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LEGISLATURE OF VERMONT.

ADDRESSES
ON THE DEATH OF
DANIEL WEBSTER,
In the House of Representatives, October 26, 1852

BY HON. WM. C. BRADLEY, OF WESTMINSTER.

After alluding to his Excellency's message, and the adjournment of the previous day, Mr Bradley proceeded as follows:

Born in the same year and but nine weeks from each other, and living in contiguous states, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr WEBSTER in early life. We entered together the twelfth Congress, summoned by Mr Madison to provide for the exigencies of the war with Great Britain. Whatever may be said of their predecessors, no such Congress has ever sat since. It seemed as it each state, except perhaps our own, had there collected the elite of its talent and poured it into the Capitol.—To say nothing of the giants of the Senate, the House of Representatives was filled with a host of able men, at the head of whom on one side stood Clay, Lowndes, Cheves, Calhoun, Grundy and Forsyth—they are named in the order in which they took rank in the House,—on the other side were Pickering, Benson, Stockton, Gaston, Grosvenor and Hanson. These noble bands have wholly disappeared, except Mr Cheves, who probably owes his surviving to his early withdrawal from the exhausting labors of congressional life, although every way qualified to fill and adorn any station. It was among these statesmen that Mr WEBSTER appeared, and, although a new member, and but thirty years of age, immediately took his station as a leader. Sir, we may say what we please about phrenology and physiognomy, but it does seem to me as if the Great Author of our being was sometimes pleased to stamp upon the countenance of man, made in his image, some portion of his own divinity; and I appeal to any one who ever saw WEBSTER in public life, whether he was not struck at once by the indications of power contained in his very look. He spoke, if my memory serves me, but seldom, at considerable intervals, and although in his last public appearance he was pleased, looking at his later and mightier efforts, to treat his speeches of that day, which really laid the foundation of his fame, rather slightly, yet those who heard them will never lose the impression which they made. He remained a member until the close of Madison's administration, when, pressed by the necessity of providing for his growing family, he returned to the practice of his profession in his native state; but finding it to be incommensurate with the exigencies of his situation, he removed to Boston, where a vacancy occurred on the decease of Samuel Dexter. How well he filled it, our books of jurisprudence abundantly prove. While thus successfully engaged, a new state of things arose. During the war, the foreign commerce of the Union had been almost annihilated, our merchant ships were lying in the docks, and to supply the wants of the people, factories of some kind or other had been established broadcast over the land. When peace came, the vessels darted from every port; the commerce of the country spread with new vigor in to every clime; immense importations of merchandize took place, and the infant manufactures were almost crushed. In this way a complete antagonism was created between the mercantile and manufacturing interests, and it was well understood that WEBSTER was the champion of the former, and CLAY of the latter. Both were again returned, as well—pardon the egotism—as myself,—to the House in the last Congress during Mr Monroe's administration. Those great men were there pitted against each other, and then broke out that rivalry which was never really extinguished, until lately, in the grave. Sir, it was a sublime spectacle to see those two commanding minds, day after day, and week after week, contending over the tariff bill of 1824, traveling over the whole science of political economy, and exhausting every art of logic or eloquence, in an almost balanced house. Seven times the bill hung on the casting vote of the chair, but at last Mr CLAY prevailed, and it was passed. The policy of the government became changed—Mr WEBSTER gracefully yielded to the alteration, and two years afterwards, when he took the lead of the house, the tariff again came up,—and he supported it on grounds directly opposite to those he had taken before. There are those who have never ceased to reproach Mr Webster with inconsistency in this respect; but, sir, it seems to me that there is a distinction which is too often overlooked or forgotten. When a man betrays a principle vital to the interests of the Republic, and which he had maintained before, he is wholly unfit for any public trust whatever; but when his change is a mere yielding to expediency, it is a different thing altogether. Tariffs are of necessity always matters of expediency, and an unchanging one would, in time, defeat itself. If the future historian shall have no heavier charge of this nature to lay against Daniel Webster—I think his record will be fair and his fame well bear it—nay, he may be found entitled to high praise for having supported a policy which reconciled the jarring elements and so much advanced the material interests of his country.

Mr B. then adverted to Mr Webster's first appearance in the Senate, and to his famous contest with Col. Hayne. The ancestor of that gentleman, said Mr B., a highly esteemed man, and, I think, an officer in the revolutionary army, was captured by some of Tarleton's troops, and barbarously and disgracefully hanged.—The memory of the atrocity sank deep into the heart of South Carolina, and his descendant became her petted child. Well did he justify the predilection—for he was a gentleman of lofty attainments, unspotted honor and an accomplished orator. When he made his appeal to the Senate in behalf of his struggling native State, his splendid eloquence would have made a lasting impression, had he met with a less formidable antagonist. But he sank under the ponderous blows of Mr Webster, and secession became at once utterly powerless.

From this time the deceased debator remained in the Senate—an unmatchable athlete—until he was called into the Department of State by Gen. Harrison, and this brings me to a transaction more immediately affecting ourselves. When he entered the Cabinet, the northern boundaries of four States, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and part of New York, were unsettled, and had remained so from the days of the revolution. There had been various attempts at adjustment, and my once feeble services had been required by the government, but I must confess without much hope on my own part—for, when President Monroe, on his tour, visited his predecessor, the venerable John Adams at Quincy, the aged patriot expressed a belief that the question would not be settled, because he had found it the most difficult to arrange, and the British Ministry more pertinacious on that point than on all others in forming the treaty of 1783. The claim of the United States was strong on the side of Maine and New Hampshire, but terribly weak on that of Vermont and New York, having no better foundation than a survey, confessedly incorrect, made of a portion of the line previous to the American revolution. The opposite party was desperately resolved on securing a passage between New Brunswick and Quebec, and the rights of Maine were too clear to be surrendered without her consent. We failed; and the failure was no reproach where Gallatin and Livingston could not succeed. The two nations were on the eve of an outbreak, when the English Ministry deputed Lord Ashburton, a highly respected nobleman, but more conversant with commerce than national law, to confer with the American Secretary, who was fully versed in every branch of the question. No one can doubt the triumphant superiority the latter would have exhibited in the controversy, had it been carried on according to the, until then, received maxims of diplomacy; but he laid aside all pride of talent, and consented to meet his adversary in a frank and unreserved manner and try to arrange the difficulty on the broad principle of mutual benefit. They succeeded, and the signature of Daniel Webster gave to Vermont ninety square miles of territory.

This done, he returned again to the Senate, where he remained untill called to his former post by the present Chief Magistrate; and it was thence that, determined as ever to make his mark on the history of his country, by collecting the expressions of national feeling which had burst out from time to time, and combining them with his own inbred patriotism, he embodied the whole in the nervous and dignified language of which he was so consummate a master, and fulminated to Austria that famous manifesto of American principles which has vibrated through every throne in Europe.

Here, Mr. Speaker, the recentness of the transactions and the delicacy of the subjects admonishes me to pause. It is not my purpose to rake open the embers of party spirit, or to utter a word which could disturb the unanimity of our grief. When the prophet was taken to Heaven, his deserted companion saw only the chariot of fire and the horsemen of Israel, and on this occasion I would have eyes for nothing but the glories of Daniel Webster. Less I cannot say in justice to myself. There may be those who, looking to former opposition, may think that, notwithstanding our friendly relations in private life, I have already said too much. To such I answer, that old as I am, when my heart becomes too contracted to swell at the manifestation of talent, worth and greatness, may it cease to beat. Were I, being in a state of safety, to look upon the lion roaming in his native haunts, and to behold his firm and regal tread,—the majesty of his countenance, his large calm eye filled with the expression of conscious power,—how could I withhold my admiration? If he was afterwards seen by me breaking out of bounds, and scattering desolation and misery abroad, should I be inconsistent in declaring my abhorrence? But when the shaft of the Mighty Hunter had laid him low—dead prostrate before me, and, I look'd upon his great and noble proportions, and the symmetry of his make, I must feel that he was indeed created Monarch of the forest. So, it has never been permitted me to cease admiring and bearing witness to the great things of Daniel Webster; and if it can soothe his mighty spirit to have a political adversary twine the expression round his tomb, I freely offer myself to bear to his memory a tribute which I trust will be also in unison with the feelings of the whole House.

Mr B. then offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That this House has learned with deep sorrow the death of the eminent jurist, legislator and statesman, Daniel Webster, whose labors in the forum, the Senate, and the cabinet, have honored and adorned his country and carried its celebrity beyond the limits of our language. Vermont, in particular, owes him a debt of gratitude for having by his able, frank and manly bearing in a difficult negotiation, completed and established her boundary, and she now gives utterance to her sympathy with the nation and with his bereaved family for the loss of so great a man.

MR. BARRETT OF MIDDLEBURY.

Mr. Speaker,—I rise, with emotions such as I have never before felt on any other occasion, to add a word to the very appropriate remarks to which the House has just listened with so much attention and sensibility. DANIEL WEBSTER has passed away forever from the earth. In the quiet seclusion at Marshfield, whither he had gone to seek refuge from the assaults of disease and from the consuming cares of state, the inevitable destroyer has overtaken him, and that godlike spirit has no longer a mortal habitation. Sudden and mournfully thrilling was the news that reached us, but two or three days since that he was rapidly sinking under a fatal malady. We ventured to hope that even yet there might be relief.—We dreaded to hear the worst. The intelligence has proved but too true.—He who, but a brief time since, was the most illustrious of living orators and statesman—the greatest of men whose fame filled the world, and whose intellectual sway was felt through an illimitable domain has completed his sublunary work, and his erect, majestic form

> "The all beholding sun shall see no more
> In all his course."

Mr. Webster, in the full consciousness of his situation, met his fate with heroic and gentle composure. Though suffering, at times, exquisite pain, he remained tranquil—firm and collected of soul—until he breathed his last.

> "Like a shadow thrown
> Softly and sweetly from a passing cloud,
> Death fell upon him."

The light of a Sabbath morning broke calmly in upon that desolate chamber as his spirit ascended to Him who gave it.

It is not my purpose, Mr Speaker, to attempt to rehearse the history of this illustrious man, or to pronounce his eulogy. With the principal acts of his life all are familiar. Born of a hardy stock, among the rugged wilds of New Hampshire,—of ancestors whose blood had freely flowed in the patriotic struggles of uprising freedom, and whose immediate progenitor (it may well be recollected by Vermonters) was a prominent actor in the decisive revolutionary battle of Bennington,—he won his way, through life's many vicissitudes and through all the trials incident to his condition in life, to a renown the most exalted and enduring. As a lawyer, a scholar, a man of letters, an orator and a statesman, he ranks with the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen. In our country, he is known at every fireside, his words "as familiar as household words"—and his fame extends through all lands.

Mr. Webster entered public life at the commencement of the war of 1812, as a representative in Congress from New Hampshire, from which time, with the exception of six years spent in the practice of his profession, at Boston, from 1816 to 1822, and two or three years in retirement, after his withdrawal from the cabinet in 1812, his whole life has been passed in public positions—in the House, the Senate, and the Cabinet—in all these stations, his powers of massive and comprehensive intellect stood unrivalled. His speeches on the Greek question, in 1823 and 1824; his reply to Hayne, Jan. 26, 1830; his debates with Mr Calhoun, on Nullification, in 1833; his speech on the Compromise measures, March 7, 1850; his letters to Chevalier Hulsemann, in the same year; and his many other renowned efforts, in a more popular sphere, among which His addresses at Plymouth in 1820, and at Bunker Hill in 1825 are pre-eminent,—are as lasting monuments of his services and success during this active period.

The loss of such a man, who far surpassed all others in his knowledge of our foreign policy and skill in its management and who so well understood the application of the principles of our government in all their relations to freedom everywhere, is indeed, at such a time irreparable. Of that illustrious four—ADAMS, CALHOUN, CLAY, WEBSTER—so long associated in their patriotic labors—the last is now gone: gone in the full maturity of years and fame. The resplendent sun is set.

How fitting it is now to recall that ever memorable prayer, which closed the greatest perhaps of all his efforts in the Senate, the reply to Mr. Hayne, twenty years since—now so fully answered! "When my eyes, said he shall be turned to behold for the last time may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feud, or drenched, it may be in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored through the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth?' Nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first, and Union afterwards;' but every where, spread out in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, *Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!*

The last words uttered by Mr Webster,—when, but a few hours before his death he arousing from a lethargic slumber, his countenance again lighted up with its wonted glow of genius and intellectual might, and the consciousness of existence once more beamed full upon his inner sense—were "I STILL LIVE!" Memorable dying words!—Appropriate to the last earthly hour of a man like him! In the rich inheritance of glory and greatness left behind him, Webster still lives, and will live forever. From the expressions of his last days, let us confidently hope, too that as a Christian spirit, in a world of higher and holier life, Webster STILL LIVES.

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Life in New York.

The editor of the New York Times gives the following graphic picture of life in New York.

"Where do they live, this ever moving throng of human beings?—That woman, covered with rags and filth, with a sick child in each arm, so sad and hopelessly miserable, does not live any where in particular.—Last night her home was in an open cart in Canal-st. When the rain descended so copiously on Saturday night, she crept under a piazza in Crosby-st. Where she will sleep to-night, she knows no better than you. If her little ones could go with her, she would thankfully receive orders to be at home in the burying place on Ward's Island.

"That wretched ruffian's home is in a loft over a stable. He don't know any of his fellow lodgers except the one he met on Blackwell's Island, and they have not spoken together. Last night he gave a sixpence to the woman whose child was moaning for a piece of bread; that furnished the first gleam of comfort he has seen for a month.

"That newsboy lives on Water-st. He pays rent for a room on the fifth floor, and they have Croton in the room. His mother goes out to washing, and so they live in comfort until the father returns from sea to abuse his wife, and drink up the little balance she has saved to give him on returning.

"That man with the hairy upper lip, and the general exterior of a musician, has a parlor in a genteel neighborhood. Fine engravings adorn its walls, and some little dirt defiles the handsome carpet. In his stew pan he stews his meat, boils his coffee, and heats the water wherewith to shave his lower lip. He keeps bachelor's hall, is independent and lonesome, a good deal envied, and a good deal wondered about.

"That dandy lives at a boarding house. He drinks water out of goblets, and for the elegant crockery pays several dollars more a week, although it does not make the chicken tenderer, nor the beef sweet. He discusses the morning news with heartless acquaintance, and goes on well enough until he falls sick. We must not contemplate that contingency."

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Whatever situation in life you ever wish or propose for yourself, acquire a clear and lucid idea of the inconveniences attending it.

Duties to the Departed

A false, sad notion has injured many, that we owe it to departed friends to die to those who remain, to die to our race, to feed on dark pictures of life, to reject the blessings which our kind Father has strewed in our path, because some have been taken away from us. It ought to be the influence of bereavement of the banished loved ones from our sight, to give us more reverence and quickening conception of the spiritual nature of the undying soul of that futurity through which our faculties and affections are to expand into divine life and facility; and under this hope we should desire to enter a nobler field of action, now the departed have gone to see, to love and serve the Infinite Father with a new fervor and elevation of spirit—and we strive to sympathise with them by participation in their progress. We are apt to feel as if nothing we could do on earth bears a relation to what the good are doing in a higher world; but it is not so. Heaven and earth are not so far apart. Every disinterested act, every sacrifice to duty, firm exertion for "one of the least of Christ's children," every new insight into God's works, every new impulse given to the love of truth and goodness, associates us with the departed, brings us nearer to them, and is as truly heavenly as if we were in a home upon earth, but in heaven. These are common truths, but we do not feel them. The spirit and the better part of the departed is not far removed. Our union with them daily grows stronger, if we die more, to us as well as they are growing.

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A Beautiful Picture.

Life is beautifully compared to a fountain fed by a thousand streams, that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord, twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Frail and thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers, which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they almost all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the mouldering tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitution by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life are impregnated with death; health is made to operate its own destruction; the food that nourishes contains the element of decay; the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this is the truth so palpably confirmed by daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it at heart! We see our friends and neighbors among us, but how seldom does it occur to our thoughts that our knell shall perhaps give the next fruitless warning to the world!

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Half pound an up town grocer and provision dealer, had a customer who used to come now and then and buy a lb. of sugar, (profit on it 1-4 of a cent) or a two cent candle, and he never missed taking an apple fig, or a bunch of raisins; in fact, anything that came sort of handy, was a grist to his mill. Half-pound bought some pears on speculation, each looking as luminous as a juvenile quash, and as lusciously tempting as the pouting lips of a voluptuous 'cousin' to a poetical *genus*, or a gold sun boulder to a dying miser. Nibbler no sooner saw the pears than he managed to levy one—dead loss to Half-pound, four cents! A day or two afterwards, Nibbler came in again, the big yellow pears were gone, but there sat a small basket full of such rich, rusty looking little peaches, that he seized a top one and clapped it into his capacious mouth—he gave it a *quash*—his eyes danced—his face puckered—his teeth shone, and such a spitting spattering as he made was nauseating to the mere looker on. Half-pound ran to the sufferer and inquired the matter.—The nibbler could only spit and point to—them peaches!

'Oh! good gracious!' says Halfpound 'them's only imitations, made of soap!'

'Soap' says Nibbler, 'and the nastiest soap I ever did hear tell of of, too!'

The cure was effectual. Nibbler seems to have smelled a rat, as well as got a taste of 'yellow soap' for Halfpound hasn't seen him for three weeks.—*Yankee Blade.*

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The Portland Advertiser says that at a camp meeting at Bethel lately, it was noticed that some 'New Testaments,' which were hawked about near the camp grounds, sold rapidly, especially to the unconverted, and it turned out that they were "earthen vessels" in the form of books filled with liquor.

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One of the most important female qualities is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to woman insinuation and persuasion in order to be superious; it did not give them a sweet voice to be employed in scolding.

Noble Sentiment

This is an agreeable world after all. If we would only bring ourselves to look at the subjects around us in their true light, we should see beauty where we behold deformity, and listen to harmony where we hear nothing but discord. To be sure there is a great deal of vexation and anxiety to meet; we cannot sail on a summer coast for ever, yet if we preserve a calm eye and steady hand, we can so trim our sails and manage our helm, as to avoid the quicksands and weather the storms that threaten shipwreck. We are members of one great family, we are traveling the same road, and will arrive in the same goal. We breathe the same air, are subject to the same bounty, and we shall lie down upon the bosom of our common mother. It is not becoming, then, that brother should hate brother; it is not proper that friend should deceive friend; it is not right that neighbor should deceive neighbor. We pity that man who can harbor enmity against his fellow; he loses half the enjoyment of life; he embitters his own existence. Let us tear from our eyes the colored medium that invests every object with the green hue of jealousy and suspicion, and turn a deaf ear to scandal; breathe the spirit of charity from our hearts; let the rich gushings of human kindness swell up as a fountain, so that the golden age will be no fiction, and islands of the blessed bloom in more than Hyperion beauty.

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A LAST LOOK.—There is a feeling that resembles death in the last glance we are ever to bestow on a loved object. The girl you have treasured in your secret heart, as she passes by on her wedding-day, it may be—happy and blissful—lifts up her laughing eyes, the sealed of her own light heart, and leaves in that look darkness and desolation to you forever. The boy your father-spirit has clung to, like the very light of your existence, waves his hand from the quarter-deck as the gigantic ship bends to over the breeze; the wind is playing through the locks your hand so fondly has smoothed; the tears have dimmed his eyes—for mark, he moves his fingers over them—and this is a last look.

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PLEASANT SURPRISE.—A French paper states, that a well-preserved widow in Paris recently married a youthful poet. After the wedding she took him aside, and in a penitential tone, begged his forgiveness for having deceived him in declaring that her income amounted to two thousand dollars a year. 'And you haven't it?' asked the poet—adding, after a moment, 'well, it's of no consequence—don't trouble your head about such a trifle!' 'But you misunderstand me,' said the bride. 'I only misstated the amount—it is twenty thousand.' The account states that the poet pardoned her the other way with equal facility!

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ONIONS AND ROSES.—Onions do not, certainly, add to the sweetness of a lady's breath, though, in fact they really add to the fragrance of flowers. Let our lady readers plant a large onion near a rose bush, so as to touch its roots, and our word for it, it will wonderfully increase the odor of the flowers. The water distilled from those roses would be far superior to any other. This is strange but true.

WISDOM OF TOWN LADIES.—'Pa, why don't you buy a hen, so we can have all the eggs we want.?'

'My dear, one hen would'nt lay all the eggs we want.'

'Why, yes it would, Pa, we only use a dozen eggs a day, and a good hen would certainly lay that many.'

—Always be as witty as you can with your parting bow—your last speech it be one remembered.

An Irishman being asked why he left his country for America, said: 'It was not for want; I had plenty of that at home.'

A dogmatist in religion is not a great way off from a bigot.

A Scotch Political Economist being asked the meaning of metaphysics, explained it as follows:—'When a party who listens dinna ken what the party who speaks means, and the party who speaks dinna ken what he means himself—that is metaphysics.'

John's wife and John were tete a tete: She witty was, industrious he; Says John, 'I've earned the bread we've ate.' 'And I,' says she, 'have earn'd the tea.'

If you want to be popular or successful—it is only the winning horse that meets with encouraging shouts, and yet he is the only horse that don't stand in need of them.—Now men are just like horses, only more so; if you "go in," therefore, go in to win.

It is useless to look forward to a future state of prosperity, if the present be not occupied toward laying up the foundation of it. Men cling to a distant hope, and reject a progressive certainty.