freight—two savings which will kill the *steam-engine* if they can be carried out. The waste of heat-producing material in the most improved steam-engines, is enormous. We have heard that only one-fifteenth is actually of use in the best engines, and in ordinary ones only one twenty-fifth. The rest of the heat is lost by escape, radiation and the condenser.

EXTRAORDINARY LOCK.

The editor of the American Artizan was recently shown a piece of mechanism which certainly goes a head of anything in the shape of a lock that we have ever seen or read of, in the essential of security from depredation. It is called Yale's Magic Lock, and is as absolutely unpickable as the kernel of a walnut would be without damaging the shell. The only opening is a circular orifice, half an inch in diameter, for admitting the key, and through which there is no possible access to the tumblers by any instrument whatever—not even by the key itself, strange as that may seem.—By a singular contrivance, a portion of the key is detached after insertion, and sent to a distant part of the lock, where it moves the tumblers, and where the tools of the burglar could never arrive except by first battering the lock to pieces. The key hole resembles the interior of a small pistol barrel, and having no opening in the interior basis of the lock, would not receive powder enough to blow it open.—The lock is therefore absolutely gunpowder proof also. Among other peculiarities, the key is susceptible of from forty thousand to one million of changes. A change of the key changes the lock also in the act of locking, so that one may have a new lock every day for hundreds of years! By a change of the key after locking, it is rendered impossible to unlock, even with the same key, until altered back again. One may thus lose the key or have it stolen, and still entertain no fears of the lock's being opened with it. The proprietors offer a reward of five hundred dollars to any one who will picked it through the key hole, using whatever instrument he pleases, and taking any length of time he may desire.

THE NAILS IN THE POST.

There was once a farmer who had a son named John, a boy very apt to be thoughtlesss, and care-

"John, you are so careless and forgetful, that every time you do wrong I shall drive a nail into this post, to remind you how often you are naughty; and every time you do right! will draw one out."

His father did as he said he would, and every day he had one, and sometimes a great many nails to drive in, but very seldom one to draw out.

At last John saw the post quite covered with nails, and he began to be ashamed of having so many faults; so he resolved to be a better boy, and the next day he was so good and industrious that several nails came out; the day after it was the same thing, and so for a long time, till at length it came to the last nail. His father then called him, and said—

"Look, John, here is the very last nail, and now I'm going to draw this; are you not glad?"

John looked at the post, and then, instead of expressing his joy, as his father expected, he burst into tears.

"Why," said his father, "what is the matter? I should think you would be delighted; the nails are all gone."

"Yes," sobbed John, "the NAILS are all gone but the SCARS are there yet."

So it is, dear children, with your faults, and your bad habits; you may overcome them, you may, by degrees cure them, but the scars remain. Now take my advice, and whenever you find yourself doing a wrong thing, or getting into a bad habit, stop at once, for every time you give up to it, you drive another nail, and that will leave a scar on your soul, even if the nail should be afterwards drawn out.—*Child's Paper.*

A DISAPPOINTED VISITOR.—A citizen, recently returned from London, says the Mobile correspondent of the *N. O. Delta*, tells, with much humor, of some equivoque that mingled in a conversation he had with an English officer, who, unknown to him, had served in Packenham's army.

"You have been, then, in America?"

"For a very short time, and it is long ago."

"Were you ever in New Orleans?"

"Not exactly *in* it—although once very near it."

"And did you not visit the city?"

"Not—they would not let me."

"Not let you! why, how, and when could that be?"

"It was in 1814—and there was a large party of us, too, who intended to eat our Christmas dinner in the city—but though we were very warmly received, we could not accomplish our wishes. So we turned round and went to Mobile Point; but though we staid there some time, we did not find travelling in Alabama very tempting, so all concluded to return; and, on the 1st of April, 1815, we left for home—the day selected for embarkation forming an appropriate finish to our fool's errand."

Here a sudden spasm of recollection struck the inquirer with the force of a galvanic battery.

IN the reign of Henry the 1st., about the year 1130, a sheep could be bought in Englaud for four pence, and wheat enough for feeding one hundred men a whole day, cost but a single shilling.

From the Warrenton News.

"WARRENTON FEMALE INSTITUTE."

SIR:—We have recently had the pleasure of attending the semi-annual examination of Messrs. Graves and Wilcox's School, one of two excellent female Institutions established in your village. In saying that we were highly gratified by the indications of intellectual progress which we witnessed, we but express a sentiment which every one present must have experienced. In all the various departments of study there were manifest evidences of judicious training and of accurate acquirements. So far as your observation extended, the young ladies without exception acquitted themselves with distinguished credit. The promptness of their replies, the brevity yet lucid clearness of their explanations and the decided merits of some of their original essays gave evidence of somewhat greater intellectual maturity than we are accustoned to see displayed on similar occasions. While we were pleased with the commendable proficiency displayed in the more substantial branches of an education, we were not less gratified to witness the degree of excellence to which the pupils had attained in the various fashionable and ornamental accomplishments. We were from time to time regaled with the melody of soft music, to which the ingenuous modesty and unostentatious beauty of the fair songstress not unfrequently lend new sweetness.—Nor less pleasing were the beautiful specimens of painting and of fancy work with which the apartments were tastefully decorated. We profess not, sir, to be a connoisseur in the fine arts. But we will hazard our claim to correct taste upon the opinion, that many of those paintings which ministered so much to the innocent delight of the occasion, will for correctness of outline, for just distribution of light and shade and for general chasteness of execution, compare favorably with similar exhibitions in any Institution of the country. Surely, the Muses from their classic retreats must smile benignantly upon an Institution wherein their favorite arts are so successfully cultivated.

As we gazed, [illegible] upon that assembled mass of youthful [illegible] and intelligence, we could but think that many [illegible] bachelors are destined soon to yield to the [illegible] fascinations of the [illegible] the ladies within the [illegible] accomplishments, [illegible] a hardened few [illegible] charms. But further [illegible] Hercules wreathed [illegible] the solid branches of an [illegible] them with additional [illegible] ments, and they [illegible] —their very glance [illegible] the unerring shafts of the virgin [illegible].

But, sir, in the eagerness of our admiration we are loosing sight of those to whom we are indebted for so rich a literary banquet. To enlarge upon the merits of Messrs. Graves and Wilcox is, we apprehend, a task uncalled for in your community.—Their ample experience and eminent success as instructors, their accomplishments as scholars and their worth as gentlemen have long since effectually recommended them to public consideration. Aided by an effective corps of assistant instructors they have established an Institution which is a credit to the State and which has added materially to the prosperity and reputation of your village.—There is one connected with the Institution—one whose extensive attainments and the chastened elegance of whose manners need scarce be mentioned among those who enjoy the pleasure of her acquaintance—to whom we are personally indebted for many invaluable lessons in early life. That power of lucid exposition, that peculiar fact in engaging the youthful fancy, and above all that unerring gentleness of manner, by which she so endears herself to those entrusted to her guardianship are treasured among the most pleasing reminiscences of our life. That the Institution may long continue, to receive that munificent share of public patronage which its distinguished merits have so justly earned must surely be the sincere desire of every true friend of education. J.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A BOY, some two or three years of age, was overheard, one evening, as he was retiring to rest, resisting the authority of the nurse, in what was unknown to the father, till he went into the room to inquire. The child was standing upright in the crib, and refusing to be [illegible], which the nurse was endeavering to [illegible].

"What is the [illegible] father.

"She won't [illegible] prayer, before I lie

He knelt [illegible] reverently, and in a subdued [illegible] these words —"God is [illegible] down, put his head on the pillow, and prepared to go to sleep.

Was not such a prayer, by such a tender, valuable in its measure and degree, and worthy of being classed with the "God be merciful to me a sinner," of the penitent publican? It was his own way of expressing his emotion of reverence towards God, and the more earnest and effectual on that account.

LET IT ALONE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Though the bowl and the bumper
With spirit be filled;
Though the nectar, like Jove's,
Be ambrosia distilled!
Though wit, song, and laughter
Lend joys of their own;
Take counsel from caution
And let them alone;
Let them alone.
Take counsel from caution
And let them alone!

If a friend have a scheme,
That he shows, very clear,
Will bring you two thousand,
Or upward, a year;—
Though it seem like a fortune,
To other hands thrown,
Take counsel from caution,
And let it alone;
Let it alone.
Take counsel from caution,
And let it alone!

The fountain of fortune,
But slenderly flows;
Wealth, got in a moment,
As suddenly goes!—
And Wine's giddy laughter,
'Tis easily shown,
Brings sorrow hereafter—
So let it alone;
Let it alone.
Brings sorrow hereafter,
So let it alone!

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his Diary, draws the following graphic picture of the Irish: "There is much less of exaggeration about the Irish than might have been expected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery; their cottages would scarce serve for pigsties, even in Scotland—and their rags seem the very refuse of a rag-shop, and are disposed on their bodies with such an ingenuity of wretchedness, that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

FOREVER!

BY SHADWELL.

FOREVER! In that simple sound
What awful meaning lies!
Forever! In one word are found
What volumed mysteries!
The mind would sometimes break its chain,
Those wonders to explore,
But still essays that flight in vain
And cannot leave the shore.

The mighty ocean in whose tide
Is lost the stream of time,
Is deep and dark, and wild and wide,
And boundless, and sublime!
No line can reach the gulf profound,
No wing its spaces fly,
And yet our thoughts will hover round
Thy verge, Eternity.

Our mortal moments flowing fast,
To the vast ocean tend.
And must be lost, when life is past,
In being without end.
As rain descends and disappears,
Commingling with the sea,
So mingle life's dissolving years
Eternity, with thee.

[WRITTEN FOR THE SOUTHERN WEEKLY POST.]

THE POST-SCRIPT PAPERS.

BY THE VICAR OF WAKE.

A REMINISCENCE OR TWO.

WE were in one of the cities of our sunny south once, when the following incident recorded itself in our memory.

One of the morning papers was relieved of the usual dryness that characterize the columns of a daily—of shipping lists and auction sales, by presenting in a conspicuous corner an original and beautiful little poem, by the gifted but unfortunate S. The poem attracted a great deal of attention, and elicited much remark; more than it otherwise would have done, from the fact that the city was the home of S,—the theatre of brilliant successes to him, as well as the arena of gloomy reverses.—The lines were delicate, tender and sensuously sweet, and seemed to touch a chord in every heart, which vibrated the longer on account of the associations connected with the history of their composer.—"Poor S."—"Beautiful lines"—"sweet poetry."—"Poor S." again, was upon almost every tongue, connected with some little anecdote of good or ill-fortune, which S. became the subject of.

We had never seen "S." One morning about this time we saw a man of fine appearance, intellectual cast of countenance, and graceful action, with his hat off, standing in the midst of a crowd, at one of the principal corners—declaiming in a finished style of elocution from one of the most pathetic monologues of mad "Hamlet." We were told it was "poor S." He was intoxicated, and from the store-house of a richly furnished memory, was rolling out at random those treasures that had made him once so rich in apt quotations.

Was it not a pitiable sight?

Once he had been the Nestor of the Southern press, and with Mr. Ritchie had been almost the only man in the whole Union that could give pathos to a political article. Once he had but to speak, and the whole phalanx of southern democratic editors wheeled into "*column.*" His editorial dicta were the political axiom tests of his State, while neighboring States yielded to the sway of his opinions—and now, there he stood—not the jest, but the melancholy central object of a crowd, that looked on and pitied; casting his pearls, not before swine, but under foot of men. A sad picture of genius debased—a heart benumbing scene that drew tears from more than one eye.

Through association—another incident that left its impress upon one of memory's sheets—brings itself into view.

It was in one of the villages of a southern State. A statesman—an honored Senator—had to address a large audience next day, and had retired to his room, where several of his friends still lingered.—and it was handed him, [illegible] for him, down the page, it fell upon something which made him give an involuntary start, followed by a scarcely perceptible shudder, or nearly concealed tremor, as if the *statesman* attempted to subdue and conceal the feelings and sympathies of the *man*. The man mastered and the tears welling up in his eye, trembled there for a moment, and coursed down his cheek. He intimated to us the reception through the paper of news from the West, which brought information of the death of a protegé of his—a son of poor S.,—who had rapidly risen to the rank of a Colonel in the army, and had been massacred by the Indians in Oregon. We left him alone to his grief.

Here three pictures of the vanity of life present themselves.

A man who has once revelled in success, fared sumptuously every day, seen his opinions become edicts—once a leading politician, and always a poet, in wild delirium, become the centre of a street throng.

A son of his on the threshold of fame; the honour of his country and his own ambition before him—with talents and energy enough to win distinction in the field he had chosen, laid low by the tomahawk of the relentless savage.

A statesman, arrested in the plenitude of his popularity by just such bosom pangs as sometimes wring the hearts of the humblest of us, and left by admiring friends, to seek in intercourse with the Deity that soothing which they could not impart.

Reader, is there not a lesson here?

"All is vanity, saith the preacher."

EDITORIAL LEVITIES.

"Turkey is struggling to pay its debt."—*Exchange.*

That debt has been paid; we saw a "*turkey*" pay it on Thanksgiving day. It was the debt of nature.

"The daughter of Gen. Rosas married a Spaniard at Southampton lately."

The daughter of Hans Eichiensteineirgraeinstieneirbergherr was married to a "Deuchter" at Northampton, shortly. The happy bridegroom's name was Haeleherhbefleinerneinhermixtbetzeleaffur, and *she* changed her name because her family name was too long.

What man's name is that, which by the addition of one letter becomes a woman's? An answer desired from some reader of the *Post.*

"Ben Johnson was originally a bricklayer."

We know a good many Johnsons who were originally "pipelayers." They do say Gov. Johnston of Pennsylvania, used to work at that trade.

"A Montrose paper notices the death of a noted admirer of Burns." Wonder if his admiration took him too near the fire. We don't see how any one can admire "*burns.*"

"It is said Mrs. Trollope has just published a 'new novel,' characterized by curiously confected scandals." We object to the use of "new" and "novels" in the quotation above; novels of a scandalous character, are nothing new from her pen. Moreover, scandal from her, has ceased to be "novel," no matter how "confected."

About twenty novels have sprung up like the lean kind in Pharoah's dream, to devour that *one fat* one of Mrs. Stowe. Mrs. S. has gone over the field and left the stubble, so far as the profits are concerned. Those who bought Mrs. S.'s work didn't care for the truth; those who are disposed to, know it already, without purchasing the replies.

"There is a great demand," says a Yankee pedlar, "for a species of plaster which will enable gentlemen to stick to their business." There is also a great demand for a "plaster," that will enable "Yankee pedlars" and others to stick to the truth. We proffer the receipt gratis; it is to be found in the 9th commandment.

BEAUTIFUL HYMN.

The following has often caught our ear as among the most musically melodious specimens of poetry every written in our language. No tolerable reader can peruse it without being charmed with the music that dwells in the mere word placing. Read well, with proper emphasis, and accent, it is delightful:—

Hark to the solemn bell,
Mournfully pealing!
What do its wailings tell,
On the ear stealing?
Seem they not thus to say,
Loved ones have passed away?
Ashes with ashes lay,
List to its pealing.

Earth is all vanity,
False as 'tis fleeting;
Grief is in all its joy,
Smiles with tears meeting;
Youth's brightest hopes decay,
Pass like morn's gems away,
Too fair on earth to stay,
Where all is fleeting.

When in their lonely bed,
Loved ones are lying;
When joyful wings are spread,
To heaven flying;
Would we to sin and pain,
Call back their souls again,
Weave round their hearts the chain
Severed in dying?

No, dearest Jesus, no;
To thee their Saviour,
Let their free spirits go,
Ransomed for ever:
Heirs of unending joy,
Theirs is the victory;
Thine let the glory be,
Now and for ever.

Some captious critics affect to believe that there is no beauty in hymns. How often in "*profane*" poetry do they find anything so sweetly and softly beautiful as that? It sounds like the soul strain of a christian poet, improvising a funeral chime upon the most delicate toned vesper bells.

Written for the Southern Weekly Post.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

BY DR. COWPER.

Can this be death? Then what is life or death?
"Speak!" but he spoke not: "Wake!" but still he slept:
But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?
A thousand warriors by his word were kept
In awe: he said as the centurion saith,
"Go" and he goeth; "Come" and forth he stepp'd.
The trump and bugle till he spake were dumb
And now!! nought left him but the muffled drum.

BYRON.

A sun of intellect has forever set—the marked mind and master-spirit of the Age has left us—the greatest of men has descended to the tomb—a thousand halls are hung with crape and millions mourn!! A mighty republic has lost its brightest ewel—a sister State, an immortal son—the Senate, a shining statesman—the constitution, an able defender—the Cabinet, an illustrious associate—Law, an able advocate—Liberty, a tried friend—Eloquence, an orator—a devoted wife, an affectionate husband—a loving son, an attached father—society, a rich endearment—the world a god-like man!!!

Behold! a promising child is born: that youthful star of this western sphere is seen steadily to rise; its expanding light dispels each adverse cloud—its genius brightness attracts every anxious eye—increasing grandeur swells to a meridian sun—onward, upward, its rays are those of life, of love and profit to all mankind. Myriads look upon its brilliancy—its influence spreads over the inhabitable globe, civilized mind and the united human heart; and travelling throughout its destined course it goes down calmly and leaves behind an unfading memory of its brilliant setting! And such was Daniel Webster. Such the career of him who so and ever will be his fame! The nation deeply mourns the loss of so great a man. Born in a republic, and designed by God to become illustrious, he fulfilled the grand destiny his Maker marked out. Endowed by nature with talents superior, gifted with a mind unsurpassed in time, ancient or modern, inspired with genius and versed in philosophy, he lighted up a world with his wisdom, and awakened by his eloquence the attention of listening senates and slumbering millions. Commanding, dignified, he had a face, a form, a frame, that arrested the eye of every beholder; and the splendor of his intellect was equalled alone by the exalted sentiments of his own good heart.

Manly and exalted, he represented not the delicate tints of the rainbow or tissue of the white lilly; but a gigantic oak towering towards heaven, and spreading its foliage wing, and deep-rooted in the earth no storm so severe as to destroy the majesty of its bearing. Profound in literature, and versed in the classics, he was the brilliant scholar as well as the distinguished politician. Educated for the Bar, he was no less illustrious in agriculture than in the halls of justice. Eloquent in defence of the rights of his country, and touchingly pathetic whilst appealing to congregated thousands; yet truly sublime in oratory when around the fire-side of his home conversing with select friends. Look at him in whatsoever light you desire, and still you shall behold him grand in all his resources, brilliant in all positions—great in capacity. He was one of those men whom the gods make immortal—one of those men whose names shall never die—a great, grand, glorious original upon whose head the hands of Providence have rested and showered blessings—a magnificent human light placed on this earth to instruct humanity; and to exhibit to a world the superiority of mind and the certainty of a divinity above us.

Whether we view him at the Bar pleading in thunder tones of eloquence successfully for his anxious client—whether we see him in the learned Senate chamber with brightening eye, moving jesture, imposing look, diving deep into questions of mighty import to his beloved country—whether we see him enwraped in solitary thought alone in the Cabinet directing the whole powers of his mighty mind upon a principle involved in the Law of nations—whether in joyous mood in the festive hall amidst the beautiful and fair—whether at Marshfield gazing upon his waving fields, his productive crops, upon the most noble forest, the vast plain, the towering mountains or the wide spread ocean roaring at his feet, or out in the solemnity of night with christian admiration witnessing the works of his God, the fullgrown moon rising slowly from the sea, or countless stars that stud the golden face of heaven, or yet still higher, nobler, holier, with Bible in hand reading the beauties of Job or the sublime passages of the Psalms—indeed, whenever we see, whenever we veiw, however, we behold Daniel Webster, we discover in the man true greatness of mind, exaltation of soul. There was about him that peculiar something that tells as if by instinct, and to see him, to hear him, to know him, would be but quickly to pronounce him, the greatest of living mean!

Illustrious and immortal man! He had not the smiles of rich fortune to assist him—he had not favors of friends to herald his fame! No; he asked for them not. With firm resolve and determined will he went forth scorning alike opulence and friendship; and trusting to the mighty genius which fell upon him from on high he marched onward through every opposing tide to glory and to name! What though the clouds enveloped him, his transcendant genius could penetrate and see beyond them the bright and cheering sun! What though trials and adversity began with him in early life, he resolved to dislodge them, and they were gone. He towered alone his fellow-men as a mountain high above its companion-mountains; and his name is written on a place in his country's history where age after age, generation after generation, admiring men may look from every land; and still see shining in unclouded splendor. He comes to us dressed not in the warrior's garb; and no blaze of battle, no bloody victory proclaims his dazzling deeds. No; his field of action was the sphere of mind—his glowing triumphs were of heaven-descended intellect; and greater than a Cæsar or a Bonaparte, he ruled men and nations not by sword and cannons; but by wisdom, reason, sense! Eloquent in speech, his sentiments chaste, striking and forcible, imaginative if needful, strong, concise, to the point in debate, he could picture with beauty, reason with philosophy, and sweep before him all argumentative opposition. His mind was as comprehensive as the world is wide—as profound as the sea is deep, elastic as the very air he breathes. His patriotism and love of country as undoubted as the existence of his God, and his genuine genius as bright as the sun that illumines the heavens.—His name resounded in foreign lands as loudly as in his own; and his brilliant fame rode upon the swift wings of the winds and was borne to the remotest parts of the earth. Kings and crowns trembled at his influence; and tyranny and despotism received from his hands the severest strokes. Liberty, human liberty was with him a glowing theme; and he rejoiced in the progress of freedom. He upheld the oppressed, he scorned governments opposed to human rights, and his silver tongue pleaded in golden language and in strains of angel sweetness for the rights and privileges of down trodden lands. In his own republic to whom she is so much indebted for her existing greatness, he stood a collosean grandeur. When war threatend, or fierce hostilities actually existed, the eyes of all citizens were upon him, trusting to his judgment and sustained by his wisdom. And when internal strife and political excitement were arousing man against man, citizen against citizen, and brother against brother, throughout the length and breadth of this land. How magnanimous were his efforts! How patriotic and disinterested his energies! What mighty ability and power did he exhibit in the defence of the constitution and the Union! Noble man! Forgetting all private interests, discarding all selfish ends—he threw the immensity of his mind and the splendor of his eloquence in the hallowed cause of his weeping country; and, enlightening his people, dispelling the dark clouds that were obscuring the blue sky of her prosperity, he caused the sword of civil war to be returned to its sheath, the sun of security to come out from the mist, the stars and the stripes to rise still higher, and quietude and peace, and harmony and love to pervade in every American breast!! Magnanimous act of a most magnanimous man! Never was the character of Daniel Webster more beautifully exemplified than in that eventful time. Never will a grateful republic cease to remember the majesty of his mind, the loftiness of his patriotism, the elegance of his oratory, or goodness of his heart.—Never shall the proud recollections of his untiring activity in the common cause of liberty and his native land fade from the memory of his devoted fellow-countrymen; and whilst an American has a mind—whilst an American has a heart, shall the splendid deeds and majestic greatness of the eternal Webster be fresh and green; time will but add brighter lustre to his fame—and when this race and the monuments of the present day—when we shall have mouldered in the grave, and the centuries shall have crumbled into dust, the works now existing men—the polished name of this illustrious statesman, orator, and defender of our country, shall be read in shining letters high upon the front of the magnificent temple of American liberty. His commanding statue shall stop the millions passing by, and he shall live the wonder of his age, the admiration of eternity.

"He alone
Remains unshaken. Rising he displays
His god-like presence. Dignity and grace
With his frame and manly beauty join'd
Sublimest virtue, and desire of fame
Where justice gives the laurel; in his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The soul of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death."

Republics are grateful. Republics will honor merit; and a grateful people will ever cherish those who have lived for human good and whose lives have faithfully been devoted to the interest, honor and glory of their country. The true patriot delights to praise the illustrious characters of eminent men; and the upright mind and feeling heart will never hesitate to accord to such as deserve esteem and fond remembrance, those qualities of intellect and virtue which shine so clearly in the brilliant course. 'Tis true, nothing can be spoken—nought can be written, no talent however bright shall add a single plume to the cap of fame of Webster. No; his glory is his own—his reputation needs not the pen, the orator, the historian, the marble or statue. He has written his own fame his deeds of living light upon the present and the future time. The world is aware of his ability—the world well knows the man! But still the weeping, mourning, bereaved country loves to dwell upon his excellencies, loves to hear her assembling citizens proclaim his greatness; and they will ever be found willing and ready to do honor to the gifted dead, whose entire lives have been devoted to her service—whose entire energies have been directed to her welfare! Yes, this very moment thousands throughout this republic—may I not say throughout the world—are silently dwelling upon his name; and many are the prayers commending his spirit to him who gave it. Yes, the youthful and the aged—the blushing maiden and the beloved boy. The affectionate father and tender mother, the citizen and the slave, all, all, have heard and felt the loss of one so great, so grand! He shall be an example for the scholar in his midnight study—he shall be a beacon of light to his fellow men, awakening a desire to be like him enthroned in the hearts of his country-men. He will serve as a splendid sign high upon a tower, directing humanity to fame—he shall be as a high cloud by day or as a pillar of fire in darkness—as a lighthouse on the sea to call the lost mariner in from the storm and safely conduct him to happiness and peace.—Yes, the sire shall teach his prattling child to lisp his name, the widowed mother shall stimulate her only son, the hope of her declining years, to follow on and be one like him—the aspiring student, the fresh-made lawyer, the politicians, the beginning orator, the young men of this wide-spread republic will with united action take him as a guide; that may the brightness of his deeds, the splendor of his talents, the greatness of the man, arouse them so, that at a distant period, they may exclaim to the generation, having arisen to honor, and tell to the world that through the influence of the example of the magnificent Webster: "I thus have ascended!!"

Yes, he has gone to the silent tomb! He has run his race, and left behind him a stream of intellectual light upon an admiring universe. The cy-