DANIEL WEBSTER: A RHYMED EULOGY

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

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MRS. J. ERMINA LOCKE

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Rhymed Bulogy.

BY

MRS. J. ERMINALLOCKE.

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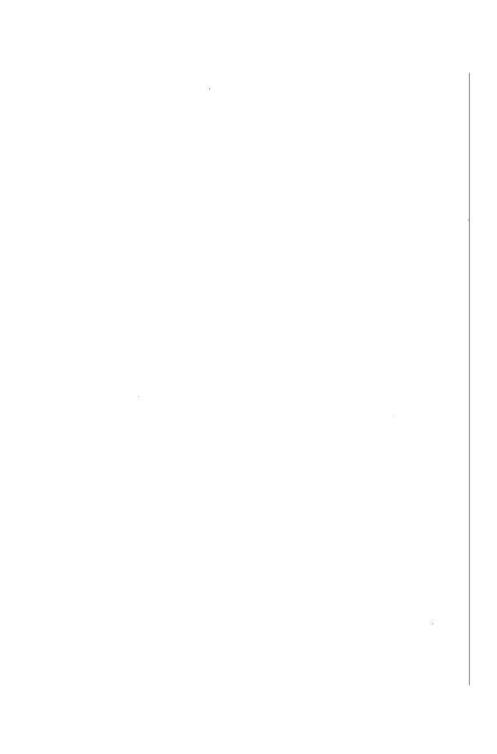
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Missachuseits.

THURSTON, PORRY, AND EMPREON, PRINCIPAL.

medication.

His greatest now, most reverently I name,

And becken 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 sudience 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-plumed 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 might, 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;