

**DANIEL WEBSTER: A  
RHYMED EULOGY**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649248803

Daniel Webster: A Rhymed Eulogy by Mrs. J. Ermina Locke

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**MRS. J. ERMINA LOCKE**

**DANIEL WEBSTER: A  
RHYMED EULOGY**



⊙

“ DANIEL WEBSTER; ”

▲

**Rhymed Eulogy.**

BY

Jane (Sturtevant)  
MRS. J. ERMINA LOCKE.

---

BOSTON AND CAMBRIDGE:  
JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

MDCCLIV.

“ 1854 ”

91m  
#15-79

~~7392-58~~  
U.S. 5023, 139 24 March 1890.  
copy  
of R. S. Hill  
17  
Boston.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1893, by  
JAMES MUNROE & COMPANY,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

THURSTON, HOBBS, AND EVERTSON, PRINTERS.

## Dedication.

Him greatest now, most reverently I name,  
And beckon back from his proud height of Fame,  
E'en him, of Blackstone revelator free,  
With word of Wisdom, heart all Poetry,  
To pause a moment in the valley deep,  
While I my humble Lyre presumptuous sweep,  
To loftiest theme — yet one his mastery showed  
So rapturing, that 't was the theme most loved,  
Most worthy of him ; — thus his honored ear,  
I wake in audience to my numbers here,  
Unworthy of it, though perchance they seem, —  
The tribute finds excuse e'en doubly in the theme.





## DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE gurgling streamlet by the mountain winds,  
Beneath the rose the violet shelter finds ;  
Or where o'er Alps the cloud's dim curtains play  
When morn doth robe herself to wed the day ;  
The tiny bird swift darts with timid wings,  
And to majestic Jura boldly clings.  
And who shall say that Jura is less fair,  
That the light-plumèd thrush doth shadow there ;  
Or, that the rose is less the queen of flowers,  
Because the violet nestles in its bowers ;  
Or, the bold mountain towering to the sky  
Is less a miracle for streamlets by,  
Washing its regal foot, and wiping too  
With many a verdure gift the scattered dew ?  
Or does the sun shine less when sinking down  
The stars presumptuous come to set his crown ?  
So, is the mighty even less in night,  
Because his shadow fills the weak one's sight ?  
The Heaven-inspired with wisdom less divine,  
That feeble ones bend thick around his shrine ?

In short, was he we've named e'en less a god  
Because a humble Lyre leans on his sod?  
Or his bold brow the less like that of Jove,  
In that the wreath it wore pale fingers wove?  
Or, is the shout of Fame less welcome heard,  
Because an unskilled minstrel's strings have stirred  
To its loud echo, gathering through the land  
Volume and strength till the round globe it spanned? —  
Then come, my timid muse, and dauntless deign  
To link with theme august thy feeble strain;  
Spread thy short wings, thou shalt not harm the light,  
Though like the moth emerging from the night,  
To fan the upward streaming flame they try,  
Thou shalt but scorch thyself and stricken lie,  
Or else — still insect-like — more quickly die.

Name thy exalted subject, take thy shell  
And breathe upon it to thine inner thought,  
Though few the listeners gathered to its spell,  
Its feeble notes with potency are fraught;  
There is the psychological that brings  
To the rude peasant's banquet, chiefs and kings.

Give out the programme, to the green-room go,  
And they of noblest birth shall grace the show;  
While thou behind the curtain mov'st the scene,  
Gemmed fingers flash the frescoed walls between.

As oft the theme as the performer's power,  
 That wins indulgence for the stinted hour ;  
 Lost is the humble minstrel in the strain,  
 That strikes the heart and echoes back again.

Thus then to solemn pause the prelude dies,  
 The minstrel panting stands with downcast eyes,  
 And trembling half-assured with heart in pain,  
 She dares not yet attempt the mighty strain ;  
 Now with sublimer thought her theme inspires,  
 She conquers all and strikes the thrilling wires.

• • • • •

Stand by, Columbia, thy kingly son  
 Hath grown adult and takes the father's throne,  
 Thy glory pales and falls to an eclipse  
 As lingers his proud name upon our lips ;  
 Thou dost no more bequeath to him a fame,  
 For thine the richer heritage — his name ;  
 Country and clime are naught, and men grow less  
 Where WEBSTER'S shadow trails the wilderness.

Would we go back not many a lustrum yet, —  
 (That solemn hour nor would we e'er forget,)  
 When he we've named, whose orb so like the sun  
 In setting when his glorious day was done ;