

Many places in our American world have spoken his eulogy. To all places the service was befitting, for "his renown, is it not of the treasures of the whole country?" To some it belonged, with a strong local propriety, to discharge it. In the halls of Congress, where the majestic form seems ever to stand and the deep tones to linger, the decorated scene of his larger labors and most diffusive glory; in the courts of law, to whose gladsome light he loved to return, — putting on again the robes of that profession ancient as magistracy, noble as virtue, necessary as justice, — in which he found the beginning of his honors; in Faneuil Hall, whose air breathes and burns of him; in the commercial cities, to whose pursuits his diplomacy secured a peaceful sea; in the cities of the inland, around whom his capacious public affections, and wise discernment, aimed ever to develop the uncounted resources of that other, and that larger, and that newer America; in the pulpit, whose place among the higher influences which exalt a state, our guide in life, our consolation in death, he appreciated profoundly, and vindicated by weightiest argument and testimony, of whose offices, it is among the fittest, to mark and point the moral of the great things of the world, the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power passing away as the pride of the wave, — passing from our eye to take on immortality; in these places, and such as these, there seemed a reason beyond, and other, than the universal calamity, for such honors of the grave. But if so, how fit a place is this for such a service! We are among the scenes where the youth of Webster awoke first, and fully, to the life of the mind. We stand, as it were, at the sources, physical, social, moral, intellectual, of that exceeding greatness. Some now here saw that youth. Almost it was yours, Nilum *parvum* videre.