

AN

ORATION,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE INHABITANTS OF

WINCHESTER, MASS.

JULY 4, 1860.

BY JOHN A. BOLLES.

BOSTON:

PRESS OF T. R. MARVIN & SON.

1860.

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O R A T I O N .

FELLOW CITIZENS:

We have met to celebrate the eighty-fourth birth-day of our country;—our country, the common mother of us all! Like children who gather fondly around the old family hearth, to join in family festival and thanksgiving, do we this day come together, rejoicing in a prosperous PRESENT;—recalling a trying, yet triumphant, PAST;—anticipating a bright and joyous FUTURE.

How rush to our memories, as on wings of fire, the prophetic words of the elder Adams,—concerning that July day in 1776, when the Continental Congress resolved,—“that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States!”—“That day,” said John Adams, “will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America;—to be celebrated by succeeding generations as *the great anniversary festival*; commemorated as *the day of deliverance*, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty;—solemnized with pomp and parade, from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forevermore!” He was “well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it would cost to maintain this Declaration, and to support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom,” said he, “I can see the ravishing rays of light and glory.”

With what sacred and soul-stirring memories,—with what delight and enthusiasm,—do we, as our great Revolutionary Prophet foretold, now hail the dawning of this consecrated day, and assemble in this our holy temple to engage in these commem-

orative services! And not we alone, thank God;—not we alone, the dwellers of this fair, young, town, in this our wonted Hall, have met to keep this “anniversary festival!” In how many other happy villages,—in how many flourishing towns,—in how many proud and populous cities,—most of whose names were never heard by our revolutionary fathers,—most of which have sprung into being, in this our glorious America, long since the last signer of the Declaration was gathered to his fathers,—are grateful thousands this day gathered to thank Almighty God for yet another opportunity to commemorate a glorious past, and to rejoice in the prosperity of the noblest Republic, and the happiest People, that the ages have ever beheld; to bask in the full splendor of that “light and glory” which were discerned by Adams and his associates but “through the gloom!”

Let our imaginations rise to the full grandeur and dignity of the spectacle, and take in the whole vast picture of national joy and exultation, of national strength, and wealth, and prosperity, that to-day lies smiling under the American sunlight, in the eye of our country’s God. The contemplation of such a picture will stir our hearts with gratitude to God, with reverence for our revolutionary fathers, and with hopeful confidence in the future greatness and welfare of our country.

In this vast area of freedom, extending from the Atlantic nearly three thousand miles westward to the western sea;—from the great lakes nearly fifteen hundred miles southward;—with a boundary of more than ten thousand miles in extent;—almost as large as continental Europe;—large enough to contain France, and Spain, and Portugal, Holland, and Belgium, and all that Italy in which is now burning the fiery spirit of revolutionary freedom!—large enough to contain Turkey, and Greece, and Austria, Prussia, the Scandinavian Kingdoms, and Russia,—do we not behold the greatest Republic, and in her three and thirty millions of inhabitants, the happiest people, that the great drama of human history has ever brought to view! Do we not here, with Berkeley, feel and exclaim—

“Westward the star of Empire holds its way!
 The *four* first acts already past,
 The *fifth* shall close the drama with the day;
 Time’s noblest empire is the last!”

Oh, that those old fathers of the Republic, those immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence, those brave founders of our national temple,—those heroes, and martyrs, whose courage was tried, and whose wisdom exercised, and whose blood spilled, in the dark hour of revolutionary peril and struggle, could return, if but for one hour, this day, to behold with us this empire of the free!

Not that our country—its constitution—its laws—its administration of government—its public men—any more than its private citizens, are free from fault and imperfection. Such is not the lesson of this grand spectacle, or of this glorious day.

As no man that lives has not sinned, so no frame of government devised by man is without defect; no human institution is faultless; no mortal tribunal absolutely pure; no earthly society perfect; no administration this side of Heaven free from error.

The Declaration of American Independence, itself, though the Gospel of popular rights and of popular freedom, will not endure a comparison with the Sermon of Christ on the mount.

The Constitution of the United States—the most admirable frame of government ever devised by human wisdom, yet winks at slavery.

The United States Supreme Court, as faultless a judicial tribunal as ever gave dignity to law by clothing its precepts with the garment of justice, is not infallible,—but has delivered opinions which every political party has in its turn denounced, and has now and then pronounced judgments that others *dread* as much as *Dred Scott* himself.

Even juries, the palladium though they are of freedom and of justice, at times render monstrous and unrighteous verdicts.

All things human are stained with error, and he who devotes his attention exclusively to the discovery and contemplation of error and imperfection, will ever be ready, with Moore's desponding Peri, to exclaim:

“Some flowers of Eden we *may* inherit;
But the trail of the serpent is over them all!”

But such fault-finding is folly, and such despondency is unmanly. “Dost thou think,” Oh, morbid fault-finder, “because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?”—“Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot in the mouth too!”

The rustic poet of Scotland, but in no desponding or censorious spirit, has wittily affirmed that

“Some *books* are lees fra' end to end!
 And some great lees were never penned!
 E'en ministers, they ha' been kenned,
 In holy rapture,
 A rousing *whid*, at times, to vend,
 And nail 't wi' scrupture!”

Shall we, because this is true, despise all ministers, abhor the church, spurn the Bible? Shall we burn up our books and libraries? Shall we surrender the right of trial by jury? or abolish our courts? Shall we destroy the Constitution and dissolve the Union, and repudiate that glorious “Declaration,” which, eighty-four years ago this day, sounded like the resurrection-trumpet to call nations to life, light, and liberty?

Because neither past nor present has produced a perfect man or a perfect work, what folly should we commit did we refuse to venerate the fathers of our revolution and the framers of our government—to glory in the record of our ancestors, so full of noble thoughts, and utterances, and acts;—to behold, to appreciate, to rejoice in, the prosperity, and grandeur, and proud pre-eminence, of our country; to admire the *past* of our national history,—to exult in the *present*,—and to look forward with bright-eyed, hopeful faith, to a *future* of peaceful reforms, and of yet greater and surpassing prosperity and glory!

How should we ridicule his stupidity and folly, who should condemn as wildness—desert—unhealthy—unproductive—uninhabitable—the whole broad expanse of Republican America, because, as he looks down from the summit of Katahdin—of Mount Washington—of the Adirondacs—of the Alleghanies—of the Sierra Nevada—of the Rocky Mountains—his eye discerns many a mile of barren rock—of misty, fever-haunted swamp—of sandy, salt-incrusted prairie?

Were it worth while to reason with one so ignorant, so blind, or so one-sided in observation, might we not say to him—“Behold, also, our two millions of farms and plantations, fat and fertile as the valley of the Nile! our two hundred millions of cultivated acres, representing a value of more than five thousand millions of dollars;—waving with harvests such as not Egypt nor Sicily ever saw, yielding their annual hundred and fifty millions bushels of wheat, their

five hundred millions pounds of rice, their fifteen hundred millions pounds of cotton, and which, in 1846,—fourteen years ago,—sent forty-three hundred thousand barrels of flour, and forty-three hundred thousand bushels of wheat, to feed starving Ireland and hungry Europe!

“Behold, also, our three and thirty millions of people—healthier, longer lived, happier, freer, more intelligent, more virtuous, better, manlier, than any other people the world ever saw!

“Behold this vast continent of freedom on a day like this, when the air is filled to throbbing with the music of millions of glad voices—when bell and cannon and trumpet blast,—‘the ear-piercing fife, the spirit-stirring drum,’ wake exulting echoes from a thousand-thousand hills, and a great nation is vocal with joy and praise!

“Behold this vast ‘area of freedom,’ which has more than doubled in extent since 1776;—its population doubling each quarter century; its national treasury filled without taxation, receiving and disbursing from fifty to a hundred millions every year; its army of eighteen thousand men so numerous, yet furnishing less than two men to the mile of our long frontier; its navy and army costing over twenty-seven millions annually; its postal arrangements requiring the last year an expenditure of near sixteen millions of dollars; its public lands, so boundless, and offered to all the world at prices so nominal, that pauperism itself may own a farm and a freehold, nearly seventeen millions of acres this very year having been sold or given away by a government generous even to prodigality—a prodigality, however, wise and noble—and which makes our forests and our prairies the asylum of the world; its Patent Office, granting or renewing to inventors more than three thousand patents yearly; its surface crossed and recrossed with fifty thousand miles of iron roads, and a hundred thousand miles of telegraphic wires; its busy millions of inhabitants presenting such a picture of intelligent activity, as recalls the splendid description which Milton gave of England under the Republican protectorate of Cromwell: ‘Behold, now, this vast city;’ such are the words of England’s greatest poet; ‘a city of refuge—the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with God’s protection! The shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defense of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there,

sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas ; — ‘ others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement.’ ”

Should we not furthermore say, “ Behold our three and thirty States,—a family of Republics unparalleled,—unrivalled,—united,—harmonious!—for four score and four years without a civil war, without a serious quarrel!—Not, indeed, without occasional hot and angry words of difference or dispute ;—not, indeed, without now and then a local disturbance or neighborhood difficulty,—a “ whisky insurrection,” a “ Shay’s rebellion,” a Rhode Island bloodless revolution, a Kansas, border-ruffian, conflict, or a Harper’s Ferry raid ;—but yet without alarming or long continued difficulty ;—a happy Confederacy of three and thirty States ; a happy nation of three and thirty millions of people ;—proud of each other,—loving each other,—rejoicing in each other’s prosperity ;—divided, indeed, into various political parties ;—parties so various, so complex,—and, some of them, broken into so many divisions and detachments, and with conventions and candidates, platforms and professions of political faith, standards and standard bearers,—so numerous, that one gets confused and almost dizzy in the effort to follow their involutions and evolutions ;—yet all, with one accord, ambitious of national success and national prosperity,—anxious for the public good,—proud of the American character and name, and by the concord which, after all, controls and directs their various parts and movements, presenting a sublime illustration of substantial obedience to that *law* “ whose seat is the bosom of God, whose voice is the harmony of the world,” to whom “ all things, in heaven and earth ” render “ homage ; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power ; both angels, and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all, with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.”

Such, and such like, should be our answers to all—whether domestic fault-finders at home,—or foreign, half-informed censors abroad,—whose mental vision sees only, or sees unduly magnified, the defects of American institutions, laws, tribunals, people ;—spots on the sun,—motes in the sun-beam,—ripples on the vast ocean,—dust in the balance ;—instead of beholding and admiring the grandeur, and beauty, the “ light and glory,” the happiness and prosperity, of our country !

It is due to an occasion like this, it is fit and seemly on this our national festival, to remember and remind ourselves, in the spirit of impartial history,—that the fathers and founders of our Republic,—though imperfect men, were actuated by a lofty patriotism; and that the Declaration of Rights and of Independence which they put forth; and the Constitution which they established; and the laws which they enacted,—though not faultless, were, nevertheless, inspired by wisdom, and marked by that sagacious good sense which knows how to seize the utmost advantage of the passing hour, and to temper ideal perfection to the standard of possible attainment.

We ought, also, on this national Sabbath,—moved by religious fairness and candor, to feel with becoming pride, and acknowledge with manly gratitude, that each successive administration of our national government has faithfully exercised its delegated powers with conscientious and patriotic regard to the national welfare. We are, perhaps, too near in time to some of those administrations to judge with easy impartiality of their motives and conduct. But allow me to express my own conviction, which, I am sure, is yours also, that up to the administration of president Polk, no president of the United States has ever failed, in his high office, to act, according to his best judgment, for the highest good of the whole American people;—that none but a genuine patriot has ever sat in the presidential chair;—and that Washington, and John Adams, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson and Van Buren,—yea, even the much abused “Tippecanoe and Tyler too,” Harrison and Tyler,—each according to the measure of his understanding and ability,—but all with one and the same passionate love of liberty and of the Union,—of the Constitution and of every State that sits beneath its broad and glorious shelter;—that all have been true, and honest, and earnest patriots;—and that their names,—with different degrees of lustre,—(for even “one star differeth from another star in glory,”)—yet all beaming with the calm, pure, light of a genuine devotion to the common weal,—shall shine on the page of history, and light up the grateful recollections of a hundred generations of American freemen.

Such are the sober truths,—sober yet soul-stirring,—which I deem appropriate to this our national holiday. Laying aside all partisan passion and prejudice,—all narrow and sectional views and feelings,—all unmanly despondency and fear, we ought, this day, as American patriots, to indulge in the enjoyment of ideas and

emotions of this broad and general and generous scope and character.

Nor is it Patriotism alone which consecrates and celebrates this memorable day. Not Patriotism alone,—which confines its views within fixed geographical lines,—but Philanthropy, also, which knows no boundaries, holds here its holy festival. Patriotism rejoices in this day as the anniversary of our country's independence. Philanthropy hails it as the birth-day of liberty to all the world,—of the emancipation of humanity,—the enfranchisement of our race.

“The erection of an independent empire on this continent,” said Dickinson of Pennsylvania, in the last debate in our Continental Congress, before the “Declaration,”—“the erection of an independent empire on this continent is a phenomenon in the world! Its effects will be immense, and may vibrate round the globe!”

They *have* vibrated round the globe, and the Eastern Hemisphere is now shaking with their prolonged vibrations.

As our greatest historian has well said, the rights asserted in our “Declaration of Independence” are “older than human institutions, and spring from the eternal justice that is anterior to the State.” That “assertion of right was made for the entire world of mankind, and all coming generations. As it was put forth in the name of the ascendent people of that time, it was sure to make the circuit of the world, passing everywhere through the despotic countries of Europe, and the astonished nations, as they read that ‘all men are created equal,’ started out of their lethargy, like those who have been exiles from childhood, when they suddenly hear the dimly remembered accents of their mother tongue!”

More than twenty years ago it was declared by Schlegel, an eminent German scholar, in the capital of Austria, that all the revolutions which, for sixty years, had been disturbing Europe, could be distinctly traced to North America. It was, and is, the truth:—and Schlegel's proposition could be extended to the present hour, and be truthfully re-affirmed to-day.

How has American revolutionary doctrine transformed the political condition of the people of England! Our fathers' denial of the unqualified right “of a legislature in which they were not represented,” was met by the answer, “You are as much represented as are nine-tenths of the people of Great Britain:” and that

answer, instead of silencing American complaint, awakened the English people to the knowledge of their rights, and to the feeling of their wrongs. "The agitation of reform for England was long-deferred;"—but the success of our revolution paved the way for English reform; and every new reform-bill, every additional step towards popular emancipation in the mother country, is a fresh sheaf gathered from the great American harvest.

How has France, also, been Americanized!

At the time our independence was declared, Louis XVI. sat on the throne of France. But *for* that Declaration, he might, like the long line of Capets before him, have continued to reign till old age, or disease, had consigned him quietly to the tomb of his fathers, and his crown had peaceably descended to his son and lineal successor. The emancipation of America, if it did not cause, at least precipitated, with tremendous speed and force, that most stupendous historical phenomenon, the French Revolution, which hurled both king and queen from their throne, overthrew every existing institution, and, for awhile, drove mad the people of France, who, in their insanity, mistook licentiousness for liberty, and anarchy for self-government.

But their delusion passed rapidly away: and if the new-found freedom did not in France, as in America, take and retain the form of a Republic, it was because here only, and not there, was a people made ready by long experience and education for the great trust and responsibility of self-government. France did, however, adopt and assert, after her characteristic fiery and impulsive fashion, the fundamental doctrine of freedom,—that all political power resides in the people, and that the people may, and must, determine by whom, and how, that power shall be exercised.

This maxim was the herald of political death to all the dynasties of Continental Europe; and the first Napoleon was the exponent and champion of that doctrine. He was alike "the man of destiny," and "the man of the people,"—and against him, and the popular idea of which he was the type, all European governments combined, as against a common enemy. Even England, under the lead of George III.—the most arbitrary and despotic king who, since James II., has filled the throne of Great Britain,—even England, maddened by the loss of her North American colonies,—the fairest jewels of her diadem,—and scared by the early violence

of the French Revolution, joined in the crusade against Napoleon, and thereby stained her annals with indelible disgrace.

Let no intelligent American now join in this European, and most malignant, warfare upon *Him, the great Image-Breaker*,—the greatest man that God has sent into the world for two thousand years!

Napoleon fell,—and with him, for awhile, died out the hope of liberty in the old world.

But deep in the popular heart of Europe still worked the American leaven,—still lived the memory of our great Declaration.

Time would fail us to trace its course of action year by year, and step by step. It is a sad history,—full of disappointments and mournful vicissitudes;—and “many a time and oft” have brave hearts quailed, and hopeful souls desponded. But again and again has Truth gained some conquest, and again and again has some new triumph of popular right reminded us, that

“Freedom’s battle, once begun,
Bequeath’d from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is always won!”

England has made great advances towards popular freedom. In the grand struggles of 1848 nearly every people in Europe obtained at least a transient recognition and acknowledgment from their rulers, of their inherent sovereignty. France has, again, under a new Napoleon, asserted, and in the face of frowning Europe, maintained, her right to frame her own government, and elect her own Ruler;—and her chosen Ruler, worthy to bear Napoleon’s name, is now, like his immortal uncle, the living embodiment and representative of American political truth in Europe,—the greatest mind that mingles in the public life of the Old World. No patriotic soul now doubts or fears this second “man of destiny.” What Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, and Garibaldi, without him, could not effect for Italy, Napoleon III., with them, has accomplished,—and once again we have an Italian people!

Austria has been humbled in the dust!

The foot of Garibaldi is on the throat of base, despotic, brutal Naples!

Rome trembles upon her seven hills.

Napoleon holds in his hand the destinies of Europe, and well deserves to hold them. Let us recognize his "greatness" and "justice," and pray for his "happiness!"

" GREAT is he
 Who uses his greatness for all!
 JUST is he
 Who is just for the *popular due*,
 As well as the *private debt*. ———
 — The praises of nations ready to perish
 Fall on him,—crown him,—in view
 Of tyrants caught in the net,
 And statesmen dizzy with fear and doubt!
 And though, because they are many,
 And he is mercy one,
 And nations, selfish and cruel,
 Heap up the Inquisitor's fuel
 To kill the *body* of high intents,
 And burn great *deeds* from their place,
 Courage! who'er circumvents!
 Courage! Courage! whoever is base!
 The *soul* of a high intent, be it known,
 Can die no more than any soul
 Which God keeps by Him under the throne!
 Courage! Courage! HAPPY is he
 Of whom this word shall be said,—
 'That he might have had the world with him,
 'But chose to side with suffering men,
 'And had the world against him, when
 'He came to deliver Italy!'

Emperor
 Evermore!"

America, the child of Europe, has thus, like the Roman daughter, from her young, full, bosom, replenished her parent's heart with renewed life and strength,—and the life blood of her overflowing vigor is now streaming in European veins.

Nor in Europe alone has been felt the American vibration,—the pulsation of the great American heart. Not a nation on the globe holding commerce with another, but has heard our story; but has learned something of our political truth,—but has gained something from our teaching and our example.

Wheresoever, whithersoever, on the broad map of the habitable and inhabited world, we turn our eyes, we may behold the impress of the free and active American mind.

From Gray's wharf in Boston there sails to-morrow, in the track of the gallant and lamented Kane, for the open sea which that illustrious voyager discovered around the northern pole, an American exploring vessel, under the command of Dr. Hayes, destined, we trust, to bear our country's flag where never yet has floated human banner, and to bring back from regions hitherto untracked by mortal keel,—untrod by human foot, the wonders of Northern science. As our own Wilkes enlarged the boundaries of knowledge in the Antarctic seas, so has Kane extended, and so we hope will Hayes extend, the light of science where Arctic darkness has brooded till recently unbroken.

China has opened to us her long closed empire on terms of honorable friendship.

Japan,—that region of mystery, unfolds to American commerce her ports, and to American kindness her palaces; and her princely ambassadors, whose recent visit to our national capital, and to our commercial metropolis, has been so well calculated to impress them with admiration for American hospitality, wealth, prosperity and freedom,—are even now returning homeward in our most splendid war steamer, the Niagara,—to confirm by their report, the friendly disposition and neighborly kindness of Japan.

Let me, also, return from my world-wide excursion to matters nearer home.

I have glanced at the wonderful progress of our nation in the development of all the elements of greatness and prosperity since the dark and stormy days of our revolution; I have alluded to the great debt of gratitude which we owe to the fathers and founders of our Republic; I have endeavored to describe, and inculcate, that spirit of fairness and candor by which alone can be duly estimated the character of our institutions, of our people and of the successive administrations of our national government; and I have sketched in brief outline the influence which America has exercised upon the condition and destiny of our race. I would now direct, for a moment, your thoughts towards our own beloved Commonwealth.

Massachusetts, as she bore a leading part in the toils, and trials, and triumphs of the revolution,—has largely shared in the uninterrupted and steadily advancing prosperity of the Union. Her population, gaining about 36 per cent every ten years, now exceeds

a million and a quarter of people,—and is greater than one half of the population of the whole thirteen Colonies at the outbreak of the revolutionary war. Her wealth has increased still more than her population. In generous devotion to the cause of public education, in every form of public charity, in an enlightened encouragement of private enterprise, no State can bear away the palm from old Massachusetts. Her manufactures find markets all over the world. Her commerce extends wherever wind and tide can bear a cargo. The voice of her learning and genius is heard, and the power of her thought is felt, wherever one cultivated human soul holds communion with another.

We may, though imperfectly, measure the growth of her general prosperity during the last ten years, by a glance first at her almshouses and then at her savings banks.

In 1850, Massachusetts had twenty-six thousand paupers, the cost of whose relief and support was \$468,000. Had pauperism and population increased in like proportion, her paupers would now number upwards of forty thousand ;—or nine thousand more than they actually do number. Had the cost of their maintenance and relief continued unchanged upon the scale of 1850, the present annual expenditure would be \$540,000 instead of what it is, \$520,000.

In 1850, the number of State paupers was sixteen thousand. Now it is only ten thousand.

Since 1850 the number of our Savings institutions, in which are deposited the earnings of the industrious poor, has greatly increased, as have also, to an extraordinary degree, the amount of deposits and the number of depositors.

In 1850, the number of depositors was less than 79,000. Now it exceeds 205,000 ; a gain of more than 126,000. In 1850, the amount of deposits was not quite \$14,000,000. Now it is about \$39,500,000.

The average amount of dividend annually divided among the depositors has also materially increased.

Facts like these are full of pleasing significance, proclaiming to us the increasing comfort and prosperity of our beloved Commonwealth. From a hundred other sources might I bring concurrent proof. But I must not weary your patience by dwelling too long on the statistics of “the Old Bay State,” God bless her in every department of industry, and charity, and prosperity ! We feel her

strength, and we know that it is felt throughout the Union. We glory in her name, and we know that wherever that name is spoken, (and where is it not?) it is a name of pride, and honor, and glory, and weight! "GOD SAVE THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS!"

Let us now turn our attention, for a few minutes, to the history and condition of our own charming little town.

It is just ten years since we became a distinct municipality. Our Declaration of Independence as a town—the acceptance of our town charter—bears date May 7, 1850. Our territory, compact and well-defined, singularly picturesque and beautiful, seemed to have been marked out and set apart for individual corporate existence, by the hand of nature herself; and although, in 1850, that territory formed part of the three distinct towns of Woburn, Medford and West Cambridge,—it required but one visit on the part of the Legislative Committee on Towns, to satisfy them that we ought to be promptly incorporated.

The three old towns very naturally resisted our petition for a charter, fearing that their prosperity would suffer from our secession. But their opposition and their fears were alike vain. Winchester was incorporated and organized as a town, with a population of thirteen hundred souls, and a taxable property valued at eight hundred thousand dollars.

In five years, our inhabitants numbered one thousand eight hundred, and now they exceed two thousand souls. Our taxable property, increasing in yet larger proportion—about 75 to 80 per cent.—may be rated at \$1,300,000.

But not alone have *we* increased in numbers and in wealth. So, also, has each of our three parent towns.

In 1855, West Cambridge had gained 26 per cent., Medford more than 28 per cent., and Woburn nearly 44 per cent., on their population of 1850. It is pleasant to know that none of them have suffered because of their separation from us.

The story of our division from those three towns is full of interest and excitement. It is a history of conflict and struggle,—sharp, earnest, resolute. But I will not now dwell upon it. The warmth of feeling provoked by that controversy is passing away; but the topic is yet too delicate for public discussion on a day devoted, like this, to good fellowship, concord, and union.

During the ten years of our corporate existence, our taxes have amounted to about \$73,000 ; we have received \$3,000 from the gentleman whose name is borne by our town ; and we are encumbered with a debt of some \$9,000.

Calling the aggregate of our expenditures \$85,000, or about \$8,500 annually, and we are proud to state that nearly one-half of that sum—upwards of \$40,000—has been devoted to our schools. Our school system, wisely established at the outset upon the most liberal footing, and upon the wisest scheme, including every grade, from primary to high school, and managed, not by districts and district committees, but by the whole town and its general committee, has been constantly and nobly, generously and cheerfully, sustained by the town ; so that upon the school record of Massachusetts, no town of its size equals, and few of any size, excel, the town of Winchester.

Upon our highways and bridges we have expended about \$14,000.

Our town offices and officers have cost us not quite \$800 a year.

Our paupers have required an aggregate expenditure of about \$4,000 for the ten years. Their expense in 1850 was but \$112. In 1851 it was \$210. In 1852 it was \$275. But in the following year, owing to a class of population drawn within our limits by that every way unfortunate enterprise, the Stoneham Branch Rail Road, our pauper accounts increased to upwards of \$650. They now stand at \$430.

Our fire department and our military company have cost the town, as nearly as I can learn, something less than \$5,000. Our engine company still lives. But of the “ Winchester Guards ” I find no surviving trace, unless perchance in some scarlet costume that glittered in this morning’s gay procession. They and their guns have both “ gone off.”

In matters parochial and ecclesiastic, our town has been singularly peaceful and happy. The Congregational parish, which is the only one that had a corporate existence in 1850, was then a large and flourishing body, and has greatly increased in wealth and in numbers. It has one of the finest church edifices in Middlesex county, and one of the best specimens of the devout, useful, and popular New England clergyman.

The other church, the Baptist,—now temporarily without a pas-

tor,—was organized, with eighteen members, not quite eight years ago. It numbers now one hundred and ten, and has paid, for several years, the annual sum of about \$1,100, for the maintenance of its religious worship.

Between these churches there have always existed that friendliness of feeling, mutuality of respect, and interchange of neighborly services and Christian courtesy, which are so seldom seen, and which are so delightful to behold.

Indeed, the entire town, with scarcely a single exception, during its ten years' history, has presented one uninterrupted picture of peace and unity. We cannot reasonably ask for it another ten years of greater harmony, or of steadier growth and prosperity.

Many other topics of local interest and importance crowd upon our minds, and call for at least a passing notice. I would speak thankfully of that healthfulness by which our town has been so conspicuously distinguished. I would make respectful mention of various excellent friends and neighbors, men of great age and exemplary character, whom death has removed from our midst. I would render becoming tribute to the God-Father of our town, the late Col. William P. Winchester, whose generosity we cannot forget, and whose untimely death we have such reason to lament and deplore. I would, in fitting terms, commemorate the liberality of the Winchester Library Association from whom our town received the donation of so choice a library, and of the generous wisdom of the town itself in the enlargement and regulation of that library. I would describe the rural beauty of our "Wildwood Cemetery," not unworthy to be compared with "Mount Auburn" itself, and which is already a place of loving pilgrimage to many whom I see before me. But these, and other kindred themes, I must leave untouched, remembering that I have already drawn over largely alike upon your patience and your time.

And now, my friends and fellow-citizens, my task is done. If I have responded imperfectly to your invitation, I pray you to remember how willingly I answered your call, and how brief has been my time for preparation.

I must not let this occasion pass without reminding you that we are indebted for all our prosperity and happiness to Almighty God.

In the glowing language of John Adams, which I have already quoted, this day was to be marked "by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty." When our fathers declared themselves independent of all earthly power, they professed, in words that have thrilled through your hearts this morning, "A FIRM RELIANCE ON THE PROTECTION OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE."

In the language of the Psalmist may we devoutly say: "Our fathers, Oh God, hoped in THEE;—they trusted in THEE, and THOU didst deliver them! They called upon THEE, and THOU didst help them! They put their trust in THEE, and were not confounded!"

As did the fathers, so also should do the sons. "In God is all our help."

The form and spirit of free government cannot be long maintained by an irreligious people, for such a people is unworthy of the blessing, and incapable of such a trust. Eternal truth and justice are the foundation of our national "Declaration" of rights, and he who forgets God will not long revere either justice or truth. Religion, therefore, is the corner-stone of our political structure. Religion alone binds us forever and inseparably to the just and the true. Patriotism without piety is the shadow of a sentiment whose substance has perished—without vitality or value—"a vapor that soon vanisheth away."

To earthly power and potentate we should never bend our knee or bow our head. To God alone, and to HIM always, is due our homage, and should be paid our reverence.

"God of Peace,—whose spirit fills
All the echoes of our hills,
All the murmurs of our rills,
Now the storm is o'er;
Oh, let freemen be our sons;—
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones,
Till there's war no more!

"By the Patriot's hallowed rest!
By the Warrior's gory breast!
Never let our graves be pressed
By a despot's throne!
By the Pilgrim's toils and cares!
By their battles and their prayers!
By their ashes,—let our heirs
Bow to THEE alone!"