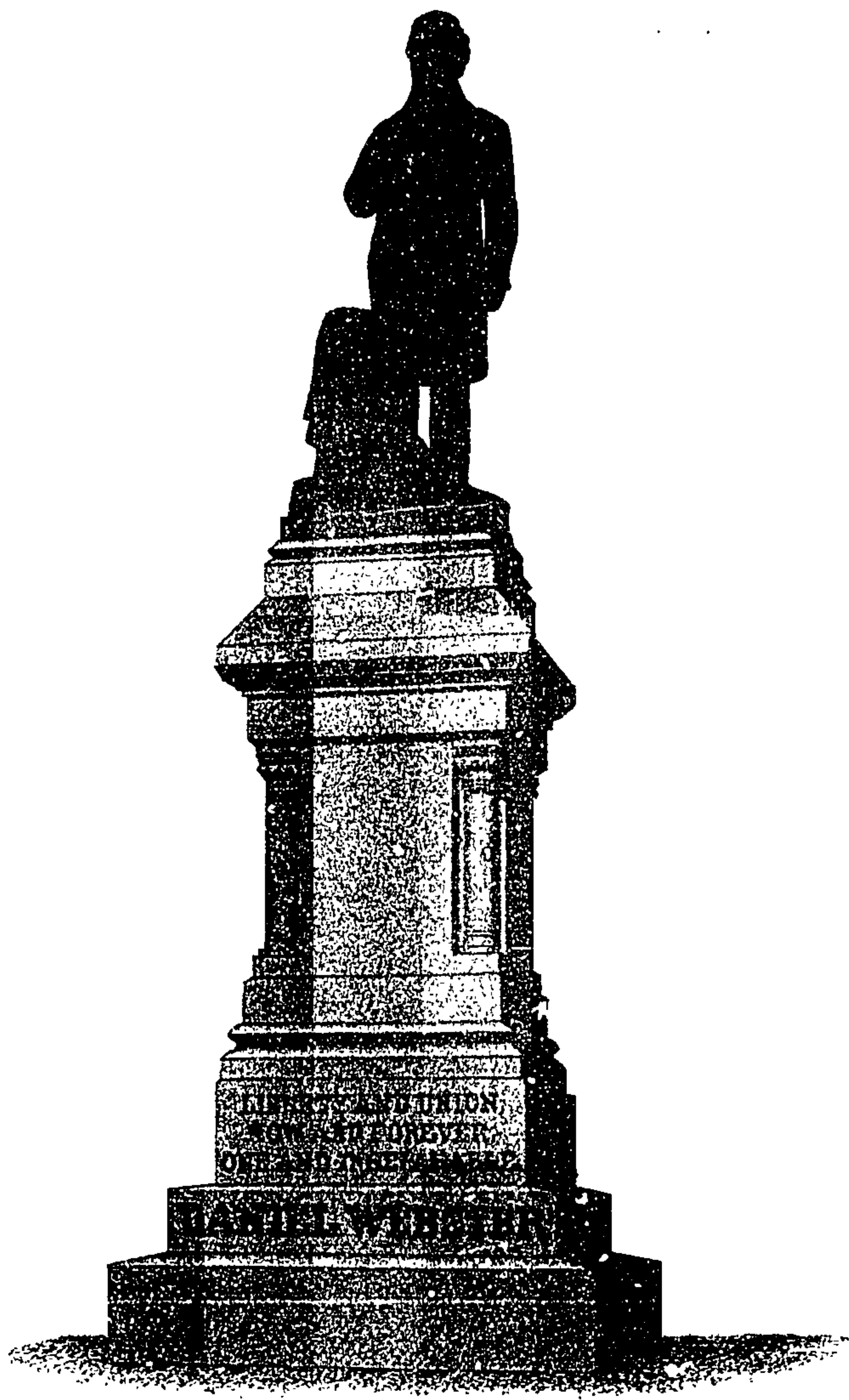


THE
WRITINGS AND SPEECHES
OF
DANIEL WEBSTER

National Edition

VOLUME EIGHTEEN

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**THE WRITINGS AND
SPEECHES
OF
DANIEL WEBSTER**

IN EIGHTEEN VOLUMES



VOLUME EIGHTEEN

The Writings and Speeches of
DANIEL WEBSTER
PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE
Edited by FLETCHER WEBSTER
VOLUME TWO • NATIONAL EDITION
Illustrated with Portraits and Plates



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- DICKINSON, DANIEL S. Oct. 5, 1850, p. 393.
- DWIGHT, THEODORE. June 18, 1838, p. 38.
- FILLMORE, MILLARD. Oct. 1, 1852, p. 555; Oct. 13, 1852, p. 558.
- HALL, SAMUEL. Aug. 11, 1849, p. 336.
- HARRISON, WILLIAM HENRY. Dec. 1, 1840, p. 90; Dec. 27, 1840, p. 97.
- HENSHAW, DAVID. April 21, 1851, p. 432.
- HOLMES, WILLIAM. Oct. 14, 1851, p. 478.
- JARVES, DEMING. Aug. 17, 1850, p. 384.
- JOHNSON, R. M. June 11, 1840, p. 87.
- KELLEY, WILLIAM, AND OTHERS. April, 1838, p. 34.
- KENT, JAMES. Dec. 21, 1842, p. 160; Nov. 11, 1845, p. 212.
- LEE, MRS. ELIZA BUCKMINSTER. May 1, 1848, p. 276; March 16, 1849, p. 306.
- LIVERMORE, ARTHUR. Oct. 5, 1849, p. 343.
- M.—MR. Oct. 18, 1851, p. 481.
- MASON, JEREMIAH. Aug. 28, 1842, p. 148.
- MEACHAM, THOMAS S. Dec. 8, 1835, p. 14.
- MCGAW, JACOB. Feb. 6, 1851, p. 417.
- MILLS, JOHN. July 28, 1842, p. 140.

Mr. Hall says, "This letter I value exceedingly. It was a spontaneous offering on his part, drawn forth by a newspaper account of an accident which had befallen me on a journey to Albany." Being on his way in an extra coach with four horses, hastening to attend the argument of a cause at Albany, Mr. Hall picked up at Fishkill three gentlemen who were also anxious to go north. It was a stormy day at the end of January, and on attempting at eight p. m. to cross Fishkill Creek, they found the bridge swept away; the horses got beyond their depth and swam down the stream towards the North River. Mr. Hall got out of the window to the top of the coach and drew the others after him. The horses were drowned, but the carriage, after sinking till the top was under water, touched bottom. The tide was rising. Mr. Hall swam through the floating ice to shore, and procured assistance for his companions.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Boston, March 29, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received to-day your letter of the 12th of February, by The Siddons, for which I am greatly obliged to you. I do not take quite courage enough from what you say to set forth for England; but my desire to visit your side of the water this year is so great and so intense, that if I could see how it was to be done without drawing after it a vast expense, and no pecuniary benefit, I should not hesitate a moment.

The Roscoe is in at New York, and it is possible I may receive letters from you to-morrow, brought by that ship. She has London dates, I understand, to February 27. I shall live in hope, at least for a while longer, and until I hear further from you.

The Maine business is now all quiet. Nothing of a disturbing character will take place in that quarter, until the two governments shall have had ample time and opportunity for bringing the pending negotiation to a close. You have, of course, heard of the proposition of sending a special minister to England, and the various rumors which have been in circulation here as to the person likely to be appointed. For myself, I

doubt whether there will be a mission, rather expecting to hear that, before The Liverpool, steamboat, arrived out, an arrangement may have been made in London, for a joint survey of the disputed line, or perhaps for transferring the negotiation from London to Washington. If neither of these things shall have happened, and if England shall receive kindly the notion of a special mission, it will doubtless be despatched. I know not on whom the appointment would be most likely to fall. Maine and Massachusetts, the two States directly interested, would in all probability be agreed on the man. But party considerations will doubtless have much influence, and I do not allow myself to expect that I shall see England this year in a public capacity, even if a special minister should be sent.

I have transmitted your letter to Mr. Biddle for his perusal. He thinks I ought to cross the water if I can, and I have asked him to peruse your letter, that he might see what chance there is for my being able to succeed in the pecuniary part of my object. His kindness to me is great, and I feel very true regard for him.

Upon certain of our political affairs, I will write you again soon, if I do not come. Our Whig prospects are none of the best, owing to our irreconcilable difference as to men. My opinion at present is, that our only chance is with General Harrison, and that that is not a very good one.

I am about to lose Julia. She is to be married, I know not when, to Mr. S. A. Appleton, a young man of good character and ability, a member of the family of that name here, but born in England, and for the early part of his life at school in that country. He has been a partner of N. Appleton and Mr. Paige.

Give my love to your wife. I think of her much, and like her always. I passed two good hours *tête-a-tête* with her mother at Washington. Judge White has at last come very right.

Adieu! Pray continue to write me, and may God bless you and yours!

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO EDWARD WEBSTER.

New York, May 18, 1839.

MY DEAR SON,—I write this to take leave of you, and give you a farewell blessing. We sail to-day. We hope we shall see you some months hence with Mr. Appleton. In the mean time I pray you, my dear son, to improve yourself with all diligence, and to remember how much our hopes are dependent upon you. Julia herewith returns twenty dollars of borrowed money. I pray a gracious Providence to bless and keep you.

Your affectionate father,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EDWARD CURTIS.

Liverpool, June 3, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,—We have really got over, and are now on this side. Captain Fayerer surrendered his ship to the pilot yesterday morning, Sunday, at five o'clock, being then fourteen days and seven hours from New York. There never was so tame a passage. Peterson could have rowed me over in my boat, at least till we got into the Channel. A great part of the way we had an entire calm, and ran through a smooth, glassy surface.

We came to the Adelphi, one of the two principal hotels. The ladies did not walk with remarkable elegance when they came on shore. They had forgotten to leave their sea feet on board, and the streets were not quite wide enough.

I suppose this is a fair specimen of an English tavern, very plain, but very comfortable and clean, and no show. Rooms rather small, but containing every thing you can want, down to a boot-jack, shoe-rack, and shoe-horn. I find, however, my fates pursuing me, for as I drew aside the window curtains this morning, I looked out on a dark brick wall, distant three feet! All the agreeabilities of the Polk concern immediately rushed upon me; but then Mrs. Curtis, with her jovial laugh, came with them and made full compensation.

Liverpool is a place of affairs. It is not distinguished for parks, malls, and public walks and squares. The streets are

trash there comes on our shore for manure; this makes some work for our young oxen.

I do not hear from John Taylor yet; I am afraid we shall not get our cattle this winter. I see by the papers that they have an abundance of snow in that quarter. I sent another fat sheep to Mr. Appleton, yesterday, and we have six more that are very good; I wish you had a pair of them, for I do not believe that you get any so good at Washington.

I hope we shall have an old-fashioned storm. One that will wash the bottom of the sea clean, for you know if the kelp holds on another year it will make bad bottom for fishing.

Our cattle are all well, they like our English hay and turnips much, and if they do not come out in good condition next spring, somebody will be to blame.

Yours truly,
S. WESTON.

CHANCELLOR KENT TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, December 21, 1842.

DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your friendly note of the 17th instant with the correspondence between you and Lord Ashburton. That correspondence I had previously perused, and I was much pleased with the ability, candor, and precision with which the negotiation was conducted. Several of the principles declared in these State papers were so important, and so well and clearly expressed, that I had already made a note of them, in the MS. pages of the first volume of my commentaries, to be incorporated in the next edition.

The McLeod case is happily terminated. I never had or could entertain any doubt of the enormous error of the judicial opinions in that case. The opinion of Cowen I thought was written in very bad taste, with disgusting pedantry and waste of learning. My only difficulty was as to the want of a clear and certain provision in the Judiciary Act of 1789 to remove the proceeding into the federal courts, and that difficulty is now happily removed by the act of Congress of August 27, 1842. That act and the 10th article of the treaty, providing for the

surrender of fugitives, are momentous and most conspicuous improvements in our national and diplomatic codes.

I thank you for the kind feelings you have done me the honor and the goodness to express in respect to my health and condition. I am indeed in my eightieth year, but thank God I am wonderfully well and active, and my ardor for reading, and my sensibilities are, I think, as alive as ever to the charms of nature, of literature, and society. I keep aloof from all fashionable parties except when my daughter (Mrs. H.) has some small ones at my house, at which Ma and I are obliged to be present, and I chat and flatter as much as ever with pretty ladies. My reading is regular and constant; all the reports of law decisions, as fast as I can procure them, all the periodicals, foreign and domestic, and old literature and new books, are steadily turned over. I have been reading a day or two past, at intervals, Dr. Arnold's History of Rome. He is a great admirer of Niebuhr, and his criticisms are doubtless true and just, but dull. I relieve myself by going from some of his allusions to one of the Muses, or books of Herodotus or Livy, and they amuse my old age like enchanting historical novels. I don't like altogether bald, naked, sterile facts. I like a little of the poetry of history as well as of life itself in all its modifications. I deal sufficiently with dry and stern facts when I study law cases. I recurred to one of Gibbon's chapters on the eruption of the northern nations into the Roman provinces, and with what delight and what admiration! He has truth severely stated but adorned with taste, style, wisdom, and surpassing energy and eloquence of language.

I partly ride and partly walk down town daily to my office, and have occasional opinions to give, but more out of the State than in it, and then hasten up to my attractive home and office on Union Square, facing the lofty jet d'eau, which is constantly playing before my eyes. The associations with this water are to me delightful. I was born on my father's farm in Putnam County in the eastern part of the Highlands, and that farm was bounded east on the Croton River, where I used to fish and swim in my youthful days. God bless the stream! How would it have astonished my parents if they had been foretold, in 1770, that their eldest son would live in the midst of the city of New York with that very Croton pouring its pure and living

waters through the streets and throwing its majestic columns of water fifty-six feet into the air. So you see how charmingly I am enabled in my evening days *ducere sollicito jucunda obtura vö*

I am, dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

JAMES KENT.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

December 24, 1842.

DEAR CAROLINE,—I pray leave to request that you will put this box or parcel into your stocking this evening unopened.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

LORD ASHBURTON TO MR. WEBSTER.

(PRIVATE.)

The Grange, January 2, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. WEBSTER,—The beginning of a new year reminds me that there has been rather a long interval since we were in active correspondence during the last, and I am tempted to send a few lines of inquiry across the water, to ask how you all are, and more particularly good Mrs. Webster, to whose kindness I felt myself so much indebted during my residence at Washington. I have myself been busied in the country looking after my sheep and my plantations nearly since my return, with the exception of a visit or two to my mother's; but early next month we are again all to meet in the great Babylon, where the conflict of parties in our Congress is to begin. I should probably not attend if it were not to look after my own character when the critics open their attack upon what they call the "Ashburton Capitulation." I am not afraid of them, and though I have not your power of destroying an adversary, I have one advantage over you, that I have a right to be heard. In speaking of critics, however, I should, in fairness, state they they are nearly, if not exclusively, reduced to one, an ex-Secretary of State, who is laboring hard in his vocation of a fault-finding leader of opposition, sharpened a little by the apprehension that his powers of diplomacy are questioned by the result. Mr. Everett, who has been passing a few days here with his family, will have

what is before us; whether our duty will be to support our friends in office, or to oppose those, who against our wishes and efforts, shall fill the places of power. If it should be the wish of friends, that I should enter the next Congress, I should have great regard to their wishes. This year and the next, or until the meeting of the next Congress, or next meeting of the Senate, say March, 1845, would be highly useful to me, in my private concerns, as they would give me time to settle up my Western matters, and place myself in a more easy condition.

If therefore you should hear my name mentioned as immediate successor to Mr. Choate, I think it would be well for you to throw out, in an informal manner, what I have stated.

The papers will have it that I am looking to New York as a place of residence. All this is idle speculation. I have a half a dozen professional engagements in New York, to be attended to in the spring and summer. It was suggested to me that it might be well for me to have a consultation place, near some gentlemen's rooms where I could have access to books, and where papers could be left for me. I, of course, made such an arrangement with Messrs. Van Wimble and Moulton, and that is all. Pray let me hear from you.

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, February 5, 1844. Monday morning.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—We had no idea that poor Grace was dangerously sick, until I received Mr. Paige's letter of January 31, yesterday morning. It alarmed and shocked us excessively; and Julia's letter, received last evening, leaves us to fear that dear Grace is now beyond our prayers. This blow came wholly unexpected, and gives me great grief, as it does Mrs. Webster on our account, as well as on yours and her dear, absent father's.

Grace has been greatly beloved by me, and I had hoped to live, myself, to see her grow up. Little did I think that she would be called away before me. She was a great favorite

with her grandmother; and we were both in hopes of having her shortly with us.

We can do nothing, my dear daughter, but commend you, and your living children, and their absent father, and ourselves, to the mercy of God. This is, indeed, a most sad bereavement to us all.

It is many years since such a stroke has fallen upon our family. I wish we were with you, to unite our tears with yours, and give you what consolation we might. Poor little Daniel, how will he bear such a loss?

I have no other hope, than that to-night's mail will tell us of the worst. Let us resign ourselves, my dear daughter, to the hands of God, in the assurance, that we shall one day meet those whom we have loved and lost, in a happier state.

Your affectionate father,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. SEARS.

Washington, February 5, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter of the 27th of January, has been some days before me, and I have reflected on its contents. Indeed, similar suggestions had been made to me from other quarters.

I suppose it is true that Mr. Choate intends to leave the Senate, sometime in March, or perhaps not till April. The term for which Mr. Choate was elected will expire in March, 1845. There will therefore remain only the remnant of this session, and the short session of next winter. I doubt whether any thing important will be done, or seriously attempted this session, except on the subject of the tariff, and I hope that may not be successfully assailed.

Before next session, a new president will be chosen, and the greater part of a new Congress, so that an expiring Congress, with an expiring administration, would hardly be likely to venture on great public measures, especially as one House seems an effectual check on the other.

Under these circumstances, my dear Sir, I do not see, even supposing me capable of performing an important part in public

from me to John C. Chamberlain, at that time a leading man in New Hampshire, in which I had spoken favorably of the Hartford Convention. Mr. Chamberlain had moved into New York, and there had died. His papers were searched, the letter was found,—and lo!—there was no mention of Hartford Convention in it, or any allusion to it. The letter was sent to this city six years ago; a caucus was held over it, and the result was that I should lose nothing by the publication of the letter, and so it was not published. This latter part of the story, I have learned lately from a gentleman, not my political friend, and therefore I wish not to speak of it publicly. It is certain, however,—

1. That the State in which I then lived, had, as a State, no participation in the Hartford Convention.

2. It is certain that I personally had nothing to do with it, having been in my place before it was proposed, and here remained till it was dissolved.

3. It is certain that, after ten years of painstaking of all kinds, (beginning in Mr. Adams's administration,) not a scrap or syllable has-been found, fixing upon me any approbation of, or concurrence in the objects or the results of that convention.

The truth is, I kept aloof from all concern with it, and, as I had duties to perform here, confined myself to their performance.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

March 27, 1844.

MY DEAR HARRIETTE,—The passages which were read last evening from Habakkuk, are not only beautiful and striking, both in sentiment and imagery, but they present also a remarkable instance of the Hebrew form of poetic composition.

This composition is often in lines or sentences, with alternations or repetitions, producing something like stanzas; two or three or more ideas being placed together and expressed in a sort of stanza.

The 17th and 18th verses of the 3d chapter of Habakkuk, may be thus presented:—

Altho' the fig-tree shall not blossom,
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;

The labor of the olive shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;

The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls;

Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.

If you have not read Bishop Lowth's Prælections on Hebrew Poetry, let me commend its perusal to you. It opened to me, some years ago, quite a new view of the beauties of the prophetic and poetical part of the Old Testament.

Yours, most affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. PAIGE.

New York, Wednesday Morning, March 26, 1844.

MY DEAR HARRIETTE,—On our arrival here yesterday, I found your letter. It always gives me pleasure to open a letter of yours; I am sure to find in it every thing that is friendly, kind, and hospitable.

Toward the end of this week I hope to go to Boston; and although Julia may expect me, yet, in the present state of her health, I think she will not need a great deal of my company. So I shall be most happy to come to an anchor in Summer street, and to ride at those moorings while I stay in port. William and I are very good mess-companions, he having as little to do with my eggs as I have with his hominy. A good Boston breakfast! Only think of it. A glass of Daniel's cider, and that morsel for Monica, an escrod!

I hope I shall find you all well and in good spirits. There is

tinue, and a good deal of commercial distrust be felt, and some anger shown by the English press, and the English people. But it cannot come to war. If I had money that I could lie out of for six months, I should invest it in something that would rise in value when the skies clear off, because I think they will clear in that time.

Mr. McDuffie made a strong speech yesterday for forty-nine. There is much more remaining to him both of intellectual and physical strength, than his appearance would indicate; all that is done about the tariff is, that the committee has agreed that all duties shall be *ad valorem*.

Yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 18, 1846.

PORTER WRIGHT,—If the cow was destined to die, it cannot be helped. I hope the rest of the cattle are well.

The duck-yard is in the right place.

If Mr. Delano wishes to keep the cow he had last year, he may have her, at a fair price for the year. George Childs shall have two good cows.

Send to Messrs. Kingsbury for whatever cow you want.

Go ahead with sowing.

We leave to-morrow, if weather allow.

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, Tuesday morning. April 29, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your letter this morning, and although quite sorry not to see you, yet am aware that, under the circumstances, you could not come. I regret the family affliction which detains you.

I have written to Mr. Curtis, and he will show you my letter.

I am resolved not to live in this state of things longer, and next week I shall be relieved from one of the two burdens which weigh upon me, viz: personal troubles and public responsibility. If I must suffer the first, thank God, I can throw off the last, and will.

I look for you undoubtfully on Thursday morning. It would do great good, if you could bring with you a favorable settlement of the Tolman business.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. WINTHROP.

(PRIVATE.)

Boston, May 2, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,—The accompanying sheet expresses what appears to me the proper course to be pursued. You will use what is there suggested in your discretion.

I should prefer remaining away from Washington, if I can, for the present. And if the committee appear to be taking a just and proper course, and need no explanations except such as others can give, I shall stay where I am. But perhaps it might be intimated to them, that if any thing appears to require explanation from me, I will present myself immediately.

You will see Mr. Tyler's letter, which is in Fletcher's hands. I have no doubt he will be quite ready to explain any thing which may appear to require explanation.

Although I think the committee ought to content itself with a general report, that nothing illegal or reprehensible has been done; yet, if such general report cannot be full, honorable, and above all future cavil or question, then I should prefer a publication of all the papers, accounts, letters, &c. Personally, I am quite willing to trust all these things with the public. Perhaps, indeed, that would be rather best for me. But such a publication I cannot but think would be injurious and disreputable to the government.

One other observation may be important. As the whole proceeding in such cases is in confidence, and the expenditures are to be covered by the President's certificate, there is naturally not

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

February 23, two o'clock, 1848.

MY DEAR AND ONLY SON,—I have just received this; when shown to Julia and the rest of the family, send it back safely to me.

I have been to the Capitol to see Mr. Adams. He lies senseless, and just breathes. He is as he has been for forty-eight hours.

My own health is pretty good, but I hardly know how I shall bear up under this blow. I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to outlive my children; but I feel now, but more intensely, as when Grace and Charles died.

But the will of Heaven be done in all things!

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MRS. APPLETON TO MR. WEBSTER.

February 26.

MY DEAR FATHER,—Your most kind and comforting letter was received by me yesterday, and a great source of consolation it has been to me. I rejoice to find that you have been enabled to lift up your head after this blow, and to look “unto Him from whence cometh our help.” It is indeed a sad affliction; but, thank God! I feel such perfect trust in His mercy and love, and know so well that “He doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men,” that I feel assured it was for Edward’s good and happiness, as well as for ours, that he was taken away. May we all prepare to follow him, through him Who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and through whom alone we can find acceptance with God.

I have many things to say to you, my dear father, but I trust to see you shortly, and I will wait until then, as I do not write very readily. Fletcher is very much afflicted, and not as calm and resigned as I hope he will be in a few days. God bless and keep you, dearest father; may you long, long, live; and may your remaining children be spared to be a comfort and solace to you.

Tell mother that I think I am improving. I drive out every day. The children have all recovered.

With much love from Samuel and myself, I am ever your affectionate daughter,

JULIA.

MR. WEBSTER TO MASTER DANIEL WEBSTER.

Washington, March 6, 1848.

MY DEAR GRANDSON,—Your father writes me from time to time, informing your grandmother and myself of the health of the family. But I wish to hear oftener, and to know more of you. You are now ceasing to be a mere child. You are ten years old, and it is time that you turned your attention seriously to your books, as I presume you do. It is time you should write to me every week, and give me an account of your studies.

You must now, my dear namesake and grandson, think less of play and of childish sports, and begin to pursue manly objects. I hear no complaint of you, and believe you are doing very well and I expect to find you when I see you next, not a mere child, thinking of nothing but play and amusements; but a manly boy, fond of the company and conversation of your father and mother, and laboring to improve your mind.

Two or three things I wish now to impress on your mind. First. You cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you, if you do not apply yourself with all your might.

In the second place. Be of good character, and good behavior; a boy of strict truth, and honor, and conscience in all things. Have but one rule, and let that be, always to act right, and fear nothing, but to do wrong.

Finally, "Remember your Creator, in the days of your youth." You are old enough to know that God has made you, and given you a mind, and faculties; and will surely call you to account.

Honor and obey your parents; love your sister and brother; be gentle and kind to all; avoid all peevishness and fretfulness; be patient under restraint, and when you cannot have what you wish.

Look forward, constantly, to your approaching manhood, and put off every day, more and more, all that is frivolous and childish. Providence has taken from us your dear uncle Edward, in the full vigor of his life. It is an awful affliction to us all; but we must submit to the will of God.

Now, you must see how soon you can become what he was, a companion to your father and mother, and a comfort to us all.

May Heaven bless you, my dear grandson, and may you continue an object of warm affection to all your family connections, and all your friends.

Your affectionate grandfather,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 12, 1848. Sunday morning.

MY DEAR SON,—The business of the treaty was finished on Friday, and the court rose yesterday; so that I have no very urgent duties, now in either part of the Capitol. I could now go home, were it not that I cannot well leave, till we hear from Mexico. We must hear soon. I have to-day written to General Cushing. I suppose I wrote you that Adjutant-General Jones has written to New Orleans, to have all done that may be necessary if the remains arrive there.

Mr. Healey is painting a portrait from the daguerreotype; I have not seen it, but it is thought to be very good. I have been meditating upon something, which I wish should be thought of. Edward was ten years old, when I made the Hayne speech in the Senate. Why could not Mr. Healey make a picture of him, as of that age, from the daguerreotype, and from Miss Goodrich's little miniature, and place him at my feet. He was then no older than Daniel is now.

My health is pretty good, but I have been troubled, as you know, with rheumatism, &c., I now need rest. From the time of my arrival here till the day we heard of Edward's death, I was very laboriously employed. It is most likely, an adjourned term of the court will be holden early in May; and from this to that, I do not intend to do much. I shall go North as soon as possible. In Boston, is the divorce case, and a case with Mr.

Choate and Mr. Bartlett. These I must attend to, if necessary; and the rest of the time I think I shall spend principally at Marshfield. I have gone nearly through the proofs of the volume of diplomatic papers, and feel I ought to lose no time in preparing the proposed edition of the speeches. It would suit my feelings, as well as any thing, to sit down at Marshfield, and attend to this.

Give my love to Caroline, and the children. We hear you are all well.

See Julia, and tell her what I propose about Edward's picture.

Yours affectionately,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. TICKNOR.

Washington, March 13, 1848.

FROM our first acquaintance, my dear Mrs. Ticknor, you have been with us and near us, in the vicissitudes of this checkered life. You have solaced us, when distressed by the death of children, and the mother of children; and when God has healed those wounds, and given us new blessings, your kind nature and sympathizing heart have participated in all we enjoyed.

And now, my dear friend, when a very heavy and unexpected calamity has fallen upon us, and almost crushed us, I hear your voice, and that of your husband, uttered in tones of soothing and condolence.

I can only thank you, and say, that the smitten heart revives under the influences of commiseration and tenderness. I cannot speak of the lost one; but I submit to the will of God. I feel that I am nothing, less even than the merest dust of the balance; and that the creator of a million worlds, and the judge of all flesh, must be allowed to dispose of me and mine, as to his infinite wisdom shall seem best.

May he have us all in his holy keeping! And may we all feel, that nothing in the universe can ever be lost; that no mind, the emanation of the Deity himself, can possibly be extinguished, and that our merciful heavenly parent will, assuredly, one day, gather his moral and intelligent creatures to himself. Pray give our love to Mr. Ticknor and your daughter.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Wednesday, March 15, 1848.

MY DEAR SON,—The telegraph announces sundry arrivals at New Orleans from Vera Cruz. I dare say we shall hear in a day or two.

Mr. Healey has made a most beautiful picture of dear Edward. I shall take it home and keep it before my eyes as long as I live. I have a very nice letter from Daniel Webster, Jr. to-day.

Your affectionate father,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Boston, March 28, 1848. Tuesday morning, seven o'clock.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We arrived here on Sunday morning early and comfortably, and found Julia much as I expected, though not so weak. Her countenance is bright and natural, but I suppose there is no important change in the tendency of her complaint. I shall go to Marshfield to-morrow, if the weather should be fair; I shall not leave this neighborhood for the present. It would hardly be worth while for me to write you at large, now, because the news by the steamer must occupy all your thoughts.

These afflictions have pressed upon me the propriety of doing some things, about which I entirely need your advice and assistance. I want you to come whenever you have four days on hand. The sooner you can be here, the better, on account of Julia's condition. And I should like to be informed some days before hand, in order that I might be sure to be quite disengaged.

Mrs. Webster is pretty well. We had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Blatchford and Mary a moment on Saturday. I hope to get a line from you this morning.

Two o'clock.—My dear Sir, your letter has come, and with it your enclosure. You are more than kind. I can never repay

your constant and assiduous goodness. Do not come this way till you can stay four days. With that condition, come as soon as possible. Julia is reported to be quite comfortable to-day.

Yours,

D. W.

MRS. LEE TO MR. WEBSTER.

May 1, 1848.

ALTHOUGH I have written to you twice this winter, I have not heard whether you have received my letters; I cannot refrain, my dear friend, now that the hand of God has fallen again upon you, to express my deep sympathy. Before, when you have been afflicted, it has been my happiness to be with you. Your dear little Grace breathed her last in my arms, and my dear Julia was for a long time as dear to me and as intimately mine, as if she had been really my own.

The circumstances of life have divided me from her and from you all, but my feelings have remained unchanged. May I not hope that you will regard me in the light of memory, and believe that my heart bleeds for you.

Life has long been to me bereft of much that makes it precious, and the hope of soon meeting those I have lost, has been to me the most soothing hope to which I could look forward. It seems to me at this moment you also feel with me, and that we are brought nearer together by mutual calamity. I have been preparing my father's letters and papers with the design of printing some of them. Oh, my dear Mr. Webster, how truly would he have sympathized with and comforted you at this moment. He would have said, "It is God, let Him do whatever He will. Into His hands I commit myself, my children, my all. He cannot do wrong, and the cup that my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?"

I repeat only what he would have said, and much more would he have said, to heal the wounded soul. For myself, I can say nothing, but only pray that you may be comforted.

Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Webster. I am, as I have been, faithfully,

Yours,

E. BUCKMINSTER LEE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MRS. LEE.

Boston, May 8, 1848.

MY DEAR MRS. LEE,—Your first two letters were duly received, and have actually lain open and unfolded before me, till the third arrived. Certainly, I ought not so long to have omitted acknowledging that which accompanied the “book.”

Mrs. Webster immediately read the book through, and expressed great gratification with it. I only fear it has made her dislike our Puritan ancestors a good deal more than she did before. I shall take my turn with it the first leisure day, at Marshfield.

I thank you, my dear friend, for your sympathy with us, under our most severe afflictions; I did not look for these calamities, but I pray for a submissive and reconciled spirit. I know that I must follow my lost children soon; and that we must all be diligently preparing for an exchange of worlds.

A great portion of my life, my dear friend, has been passed with you near me. Poor Grace, who died in your arms! Twice within the week I have looked upon her coffin, and there lies her mother, who loved you like a sister; and there lies dear little Charles. The mother and four out of five of her children are already in the same tomb. May God enable me to sustain these overwhelming sorrows, and still always to bless His most Holy name.

Dr. Sprague wrote me several times, for a short sketch of your father's character. I would gladly do any thing, but the matter is better disposed of in your hands. Of your father, his person, his appearance in and out of the pulpit, his graceful manners, his agreeable social habits, and the fervor and glow of his pulpit performances, I have a most lively and perfect recollection. You remember that you and I and Mrs. Webster, went together to visit his grave.

My wife desires her best love to you. We should both be happy to see you. I met with Mrs. Parker, for a moment, at Mrs. Curtis, poor Mary Story's, funeral on Friday. The meeting, though for an instant only, brought a thousand tender recollections to my mind.

Yours truly and sincerely, always,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JEREMIAH MASON.

Boston, May 8, 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you for your kind letter, received some days ago, and for all the proofs of sympathy and affection manifested for us, in our afflictions. These two calamities were unexpected. I find it difficult to hold up against them. Of five children, only one now remains; but I try to discipline myself, and to submit, without repining, to the will of God. It is a sad thing to outlive our children; but if it be so ordered by Divine wisdom, I acquiesce. Ere long I know that I must follow them.

I shall not go to Washington for a week or ten days, and will find an occasion to see you and your family before my departure. You and Mrs. Mason are among those whom I and mine have longest known, and most loved.

I thank God that I am not deprived of either of you, in this day of trouble. I look back on our long friendship and intercourse, as a bright line along the course of life; and it has been a continuing consolation, when connections, the nearest and the dearest, have been struck down.

With true regard and affection, yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, May 28, 1848.

DEAR SIR,—I was glad to hear from you, a week ago, and hope to hear soon again. You must write as often as once a week. Ask Mr. Shaw to state at once, in a letter to me, Mr. Sawyer's lowest terms for the land; and when he must have his money. We ought to know now, as the grass must soon be cut.

How do the teams get along with their work?

Yours,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 17, 1849.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter about the steer. It is all well. I am satisfied there was no carelessness, and that is all I wished to know. But it was a strange accident.

You must now keep the cattle well. All the steers should have a little cob meal, to get them in good heart, before they go to pasture. The old oxen, especially, should be well fed. You may write me one more letter. I shall soon be leaving Washington. Be sure to have carts, and ploughs, and harrows, all in readiness. I shall come to see you as soon as I reach Boston. See that there is plenty of dry wood. Remember, that to plant ten acres of potatoes, is no small job, and that they must be planted very early. Porter Wright will do his best to beat you. But you have the best land.

We are all well.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. S. A. APPLETON.

Washington, Sunday, March 18, 1849.

MY DEAR SON,—A telegraphic despatch from Fletcher on Friday morning, informed us of the death of dear little Constance. Our last accounts had been quite favorable; but I must say for myself, that from the first moment I heard of her sickness, I had a presentiment that she would not recover. I felt that it was destined that she should immediately follow her mother.

Bright, early, transient as the morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to Heaven.

Not only on your account and that of your other children, but on our own, my dear son, this new bereavement affects Mrs. Webster and myself deeply. Every thing that is sweet, lovely, and engaging in infancy, belonged to the dear little lost one. But God has seen fit to call her away, and to leave us only a tender and affectionate recollection of her. I must confess, that her death brings back to my heart that of her mother, and seems to open again that fountain of tears and sorrow. Never was

daughter loved more than I loved Julia, and never was a bereaved husband commiserated more than I have commiserated you. But you and I, and all must submit to the will of God. We must bear these afflictions with resignation and patience, knowing that, like all other events, they are controlled and directed by unerring wisdom and goodness. What we know not now, we shall know hereafter. All is not dark and dreary in the soul, while the lamp of religious faith and hope continues to burn.

You have yet four beloved ones around you to console and comfort you. Nearer and dearer to you than to me, I yet cherish them as precious blessings to myself, and as objects of affection on whom the heart still fondly leans, for happy family association and kind endearments. In all these feelings of sympathy and love, Mrs. Webster, as you know, fully and entirely partakes. Wherever you and your children are, there our affections will be with you; and we hope that Heaven may still have bright days in store for us all.

Mrs. Webster has been a little unwell for a day or two, but she is better this evening, and joins with me in the sincerest love and condolence to you and the children.

Your affectionate father,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Washington, March 18, 1849. }
 Sunday morning, nine o'clock. }

[A wet showery morning, and not yet very warm. We have had a good deal of rain since four this morning.]

MY DEAR SIR,—I received your two letters of Friday this morning. It is not without much regret, that I give up the hope of seeing you here. I shall stay through this week, and then make the best of my way North. By the 1st day of April, I must see the plough started at Marshfield; but think at present that I shall spend most of that month in New Hampshire.

Edward Curtis proposes to leave us on Tuesday morning, and go straight through to New York. Miss Kate Le Roy will go with him.

remember when I was there with you and Mr. Thompson, Mr. Bigelow, and Loammi Baldwin. It was hot weather, and Mr. Bigelow proposed, the second night, to sleep on the floor, having first surrounded himself with a cordon either of tar, or molasses, against the attacks of the fleas. The change is marvellous through that whole country, and the drive through the region of the White Hills, quite agreeable and striking.

I trust once more to see you, my dear Sir, before either of us quits this scene of things.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. BLATCHFORD.

Marshfield, October 25, 1849. Thursday evening, eight o'clock.

MY DEAR SIR,—A very short note from you of yesterday, revives me, and calls me back to a correspondence which has been dormant for an unusually long time. I hardly know how it is that I should have suffered the tares of the world so much to spring up, and choke the true seed of social and friendly life. I have been very busy for a month, and yet when I look back upon it, it seems but a "strenuous idleness." I have done nothing. This week I am engaged with Mr. Edward Curtis and Mr. Coxe, on Mexican claims. They are both now here. Mr. Coxe has been to sea to-day, and caught a fish. Mr. Curtis and I have given the day to work in the office. Last week we went on a visit of two days to Mr. Haven at Beverly, after Mr. Colt left us. He was with us, to our great gratification, for near a week.

Marshfield is green and beautiful. It has seen no such October since I knew it. But autumn is here. Harvesting is in progress, the leaves are fading, and the year prepares for its closing scenes. I shall hardly be here much after next week. Caroline says you will be in Boston next Tuesday morning. Nothing happening, I will be there to receive you. Perhaps we will run down to Marshfield, for a day, to take the last look.

Among my present occupations, one is the arrangement of a Cemetery for my family. I do not find it disagreeable to dwell on thoughts connected with the end of life, and the gathering

together those I have loved, and with whom I must, in God's due time, be associated again.

I am, dear Sir, with unabated regard and kindness, your friend,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

Marshfield, October 28, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have thought I would send up Michaux at once, as you might like to look into the volumes while you are yet among your trees.

While in New York last spring I noticed a tree with which I was not familiar; it looked much like a Catalpa, but some differences were apparent. On inquiry, I found it was from Japan, and they called it the "Japanese Catalpa." I happen to have preserved a leaf in my portfolio. This leaf you will find at the 63d page of 2d volume of Michaux, where there is a drawing of the leaf of our Catalpa. Your trees, which we looked at, are these Japanese strangers. The Tree of Heaven, so called, is from China, and is quite a different thing. We have many Catalpas, and there cannot well be a handsomer tree.

Evening, eight o'clock.—Mr. Davis has just come in to see us. He talks much of our visit to Beverly.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HAVEN.

[Marshfield,] Sunday evening, October 28, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR,—I sit down to say a word upon the expected pleasure of a visit here from yourself, Mr. Loring, [C. G.] and Mr. Harvey. The season is fast advancing to the days when cold weather may be looked for, and we live here, you know, in a bleak place. I have business in Boston on Wednesday and Thursday next. What I propose is, to bring you and Mr. Lor-

or next, and that we may expect to see you here, for a day or two. As Mrs. Harvey is coming as far as Philadelphia, you ought, by all means, to bring her to Washington. We have not, I wish we had, a house large enough to offer her a room; but if you will give me notice, I will look up a comfortable lodging, and Mrs. Webster will be most happy to do all in her power to make her comfortable. Bring her.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. MR. FURNESS.

Washington, February 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I was a good deal moved, I confess, by reading your letter of the 9th January. Having great regard for your talents and character, I could not feel indifferent to what you said, when you intimated that there was, or might be, in me, a power to do good, not yet exercised or developed. It may be so; but I fear, my dear Sir, that you overrate, not my desire, but my power to be useful in my day and generation.

From my earliest youth, I have regarded slavery as a great moral and political evil. I think it unjust, repugnant to the natural equality of mankind, founded only in superior power; a standing and permanent conquest by the stronger over the weaker. All pretence of defending it on the ground of different races, I have ever contemned. I have even said that if the black race is weaker, that is a reason against, not for, its subjection and oppression. In a religious point of view, I have ever regarded it, and ever spoken of it, not as subject to any express denunciation, either in the Old Testament or the New, but as opposed to the whole spirit of the Gospel and to the teaching of Jesus Christ.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of kindness, justice, and brotherly love.

But slavery is not kindly affectionate; it does not seek another's, and not its own; it does not let the oppressed go free. It is, as I have said, but a continued act of oppression. But then, such is the influence of a habit of thinking among men, and such is the effect of what has long been established, that

even minds, religious and tenderly conscientious, such as would be shocked by any single act of oppression, in any single exercise of violence and unjust power, are not always moved by the reflection that slavery is a continued and permanent violation of human rights.

But now, my dear Sir, what can be done by me, who act only a part in political life, and who have no power over the subject of slavery, as it exists in the States of the Union? I do what I can to restrain it; to prevent its spread and diffusion. But I cannot disregard the oracles which instruct me not to do evil that good may come. I cannot coöperate in breaking up social and political systems, on the warmth, rather than the strength, of a hope that, in such convulsions, the cause of emancipation may be promoted.

And even if the end would justify the means, I confess I do not see the relevancy of such means to such an end. I confess, my dear Sir, that in my judgment confusion, conflict, embittered controversy, violence, bloodshed, and civil war, would only rivet the chains of slavery the more strongly.

In my opinion, it is the mild influences of Christianity, the softening and melting power of the Sun of righteousness, and not the storms and tempests of heated controversy, that are, in the course of those events which an all-wise Providence overrules, to dissolve the iron fetters by which man is made the slave of man.

The effect of moral causes, though sure, is slow. In two thousand years, the doctrines and the miracles of Jesus Christ have converted but a very small portion of the human race; and among Christian nations, even, many gross and obvious errors, like that of the lawfulness of slavery, have still held their ground.

But what are two thousand years in the great work of the progress of the regeneration and redemption of mankind? If we see that the course is onward and forward, as it certainly is, in regard to the final abolition of human slavery; while we give to it our fervent prayers, and aid it by all the justifiable influences which we can exercise, it seems to me, we must leave both the progress and the result in His hands who sees the end from the beginning, and in whose sight a thousand years are but as a single day. I pray you, my dear Sir, accept this, the product

of half an hour of the evening, and unread by the writer, as a respectful and grateful acknowledgment of your very kind and friendly letter.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. EVERETT.

Washington, February 16, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I felt very much obliged to you for your letter of the 9th of January. I am preparing an edition of my speeches, with notes to all or most of them. They will make, I think, five volumes. Your suggestions are exactly what I needed. Early next month I expect to be in Boston, and one considerable object of the intended visit is to arrange with some bookseller for the publication. I shall need your further advice.

I think that the clamor about disunion rather abates; and I trust that if, on our side, we keep cool, things will come to no dangerous pass. California will probably be admitted, just as she presents herself.

Mrs. Webster's eyes are open, expecting to see Charlotte early next week.

Yours very truly, always,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, February 17, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—You seem to have done pretty well about ice, and I hope you will fill up both houses. It would be well if we could get some rather thicker than you have got; but do not wait too long. You seem to have done quite well also on Fletcher's road.

You may kill the old Alderney bull whenever you please. I wish you could sell some of the oxen for fair prices. I fear you will have to buy hay.

I expect to go home rather early in March, if we get through the California business, and decide whether she is to come in as a State. And I never shall come back till I settle up every single

Marshfield account. Those accounts I know nothing, or very little about, and they must not remain any longer, without my knowing all about them.

If you need help in getting them together, get somebody to assist you. But you can do it very well.

I do not care about particular forms, but I want to know every debt exactly, and see how it is made up.

This business shall be done hereafter every year, as long as I live. Let us set out this year, on the 1st day of April, with a set of new books.

Can you do nothing with Greyback?

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

In the Senate, Friday, February 22, two o'clock, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Fletcher's nomination was concurred in this morning, under the most pleasant circumstances. His conduct in relation to General McNeil was stated, and everybody seemed disposed to compliment him for his honorable conduct towards an old soldier, and all concurred in immediate confirmation without delay. I wish it had been a different office, but under all the circumstances, it is right for him to take it. He will have left Boston, probably, before you receive this.

I mean to speak on Wednesday, or as soon after as I can get a chance. I fear it will be later than Wednesday.

As yet no nominations of assistant treasurers have been sent in. Unless in cases of actual vacancies, there seems at present no disposition to act upon nominations.

As time goes on I will keep you advised by telegraph, as well as I can, on what day I shall speak. As to what I shall say, you can guess nearly as well as I can. I mean to make a Union speech and discharge a clear conscience.

I hope you will be here, and give good advice.

Yours, D. W.

MR. ARMSTRONG TO MR. WEBSTER.

Boston, March 12, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—As one of the citizens of Massachusetts, I may be permitted to express opinions as to the course of her public men, especially in approval of their course.

I have this moment finished reading your speech in the Daily Advertiser; it seems to me to be likely to do great good; and I think, upon sober second thought, our people will generally coincide with your views. I like the spirit and tenor of it.

Yesterday at a dining party, the approbation was unanimous among the guests. As there is said to be dissatisfaction, I thought that even my opinion, and that of those whose opinion I have learned, would be agreeable to you.

I remain very truly yours,

SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, March 16, 1850.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I believe you have stated our farming plans for this year about right, and I am content. You may kill the mountaineers, if they are fat enough, as soon as you find it convenient, and have proper weather. Let some of the coarser pieces go to the cottage, and dispose of those parts of the hind quarters, which are not for salting; and put the rest into my cellar; a small tub for Fletcher, and the rest into good sweet tubs for our own use. For the last two years, our beef has not been what it ought to be. This year, let it be put up perfect. Tell Mr. Weston he must stretch his abilities upon it.

It is uncertain when I shall be able to go home. You must open the cottage, when you find it necessary. Fletcher thinks Mrs. Cotter could cook for the men, but I doubt. You must do what you think best.

I told you before I left home what I thought about help, and you must conform as nearly as you can. We must have cheaper labor or give up farming.

Mr. Morrison wishes to have James Kearney with him; but I do not know but I shall be obliged to engage a cheaper hand; although I think James one of the best men we have ever employed.

Yours,

D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 17, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—You must buy a pair of oxen. Do not get a very expensive pair. Let me know the price, and when the money must be paid. Let the Stevens oxen and the great steers be turned into the great pasture.

Send the horse down to Marshfield, and bring back "Grey-back." Can little Charles ride one down and the other up? Or if Henry is doing nothing, he might go down in your light wagon, and bring up a codfish. You might pay his expenses up and down, if he would like the visit and is not so engaged that his time is valuable. Have you engaged your summer's help? I believe you have stated the farming plans for this year, pretty much as we arranged things last fall. Go ahead. I cannot get away from Washington till I give my vote on the admission of California. Where will you get your grass seed?

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. GEORGE TICKNOR.

Washington, March 17, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yours of the 13th came along yesterday. I have wished very much to go home this month, but it looks now as if I should hardly accomplish that purpose, as I cannot leave till I vote on the California bill, and that may not be for a fortnight. Then I must be here on the first day of April, on account of business in court. So that if you and Anna present yourselves here the first week in April, or thereabouts, you will find me here. My impression is, that I shall not get away to

the North until about the middle of that month. We shall be most happy to see you whenever you may come.

My poor speech is launched forth, and is a good deal tossed upon the waves. I am happy that Mrs. Ticknor's good wishes attend it. There is one comfort, and that is, that if its fate should be to go to the bottom, it has no cargo of value, and only one passenger to be drowned. As soon as the printer gets out a readable edition, I will send Mrs. Ticknor a copy. Meanwhile, give our love to her and Anna, and "Lizzy."

Yours,

D. WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. DR. HITCHCOCK.

Washington, March 17, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for your letter, which contains thoughts and suggestions lying below the common surface.

It may be very true, that it was part of the economy of the Divine Government, before the advent of the Messiah, to Judaize all such Gentiles as should come within the immediate contact of the Nation; whereas it is certain, that when the Gospel of Jesus Christ was introduced, it was intended for all nations; and commandment was therefore given to preach it to every creature under the whole heavens.

There is, my dear Sir, a difference between the spirit of the old system and that of the new, which is wonderful and marvellous to me and which appears to result from those ways of God which are past finding out. In the Old Testament, the general tone of command, respecting the Gentile nations, is, "root out and destroy." In the new, it is, "convert and save." Nevertheless, I cannot but think that slavery was regarded by Christ and his Apostles as an evil, an injustice to be overcome, by inspiring individuals with that meekness and that love which the gospel enjoins.

There is no direct denunciation of slavery, none of despotism, or monarchy, none of war; although we are well informed whence wars and fightings come. The great end of his teaching, who taught as never man taught, seems to me to be to probe and purify the heart, and to enjoin the performance of personal duties, religious, moral, and social. Christianity con-

firms and recognizes the Decalogue; but the Decalogue is but a list of commandments for the observance of personal duties. But more than all, and above all, the Divine Sermon on the Mount, that heavenly summary of Christian instruction, addresses every one of its precepts to the heart and conscience of individual man, telling him what ought to be the affections of his heart, and what his performance of the private and personal duties of life.

My dear Sir, I am getting out of my sphere and beyond my depth; but I am happy to be called by your friendly letter to enjoy an hour, in the freshness of the morning, in conversing with you upon subjects of such vast and enduring interest.

With most sincere regard, yours truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

March 19, 1850.

I think you may as well feed a couple of the steers till I come home, in order to have beef for the cottage, unless you made some other change or arrangement. What has become of Mr. Delano's oxen?

I think we were of opinion last fall that the north part of last year's potato-field ought to have a little extra manure.

It is important to sow wheat, rye, and oats as early as possible. Where do you get your wheat?

Let me know your arrangements about work as soon as you can.

I shall write Mr. Breck to let you have whatever you want in his line; seed wheat, hay seed, bone dust, &c.

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. The earlier you can get the potatoes in, the better.

D. W.

CHARLES L. VOSE AND OTHERS TO MR. WEBSTER.

New York, March 28, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—In behalf of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Geo. W. Egleston, now in California, we transmit to you a golden chain, manufactured under his direction, from the mineral products of that portion of our country, and which he desires to present to you, as a fitting symbol of that glorious Union, of which you stand preëminently the ablest defender.

As sons of New England, and merchants of New York, we ask leave to unite in this testimony of respect, by appending to it the accompanying token, which we beg you to accept as an evidence of our high sense of the patriotism and ability which have marked your whole public career,—and never more conspicuously than in your recent speech in the Senate, which maintains so strikingly the necessity of fraternal feeling between the different sections of our common country, and the solemn duty of adhering faithfully to the provisions and the spirit of the national constitution.

With high regards, we remain your friends,

CHARLES L. VOSE,	PAUL STOFFORD,
GEORGE GRISWOLD,	THOMAS TILESTON,
MOSES H. GRINNELL,	J. W. ALSOP, JR.,
CALEB BARSTOW,	HENRY CHAUNCEY,
JOHN THOMAS,	GEORGE WARREN,
ALFRED G. BENSON,	S. J. BEALS,
JOSEPH HOXIE,	DAVIS, BROOKS, AND Co.

To the Honorable DANIEL WEBSTER, Washington, D. C.

NOTE. On the slide of the chain, referred to in the foregoing letter, is engraved on one side the following inscription:—

“To the Honorable DANIEL WEBSTER, the Defender of the Constitution, and the Advocate of the Union.”

On the other side:

“From G. W. Egleston, manufactured by Woodruff & Addison, San Francisco, California, Sept. 29, 1849.”

On the inner case of the watch are engraved the names of the donors.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. VOSE AND OTHERS.

Washington, April 13, 1850.

GENTLEMEN,—Your communication of the 28th of March, and the gold chain and watch accompanying it, have been safely delivered to me by Mr. John R. Bacon.

Not having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with your fellow-citizen, Mr. Eggleston, I may be allowed to regard his elegant and valuable present of the chain as a testimonial of his approbation of my efforts to uphold and perpetuate the union of the States. I shall lose no time in communicating to him my sense of his kindness, and of signifying the value which I attach to his favorable opinions.

But I have an obligation to acknowledge to you also, gentlemen, for the beautiful watch which you have appended to Mr. Eggleston's gift.

I accept this from your hands, as sons of New England and merchants of New York, with grateful respect. We are personally known to each other, and I cannot desire a measure of regard from any of you, greater than that which I entertain for you, each and all.

The events of life have drawn you from the land of our common origin, to the great commercial metropolis of the country. You are merchants; and under the flag of the Union you have prosecuted an extensive and useful intercourse with most of the civilized world. At last, you have seen our own country stretch from sea to sea, and a new highway opened across the continent from us to our fellow-citizens on the shore of the Pacific. Far as they have gone, they are yet within the protection of the Union, and ready, I doubt not, to join us all in its defence and support. They are pursuing a new and an absorbing interest. While their eastern brethren continue to be engaged in agriculture, manufactures, commerce, navigation, and the fisheries, they are exploring a region whose wealth surpasses fiction. They are gathering up treasure, in a manner and in a degree hitherto unknown, at the feet of inaccessible mountains and along those streams

“Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold.”

Over them and over us stands the broad arch of the Union, and long may it stand, as firm as the arches of heaven, and as beautiful as the bow which is set in the clouds.

I am, gentlemen, with very true regard,

Your obliged friend and obedient servant,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

TO MESSRS. CHARLES L. VOSE AND OTHERS.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. HARVEY.

Washington, Thursday, March 28, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR,—The letter* is admirable; too good, too good. I don't deserve the one hundredth part of what it says. Let it come immediately, as Mr. Edward Curtis wrote you yesterday. It is looked for here with interest.

We got the northern mail so late to-day, I have hardly time to write the shortest note.

Things look well here, and improve every hour.

I will find time to write, both to you and Fletcher to-morrow. Say to him, that about some things there is no occasion for haste. Time enough yet.

Yours, D. W.

MR. WEBSTER TO FLETCHER WEBSTER.

Washington, March 31, 1850. Sunday, two o'clock.

MY DEAR SON,—Mr. Calhoun died this morning at seven o'clock. It is remarkable, that his body servant, who has waited upon him for thirty years, died also last night.

Mr. Calhoun was just about my own age, born in the same year. I found him a prominent member of the House of Representatives when I first took a seat in that body, in May, 1813, the year of your birth.

The Secretary of the Senate has come to signify Mr. Benton's wish that I should say something in the Senate to-morrow, which I shall try to do.

* A letter signed by Hon. T. H. Perkins, Hon. Charles Jackson, and a great many others, on the occasion of Mr. Webster's speech of March 7, 1850.

Mr. Breck, plough it in, in the same way; it should be fine; he will tell you the usual quantity. Then plant, putting lime into each hill, either with hog or with barn manure, or with plaster.

You will receive fifty-eight or sixty bags of guano, containing about a hundred and fifty pounds a bag, or a little less. Put twenty of these bags on the nine ploughed acres on Blackmount. That will be rather more than three hundred pounds to the acre, which will do pretty well. Keep the rest of the guano safe, till further orders. Have you ashes enough in the peach orchard for the whole field? If not, some of the guano may be used on the southern half of that field, where wheat is to be sown. I should like to try guano at the rate of three hundred pounds to the acre, against ashes at the rate of two hundred bushels to the acre. If you do any thing of this kind, be exact.

Have you as much strength of ox teams as you wish, or more or less than you wish? One question more. About what time should you prefer that I should come home to stay three days?

Yours, &c.,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. CHARLES MARCH.

Washington, November 13, 1851.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The wine, both parcels, have arrived safe. Your kindness is unbounded; one of the kinds I have tasted with Mr. Curtis. Its flavor is excellent, but is exceeded by the flavor of our long-continued and unbroken friendship. I relish highly all the recollections of the past, and all the sweets of the present. I thank God that we have lived so long, known each other so well, and cultivated such a degree of mutual esteem.

I thank you, my dear Sir, for these new proofs of your bounty, and only wish I could see how it were possible for me to requite it.

May God preserve you.

Yours, ever faithfully,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

The farmer to full feasts invites his friends,
 And what he got with pains, with pleasure spends;
 Draws chairs around the fire, and tells once more,
 Stories, which often have been told before;
 Spreads a clean table, with things good to eat,
 And adds some moistening to his fruit and meat;
 'They praise his hospitality, and feel
 'They shall sleep better after such a meal.' *

John Taylor, by the time you have got through this, you will have read enough.

The sum of all is, be ready for your spring's work, as soon as the weather becomes warm enough.

And then, put in the plough, and look not back.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO JOHN TAYLOR.

Washington, March 17, 1852.

JOHN TAYLOR,—Go ahead. The heart of the winter is broken, and before the 1st day of April all your land may be ploughed. Buy the oxen of Captain Marston, if you think the price fair. Pay for the hay. I send you a check for one hundred and sixty dollars, for these two objects. Put the great oxen in a condition to be turned out to be fattened. You have a good horse team, and I think, in addition to this, four oxen and a pair of four year-old steers will do your work. If you think so, then dispose of the Bayona oxen, or any other team and send them to the pasture, for beef. I know not when I shall see you, but I hope before planting. If you need any thing, such as grain, for instance, write to Joseph Hinch, Esq., Boston, and he will send it to you. Whatever ground you sow or plant, see that it be in good condition. We want no planting any more.

I have been very glad to hear of your success in the sale of your oxen.

It is a better thing than a great many things to be done.

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from a good garden. Take care to keep my mother's garden in the best order, even if it cost you the wages of a man to take care of it. I have sent you many garden seeds. Distribute them among your neighbors; send them to the stores in the village, that everybody may have a part of them without cost.

I am glad that you have chosen Mr. Pike representative. He is a true man; but there are in New Hampshire many persons, who call themselves Whigs, who are no Whigs at all, and no better than disunionists. Any man, who hesitates in granting and securing to every part of the country, its just and constitutional rights, is an enemy to the whole country. John Taylor! If one of your boys should say that he honors his father and mother, and loves his brothers and sisters, but still insists that one of them shall be driven out of the family, what can you say of him but this, that there is no real family love in him? You and I are farmers, we never talk politics; our talk is of oxen; but remember this; that any man who attempts to excite one part of this country against another, is just as wicked as he would be who should attempt to get up a quarrel between John Taylor and his neighbor old Mr. John Banborn, or his other neighbor Captain Burleigh. There are some animals that live best in the fire; and there are some men, who delight in heat, smoke, combustion, and even general conflagration. They do not follow the things which make for peace. They enjoy only controversy, contention, and strife. Have no communion with such persons, either as neighbors or politicians. You have no more right to say that slavery ought not to exist in Virginia, than a Virginian has to say, that slavery ought to exist in New Hampshire. This is a question left to every State, to decide for itself, and if we mean to keep the States separate, we must leave to every State the power of deciding for itself.

I think I must write you a second letter upon politics. I shall not do it again. I only say here your country, and your whole country, and what you attempt to persuade you to get into a quarrel with the State of which you are told that you must be united with your own legislature" and what there is more to say.

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does not bear you down by excessive taxation; but which holds out to you and to yours the hope of all the blessings which liberty, industry, and security may give.

John Taylor! thank God, morning and evening, that you were born in such a country. John Taylor! never write me another word upon politics.

Give my kindest remembrance to your wife and children; and when you look from your eastern windows upon the graves of my family, remember that he, who is the author of this letter, must soon follow them to another world.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILMORE,

March 18, 1862.

My dear Sir,—I have altered the communication to Vega, according to the suggestions made by you on the draft sent to you, and I now enclose the letter as I propose to send it. If any further alterations occur to you, they will of course be adopted.

We shall do nothing with this very unreasonable and unresponsible government until it be brought to believe that we are in earnest.

The time is short to the meeting of the Mexican congress. Shall we send the despatches by a special agent?

Yours truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILMORE.

Washington, Feb. 2, 1862.

My dear Sir, I have just carefully read your proposed draft of a letter to President Lincoln, and find very little to alter. The changes here suggested, and the altered paragraph proposed, are all that I think necessary.

I remain, dear Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
DAN'L WEBSTER.

Washington, Feb. 2, 1862.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO PORTER WRIGHT.

Washington, April 10, 1852.

PORTER WRIGHT,—I think you have not told me what oxen you propose to turn out for beef, except the old John Taylor oxen. You have the white-faces, the mismatched oxen, the jumpers, two pair of four-year old, (now five.) This would seem to be a pretty good team. What do you propose to do with the large Durham oxen? Let me know what you think best. You will also, I suppose, have a good pair of working-oxen from Vermont. It is best to keep working-oxen enough, but not too many.

D. WEBSTER.

P. S. Write me when the Vermont oxen arrive.

 MR. WEBSTER TO MR. JAUDON.

Wednesday evening, April 14, 1852. }
 Tired and sick, and good for nothing. }

MY DEAR SIR,—I have sent your letter to our gardener, and told him to add a few little packages of seeds, freshly imported by the patent-office. He will probably send all to me, and I will send to you.

I believe Peyton is well, and doing well, but truly I can say little of anybody, even of myself. I am at this moment overwhelmed by no great single cause, but by a thousand petty or less considerable annoyances and attacks. Like a man in the tropical deserts, the sun scorches, the dust is blown in my eyes, flies bite the skin like leeches, scorpions and tarantulas are about the feet; but, thank God, when I go to my bed, the "copper-snake" does not "breathe in my ear."

May nothing breathe in your ear, ever, but the voice of kindness by day, and the effusions of affection by night.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO REV. MR. SANFORD.

Washington, August 25, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read with uncommon interest your letter to my son. It gratifies me much, that you are to have the charge of the education of my namesake, his son.

He is a lad of good temper, and amiable disposition; not deficient in intelligence, or quickness of parts. But he is of an active spirit, full of the love of out-door amusement; and I fear his instructors have not enforced upon him, with sufficient decision, the rules of that sage, "known in colleges and halls of yore, called Discipline."

I like much the statement of your requisitions from your pupils. Those requisitions are all just and indispensable.

Other parts of your letter, my dear Sir, awaken tender recollections. I remember, most affectionately, Mrs. Bathsheba Smith, your wife's mother. Was she not a daughter of the Rev. Mr. Sanford of Medway? She was most dearly beloved by Fletcher's mother. And I remember she had a daughter, bearing a name which I cannot write without tears, "Grace Fletcher."

May God preserve and bless you and yours!

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. ROGERS.

Washington, September 2, 1852.

MY DEAR MR. ROGERS,—I give this letter to Mr. Jos. R. Ingersoll, who goes to London to succeed Mr. Lawrence, as American minister, to your court.

I introduce Mr. Ingersoll to you, not as a public man, but as a scholar, a gentleman, and a personal friend of mine.

He suggested that a letter to you would be quite acceptable; this shows how well he knows, and how highly he appreciates you. I pray you, dear Mr. Rogers, accept anew assurances of my affectionate regards. Here, as elsewhere, everybody thinks and speaks kindly of you. Indeed, if good wishes are roses, then you are always "on a bed of heaped Elysian flowers."

I go to my own house, on the sea-side, to-day, where I shall

say to Mrs. Webster and Mrs. Paige, that I have sent you their love, in pursuance of standing command from them, to that effect.

May God bless you!

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, September 12, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I suppose that by this time you must have returned from Berkley, and hope you have had a pleasant and refreshing visit.

My march hitherward was rapid from Washington, using the boat when I could, and, when in the cars, travelling by night, to save my eyes from the glare of the sun. I was quite sick nearly all day in New York, and unable to sit up; but feeling better towards evening, took the Fall River boat, arrived at Boston the next morning, Monday, at seven o'clock, and came immediately home in a coach. I have thus been here a week; and the state of my health is pretty much this:

The catarrh is upon me in its various forms, alternating as usual, but as yet not so severe and heavy as on former occasions. My general health is not so much prostrated. If the weather be wet or damp, I must stay in the house, and have a little fire, to prevent fits of sneezing and noseblowing; when the sun is very bright, I am obliged to avoid going out, on account of my eyes, except indeed when the sea is calm, and I am protected by an awning. The bracing air of the ocean, I find very beneficial.

Mr. Abbot from the Department, joined us night before last, and Mr. Blatchford, who is fond of the sea and of boats, and content with fishing on a small scale. We talk of every thing but law and politics, and one advantage of my condition is, that it excuses me from looking into any newspapers.

I have talked much of an excursion to Maine, Penobscot, St. John, &c., but at present am inclined to stay where I am. Mr. Hunter says, I shall receive in a day or two the Nicaragua papers translated. I am anxious to see what the Nicaragua proposition is, although I presume it will be found quite inadmissible.

Yours, always truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. FILLMORE TO MR. WEBSTER.

Washington, October 13, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your favor of the 8th instant came duly to hand, from which I learn the favorable report of your physicians, which has relieved me of much anxiety. I hope now that you may soon be with us.

On inquiry to-day, I was informed that Mr. Bradley had not yet returned. All matters are passing on here much as usual.

The filibusters, you perceive, are endeavoring to get up a new controversy with Cuba, but I hardly think they will succeed. The Lobos affair is yet unsettled, but I trust we are making some progress. I do not, however, feel justified in troubling you on matters of business, and therefore content myself with expressing the hope that you may soon be restored to health, and that we shall, ere long, have the pleasure of meeting you at the council board.

Please to make my kindest regards to Mrs. Webster and believe me,

Sincerely your friend,

MILLARD FILLMORE.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

(PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.)

Marshfield, October 15, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for your kind letter. Your letters are always kind. I have been in great danger. I am attended, nearly every day, by two physicians; and yet, strange as it may seem, when I have got through the night, I can sit an hour at the table, and write a letter, and sign others. I don't foresee the result. I am in the hands of God, and may He preserve and bless you and yours evermore.

DAN'L WEBSTER.

MR. WEBSTER TO MR. FILLMORE.

Monday morning, October 18, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR,—By the blessing of Providence, I have had another comparatively good night, the afternoon attack coming later, and not lasting so long, and then an excellent sleep. At this hour, (ten o'clock,) I feel easy and strong, and as if I could go into the Senate and make a speech! At one, I shall sink all away, be obliged to go to bed at three, and go through the evening spasms. What all this is to come to, God only knows. My dear Sir,—I should love to pass the last moments of your administration with you, and around your council board. But let not this embarrass you. Consider my resignation as always before you, to be accepted any moment you please. I hope God, in His mercy, may preserve me; but His will be done!

I have every thing right about me, and the weather is glorious.

I do not read the newspapers, but my wife sometimes reads to me the contents of some of them.

I fear things do not look very well for our side.

Yours, always truly,

DAN'L WEBSTER.

 MR. ABBOT TO MR. FILLMORE.

Marshfield, October 21, 1852.

SIR,—You will be deeply pained to learn that within the last few hours the disease under which the Secretary of State is laboring, has taken an unfavorable turn, and that no hopes are entertained for his recovery.

The last letter written by his own hand, was addressed by him to you on Monday.

I have the honor to be, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. J. ABBOT.