

you have been compelled to sink in the salt sea, without hope of making them salt provisions; but I will remind you that the coat you wear is devil's dust—your silk handkerchiefs more than half cotton—your cotton shirt is thickened with flour, to make it appear,—that is before you have bought it, and had it washed,—substantial and strong. The Cayenne pepper you dose yourself with, for the good of your health, is real lead and mercury. The milk you fancy you take—it is to be hoped in no large quantities—though Homer says of milk-consumers that they are the longest lived, and the most just of men, and your getting so little of the genuine may have something to do with a few things not quite on the side of honesty in your doings—well, I assert the imaginary milk is a manufacture altogether which slanders the cow, made up of horses' brains, collected from knackers, or at least chalk and lime-water. You have been labouring under bronchitis; your physician has ordered you a mustard plaster—it was a *caput mortuum* on your chest—it would not rise. Shop after shop did you send to; they had all of them, they insisted upon it, the genuine article; yet it did not rise. The Durham mustard, like a certain Durham letter, was a *mere sham*; you found it all turmeric, with something more deleterious. You were obliged to give up your tea, it was so scarce to be had; you took to coffee, as you thought, but you consumed chicory. If you do not look a little into these things, it will be the worse for you. You know you begin to feel your constitution giving way—to be in quite a ticklish condition. You may fall sick—your medicine will be poison. 'Tis to one but you may die for lack of the remedy, or for taking it; and should it so happen that you die, it is very true you will not have to make a wry face at your undertaker's bill. You will lie quietly under the items, but you will not lie so long; for the copper nails in your coffin will be nothing but tin lacquered with a copper solution, to facilitate your dissolution. And here good Mr. Bull, I cannot forbear to tell you an anecdote which I heard myself from a conscientious undertaker, and which I verily believe to be true in every particular. A very few years ago there was a kind of hand-in-hand affair of trade between two undertakers of two towns not very distant from each other. All the previous preparations had been made—the final closing moment was come—when a principal entered the room, turned all out excepting his confidence, and had all the costlier accoutrements of the dead stripped off; and then putting a shilling into the hand of one accidentally present; discovered that it was not his own man; and thus the story became known. Adieu, Mr. Bull! I scarcely wish to survive you for the honour of writing your epitaph. Let others inscribe on your gravestone—

"*Benelivumque boyam, semivivumque boverum.*"

It is very much to be doubted if they will give you quite so good a character as I from my heart would wish to do at this present time.

I have, in truth, very little hope for you. You are deluded. You know not your own condition. You have made up your mind to be deluded—to delude yourself. You will live in crystal palaces, and believe them solid as marble. You will swell yourself up with windy ideas, and imagine you are growing strong and lusty, because the veriest quacks tell you so. Go on: prosper, if you can; at any rate, make a world of business about your prosperity, and you will find your hands full of nothing, and I fear no little of your honesty will have slipped through your fingers. You are full of business and glori-

fication; and while I see you thus engaged, in the general perturbation I must like Diogenes, be allowed to roll about in my tub, and make the noise of discontent, that I may at least seem to be doing something; for there is danger in being a drone. "The People" anathematize them, and many think they ought all to be put to death. My friend Bull, you are in the fever of business, in the ecstasy of your imagined superiority. You live as in a fair, and shift places as actor and spectator as the humour takes you. You throw about your sugar plums as if they cost you nothing, and think a general hurrahing ample repayment. I would only just remind you of one thing, that there is Madness in the Revels, but Reason comes a day after the Fair.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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DEATH OF THE HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

A few weeks ago we chronicled the departure from this sublunary scene, of a great man whose lineal descent we subsequently traced from Alfred, the greatest, wisest, and best, king, England ever saw; and this morning we are called upon to record the fact that another great man has fallen. The hon. Daniel Webster terminated his earthly career on Sunday morning the 24th Oct. at Marshfield House, Massachusetts, after an illness of a few days. He looked forward to his death with calmness and resignation, and requested to see all the members of his family and his friends to receive his last farewell. On the morning of the 23rd he breathed a fervent prayer concluding with the words—"Heavenly Father, forgive my sins, and receive me to thyself, through Christ Jesus;" and during the day he conversed with his friends upon the practical application of the truths of religion to the affairs of this life, and from time to time eloquently and solemnly expatiated upon the beauties of Christianity, and its principles and promises. Between 10 and 12 o'clock on Saturday night, he repeated somewhat indistinctly the words, Poetry, Poetry, Gray, Gray, and his son Mr. Fletcher Webster repeated the first line of Gray's Elegy. "That is it," said the dying statesman, and several of the stanzas of that beautiful poem were repeated to him, which seemed to give him pleasure. Shortly before 2 o'clock he thought his death was close at hand, and his medical attendant Dr. Jeffries repeated the words—"Though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." Mr. Webster immediately said, "that is my want—thy rod—thy staff—thy staff, and shortly afterwards he breathed his last at 22 min. before 3 o'clock on the morning of Sabbath, the 24th of Oct. 1852. The close of his life was perfectly tranquil and easy.

SKETCH OF HON. DANIEL WEBSTER.

With a vague show of prophetic authority the advent of 1852 was heralded as that of a year destined to be memorable in future history, and too many indications have already been given, as the year rolled on, of the correctness of the prospective imaginations. We look not at present to the vicissitudes which despotism has made in some countries; nor to the bodily and mental slavery, to which others glory in submitting—nor to the brilliant prospects for the attainment of wealth opened up in hitherto untraversed regions of the earth; but to the calm, and sober, and sad realities which mark the termination of this earthly existence.—And in this view, without taking into account the many sad lessons recently given, in the shipwrecks and explosions, and numerous other casualties, of the uncertainty of time,—the passing year has been prolific of great and memorable events. On the 29th of June, Henry Clay, the greatest of American statesmen, a man full of years and honours—esteemed alike for private worth and public usefulness—breathed his last, and his name is embalmed in the historic page. The 14th of September, 1852, will henceforth be held sacred in the annals of English History, for on that day fell the greatest man of his age. And now we are called to record the 24th day of October as marking the period when another great man was suddenly called to his final account. Daniel Webster was born on the 18th of January, 1782, in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire. The family originally came from Scotland two centuries ago. Ebenezer Webster, the father of the deceased statesman, was one of the earliest pioneers of the settlement of Salisbury, then called Steven's-town, and situated at the head-waters of the Merrimac River, which is formed by the confluence of the Pemigewasset, and Winnipisogee. Here in the northern part of the settlement he built a log cabin and lighted his fire in 1764, and thus, as his distinguished son said on a public occasion, "the smoke of which ascended nearer the north star than that of any of his Majesty's New England subjects." Ebenezer Webster's first wife dying shortly after his settlement at Salisbury, he married Abigail Eastman, of Salisbury, a lady of Welsh extraction. She was the mother of Daniel and a younger brother Ezekiel, and was considered a woman of more than ordinary intellect. It is well worth noting the fact, that the great orator and statesman was born in this rude primeval region, quite isolated from those adventitious circumstances, which so frequently give character and prominence to life; although at the same time in the most appropriate sphere for the full development of a luxuriant imagination, elevated conceptions, and a fervent heart. While Mr. Webster was quite young he went daily from two to three miles to a small migratory school at Salisbury, where reading and writing were the professed accomplishments of the teacher; but, far more than he was ever able to teach, he had no sooner learned to read than he evinced a desire to peruse everything that came in the way, and even that was not much, for he generally had the old books