

AN
ORATION

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

CITY AUTHORITIES OF BOSTON,

ON THE

FIFTH OF JULY, 1869,

IN CELEBRATION OF THE

Ninety-third Anniversary of American Independence,

BY HON. ELLIS W. MORTON.



BOSTON :

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1869.

CITY OF BOSTON.

In Board of Aldermen, July 6, 1869.

Resolved, That the thanks of the City Council be presented to the Hon. Ellis W. Morton for the eloquent Oration delivered by him before the municipal authorities of Boston, on the occasion of the Ninety-third Anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence, and that he be requested to furnish a copy of the same for publication.

Passed. Sent down for concurrence.

BENJ. JAMES, *Chairman.*

In Common Council, July 8, 1869.

Concurred.

WM. G. HARRIS, *President.*

Approved, July 9, 1869.

NATH'L B. SHURTLEFF, *Mayor.*

A true copy.

Attest:

S. F. McCLEARY, *City Clerk.*

ORATION.

To God, to the Fathers, to the preservers of our Nation's Independence, are due reverent and grateful acknowledgments in this joyful commemoration of the brightest day in our history. The flame of the new-found liberty which illumined that day is an inextinguishable beacon to souls oppressed who dare dream "that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights." A journey in discovery of the causes which culminated in our deed of self-manumission, would lead only to an uncertain end. The Declaration of Independence was not a single fruit; it was a harvest. Inscrutable Providence had mysteriously sown the seed. The precious germs were scattered alike by the burning hands of martyrs and the unconscious hands of tyrants. It was the will of Heaven that the falling dew of the Fourth day of July, 1776, should christen our "Free and Independent States."

But we may conceive that had the religion of our fathers been the growth of more genial nurture,

or had its exercise been unrestricted, had their uncompromising faith been tried in the development of a less rugged home, had George the Third spared his beneficent oppression, then had the problem of self-government been to us unsolved.

“Sweet are the uses of adversity.”

The Omnipotent veils the fulness of His designs. The Puritans, who challenged the perils of the sea to wrest religious liberty from the hardships of an unknown land, knew as little of religious liberty as the men of the First Continental Congress knew of civil liberty.

The religious liberty of the Puritans was a right to worship in their own way—a denial of the right to others. The practice of their austere devotions fixed the limit of the freedom they would have planted. They were unsuspecting of the bounty of the soil upon which they set their altars. They dreamed not that the fire of their fierce convictions would burn into a mellow light, in which all Christian hearts might approach Deity by their own paths. Those uncompromising spirits were elected to a peculiar work, and the fearlessness, the wisdom, the fidelity, which marked their labor, the reverence which hallowed it, have won the favor of God and the praises of man.

The period including 1774 and 1776, was freighted with blessings so rich, that those noble men, who were alternately demanding and imploring civil rights, recognized them not. They realized not the robust growth of the tree of liberty in their midst, till their witless monarch and his ministers, as a reward for their unswerving fealty, shook its fruit into their laps. This was the period that gathered the first Continental Congress; that Congress, by which "all old religious jealousies were condemned as low-minded infirmities"; that Congress, in which Patrick Henry uttered the "hope that future ages would quote their proceedings with applause"; that Congress, in which the student may clearly trace the title of nearly every chapter of our political history—it was the period in which the summoning rays of the lanterns in the tower of the North Church, signalled the advent of unknown civil and religious liberties; it was the period which called that other Congress to herald your independence, and mine.

I have said that the men of 1774 knew not of civil liberty. To them liberty was an English production. Their hope was of English liberty. Just men, suffering injustice, their eyes opened not to the omnipotence of justice.

Franklin, Washington, Jefferson, the immortal author of the Declaration, all disclaimed a disposition for independence. But the appeals unheard, the petitions rejected by the King of Britain, were answered by the King of Kings. To that loyalty which acknowledged the sovereignty, while it resisted the oppression, of the mother country, He offered a Republic. Patriotism then became an unconquerable force.

How shall we honor the men and the virtues of those days? Would we render tribute to the most upright, to the most patriotic, to the wisest, to the most temperate, to the most charitable, to the bravest, to the most modest, — all had their representative in Washington. “If you speak of solid information and sound judgment,” said Patrick Henry, “Washington is the greatest man of them all.” John Adams attested the worth of “the modest and virtuous, the able, generous, and brave general.” The chosen of all the Colonies, he was particularly the choice of New England. A Virginian, he belonged to Massachusetts. He it was, who desired to “raise one thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head for the relief of Boston.” He it was, who gained Boston from the enemy, and to whom the

selectmen said: "Next to the Divine power we ascribe to your wisdom that this acquisition has been made with so little effusion of blood." His was the sovereign character of the Revolution. To him, then, let us pay the homage due to the men whose sturdy virtue moulded determined courage into the rare deeds which have made us Independent Americans.

It is most fitting that Boston should have set up an enduring figure of this embodiment of the goodness and greatness which distinguished the past, and should pilot the future days of the Republic. Happy has been the genius of the Boston sculptor in fashioning the plastic clay to such happy service. Fortunate have been our artisans who taught the willing metal to daguerrotype his creation. That work shall be our pride, the admiration of all. The treasures of the earth, the conception of the artist, the handicraft of the artificer have gladly contributed to reproduce the form; let society reproduce the qualities of Washington. Said Cato, "The best way to keep good acts in memory is to refresh them with new."

But we are brought to another period in the recol-

lection that his devoted services had been well-nigh wasted, but for the unlimited loyalty of the Saviors of the Union: those whose presence in our midst is our honor; those whose headstones are their grateful country's most sacred souvenirs.

In the ground prepared for the institutions which made our declared independence a reality, there was left undisturbed the most baneful poison known to political toxicology.

A revel in the records of the unexampled prosperity of the new nation, whose lavish resources ministered, in every variety of climate, from every quality of soil, out of the native storehouses of noble and baser metals, by grand rivers and outstretched coasts, to wealth and happiness, and whose government was benign, was embittered by the exposure of the rank growth of slavery. The good and the wise viewed the spread of this evil root with dismay and perplexity. In 1860, the injustice of stolen labor received a decided recognition in the triumph of a party pledged to a lawful resistance of its introduction into unpolluted soil. Then was manifested the accursed sway of the "peculiar institution." So subtle had been its noxious influence, nursing sensuality, indolence and ease, that it was regarded as the vital support of the South. Slavery was the balm; free-

dom the poison. Secession was to be the antidote of freedom; it proved the antidote of slavery. The haughty rebels attempted parricide; they committed suicide. As captives of war the slaves were originally enforced into bondage, and by a retributive justice, as "captives of war" they first gained a deliverance from bondage.

The events which made every day an epoch, from the lowering of the insignia of the Union on Sumter to the raising again of those same colors, are too freshly stored in the memories of all, far too deeply graven in the hearts of many, to invite their recital.

Reviewing in a glance the thrilling drama of those days, we behold again the lurid scenes of treason in gloomy contrast with the spontaneous uprisings of loyalty. We renew the few days of doubt and fear struggling against ever contending, ever dominant hope and confidence.

We see the arms of the Union, now in the halo of victory, and then in the darkness of defeat, always unflinching, until at last, over the dread horrors of war and its unexampled barbarities, rises the sun of triumph and peace.

The integrity of the Republic is solemnly vindicated, the crime of rebellion is terribly rebuked, the wrong of slavery is sadly expiated.

“Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.” Of human vengeance none has followed the traitors. It was foreign to the noble man chosen as the assassin’s victim; it was unexecuted by the people to whom he was endeared. When from sickening rehearsals of the atrocities of Andersonville, of Libby and of Belle Isle, the student of future days would turn, in hot resentment, to the pages of retaliation, he will find them not. His surprise will associate with the wonder of his discovery that England, whose outcries against the sin of bondage had been as violent as they were hollow, was first to recognize the Slave Confederacy. Indulgence has followed at the heel of victory. The people have worn their joy with forbearance, their grief with charity.

“High treason,” said Bacon, “is not written in ice; that when the body relenteth, the impression should go away.”

The blot of rebellion has soaked up too much blood, the stains of its cruelties are too deep to be effaced. They are only hidden by the curtain of peace. Woe to them who shall first draw its folds aside. The war has seriously tested, though not measured, the nation’s capacities; it has proved the constitution elastic enough to bend and too tough to break; it has been happily ended in the face of

foreign hostility. Shall we name our most deserving creditors? It were a vain endeavor, for,

“The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.”

The most distinguished generals had a host of counterparts in the ranks; the leader was a leader only by virtue of followers; the courage of the rear waited on the boldness of the front. Every uniform that covered a loyal heart hid a jewel—every jewel was a gem. The people have set one of the most brilliant in the front of the crown of government in representation of the rest.

To all the defenders of the Union, by sea and by land, a perpetual eulogium is due.

When the gallant soldier, returned to his accustomed paths of industry, seeks to participate in the prosperity his service has bought, make room for him. His interregnum of peril should not dam the flow of fortune.

When the battered veteran, with disabled hands, petitions the plethoric purse of trade to comfort his half-drained life, let quick memory recall the days when the Ship of State was in peril of wreck and he saved her. He asks not charity. Pay him his salvage.

The sleeping dead have venerated graves, and the reward of Heaven. Loving friends and a grateful country keep their mantles green. When the smiling bloom of Spring gladdens the earth, faithful comrades cull her choicest blossoms, and in solemn, sympathetic concourse, carry the sweet tokens of fraternal remembrance to the resting places of those whose glory it was to die for their country. As the tender flower touches the grassy mound of a fallen patriot, perhaps a tear bears it company.

A view of the political world finds the star of the United States bright as the brightest in the shining constellation of great powers. The sensitive balance that weighs governments marks a gain for ours. The jealous monarchies, whose counterfeit smiles gave place to honest frowns behind the smoke of battle, would have us forget their forgetfulness. They reflect that the popular government, which has proved invulnerable from within, may be impregnable from without. The war has strengthened us. It has made dismemberment impossible. The attempted syncretism of freedom and slavery no longer vexes us. The new cement of common equality is impervious to the threatening waves of any sea.

We harbor no apprehensions for our foreign relations. If the force of our fair demand against England does not press its early discharge, it is a valuable force to possess. There is, however, reason for confidence that the availability of its possession need never be taxed. If England has agreed with the two Johnsons, who wore our authority, while they failed to represent us, to a treaty whose welcome was an unceremonious rejection, it does not argue a denial of justice when justice is exacted. Means are not wanting to obtain it; but an expenditure of threats will not purchase conviction of the stock from which we sprang. Lord Clarendon has lately said, "he hoped what had occurred would promote and not hinder the negotiations." Towards such a disposition we may trust that Motley, succeeding the distinguished Adams, after the brief interlude of our non-representation, may approach with a dignified freedom and courteous firmness which shall secure an acceptable result.

We look from the high watch-tower of our Republic upon foreign powers with tranquil assurance.

We observe England following, not by steps, but by strides, the behests of the people. A monarchy, the government finds its nobility a cumbrance. Necessity is engrafting life peerages upon the tree of

hereditary aristocracy. Nature has decreed that the cion shall determine the fruit. The nobility of merit is sapping the nobility of birth. The people are dictating, and the government is modifying its polity.

France permits little repose to the *coup d'état*-crowned sentinel of the empire. The rent-service he renders for the tenancy of the throne, is the drudgery of interminable watchfulness. Would he engage in the pleasing employment of "rectifying" the boundaries of his territory — he must watch its uneasy capital. When his august neighbors went out to battle, they could leave their doors open toward France — the emperor was engaged at his post. "Paris is France," and Paris is his avowed enemy. The recent elections increase the burden of his vigilance. He must do more than he has done, more than any man can do for the advancement of France, to dazzle her into blindness to her fetters. In his perpetual vigils, one hand grasps the throat of liberty. The endurance of that grip measures the present rule of France. It cannot last long. The people demand, and there must follow a modification of their government.

Spain is freeing herself from the corruption of long-endured evils. She is casting down the rusty

bars to progress. She has driven her arbitrary queen into an exile, where she is displaying the wealth amassed from the wretchedness of unhappy subjects. The experiment of Spain's tardy relief, will claim the most judicious heed. Our sympathy and best wishes should stretch out to the bruised people, who have smitten tyranny in the face.

If we were to extend our observations further, we should still follow the ruts of the wheels of political change. We should recognize in every foreign sky, the influence of our free atmosphere.

The present year has witnessed in serenity the retirement of one who occupied the Presidential Chair, and has viewed with profound satisfaction the inauguration of a successor to Lincoln. The Presidency has sought Grant: he received it. He has never solicited rank; he has been rated by his deeds. An indomitable leader, he asks only to follow the will of the people. Honored by those who have singled him out as their representative, his evident integrity of purpose and calm determination in its pursuit should enlist unanimous esteem.

The reviving South will read in his elevation the pledge of an equitable administration, and a certain defence of loyalty.

The withdrawal from political life of the late Secretary of State, has recently followed a long term of valuable labor. His state and his country have heavily assessed his untiring energy, his abundant information and his sound judgment. His important service as a sagacious, faithful statesman, is entitled to the requital of liberal thanks.

A survey of our domestic condition discovers auspicious omens on every side. The broad stream of prosperity, which has never ceased to flow north of the fields of rebellion, is swelling and enlarging as it courses on.

Fate is obscuring the identity of the former South. Her people no longer take counsel of their false augurs. They no longer gather about the leaders who took them to failure. Their old idols are bereft of honor and denied confidence. The hand of Fortune is remodelling the South for a future, in which free and enlightened industry will win the palm of progress and influence. The weight of her new importance will, ere long, be felt throughout the Union.

The waves of emigration continue to roll steadily upon our shores. The pioneer emigrants, who brought muscle to serve us in grappling for wealth, are followed by those who bring offerings of skill.

While the current from Ireland is unabated, the tide from Germany and Northern Europe is outstripping it. Emigration from England's intelligent classes is also surging upon our borders. The Old World sends us a town every week. Every recruit to our population has a value. His removal is a loss to the place of his nativity, upon whose means he has grown, and a gain to us. Every day's labor he brings is a contribution to our coffers. Our greatest enterprises take shape through the toil of foreigners. They keep close companionship with the spirit of improvement as it marches over the country leaving iron tracks for traffic to follow. They make bold acquaintance with the virtue of our soil, and impress it into productive exercise. They lend hard hands to the workshop and the warehouse. The ready absorption of the emigrant's capital proves its advantage, and is suggestive of the richness of our undeveloped substance.

In all directions we spy enterprise crowding upon enterprise. "The wave behind impels the wave before." By the iron-edged route to the Golden Gate great railroads are made by-paths. Already our commerce is jeering at the resistance of Darien to the friendly embrace of the Atlantic and the Pacific. The art of surgery is threatening the band

by which nature has tied the twin Americas like the twins of Siam. The giant undertaking of yesterday is the pigmy of to-day.

In telling the promise of the country's future, extravagance would be tameness,

“For thy vast bounties are so numberless,
That them or to conceal or else to tell
Is equally impossible.”

After scanning the broad domain of national sovereignty, we turn to our own Commonwealth with affectionate pride. Though she has freely sent her sons and her money to build up new territory, she continues in the vanguard of States. She has regarded with pleasure the increasing stature of rival sisters, fostered by her capital. It may be, however, that wholesome prudence is now dictating a more rigid application of her means to the irrigation of her own soil.

Her intelligence is undenied; her political influence is conspicuous; the lustre of her credit is untarnished. In prudent charity, she is profuse; in education, unsparing; in legislation, prodigal; in her public models of art, original; and in tunnelling, a learner.

We are a law-enacting, law-abiding people. No instruction of the “Declaration of the Rights of the

Inhabitants of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," is more faithfully observed than that which declares that, "The Legislature ought frequently to assemble for the redress of grievances, for correcting, strengthening, and confirming the laws, and for making new laws, as the common good may require."

The legislature of the last six months has secured the "common good" for six months to come in the enactment of Five Hundred and Sixty-Nine "Acts and Resolves." Imagine the consternation with which such a record would fill Jonathan Swift, who, a century and a half ago, said: "If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer."

We have perfected political science to such a degree that we make law enough in one day to suffice for that day and one more. While the community exult in the guarantee of safety for half a year, the student takes courage in the opportunity to master the laws before they are abrogated.

The legislature of this year has set the seal of assent to that amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which declares that, "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any

State, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude." The "Fifteenth Amendment" cuts at a stroke a Gordian Knot which the studied theories of the wisest and most humane have essayed to untie. After statesmen had tasked their lives in the vain attempt to gently undo the knot of slavery by gradual emancipation, it was finally cut by the sword of war. It were better, our legislators have said, to sever this last knot of political inequality by the sword of peace. Those who had misgivings must have done wisely to smother distrust, in the decision to execute complete justice without delay.

In our latest legislation touching commercial interests, we have reason for congratulation. The heavy demands of our great railroads for increased facilities and extended connections indicate present thrift, and a design to propitiate good fortune by generous provisions. The readiness with which these demands have been heard, and the sound liberality which has been their response, demonstrate an expanding appreciation of our business capacities and necessities. Narrow jealousy of Boston, if it has ever been entertained, has not found an asylum in the last legislature. It has been at once conceded that the importance of the capital vitally concerns

the Commonwealth, and that in amplifying its channels of trade, in magnifying its prominence as a market, and in enlarging its space for growth, the common welfare is promoted.

An absurd effort to transfer a department of the City Government to the guardianship of the State, to satisfy the ill-based prejudices of a few warped minds, has met a swift rebuff, as severe as it was merited.

A threat to make an example of Boston, for an alleged sluggishness in the enforcement of a certain law, was coldly denied the solace of a faint echo. Whenever the eminence of our City Government shall tempt an invidious attack, it should encounter an indignant repulse in the deafening protests of every citizen susceptible of honest pride, or the sentiment of justice. Though a subversion of the police functions of all our municipalities would escape the odium of a blow at one only, the impolicy of such a conquest by the State should condemn it. The democracy which calls upon the individual to contribute only the necessary allotment of his natural liberty to society, upon the town to surrender only essential powers to the State, and upon the States to gauge their contribution of sovereignty by their

compact, is worth more than a score of chameleon statutes.

The wisdom of charging upon each community the responsibility of preserving peace and order within its limits finds its proof in the voluntary establishment of the police organizations coveted for the State. The owner is the most vigilant guard of his treasure. Each community has the closest interest in its own self-defence. If disease creeps into the body, we invoke Æsculapius. We seek to cure, not to kill. If abuses should steal into municipal administration, the people will engage in stern pursuit of a cure. Not till our town governments are bedridden, should they call for nurses from the state hospitals.

Much time has been consecrated this year to a "Chapter" of the Blue Book, whose chief recommendation to favor is its liability to repeal. In the Declaration of Rights, "temperance" is accounted as one of the principles "absolutely necessary to preserve the advantages of liberty, and to maintain free government." This "Chapter," adopted after most solemn deliberation, in contempt of this principle, has put a seductive intoxicant under the protectorate of the State. By designed omission, an acknowledged intoxicant is legally

considered non-intoxicating. Temperance repudiates such a senseless fiction of law. It is but the sorry ally of a party. Let the Muses hasten to immortalize our State drink, for laws are transient. Our statute books have long since ceased to wear the title of "The Perpetual Laws of Massachusetts." I think Scythia must have had prohibitory legislation when Anacharsis said that "laws were like cobwebs, where the small flies were caught and the great break through." Extreme legislation touching moral questions has seldom purchased permanency. "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." If, perchance, the cider cask should prove weak armor; if the autumn yield of the non-intoxicating intoxicant should fail to float the new statute, it may be well to remember that, "*in medio tutissimus ibis.*"

The disposition of the "Female Suffrage" question for a brief period, recalls our obligation to the legislature, for what has not been done.

The gentle persuasions and sweet threatenings of those restive women, who sigh for entrance into the "higher sphere" of caucuses and conventions, have been received with a gallantry that must have smoothed the refusal of their petitions. Those

relations of the sexes which nature has ordained, and time approved, will govern us a little longer. But nature is growing old-fashioned; experience loses its value in an age of inventions, and any average tyro in theology can explain away the Bible to order. How soon man may be led to subordinate himself to woman, for such would be the effect of female enfranchisement in Massachusetts, some of us dare not consider.

“New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.”

Timid men already feel the skirts of their garments lengthening into petticoats. Women should not vote because God has not given them the power to enforce their will, and law without means to execute it is not law. Woman's strength is in her weakness; her defence is in her defencelessness. But such strength and such defence will not sustain governments. That man is a criminal who neglects to provide the shelter of a roof for his wife, and stand ready to defend it. Government is only the shelter of society. Man must erect it, and defend it. Woman's law is the influence of her virtue, her modesty and her beauty, and that law, read at

the hearthstone, is transcribed in halls of legislation by hands able to maintain it. Those who claim that our laws would be purer if women voted, should know that they are already better than society is. Man legislates, not according to what he is, but according to what he ought to be. Our laws are as tender of the rights of women as they are favorable to the welfare of men. The bounty of our government is sufficient for all. It has made Massachusetts a citadel in war, a garden in peace. "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts."

It is a congenial duty to direct a moment's reflection to our sterling city. It would be an attractive diversion to invest fancy with light pinions and float back to the Boston of yore. Imagination would warm with novel interest in hovering over the nursery in which our city grew from tender infancy to chartered majority. It would delight in resigning to the waves their old dominion, usurped by solid buildings; in re-carpeting with green the pleasant fields, invaded by crowded blocks of stone and brick; in coercing granite piles raised up by ambitious trade to surrender their foundations to those broad

mansions, whose doors opened to the traditional luxury of spaciousness; in replanting those little oases, whose now heavy laden soil once knew only the delicate burden of flowers; in giving back South Boston, and ceding the beautiful Highlands to the ghost of Roxbury. We should revel in an Asmodean flight over the Boston in which a century ago to-day the General Court was contending for the inseparable connection of taxation and representation.

But the Boston which surrounds us, so rapidly extending its outlines of warehouses and dwellings that their recognition is conditional upon active observation, so thoroughly repairing the errors of the past, that narrow streets are suddenly lost in broad avenues, and little courts in crowded thoroughfares, is the Boston which wins our thoughts in this hour.

Of our culture and refinement, of our fidelity to the virtuous principles of early days, let others speak. The city's hospitality — to mention it here were to lessen it. It is told in almost every tongue.

But the citizens of Boston may well felicitate themselves upon the fast spread of roofs, covering prosperous trade, productive toil and happy homes, and upon the notable enterprises which are stimulating activity at every point.

We are fortunate in a City Government, whose judgment does not serve their doubts.

“Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.”

They have perceived that municipal growth properly appeals for improvements, and that bold improvements draw on bold growth. They have not doubted, but let the wisdom of liberal expenditures justify the rate of taxation. To the city, taxation is galvanism. If it excites the citizen, it is an extra gain. Rust consumes the vitals of a community. Boston must teach well her children, succor generously her unfortunate, defend warily the public health, maintain an efficient police (the State permitting), make damp places dry, hills level, crooked places straight, narrow places wide, adorn and multiply her parks, foster trade, entice commerce, keep her “latch-string out,” celebrate National Independence, and have “contingent expenses”; and for this the assessors’ battery must be adequately charged. When the battery becomes feeble, citizens may hope for a millennium, but should suspect decline.

No recent event is so pregnant with future advantage as the union of Dorchester with Boston. Im-

perious necessities, prognosticated in population rapidly augmenting, in the swelling hum of traffic outgrowing its familiar limits, and in the loud-voiced murmurs of industrial employments increasing in extent and variety, have compelled Boston to besiege in amity the territory of her neighbors.

The peaceful capitulation of Dorchester has been no less a victory for her than a triumph for us. She no longer opposes the barrier of her boundaries to our expansion: our magnitude no longer overshadows her, but is hers. Dorchester's lungs will breathe for Boston; Boston's heart will pulsate for Dorchester. Our welcome sister but contributes a beautiful emerald to the diadem she is henceforth to wear

As we embraced Roxbury with warm greetings last year, as we salute Dorchester in loving reception this year, let us hope to extend the courtesies of our hospitality to Brookline next year. Annexation is our true policy, wisely recognized by the Commonwealth. Aggregation of numbers is essential to the fulness of the importance, the authority and the worth which should be destined for Boston. Humanity clusters. Throngs attract individuals. The larger the population, the faster will it gather. But space is an indispensable

pre-requisite to wholesome aggregation. Give Boston room, make timely provision for healthful increase, perpetuate her good government, and those who come after us may wield an influence whose power shall govern an empire of usefulness, and whose usefulness shall exalt its power. This generation owes the next a munificent heritage.

“ A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.”

The signs of Boston's future eclipse her present, as her present outshines the past. But situated as she is, she can attain her meridian prosperity only by energetic development of every resource. Municipal vigor must constantly attend, and sometimes launch private enterprise. If, however, her riches are but the gradual gain of exertion, she will remember that when Jupiter sends Plutus, he limps, when Pluto sends him, he runs.

Education, the mail of popular government, is wrought out in schools whose excellence is Boston's chief honor. School-houses are esteemed our best arsenals, instructors our best armorers. The jealous advancement of learning will be one of the surest guarantees of the future of our hope.

But wealth is corrupting, learning is hollow, and

art is impure where the Divinity is unacknowledged. He alone can intrench our present fortune, or assure a splendid future. Let accumulating wealth be directed by intelligence, let intelligence be inspired by religion, and upon a soil to which patriotism is indigenious, the Boston of hereafter, from an imposing grandeur, shall gratefully turn back to us, as we reverently remember those who planted and watered our city in days gone by.