

in the spoken word which the reader misses. To find the secret of that spell, you must recall the youth of Webster. Beloved fondly, and appreciated by that circle, as much as by any audience, larger, more exacting, more various, and more fit, which afterwards he found anywhere; known to be manly, just, pure, generous, affectionate; known and felt by his strong will, his high aims, his commanding character, his uncommon and difficult studies; he had every heart's warmest good wish with him when he rose; and then, when — unchecked by any very severe theory of taste, unoppressed by any dread of saying something incompatible with his place and fame, or unequal to himself — he just unlocked the deep spring of that eloquent feeling, which, in connection with his power of mere intellect, was such a stupendous psychological mystery, and gave heart and soul, not to the conduct of an argument, or the investigation and display of a truth of the reason, but to a fervid, beautiful, and prolonged emotion, to grief, to eulogy, to the patriotism of scholars — why need we doubt or wonder, as they looked on that presiding brow, the eye large, sad, unworldly, incapable to be fathomed, the lip and chin, whose firmness as of chiselled, perfect marble, profoundest sensibility alone caused ever to tremble, why wonder at the traditions of the charm which they owned; and the fame which they even then predicted?

His college life closed in 1801. For the statement that he had thought of selecting the profession of theology, the surviving members of his family, his son and his brother-in-law, assure me that there is no foundation. Certainly, he began at once the study of the law, and interrupted only by the necessity of teaching an academy a few months, with which he united the recreation