ORATION,

POEM,

Speeches, Chronicles, &c.,

—AT THE—

Dedication of the Malden Town Hall,

On Thursday Evening, October 29th, 1857.

MALDEN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY CHARLES C. P. MOODY.

1857.

PUBLISHER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

A desire having been expressed by many persons, that the proceedings at the dedication of the new Town Hall should be published, the undersigned has ventured to issue a moderate pamphlet edition of the same, supposed to be sufficient for the citizens of Malden only. The price is a little higher than would ordinarily attach to a pamphlet of this size, when the edition was a large one. The Oration and Poem are each worthy of record, and our citizens may well feel proud that they have those dwelling among them who are able and willing thus to respond, without compensation, to a hasty call for their literary services — rendered, too, in a manner highly creditable to themselves, and to the town.

C. C. P M.

Malden, Nov. 25, 1857.

DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW TOWN HOUSE

The building is a noble one, constructed in what may very properly be called an American style of architecture, differing somewhat from any of the foreign styles. The building is 86 feet long, by 55 feet wide, and constructed of face bricks, with free-stone trimmings, and a cast iron front to the principal story.

The cellar is surrounded by thick granite walls, and divided by brick partitions into apartments for fuel, &c. for the occupants of the several parts of the building. The entrances to the cellar are by bulk heads from the outside, and convenient stairways from the principal story.

The principal story is 12 feet high, and divided into two large and spacious stores in front, with a ten feet passage way leading to three large and convenient rooms for the town offices in the rear, and also two circular stairways leading to the main hall above.

In one of the rear rooms is constructed a fire-proof brick vault, for the purpose of keeping the town records, &c.

In the second story is the well ventilated main hall, 52 by 67 feet, and 24 feet in height, with two anti-rooms, one each side of the main entrance, over which is a gallery projecting into the main hall about 19 feet, and properly secured with brackets, &c.

In the space over the main hall, is finished another smaller hall 24 by 77 feet, and 10 feet in height, with convenient stairway leading from the second story.

The building is lighted with gas throughout, and warmed by two of Hanson & Hall's " challenge furnaces," placed in the principal story of the building.

All parts of the building are constructed of the best materials, and in the most thorough and substantial manner. The finish is plain, and well adapted to the purpose. The mason work was performed by Messrs Whittlesey & Ayer, of Chelsea ; the carpenter work by Messrs Clark and Newhall of Malden. The painting by Mr. T. C. Whittemore, also of this town. The gas fittings by Mr. Joseph H. Wait, of Malden. The design was furnished by Mr. John Stevens, of Boston.— The whole cost of the building and land is $25,000. In the main hall sittings are furnished for 750 persons, and they may be easily increased to 1000 when occasion demands it.

The Building Committee, chosen by the town, consisted of the following gentlemen : Gilbert Haven, esq. (chairman), George Vannevar, Gershom L. Fall, Elisha S. Convers, Caleb Wait, Hubbard Russell, and Daniel P. Wise.

ORDER OF EXERCISES,

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE

MALDEN TOWN HOUSE,

Thursday Evening, October 29th, 1857.

GILBERT HAVEN, Esq., presided as as President of the occasion.

Potpourri, (Il Trovatore)—on the Piano Forte, by Prof. H.G. CAREY.

CHORUS — "Joy! Joy! Freedom to-day!"

By the united Choirs of the Town, under the direction of GEORGE P. COX, Esq.

PRAYER — by the Chaplain, REV. F. G. PRATT.

DEDICATORY HYMN—written for the occasion by REV. J. G. ADAMS.

Tune, North Bend, by B. A. Burditt.

For homes of Freedom in our land,
For rights to Freemen dear,
Great God we praise Thee, as we stand
This day assembled here.

For what our fathers here have known
Of Thy paternal care,
For seeds of strength which they have sown,
Whose fruits their children share;

For all we praise Thee! as we come
This house to dedicate
As Freedom's temple, Freedom's home,
In our good town and state.

Lord, make it such to us and ours,
A sacred altar, shrine,
Where Freemen consecrate their powers
To Truth and Right divine!

Let strife of sect, and party hate,
Be banished from these walls;
And MEN come here to serve the state
As holy duty calls.

And haste the day when through all lands
This manly work is done,
Which, in Truth's power, and Freedom's bands,
Shall make the nations one!

ORATION — by REV. E. O. HAVEN, D. D.

CHORUS — "Hale to thee, Liberty!"

POEM — by JOHN L. SULLIVAN, M. D.

CHORUS.

Short Speeches by Messrs WM. H. RICHARDSON, Jr., C. C. COFFIN, G. L. FALL, G. P. COX, WM. J. EAMES, and C. C. P. MOODY.

DOXOLOGY — "From all that dwell below the skies."

BENEDICTION.

DR. HAVEN'S ORATION.

FELLOW CITIZENS AND FRIENDS OF THE TOWN OF MALDEN.

A work of great value to our town is just completed. This convenient and creditable structure, the product of your own money, and of your own voluntary enterprise is erected, and we now meet where hereafter your public power is to be exerted, and your united voice shall be uttered, not only upon matters of local interest, but upon the government of the Commonwealth and of the Nation. We meet to-night to congratulate each other; and you have requested me to give utterance to such reflections as shall comport with the occasion and make it productive of good. We meet not as citizens to vote, not as partisans to persuade, but as a body of the people to rejoice, to exult in the possession of an edifice which by its very name is significant of a fact that distinguishes us as a people, and exalts us high among the nations of the earth. We meet as the people of a TOWN.

Little political communities but one remove from the family, like organized towns, must have been the first formed centres of government, and in them we see the germ of nations and of empires. And as the character of all subsequent growth depends upon the seed, so the character of the nation and of the empire to be formed depends upon its first centres of political power.

You may take a mass of elementary unorganized matter and subject it to the action of the great powers of nature; let the sun shine upon it, let water moisten it, and the air float about it, and ere long you will perceive nature's chemistry begin to operate. Particle will claim kindred with particle—antagonistic elements will separate, and soon several centres of life will be formed, and there will shoot up, from the seeds always mis-

teriously furnished, organisms of beauty and power, feeble at first, but to extend through various mutations till they ripen into exquisite vegetable growth or complicated animal bodies. But the whole character of the future development always depends upon the primary germ. Similar is the power of the town. A large part of history is the history of towns. Towns, which when large are termed cities, have stamped the character of the world. Particularly in modern history, that of Europe and America, have cities and towns been the foci of intelligence, wealth, authority, enterprise, civilization, freedom, and art. I propose therefore as a subject for our reflections, the FUNCTION AND VALUE OF THE TOWN, in distinction from the State and all other governmental organizations, large and small.

I have spoken of the beginnings of life, and of the fore-shadowings of all massive and advanced structures of nature in the germs from which they spring. There are imperfect growths, offensive, poisonous plants; hideous, ravenous, and destructive animals, suited only to a low order of development, and destined always in due season to pass away for higher grades. So there have been and are national governments, like the Russian and the Chinese, which are unfitted for the ripest civilization, and which must disappear; and in these cases the great governments are but the natural outgrowth of the first seeds. But as our General Government is peculiar, and we may claim, in theory at least, the best, so are the elements. The New England town, now generally the American town, has no exact duplicate in any other land, and is an original outgrowth of American circumstance and of American mind.

In England, a town was originally a collection of houses on contiguous territory, having some common centre of interest, as a market. It was not a political organization, nor had the inhabitants any specific municipal duties. A town-hall, like this, would be with them an anomaly. In Europe, generally, towns are unknown. There are settlements. There are tracts of country marked out and named, but in the American sense, towns do not exist. The free cities, so called, of Europe, were the offspring of necessity. They were in fact collections of self-emancipated slaves, who assumed the power of government,

sometimes as despotisms, sometimes as republics; and they became the bulwarks and propagators of new political life, often expanding into empires,and the first effectually and permanently to resist and undermine that Feudal tyranny which once held all Europe in chains.

But here the word town has a peculiar meaning. As we have in America introduced many new terms into the English language, so we have given to many old words an entirely new significance, growing out of our new developments of life. One of these changed terms is TOWN. When the first emigrants from Europe landed on these shores, and grouped themselves into settlements which they called towns, it was necessary at once that they should do for themselves what had been done for them in the old country by the supreme power of the State. They must make laws for order and protection. Criminals must be punished. Internal improvements must be projected and executed. The responsibilities of self-government were thrown upon them. At home, order had been secured by some authority, royal or parliamentary, or both, so that having no choice in the matter, they were compelled to accept and obey. But in this new land, royalty was represented by a feeble deputy governor, and Parliament by a Colonial Legislature which was often anxious to assume as little authority as possible, since all authority thus exercised was particularly liable to interference from the foreign government. The inhabitants of the several towns were compelled therefore to govern themselves, or to live in anarchy. Their primary organizations were much like the 'safety committees' of our pioneer settlements, and other spontaneous regulators of other years. They however sought legalization or acknowledgment from the more open and concentrated authority of the State or Province. Thus, gradually, with various modifications, grew up the town, which has become an inseparable component part of all our free states, carried into all our newly formed territories, and which exerts a more powerful and salutary influence than any other one of our political institutions.

With a marked significance, may this continent be denominated a new world. It was new, not merely in its animals, and

plants, its mineral treasures, and in its exhaustless resources, but especially as furnishing an arena where men, delivered from the slavery of iron customs, and established usages, might clothe themselves with a government growing out of their present necessities and desires. Theories here might blossom and ripen into action. Our fathers were full grown civilized men, invested at once with all the freedom of the savage. A general bankrupt law with reference to the past had been enacted, and here in the forest they could organize society, not according to the copies of antiquity, but according to the living mould of their own souls. There is scarcely a foolish custom among any people that was not once useful and wise, but the necessity for it having passed away, it is now an empty form or a tyrannical habit. But old usages had no charm to those who in these forests soon discarded not only their European clothes for garments indigenous to the soil, and more fitted to their demands, but also clothed themselves in social and civil institutions devised to meet their present exigences. Among the best of these was the American town.

Behold a primitive pioneer town-meeting, such as might have been seen not far from this very spot in the ancient and worthy town of Malden, more than two hundred years ago. These hills were then clad with the primitive forest. The Deer, and the Wolf, and the Bear, claimed residences by pre-emption, within the limits of the township. Occasionally a lone Indian, or a small band of these aboriginal natives called at the settler's cabin. A single road, laid out, I suppose, on an Indian trail, connected this new settlement by a large circuitous route, " over the neck " with Boston, which, itself was a village of less than a thousand souls, and a full day's journey distant, except as reached by a boat or two, owned by the richest inhabitants. The houses were illy constructed of logs, and thatched with the product of our extended ocean meadows, which first attracted the settlers this way. Near the centre of the town were two conspicuous buildings of the same family, though one is larger than the other, and one is adorned with humble belfry; these are the meeting-house, and the school-house. I need not add that the meeting-house is never warmed by a fire, though opened and well-

filled, even in the coldest Sabbaths of the year. nor were the prayers very short, or the sermons much clipped; though how our Puritan fathers, and mothers, could have endured the Borean blasts of winter is a mystery to their colder-blooded sons and daughters. Their theology and eloquence must have been of a hot nature, and we can but imagine that they had an extraordinary quantity of home-spun garments and bear-skin overcoats, and other native furs, while the hot bricks and primitive foot-stoves were quite abundant. While we sit here in this elegant edifice, how easy it is for us to imagine—far more comfortable perhaps to imagine it than it would be to endure it—that we sit in that building erected just one hundred and ninety-nine years ago, near this spot. in which the early town-meetings were held. It is the first frame meeting-house built in Malden, the contract for building which was made the 11th of September, 1658. It was a "good strong, Artificial Meeting-house, of thirty-three foot Square," for which the enormous sum was paid of "one hundred and fifty pounds. in corne, cord-wood, and provisions, sound and merchantable at price-current, and fatt cattle."

Here Malden's town-meetings were held, but whether or not when it was completed the inhabitants held a joyous dedication tradition does not inform us. Yet we can but fancy that though the first meeting in it was in mid winter, early in 1659, yet the Rev. Marmaduke Matthews preached from his pulpit, underneath the huge-sounding board, a fervent and long discourse; and the old hardy, pioneer Puritans, who had seen the massive cathedrals of their native land, rejoiced with tears. that in this wilderness home, they had a meeting-house of their own, in which with their children to worship God. In this rustic meeting-house the people are gathered to hold a town-meeting. But though the building is rustic—though that thirty-three foot square house has no pretensions to architectural splendor, yet the idea shadowed forth to the eye of philosophy in that assemblage, called a town-meeting, is destined to clothe this whole world in political beauty. It is one of the master thoughts, which combined, shall go forth to battle with tyranny, with darkness, and with wrong, till the whole earth shall be redeemed.

Behold the assemblage. The venerable pastor is with them. There are no severe conflicts of politics, divorced from morals, that make it indecorous for a religious teacher to discharge openly the duties of an intelligent citizen. Grave deacons are there, and receive proper respect. Captains, corporals, sergeants and other military officers are in the company, for these Puritans were compelled to fight, and right nobly did they do it. Nay, even now, a stock of muskets is piled by the pulpit, and a few stand on guard lest they may be suddenly surprized.

The Select men sit in their places, and the chosen one presides; and these hardy settlers on the edge of a new continent, only one group of a dozen, or more, similar towns already organized, not having yet began to dream that their settlements would ever extend beyond these hills that skirt our Northern and Western horizon, outnumbered many times by the savages around them, and with nought to depend upon for protection but their fire arms, their superiority, their integrity, and their trust in Almighty God, proceed openly to discuss matters of grave interest to the newly organized township of Malden. I know not what questions occupied the attention of the town-meetings held in that noble thirty-three feet square meeting-house. No quaint record of their proceedings remains. It was not then an age of Newspapers. Reporters were wholly unknown. The Boston News Letter, the first Newspaper published in Boston, and the first in America, was not yet established. News passed only from lip to lip, and on the Sabbath, at noon time, as they stood about the door in Summer, or gathered in the public house in Winter, all the latest intelligence was duly retailed, and the wise men among them interspersed sagacious unwritten editorial comments. This communicated to the Sabbath almost as much interest as the sermon. What then may have been discussed in those early meetings we know not; but of this we are sure, that whatever was the question, whether to lay out the road this side of the mountain, or the other; whether to pay the arrearages of the minister's salary in money, or in corn, and pumpkins; whether to employ a school-master four months, or three; whether to erect a pillory opposite the meeting-house door; whether to punish theft by whipping, or by

placing in the stocks; how to resist the growing luxuries of the age—whatever the questions may have been, the simple fact that they discussed questions of general interest in open town-meeting, and decided them by a majority of votes, is what claims our admiration; and I doubt not, that in addition to this they discussed them with a high moral purpose, and with a manly determination, while they should secure as far as possible their own convenience, to make Malden a decided power with the other towns around, to plant freedom, intelligence, and Christianity, in these Western wilds.

Fellow citizens, that town-meeting and similar assemblages in the sister towns were the first pulsations of an energy destined to make this whole continent vital. There were the germs of glory. There the politics of the nineteenth century had their birth. There was a little cellule of life, like those in matter, of which I have spoken; and whether this continent is to become a vast mass of ossification, a kind of coral mountain, in which life is exhibited only at the extremities, all individuality being destroyed, or whether it is to be a confederacy of independent souls is to depend upon the continued vitality of these same little independent centres of political life. I plead then for the continuance of our vital institution, the TOWN; nor let it be imagined that it is simply because of the appropriateness of the theme to the present occasion that I urge, perhaps extravagantly, its claims. It is vital. It is primal in its value, as it is primal in its origin. It existed before the State, and before any union or body of States, and it is the mother of them both. But for it neither the State nor the United States could endure as genuine republics, nor could they secure that end, for which they are designed, individual liberty.

And would you see clearly why it is that many other nations, amazed at the prosperity of these United States, at their wonderful combination of liberty and strength, and striving to imitate them, have failed? Why France, in spite of her spasmodic efforts to clothe herself in freedom, has failed? Why Mexico and the South American States, though like us in a new world, and driving their foes from them, have failed? It was because that in neither instance they had THE TOWN. And, Fellow Cit-

izens, you may receive it as a political axiom, which reason affirms, and history verifies, that there can be no free country without this element. Reforms, like all true strength and majesty, proceed from the small to the great. A ship, to be safe, must be built from the keel upwards, of solid material. If the joints, and planks be imperfect, it will be imperfect. It may be beautiful otherwise for a season, but it cannot buffet the storm. God's grand works are glorious because he lavishes his skill on the LITTLE, more if possible, than on the GREAT. The Mississippi finds its sources in the mountain springs; the ocean could have no tides, no majesty, no power, but for the shape and polish of every single drop.

There is a charm about this universal law in its application to States. The science of government is preeminently attractive to an American mind, as it has received a new development from American history. It has come to be understood that the great object to be sought in government is the preservation of individual freedom, and the securing to every man his individual natural rights. The rights of conscience, the rights of opinion, and of expressing opinion, the rights of choice of occupation, all limited, not for the good of a few but simply by the principle not to infringe upon others' rights and safety—this is the American idea. While an elasticity of administration is allowed, nothing being so fixed as to be incapable of change, beneath all, as a foundation, rests this claim of individual rights and regard to them in others. But this is comparatively a new idea. It was known formerly, but it was only a theory, not a fact.

This, I repeat, is the American idea. It is in fact the Occidental idea in opposition to the Oriental, the idea of the Western continent in opposition to the Eastern.

The idea of individual rights is not recognized or even entertained in Asia. Men are treated like chaff, or if as grain, spoken of in the mass and estimated in the mass. In all the ancient great universal empires, man as man was never thought of. So is it to-day in Russia; so is it in France. So is it measurably in all Europe. In England, a marked contrast with the East is exhibited, but in our own country alone is the value of

man as man thoroughly appreciated and felt. There are portions of this country where this idea is not understood, but they have not the town, and are free only from a connection with the rest. Would you see the origin of this grand thought, that is yet working Eastward, or proceeding onward till it reaches again its birth-place, to revolutionize the world? It was in the cabin of the May Flower, anchored off Cape Cod, two hundred and thirty-seven years ago, that an act was consummated, which from the character and subsequent influence of those performing it proved a mountain spring, whence gushed out the pure streams of liberty, destined yet to water the earth. Forty one men, all there were in the Pilgrim band, including those whose common appellation was Goodman as well as those called Mister, the servants as well as the gentlemen, signed their own names, for they could all write, to the following paper.

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign King James, by the grace of God, &c., having undertaken, for the Glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and Country, a voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one to another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a Civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furthermore of the ends aforesaid; by virtue hereof, to enact, constitute, and form such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience.

'In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names, at Cape Cod, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our sovereign lord, King James of England, France, and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620.'

That Paper begot the Declaration of Independence, which was passed by the Continental Congress, July 4th, 1776. That paper, from the situation and forming power given to its signers, the first founders of a colony to stamp the character of

coming states, was the initiative of a new outgrowth in history, unlike and in advance of all that the world had ever before seen.

That Paper was founded on a higher estimate of manhood than the famous Magna Charta, which is the basis of the English Constitution; for the Magna Charta merely wrings out of a reluctant sovereign a few privileges for a special class, thus conceding that what is not granted may rightly be retained. But the May Flower Paper assumes all to be equal both in obligation to the law and in power to make it. Beautifully prophetic name was that. Some angel must have suggested the word when that little one hundred and eighty ton craft was to receive its title. For in that little boat sprung up after a long and tedious winter of centuries a delicate heaven-tinted blossom, which proved to be no feeble plant, but hardy and reproductive, destined to clothe America with beauty and ere long to perfume the world.

Is it not fitting then that we now, sitting for the first time within these walls, should rejoice in the vital principle that they represent? Happy is that people that can comprehend a principle! Our fathers comprehended one, and for its triumph fought long and well.

These walls body forth a principle; and were they far less attractive than they are, were this building like that of our fathers, thirty-three feet square, and rough and unsightly, still would we exult in it as a town-house, because it asserts a vital law, the very heart and centre of all genuine political freedom.

I need not describe to you the workings of those principles in all our institutions. I need not portray to you the backward fermenting influence of these primal laws in the structures of European society, by which the joints of despotic fabrics are loosening, and all kinds of temporary expedients are tried to support them, and every school of medicine puts forth its skill to keep the 'sick men' alive—all of which will fail till they return to the simplicity of nature and work from within outward, from the elements upward, from the individual, and the family through some political organization corresponding to our town.

A momentous question is it now with some whether the foun-

dation we have is capable of bearing the immense weight that society on this continent must soon assume. It is a pleasing and favorite practice to cast the horoscope of American destiny. Nor is it by astrologic dreams, but by mathematical calculations based upon solid facts, and in strict accordance with known laws, that we by prophetic glass see North America peopled with its hundreds of millions of civilized men. We expect here, even as we believe in continued progress, to see every useful art carried to a higher perfection than has yet been reached; to see marks of utility and beauty unparalleled, to see agriculture and all kindred productive labor perfected; to see every educational and reformative and preservative agency fully developed, upon a scale of grandeur and in a degree of advancement never before witnessed.

But there are those whose visions of American prophecy are sombre and forbidding. History to them reveals no law of progress but constant repetition. The ages are to rush on in their treadmill cycles of destiny, never to rise above the ignorance, superstition, and degradation of the past. Liberty, and knowledge, and cultivation, and independence, are for the aristocracy; the great multitude must ever be a kind of semi-animate basis on which the fortunate surface few shall rest and rejoice, the mass below forming material for census reports, for the rank and file in war, for productive service in peace, but wholly deprived of independent thought and action. These atrabiliary interpreters of history do not attribute American freedom and energy to its political institutions, nor to its schools and religion: but to the thinness of its population, to its millions of unappropriated acres, and to the fancied ease with which in a new land the necessaries of life may be procured. And these same dark-visaged prophets assure us, that when the United States shall have its two or three hundred millions of human beings it will be impossible to preserve a republican form of government; the bulk will be too massive for self control, the people will be too ignorant, prejudiced, mutually hostile; passion will be too strong, conflicting interests too violent, demagogues too shrewd, and a sovereign will be needed with his army and nobility to preserve the form of order in the immense

mass. Then individualism shall die — for individualism in the multitude and despotism cannot co-exist. The two facts are contradictory and the one or the other must yield. The population must be degraded into a mass to be counted or measured by the foot or the cord, like wood, or mud, instead of being estimated as so many individual intellects and souls to be trained for thought and action here, and forever.

Let us allow no such vaticination to trouble our vision. We repel it, not only because it conflicts with the promises of Christianity, the deductions of philosophy, and the rightly interpreted teachings of history, but because we see in present American institutions, if they are perfected and preserved, power to sustain and vitalize a nation of any conceivable extent and number. Yes, we do firmly believe that the fundamental idea of individual independent right and responsibility — the fact so well expressed in our noble Declaration — "all men are created free and equal" — will yet with the force of an axiom find its way to the universal mind, and like the Sun melt away all despotism, and cause to spring up everywhere political institutions vital and beautiful like that embodied in the American TOWN.

For, be it observed, that there is this difference between nations based on despotism and those based on freedom; the former become unwieldy and unmanageable by growth, while the latter will and must become by the same process more permanent and mighty. Every additional State, in which the primal conditions of safety are observed, strengthens the ties that bind this union together. Any dangers that threaten our grand confederacy of States, do not arise from extent or numbers, but from a want in some of the parts of individual cultivation in the population, and also of the primary political institutions out of which the great free State grows. The most essential of these prime institutions is the true democratic TOWN. Were all of the United States, exclusive of the Territories as thickly populated as Massachusetts, we should have a grand population of about 190 millions, which is nearly equal to the whole of Europe exclusive of Russia. And were the whole United States excluding its Territories as thickly inhabited as the Eastern half of Massachusetts, it would contain a population equal to the

whole of Europe, including Russia. And yet nowhere does the Republican system of government work more perfectly and satisfactorily than in dense and enlightened Massachusetts. Nowhere else is the theory better understood; nowhere else is there quite so perfect and harmonious and complete development of it, in all its appendages and demands; and nowhere else on the round earth do all the people enjoy so high educational advantages.

It is not bulk that gives weakness — bulk makes strength. But it must not be forgotten that in order that bulk may constitute strength it is necessary that the ultimate or prime elements, out of which the bulk grows, should be properly constituted and arranged, and should in fact have each of the essential properties desirable in the final structure. This fact, constituting the very pith and substance of my discourse, is of so much value that I must illustrate it still farther.

The pyramids of Egypt are the most massive structures of man's building. They are monuments of the earliest post-diluvian history. If you inquire into the cause of this permanency you will find it to consist partly in the solidity of the material, and particularly in the regular mathematical forms of the constituent blocks, and the nice adjustment of the joints, leaving no fissures for the admission of destructive elements. Had they been built of irregular stones, though piled together, with the greatest care, they could not have withstood the silent wear of thousands of years. But far more forcible illustrations of this may be found in the works of God. Nature's works are always symmetrical; and when God seeks durability he always begins the preparation for it in the primal element. Take for instance the diamond, perhaps the hardest structure in nature's laboratory. It is only by the most violent and skilful efforts that it can be broken and reduced to powder; and when so reduced, the microscope reveals the fact that the ultimate particles, the very finest diamond dust, consist of perfect diamonds, each particle as symmetrical as the original gem; and it is a plausible conjecture that the very smallest primitive atoms of carbon, of which it is composed, those particles too minute to be detected even by the microscope, many of which we are now breathing,

are little *diamonds*, and that the strength and beauty of this valuable gem consists in the fact that the original property of the atoms is preserved throughout.

This law must also prevail in the most permanent productions of man. A despotism to be strong must be a despotism throughout. It should begin with the serf, or slave, and end with the unlimited sovereign. The Emperor of Russia, by abolishing serfdom, is undermining his own throne. And, too, he is beginning precisely at the right spot. It will require generations, perhaps centuries, to perfect the work, and there shall be many reactions, but Russia will yet be a republic. The entering wedge is the abolishment of serfdom. And the only leaven that can do the work is that which must be applied not to the top, not to the surface, but to the particles, the people. So too, a Republic, to be permanent, to be able to breast all storms, to defeat all foes, and to withstand all defections, must be symmetrical throughout. And the symmetry must begin, not end, *within*. All reforms work upward — from the small to the great: they ever have, they ever must. Jesus begins with the common people. Perhaps the majority of the first Christians were slaves. It is a law old as nature, old as fact. Abolish our National Constitution and our Confederated Government to-day, and it would be no great evil provided that the primary ultimate organizations remain; for out of them, if we deserve it, soon another general organization would arise. Abolish our State governments in like manner, and they would inevitably in some form be replaced. But let the general organizations remain intact, and abolish our school districts, and our towns, and you make a vacuum within, leaving the whole structure like a hollow tree, beautiful without, but unsound and feeble, and ready in any violent storm to collapse and perish! This, Fellow Citizens, is sound philosophy, and truth not sufficiently understood by the American people. Let us then cherish a proper estimate of the value of the town.

To preserve the primal integrity of our nation, we have two grand agencies which ought not to be overlooked, and which added to the ballot and town governments, constitute the pillars on which the whole glory of the United States stands. The

first of these is Public Schools. These are in this State, their birth place, the product of the TOWN. In town meetings they had their origin. From town meetings they receive their direction and support.

There is a sense in which they are pre-eminently American. Our public schools, though preceeded by some others in Europe of a similar character, have some peculiarities giving them especial value, and had here an independent origin. They have preserved the civilization of these United States. They are indeed in this respect more elementary, more primal than the Town, of which in fact they constitute a part. That they have preserved the civilization of the continent is evident.

Let us look at this subject carefully. It is written in the history of the world, that the great preservers of civilization in ancient times have been vast cities. What was the civilization of former ages? It was the civilization of Egypt—a compact nation of cities. The whole extent of Egypt in its palmiest days was about 4,600 square miles—smaller than the State of Massachusetts; and yet, that little hive contained seven millions of human beings. Is it a wonder that by constant contact and motion they polished each other into civilization? Such also was the civilization of Nineveh, and Babylon, and Jerusalem, and Thebes, Damascus, and Athens, and finally of Rome. It is not denied that for the want of true religion, in many of these cities, the morals were grossly corrupt; but it is a fact that they were CIVILIZED. But what was the character of all rural and scattered populations in ancient times? Uniformly they rapidly degenerated into barbarism, in all instances except where some grand remedial agency existed to prevent it. The Israelites having left Egypt gradually degenerated, and for the space of five hundred years, descended in the scale of refinement and strength, till the grand remedial agency devised by Omniscience, was brought into perfect action, and all the males were compelled annually to resort to Jerusalem, and engage in one common worship; and but for the wonderful preservative power of the true religion, sustained even by inspired prophets and miracles, their ruralization in the land of Canaan would have made them savages. This is confirmed by the fact that

when the twelve tribes divided into two nations, the two tribes or Jews, retaining Jerusalem and their centralization, retained also after stern conflict, the true religion and civilization, and were a compact and educated people; while the ten tribes, outnumbering them, loosing their centralization, sunk down into barbarism, mingled with other pagan hordes, and, like the lost Pleiad, are forever blotted out of human vision.

The grand preservative agency among the ancient Greeks, to hold up the rural population, was their Olympic games, held quadrennially, at which they assembled by tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands, not only to witness the combats of wrestlers, chariot-drivers, and foot-racers, developing the body, but also to listen to the speeches of orators, the recitations of poems, the reading of histories, and to gaze upon statuary and paintings, and hear the charms of music, in those noble 'world fairs.' Thus did the Greeks preserve their civilization.

Now come down to Roman times. Rome was for many centuries the heart of the world. Her great basaltic road, the Appian Way, may almost have been called the great aorta of the earth. Over its lava pavement rolled the wheels of every kind of vehicle from every part of the world. It was trodden by the foot of the Parthian horse, the Indian elephant, and the Arabian camel. Thousands of pedestrians, like flowing and ebbing water, wore its pavement smooth. Rome was the fountain of civilization and the mistress of the world. She sent forth her armies and her arts, her governors and her pedagogues, into distant parts of the then known three grand divisions of the earth. She partially conquered, and partially civilized, Spain and Germany, and Britain, and her influence was not unfelt in France. But she attempted too much. Her empire broke down by its own weight. The heart of the world became clogged with bad blood. And there came down on Europe, after Christianity became corrupt for the want of some great civilizing power, a night of a thousand years; a night in which nearly all that was good and noble, was buried and forgotten; a night of barbarism, from which Europe and the world would never have emerged, had there not been buried in the ruins an unseen element—*Christianity*, which, like a living seed in a

pile of fermenting rubbish, retained its vitality, and after long struggles burst forth, a crimped, twisted, sickly shrub, which from that day to this, has been putting forth its limbs, stretching toward the sunlight, and striving, in spite of the cruel intermeddling of state-supported churches, to show itself as it is—the tree of life for the healing of the nations, transplanted from the paradise of God. In all this history we may trace the tendency of thinly-settled communities to neglect the cultivation of the mind.

Indeed it would not be difficult to show that *all* the savagism of the world has originated in this way. God never made man a savage—he became so by wandering off into the woods.

Why, then, it may be asked, is not America degenerate?—This applies no more to the west than to the east, for the process of population has been the same throughout. About two centuries ago the primitive forests kissed the Atlantic shore. The deer bounded where now is Broadway, and the Indians pitched their wigmam, or smoked the pipe of peace, on the site of Faneuil Hall. There had come to this vast expanse previous colonists from Europe, many years before; the Northmen, who, after vain struggles for a home, left it, with scarcely a trace behind; afterwards, a company of Welchmen, who actually degenerated into savages, and mingled with the aboriginal tribes; and afterwards, other English colonists, all of whom perished or returned. But now there came men of sterner material—the Pilgrims of New England, and the Cavaliers of Virginia; the former, rugged and strong as the rocks on which they landed; and the latter, bringing with them the polish of classical education, and the refinement of courts. It was the Pilgrims who gave character and stability to this country. Early they were the tower of its strength; and their principles and peculiarities, like their descendants, can be traced in every part of America's domain.*

The *common school*, next to Christianity, was the sheet-anchor of their hope. Ere yet their log-houses were complete, the church was built and dedicated to God, and the humble

* The early Duch settlers of New York also established common schools.

school-house rose as if by magic, for a hundred hands combined to throw the logs together; and on the rough seat running all around the inside of the house, were ranged the coarse-clad urchins and damsels, some with their backs towards the centre and their faces towards the wall, and some listening to the teachings of the master, who paced through the centre, proud as the ruler of an empire, though his wages were perhaps a pound sterling a month, and he "boarded round." But founder of an empire he was. And but for that same unpretending class, common school teachers, America would not have been a proud republic as to-day; but if peopled by white inhabitants at all, they would have been like the serf of Russia, or the peasant of Brazil. Long ago the people of these colonies were by far the best educated *people* in the world; and long before any nation of Europe had begun to think of educating the masses, you might have walked up and down the whole length and breadth of New England—and though every man was obliged to carry a loaded musket—though they went armed to church—though every outward influence was toward barbarism—yet you could not find one single native of the soil that could not read and write. Such was the effect of common schools. And not the smallest honor have most of our great men esteemed it (including some who have sat in the presidential chair,) that in their boyhood they attended, and some of them in their youth taught common schools.

Could such a nation become barbarian? No! The fire of intellect was kindled in every soul, and many waters could not quench it.

I have said that public schools are one of the elements which with the town form the support of national freedom. The other element, and I bespeak your hearty interest when I mention it, is the pulpit. The pulpit, too modest to urge its own claims in this regard, must not be slighted. I must forget now that I have ever stood within it, and here on this social and political platform, maintain its power. Let the peculiarities of sect disappear, too insignificant to be noticed in this grand survey. By the pulpit, I understand the regular presentation and enforcement of those central moral truths, around which the whole

universe centres, and on which it rests, on every seventh day of time, sacredly devoted to this high aim. What historian can faithfully depict its influence? What poet shall clothe its doings in fitting heroic verse? Is there a man so blind as not to see it? Is there a man so prejudiced as not to acknowledge it? There are those whom reason cannot convince, but are there any who can resist the omnipotence of fact? You see the streams imprisoned by winter, leaping and laughing at the return of Spring, and the pent up vegetable powers, budding into beauty, and can you doubt that it is the effect of the smile of the sun? You see the tides following regularly the track of the orb of night, and can you doubt that they are caused by the moon? It were certainly idle to argue that fire does warm. Now observe that where the pulpit is unknown, or if known, is degenerate, and has not its proper ammunition, the bible, and that too read and studied by the people, there constitutional liberty is always unprized and unknown; while within the range of its light, and always in proportion to the purity of its beams the people arise into the majesty of independence and manhood. O, it were inexcusable folly to deny the fact that the greatest system of individualizer on earth is Christianity, and the greatest individualism that ever appeared among men, was he whom we call the Savior of the world. To him, and in the light of his doctrine, every human being is more valuable than all worlds, and the beggar is as truly a man as the prince. It was because our fathers were enlightened by the pulpit, that they, unconscious of its full power, and moved by a sublime impulse, signed that glorious paper in the cabin of the May Flower, anchored off Cape Cod.

And was it not almost prophetic that afterwards the town house and the meeting house were one, and the people met to discuss and vote in the very familiar and sacred spot where their understandings were enlightened and their hearts stirred by immortal truth? And if in the advance of society, it is demanded that the buildings should be separate, never let the mutual dependence of the two be denied or forgotten.

Thus have I endeavored to discharge, though it be unworthily, the duty you have imposed upon me. There are many

branches of thought appropriate, but none seemed to me so naturally to grow out of the occasion as the value of that American institution, the Town. Our fathers were not led to its establishment by any marked sagacity which distinguished them above all other people. It was partly the result of their circumstances, partly of their education, partly of their religion, and wholly of the good Providence of the Supreme One. They were not curious of what they did. Those who accomplish great acts, seldom are. They were not accustomed to draw beautiful fancy pictures of the future, they had enough to do to live in the stern present. They often violated their own principles, but it was unintentionally and from a good purpose; and there is this wonderful power about truth that if acknowledged from the heart, it will contend with all error and conquer it, and in time crush it out. They were plain, practical, strong, earnest men. They are often ridiculed, and so all positive characters can be. It is only smooth, polished, negative persons that present no angles on which you can fasten a joke. That face must be totally void of expression that cannot be caricatured. Lord Brougham is a positive man, and therefore suffers much in the pages of Punch. Ichabod Crane was an absolute power, and left his image on the mind of Washington Irving, and was therefore fit to become the standing national picture for a ludicrous Yankee school-master. Socrates, patient and good, was ridiculed by Aristophanes, on the Grecian stage.

Our fathers were rough and earnest, and our mothers were their fitting companions. Would that we could see them, those bearded and moustached ministers, erect and grave, walking among the people as princes and oracles, and yet fearlessly criticised, and boldly contradicted by any parishioner who fancied that he or she had found some new light; the men, grave, and sometimes gay, ready to wrestle, pitch quoits, discuss texts, or fight the Indians, looking forward with joy to Thanksgiving-days when they devoured vast quantities of turkeys and pumpkin pies, both native American dishes, and the women too, as earnest, as brave, as independent, and as self-reliant as the men. What if they did have their faults—who has not? They believed in witches, did they? Yes, and they determined too, to

rid themselves of such abominations. Even in this they showed their genuine and brave sincerity, Other people believed in witches long afterwards, and trembled at the word, but relied chiefly on old rusty horse-shoes nailed over the door-ways for defense—our fathers needed stronger weapons and used them till they learned better.

They persecuted the Quakers, did they? Yes, and a great outcry is raised over it—though even then they were far in advance of the rest of the world on this very subject, and they had strong temptations to this wrong, and in some cases the persecuted deserved punishment for actual civil offences; and they saw this error and abandoned it without any instruction from abroad. But they need no defense. They have opened up a new and glorious chapter in history; and you may select any other people that ever lived on this round earth, and seek in vain for a more glorious career.

Are we proud of our origin? It is an unworthy pride unless we tread in their footsteps and honor their name. Let us then deserve political freedom, and by deserving, secure it. Governments do not make, they are made. They are not the trunk, they are the foliage and the flower.

How then shall we dedicate this house? Behold it. Materially it is but a trifling work. All the brick and stone and wood, would scarcely make a single block of an old Egyptian pyramid, or raise the superstructure a single inch. Yes! but in soul, in association, in the thoughts that cluster about it, in the beauty that plays within it, how vastly superior is this house! "Forty centuries look down upon you, Frenchmen," exclaimed Napoleon as his fierce conquering army met on the sands of Egypt the foes they had unrighteously attacked! It was a sublime expression, a thunder-bolt of thought.—But were we called upon to defend our liberties in the sight of a humble New England Town-house, with what more than human eloquence would these silent walls plead for liberty and right! And that magnificent structure of ancient Rome of which the poet has so beautifully sung:

> But when the rising moon begins to climb
> Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;

When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland-forest, which the gray walls wear,
Like laurels on the first bald Caesar's head ;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead ;
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread

While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall ;
And when Rome falls, the world.

And yet could you stand before these majestic ruins without thinking of the thousands of Jewish slaves that toiled to build it? And of the groans and sighs and screams and agony of the gladiators that fought there, aye, and of the early Christians, men, women and children, torn to pieces by wild beasts in the presence of tens of thousands of spectators, while the Roman ladies looked on with delight, and by turning their pretty thumbs downward forbade all hope of mercy to the dying martyrs! And even that largest structure of modern times, St. Peter's—does it not speak to us of superstition, when men thought to purchase pardon for sin by dying devotions, and the ignorant populace poured out their money to pay for safety against the Turk, the comet, and the devil? No such associations mar this building. It is the free will offering of the people. It is the temple of Liberty, the plain, unadorned enclosure, where man meets man on common grounds and mind meets mind, and out of the union wisdom is born.

We dedicate this house then to Freedom of Speech, to Wisdom and Justice. Here let right assert her own authority. Here let Humanity reign. Here let the oppressed always have their advocates, and tyranny never find a friend. Here let the voice of Malden be uttered, ringing and loud, for truth and for God, and men never be wanting, able to prize, worthy to enjoy, and willing to defend the noble birthright bequeathed to us by our patriot sires.

DR. SULLIVAN'S POEM.

Unarched, unpillared, plain, substantial, square,
Though here no cloud-capped turrets pierce the air,
No dome swells proudly to the eye of day,
From walls whose massive grandeur mocks decay;
His desert tomb no haughty Pharaoh rears,
The task of nations, and the toil of years;
Though here no deathless triumph art has won,
Breathing the life of Poesy to stone;
Though through yon stream no white-limbed Nereid roves,
No stately Dryads haunt the unclassic groves;
Though ne'er yon hill, by bright immortals trod,
Has bowed beneath the footsteps of a God;
Though here, half-crazed with love of antique lore,
No foot-worn pilgrim comes from many a shore,
By mouldering arch, by nodding tower and wall,
And ivied columns toppling to their fall,
By tombs long vacant, temples long o'erthrown,
On Times' sad wrecks to muse and mourn alone;
Though as he points you reverent to the page
Whence Learning's radiance streams through every age,
Like Horeb's fires which burn but ne'er consume,
As turns the Moslem's face to Mecca's tomb,
Here turns nor scholar's eye, nor poet's heart,
As to the cradle land of song and art;
Though to these shores Antiquity bequeathes
Nor hero's bays, nor minstrels fadeless wreaths,
To our brief Past no golden Age belongs

Of arts, and arms, and eloquence, and songs;
Not ours the Arcadian lute, the Orphean lyre,
Nor blind old Homer's harp of deathless fire;
Not ours the halos of undying fame,
Which round a Scipio's burn, a Cæsar's name;
  Yet even these walls, where scarce the echoing din
Of labor hushes, ere these rights begin,
This spot, redeemed as 't were but yesterday
From savage beasts, and men more brutes than they,
Though mute for ages, finds to-night a tongue,
Whose voice of triumph joins the choral song
Of the world's freedom, chanting in the ear
Of its slaved millions their deliverance near.
Yes, from this spot, each kindred spot and dome
Fair Freedom hallows, her peculiar home,
From Maine's rude coast, Francisco's glassy bay,
From capes that glisten in the gulf's warm spray,
To the green prairies where the exile bears
The patriot's valor, and the pilgrim's prayers
All lifting up their voices like the sound
Of many waters, heard the world around,
Borne echoing back from every shore and sea,
Swells the high pæan, " Earth shall yet be free."

  Such the proud boast, whose trumpet tones sublime
Swept from these shores and rang through every clime,
So to the Old world called the New aloud,
What time our sires those sacred truths avowed,
Whose triumph opened in the boundless West
Earth's last asylum for the World's oppressed,
Which blaze to-night and burn these walls around,
Hallow this spot and make it holy ground;
That men born equals, none have leave to bind,
Nor hold in bonds of ignorance the mind;
That in all lands, which throw the impartial door

Of learning open or to rich or poor,
Where meek-eyed Tolerance breaks the bigot's rod,
And leaves the conscience free to worship God,
There nations flourish, there the State shall be
Safe though self-governed, firmly ruled though free.

So pled for truth those true, strong hearted men,
And oft repulsed, pled patiently again;
For hearts still loyal loved their father land,
And in the tyrant's owned a sovereign's hand,
Till by long outrage forced to look on those
Once loved as brothers with the hate of foes,
The indignant farmers, fortune, honor, life,
Pledged to the chances of the unequal strife,
In few and simple, but immortal words
To heaven appealing, beat their scythes to swords;
On yon green slope, whose shaft shall proudly tell
While Time endures, the tale we know so well,
Silent though fearless, through the moonless night
Dug their rude trenches for the morrow's fight,
When huge and spectral loomed the ships that lay
Moored in the stream through morning's twilight gray,
Their wakeful watch the fort's low line alarms,
And his shrill signal roused the foe to arms,
From each black frigate through the war-clouds dun
Roared the hoarse thunders of the deep-toned gun,
While our brave fathers, strengthening for the fray
Their frail redoubts with fence and new-mown hay,
Their homespun flag to June's soft breeze unfurled,
And fired the shot still echoing round the world.

Seven long years' travailing at the nation's birth,
The groans of freedom filled the shuddering earth;
Then, while he raised his tettered hands and blessed
The young Alcides cradled in the West,

New hope each captives's kindling heart inspires,
As up the Heaven, resplendent with strange fires,
He sees the nation's natal planets rise,
The new Orion of the sunset skies.
Then Europe witnessed with pretended scorn,
But inward tremors, a Republic born ;
While tyrants, pointing to the fates of all
Past commonwealths, stood prophets of its fall.

Thank God! not yet their vulture's beaks have torn
The eye, which looks undazzled on the morn,
Above their hate the fearless eagle springs,
Hope in his eye, and victory on his wings.

But hark! the solemn voices of the past
Repeat, republics are not born to last.
Ill-born prosperity too soon creates
The lusts that weaken, strifes that sever states;
Too soon the virtues of their youth decay,
Sloth saps, and vices waste their strength away.
'Twas thus with Athens, freedom's early home,
With crushed, now Papal, once republic Rome.
Through the same streets, which witnessd long ago
Of the world's victors each triumphant show,
As rich with tribute, every nation brings
Roll their red chariots drawn by captive kings,
Move the mock pageants of a faith that binds
In hopeless bondage hands and hearts and minds.
The sports of Carnival usurp the place
Of warlike games, which rear a martial race ;
The sons of Romulus their lives employ
In vacant pastime, or voluptuous joy,
On Rome's sad ruin gazing undismayed,
Shake the babe's rattle for the hero's blade,
Or murmur, basking idly in the noon,

"Hail, 'sweet do-nothing,' fortune's happiest boon."
No more forever, or in hope or fear,
Their palsied arms shall poise the shattered spear,
No blow for freedom dare their hands again
As, Slavery's self-grown sweet, they hug their chain.

God of our fathers, from our hearths and homes
Avert the terror of a fall like Rome's!
Let faith look up, and still behold thy hand,
Outstreached to save, even while it smites the land.

Nor mourn that princely opulence denied,
Which loves to mimic unrepublic pride,
For lands soon look on Freedom's setting sun
When wealth rolls in, by honest toil unwon;
When banks their aid to lawless usury lend,
To strip the merchants, whom they should befriend;
When the street Shylock with a heart like stone,
Sticks the meek victim with his cut-throat loan.

Through Time's far vistas with prophetic eye
Piercing the shadows of Futurity,
Behold, still safe through every hostile storm,
The star-crowned Union lifts her glorious form
With thrice the orbs, which bound her youthful brow,
That starred tiara burns and blazes now.
Still westward winds the emigrant's long train,
Their white-topped wagons gleaming o'er the plain.
There go the children whom your love pursues
With prayers and blessings, wander where they choose,—
There bring the dauntless spirit of their sires,
The heart that faints not, hand that never tires,
The restless, quenchless energies of mind
And mould, which stamps them foremost of mankind,
There win from spendthrift nature's living gold

Unmined, the wealth these barren glebes withhold,
There plant, where seaward blue Columbia foams
Each shore an Eden, new New England homes,
There teach their little ones the prayers they tried
To lisp in childhood, kneeling at your side.
  There, as New Empires to quick being start,
Each claimed and welcomed proudly to her heart,
Shall the loved Union see star after star,
As yet unborn, rise flaming from afar;
There like the apocalyptic angel stand
One foot on sea, and one upon the land;
Her face a glory like the sun shall shed,
As mid the heavens she lifts her towering head,
One grasp the sword which won the world's release,
One radiant palm the olive branch of peace,
As the glad nations lavish at her feet
Honor and gifts unsought, and thus more sweet,
Exclaim, "not mine the eagle, but the dove
For Earth is conquered—not with arms but love."

SPEECH OF WILLIAM H. RICHARDSON, Jr.

At the conclusion of the Poem, the President remarked that as the hour was yet early, and as there were several of our citizens who would favor the audience with remarks on this interesting occasion, he would first call upon Mr. Wm. H. Richardson, Secretary of the Committee of Arrangements. Mr. Richardson responded to the call, and spoke as follows:

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen,

In attempting to make a few remarks in response to the call, I feel that what I shall offer will be like the song after the feast, or the whirl of a tiny wheel after a brilliant pyrotechnic display. Were I to select a sentiment most appropriate to the occasion, and in accordance with my own feelings, as expressive of our position — it would be "our town, and our duties." To that sentiment I will endeavor briefly to address myself.

I am fully conscious that the few moments allotted to me are totally inadequate to a fair presentation of the ideas suggested by so fruitful a theme. When Malden was yet in her infancy, and Boston was a far off City, — when her streets echoed only to the tap of the lapstone, or the ring of the Anvil — when the raising of a barn was an event in history, when the tything man was vested with supreme authority, and when black-strap — for the laborers, and wine for the ministers, was the common beverage. Then — in those days of arcadian simplicity, it were no difficult task to speak of "our town, and our duties." But, when with the march of time, improvement and progress, have taken the place of rural simplicity, and the City with its din and smoke, and ceaseless whirl, has become linked by bands of iron, to our once quiet village, and our town has become the mother of a fair and blooming daughter, Miss Melrose, who is striving to out rival her somewhat aged parent — in view of all

these changes to attempt to do justice to the suggestions of the sentiment, in the brief time now given me, were to attempt to build a Town-House, in a night. Our Town-House, is no longer a remote contingency, but a palpable reality. We stand here this night within its walls, not without, I trust, feelings of local pride. Some one has said, that, in all creation and in all composition, the first step towards the realization of a thought, and the closing step which lifts that thought into a material embodiment, are the motives of a mental pause, flush with hope and promise, and brimming with exultation. Such are the impulses which have drawn us together this evening.

We have assembled to dedicate this beautiful Hall. We have come with the earnest prayer —the stirring Anthem, the eloquent oration, the classic poem, the sentiment and responsive speech, — all combining to make this a joyous occasion. Malden has witnessed but few jubilees, like the one we this night celebrate. In '49 we celebrated her natal year. Then she was adorned, and decked with streaming flag, and emblazoned banner. Then her sons and her daughters, came "from all the region round about." Those whose infant years had first heard the lullaby upon the bosom of a Malden mother, — those who had in early manhood, walked from her gates to seek a fortune, — or a name, then hastened hither, to join with her native sons and daughters, to sing Lang Syne, and gather new and fresher inspiration for life's duties, and life's joys. These festal greetings — these dedicatory services have a higher significance than is expressed in the solemn prayer, — the oration, — the poem, or speech. These pass with the hour, remembered for a day, soon to be swallowed up by the returning waves of business, or house-hold cares. This edifice should mark a step onward, and upward. It is the exponent of our times, and the tastes of our people. The completion of this building, is the striking of another hour upon the clock of time, telling us that we have accomplished one more duty, and henceforward new agencies are placed in our hands, with which to labor. Towns have their infancy, youth and maturity, no less than individuals or nations, and it is every man's duty to do what he can to make that town better and more attractive for his having lived in it. What though we have been

taxed within an inch of our lives to rear this beautiful structure. Here it stands, and the time for grumbling has past. Let us see to it that now it has become our property, that we rightly improve its possible benefits. It may point a moral, as well as adorn our village. If we have been extravagant, and I should judge from the doleful groanings which the tax-bills extort, that we had, let us in future count the cost, and appropriate accordingly. But I would speak of our duties as citizens to each other. We need more social life in our midst, and our Hall is the common ground upon which all should meet. This Hall should be made the fraternizer of opposing interests and clashing sentiments. This Hall opens a new field where rich and poor, learned and unlearned — politician — fireman — mechanic — merchant — minister and layman, all can meet and learn to respect and love one another. We are too exclusive. We live as though each of us inhabited an inaccessible island, and the draw bridge was constantly up.

We meet together only upon Town-meeting days, each portion of the town anxious to get her part of the public money. That divided or "used up," we repair to our homes caring only for what individually concerns us. "Lands intersected by a narrow frith abhor each other." If we can only get at each other, we shall find that there are mines of gold, which we can coin into blessings, richer far than California's glittering dust. Here we stand hedged about by our own little jealousies and foolish idiocyncrasies — each suspiciously eyeing the other, with cat-like keenness, ready to jump upon every little fault we see, but don't understand, allowing differences of opinion, which alone ennoble dignify and elevate us, to become so many impassable barriers to each other's hearts and affections. I was pleased with a remark made by an orthodox brother the other evening at their festival, which although there had been a good deal of pipe-laying previous to the levee, and much gas was permitted to escape, yet was a genial, high toned and truly *social* occasion — on enquiring whether enough would be realized to pay the outlay, he replied "I don't care whether we make a cent or not — this social gathering is worth all our trouble." So long as we withdraw ourselves from these social communions, just so long will jealousies

and divisions exist. "A community strictly defined, ceases to exist, when it ceases to have common pursuits, — common interests and common objects of affection and pride." God speed the day, when instead of coldness and stiffening formality —when instead of separating into factions, and laying an embargo upon the kindliest affections of the heart, we shall cause gleams of sun-shine to radiate from soul to soul, and commence that interchange of courteous communication, which should always exist between those bound together by the same municipal ties, and the same local interests.

The fact is, there are those whom we pass every day, and only know by a nod of recognition, or perhaps, pass without salutation, and whom we ignorantly suppose have no elements of character congenial with our own; when, could we but lift the mask which conceals their views and thoughts, we should be surprised and delighted with their companionship. Now we owe it to ourselves as citizens of one town, which is, rightly considered, but one great family, to throw off our exclusiveness, and introduce ourselves to each other. Emerson says that "Politeness is the ritual of society, as prayers are of the Church." Socialism, my friends, is a sub-religion, and I verily believe, we shall advance the cause of practical religion, by striving to know, and benefit each other in the manner pointed out, ten thousand times more than by practising a formal asceticism, or a vain and narrow exclusiveness, which is the sure indication of a weak head, and an experience which is bounded North by our "*sect*" — East, by our church, — West, by our family, and South by any snob that may perchance be introduced, *into the family.*

Some one has said that it is a popular delusion to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, — (there is no mistake about the latter remark in these days, it is a most uncomfortable nearness,) or to society in some form or other. It is for their especial good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain per centage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures, or wants. In short, society is the master, and man is the servant; and it is entirely according as society proves a good, or bad master,

Our duties then are simple but yet imperative. This incrustation of self is all wrong. Let us make this occasion the keynote to a broader public spirit and a more enlightened individualism, so that we may all fall into line and keep step to the music of this new Union.

A few words concerning the adornment of our town. I was pleased with some portions of an address delivered by the Hon. N. P. Banks, at the late Domestic Festival, at Waltham. In speaking of the attractions which gave a town its true glory, he referred to the grand old trees, which deck her brow and adorn her streets.

These, he contended, were the wreaths which made her so attractive to residents and strangers. He spoke also of her beautiful gardens, and the importance of horticulture, thereby proving himself not only a good Bank's man, but a good Gardner man. We, Mr. President, need to pay more attention to the adornment of our streets — the regularity of buildings — so that instead of bald and unattractive thoroughfares — lines of houses which look as though an earthquake had jostled them out of place — and the owners were either too poor to replace, or indifferent concerning their positions, we may see wide streets and richly shaded avenues ; and residences with a depth of front that shall protect them from the sweepings of every wind that blows. Let any one stand here in the square, which is about as near square as a crooked-neck squash, and see what an utter lack of all symmetry and regularity strikes the eye. It is positively painful to see the angles and corners and sides, all mingled into one confused mass. The public square, which should be the pride of every town, is any thing but our boast. We once had a charming lake, whose waters the soul could drink, and which served as a relief to the eye of the weary one, and which was indeed a diamond of the first water, sparkling like a gem upon the bosom of rustic beauty. That was sold, yes, sold to the highest bidder, and its waters with the land upon its borders, which it was vainly hoped the town would preserve from profanation, was allowed to be sacrificed to the spirit of the almighty dollar. Now we have no public square, we have no retreat of beauty, where childhood and lovers and old age can congregate. If, instead of expending

our public money upon streets that are never travelled, and upon others laid over marshes with broken backs, that cannot sustain them — If instead of trying foolish experiments, we would beautify our streets with trees, improve our side-walks — widen and straighten our lanes and squirrel tracks, lay out a public square or two — we should diminish our taxes — enhance the value of every man's estate in our midst, and what is of far greater importance, it would broaden the path for a larger public spirit in the right direction. It would dissipate purely selfish interests — our town would become a source of an honorable local pride and attraction, and Malden would no longer drag her slow-length along, in the march of improvement with her sister towns, receiving only the dust which their more rapid strides throw back upon us, but we could proudly point the stranger to our public institutions, rich in architectural beauty — our cemetery, whose attractions and sweet repose shall rest upon the soul like a benediction — our rural walks, and public squares, all of which shall be ours to admire, ours to enjoy, — ours to elevate, and ennoble. All this, Mr. President, we can do — the possibilities lie all about us. Thus shall we truly honor our town, and discharge our duties.

SPEECH OF C. C. COFFIN.

C. C. Coffin, Esq. chairman of the school committee, was then called upon. He said,

Mr. President :—The orator of the evening has most felicitously alluded to the habits, the customs, and the condition of society in this town as they were in ancient times ; permit me then, sir, to take up the subject again—going back over the path of years, not so far as he has been,—but a quarter of a century, that I may notice a few of the changes made in matters of education.

My appearance upon this platform in response to your call, reminds me of my school-boy-days, and the system of education then in use. I distinctly recollect my first attempts at oratory in the old school house of my native town, amid the granite

hills. The circumstances of the occasion will never be forgotten; for my heart by some unaccountable anatomical process, jumped into my throat. You, sir, can undoubtedly say by heart, the eloquent words I uttered upon that occasion, commencing:

"You'd scarce expect one of my age."

I remember that I was taught to thrust out my arm, *so*—to let the audience know I was that high,—about four feet in statue, and then at the passage:

"And if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,"

I was instructed to make a similar gesture about eighteen inches from the floor, to let the audience know, that that was the possible oritorial difference between Cicero and myself.

And then at the lines:— [Laughter.

"Don't view me with a critic's eye,
But pass my imperfections by,"

I swept all criticism behind me with a magnificent motion. I recollect that, because it was suggestive of my first attempt at learning to swim. [Renewed laughter.]

And then at—

"Tall oaks from little acorns grow,"

I pictured the brave old monarch of the forest, throwing out its giant arms, by pointing to the zenith. O, sir, that was rare oratory. It would have been no violation of the ten commandments, if the audience had worshipped it, for the likeness of it never was seen or heard of in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth. [Great laughter.]

Education in those days was conducted differently from what it is now. The principle then was, that a free use of the ferule made boys *smart*, and the principle as carried out certainly accomplished the object, as I remember to my sorrow. [Cheers.]

I remember the school books of that day. My first was "the New England Primer, or an Easy Guide to the Art of Reading," a book two and one half inches long, one and a half broad, and a sixteenth of an inch thick—which in the space of four pages, put us through from A to abomination. [Laughter.] Then there were the illustrations with marginal read-

ings—one where Adam stood beneath an apple-tree, and in the margin the couplet:

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

The idea uppermost in my mind, was that Adam had been up in the tree stealing apples, and had a tumble. [Renewed laughter.]

Then there was the Moon—a jolly faced old fellow laughing at the stars, with the information that

"The moon gives light
In time of night."

A remarkable piece of information!

Then there was John Rogers, going home to glory, in a flame of fire—leaving "nine small children and one at the breast," to mourn his fate. Then came the Catechism—dry, hard, theologic food. Strange sir, that the book-makers should have given knotty subjects, which have set the world by the ears for eighteen hundred years, and which even now are in dispute, to children just out of the alphabet! But that was the system then.

After this came the wonderful American Spelling Book, by Noah Webster, Junior, Esquire, with a picture of the author on the frontispiece. I never shall forget its delightful fables, of the young sauce-box in the apple tree, who would not come down when the old man in a cocked hat, wanted him to, but who was brought to his senses by the *stoney* arguments of the gentleman.

I am aware sir, in this I am talking to the recollection of the older portion of the audience; but I trust I shall be pardoned by the other portion, in dwelling a moment longer upon that charming book of which I knew every word almost by heart. Especially do I remember the Milk Maid, who counted her chickens before they were hatched; who determined to have a new dress—in which respect she was not so very different from the ladies of these days—[Laughter] who declared that as "green became her complexion best, geeen it should be—that she would wear it to the fair, where all the beaus the country round would aspire for her hand in the dance; and who with a

self-complacent toss of the head spilled the milk, and lost her chickens, and new green dress. [Laughter.] A warning to ladies for all time, not to count chickens before they are hatched—at least I suppose it was intended for them, for I never saw the man who supposed that he was to draw an inference from the fable. [Cheers.]

In Arithmetic we had that wonderful problem:

"As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives;
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits,
Kits, cats, sacks and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives."

I never could get that through my head. [Great laughter.]

Lindley Murray was our grammarian. We had great times in passing, and the only object was to *pass* over it as fast as we could. [Merriment.]

It is said, though I cannot vouch for the truth of it, that one young lady in a declension of nouns, declared that kiss was both *common* and *proper*, and that it was not common to decline a proper one! [Renewed mirth.]

Mr. Chairman, I could dwell upon those old time themes with pleasure; but I have adverted to them merely to contrast them with the present. And yet, sir, it is not necessary that I should speak of the present, as it speaks for itself. The common school system of Massachusetts to-day, is her crowning glory. To her, it is richer than the diadem upon a monarch's brow. The poorest child in our midst, who feels the sacred flame warming his soul into a desire to attain knowledge, may, in common with the rich man's son, ascend from the A, B, C, of the primary department, up through the elementary course, till he stands a candidate for admission to the classic halls of Harvard. This is more to the Commonwealth, than hoarded gold or marble palaces. This it is which makes Massachusetts, to-day, the brightest star in this glittering constellation of States, and which in proportion as it is prized and cherished, will make her glorious through coming years.

SPEECH OF HON. WILLIAM J. EAMES.

The President next called upon Hon. Wm. J. Eames, of the Governor's Council. Mr. Eames then responded as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen,

After the able oration, the eloquent poem, and excellent music from our own village choirs, to which we have just listened, the inspiring words, and smooth cadence of which still linger on the ear, I fear that anything I may say will come like the "Benediction which follows after prayer;" or perhaps, like the "Finally bretheren," after a long discourse.

But I should be doing injustice to my own feelings did I not thank my fellow citizens for this cordial reception, and respond in a few words to the call you have made upon me.

I do not rise to make a speech — in the ten minutes you have allotted me, that would be impossible — but rather to congratulate the inhabitants of Malden, and you Sir, as the Chairman of our building committee on the completion of this beautiful and substantial structure. I need not tell this assembly how much I have desired, and how ardently I have labored for the erection of a building like this. A few years ago, and we were behind other towns in the number and character of our public buildings, but now as we look upon our elegant churches, large and convenient school-houses, and add to them this edifice: I think we have reason to be proud of the public spirit that caused them to be erected, and to rejoice that "our lines have fallen to us in such pleasant places, and that we have so goodly a heritage." We have come up here to participate in these dedicatory exercises not as political, or sectarian partisans, but as members of one family with a common object and a common destiny. We meet to encourage a free and social intercourse among all our people, to bind ourselves more strongly together in bonds of fraternal love, and to destroy if possible the spirit of local and personal jealousy which is the bane of any community. Let no

party bitterness intrude upon these festivities. Here, if nowhere else, let party strife be hushed. And here to-night let us inaugurate an era of good will and brotherly love. I trust that this occasion will tend to increase our love and veneration for our native and adopted town, so that in the future, each of us may be able to say of it, as of our State, and our country,

"Where 'er I roam, what other realms to see,
My heart untrammelled fondly turns to thee."

I am glad to be here to-night because in these days of shipwrecks on the sea, and financial wrecks on the land, it is refreshing to turn our thoughts to other and more pleasing themes. Standing among familiar faces, listening to familiar voices, it is natural, and seems appropriate to the occasion to inquire, what will be said and done here in coming years. For one, I hope to hear these walls echo to the classic eloquence of an Everett, and a Sumner, to listen to the flowing periods of a Chapin, and a Beecher, and to be made happier and better by the inspiring music of Handel and Beethoven. And here, perhaps, on the Sabbath day,

"The best, of all the seven,"

some minister of our holy religion may stand upon this platform to proclaim that gospel "which maketh wise unto salvation." Here also will come the grumbling tax payer, and the liberal citizen, to exercise the noblest rights of freemen. But I am reminded by the allusion in your call that I am expected to say something of the State, in which we live, the primal institutions of which have been so ably discussed by the orator of the evening. I can only say, that I am proud to be a native of old Massachusetts. It has been my fortune to travel somewhat in other lands, and to reside some years in the youngest State of this republic, whose rivers run over golden sands, yet I never found a son of Massachusetts who did not love the State that gave him birth, and who, if he was fortunate enough to obtain a competency there, would not hasten home to enjoy it, and this may, I think, be considered among the better feelings of our natures, for who is there that does not sympathize with the spirit of those words which say

"Lives there a man beneath the sun,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?

SPEECH OF GERSHOM L. FALL.

Mr. W. H. Richardson, Jr., offered the following sentiment: *The Building Committee*—They have nobly discharged the trust assigned them, and richly deserve the plaudit, "Well done, good and and faithful servants."

After the reading of the sentiment, Mr. R. then called on Mr. G. L. Fall, to respond. Mr. Fall answered to the call, and spoke in words nearly as follows: —

Mr. President, and Ladies and Gentlemen: Nothing could exceed my surprise in having my name called to respond to the sentiment offered by my friend Mr. Richardson, for he knows very well, sir, that I make no pretentions to public speaking — no, not before a small gathering, much less before this large audience of my fellow citizens, who have had the pleasure of listening to the eloquent and instructive oration, the poem, and the several gentlemen who have interested them this evening. A proper response to the sentiment would require some statistics, which I cannot give at this time, correctly; and if I could, I should be doing injustice to my associates on the committee, not having exchanged a word with either of them upon the subject. But they will justify me in saying, that the duties of the committee have been very arduous. Soon after the commencement of our labors, the committee found many embarrassments in their way. By vote of the town, our public square was the nucleus around which the inhabitants had drawn a line, and in the location of the building, we could not go beyond it. Within that circle, we found a few desirable lots, but the price asked for them was double what we had reason to suppose it would be. To determine the location of the building, the material of which it should be constructed, and the plans, and and general arrangements for the present and future interest of the whole town, caused much anxious solicitude with the committee. Our own meetings have been many, for aught I know, "three score and ten." If any have complained, I am sure

none has had more cause of complaint than the seven *ladies* most intimately connected with the committee. Arduous, and at times perplexing, has been our duty, yet the committee have been united; every vote has been unanimous, as the records will show. In a few weeks we shall resign the trust committed to our care, and shall give you this spacious building, which will stand for ages, unless destroyed by the elements, or the convulsions of nature.

SPEECH OF GEORGE P. COX.

At the call of the President, Mr. GEORGE P. COX made the following remarks. Mr. Cox was in the gallery, and had charge of the singing, which was performed to the admiration of all present.

MR. PRESIDENT — I came here to listen and not to speak, and I need not tell you how well I have been paid for coming, in listening to the able Oration, and fine Poem, which have been pronounced this evening. I am not a speech maker, and were I one it would be the height of presumption in me to offer one after the eloquent Oration of the evening.

But, Mr. President, I cannot refrain from offering to you, and to the citizens of Malden, my congratulations on the success which has attended the efforts and labors of the Committee chosen by the town to erect this Town House—success in its LOCATION — success in erecting these substantial walls without harm or accident to any, and success in being able to present to the citizens of Malden so beautiful and inviting a room as this, which is not equalled in this county, — a room where our wives and daughters may assemble for social enjoyment, or literary entertainment; and above all, where the citizens of Malden may meet to do and perform those acts which none but freemen can do — choose the officers of the town, the state, and the nation.

With these few remarks, Mr. President, I will resume my seat and give place to others.

REMARKS AND CHRONICLES BY C. C. P. MOODY.

The President then said that there was one more 'chapter' to be given in these dedicatory services. He would therefore call upon Mr. C. C. P. Moody, who was wont to chronicle the passing events of the town.

Mr. Moody then said —

Mr. President, — Ladies and Gentlemen: It is important that a speech, as well as a book, should have an introduction, and I have oftentimes been amused to see what a funny introduction some orators offer. One will very modestly tell you, that he cannot make a speech, that he has really nothing to say; and before you are aware of it, he has pulled from his pocket a roll of manuscript, and he goes into a labored argument to *prove*, what is patent to every one, that he has in truth nothing to say. Another, when he has nothing else that he can offer, will say that somebody who has preceded him "has stolen his thunder," or, "that he has taken the wind out of his sails." Now sir, no one ever steals *my* thunder any more than he steals my tobacco, for I never have any of either: but sometimes when occasion calls for it, I have a little bottled lightning, and if any body can get hold of that, they are at liberty to hold on to it as long as it will do them good. But speaking of electricity, may I not compare this numerous audience to one great electrical machine, highly charged with both negative and positive forces — the speakers who have preceded me have given a tremendous momentum to the great wheel of thought, and all it now needs is a little *friction* that we may have some genuine heat lightning, and that you know never hurts any body. Allow me to say, sir, that if you are not able to see fire, I am sure that the keen optics of the ladies will see "sparks" in every part of the house. (Sensation.)

Thus much for my introduction. I come now to the Chronicles of the Acts of the Seven Wise Men of Malden.

1 Now after much strife, the people said we will build a house; then they looked out seven wise men, and they said these shall have the oversight of the same.

2 Now these are the names of the wise men: Gilbert, Elisha, Gershom, Caleb, Daniel, Hubbard, and George.

3 Gilbert was not only an ancient and discreet man, but a doctor of the law, and he walked in all the commandments of the Methodists blameless.

4 Elisha was a meek and quiet man, and the people made him president over all the money—moreover he had banded himself with certain other men, and they had great buildings at a city called Edgeworth, and men servants and maid servants, who labored much, because they made sandalls for the multitude; moreover he walked in the ordinances of the Baptists, and was deacon among his brethren.

5 Gershom was one of the chief men of the town, and it was so, that on a certain time the Democrats laid hold on him, and said, because thou art a wise and faithful man, we will make thee counsellor to the Governor, then shall no damage come to us. Now when he went up to worship, he walked with the sect of the Orthodox.

6 Now Daniel had been a WISE man for forty years, and he was cunning in all matters of lands and houses, so that he was full of wisdom and knowledge, and no man could stand before him.

7 Caleb and Hubbard had long been of the chief fathers of the town, and they were learned in all matters pertaining to the wants of the people. Moreover, their knowledge was great in stone, and mortar and timber. Now Caleb walked with his brethren the Baptists, but Hubbard was of the sect of the Universalists.

8 George, sir-named Vanevar, dwelt in the south country; the same was aforetime a mighty builder, but now he tilleth the land, and hath great stores of money, and much goods in the fruits of the earth, besides horses and cattle in abundance.

9 Now when the wise men had come together, and had consulted long about the matter, they said, who will give us the land that we may build the house, as the people hath commanded us?

10 Then every man who had land, said, be it known unto you, O ye wise men, that we will not give the land for nought, as our fathers have done aforetime. Thou shalt give us a price for it, yea so much, even a shekel a span, for so much as thou mayest want.

11 Then the wise men were at their wits' end to know what to do. They said, if we pay so much for the land, then there will be nought left for the building. Howbeit, they bought the land of a certain Benjaminite and his sister, and it was a goodly piece; and after the people had considered the thing, they said the wise men had done well.

12 Now not many days hence, when the people had all assembled in one place, the moderator said, the wise men, whom we have commanded to build the house, have sent in a writing saying, give us *twenty thousand shekels* more of money, that we may build the house.

13 Then there was a great confusion, some said one thing, and some another; and these are the names of some of the men that gave their voice upon the matter: Andrew, sir-named Lunt, an aged man whose eye was not dimmed, neither was his natural force abated; George, the carpenter, who liveth over against the iron road that lieth to the west; Benjamin, sir-named Hill, renowned as a 'squire, poet and philosopher, (and the contest waxed warm between him and George); Daniel, sir-named Perkins, one of the Anakims of the town; Henry, sir-named Hyde, a Democrat of the straitest sect; Hubbard, the money changer; Gershom, a notable carpenter, and many others.

14 Now after much talk, the people said, "we are in for it, let us give the money." Then they made a vote, and Thomas the scribe wrote it down in a book, that Phineas the Treasurer should give the money from time to time, as it might seem fit and convenient for the wise men.

15 Then when the time drew nigh that the foundations of the house should laid, the wise men called upon the carpenters, and the masons, and all the mighty builders in the land of Malden and said, let every man say the sum that will suffice him for this great work—for the nether and upper stories, for the

foundations, the stones, and bricks, and mortar, and timbers, and boards, and chambers, and courts, and windows, and furniture, and lights, and ornaments, and roofs, and all things pertaining thereto.

16 Then the carpenters, and masons, and builders, each one considered the matter, and said within himself I should like this job right well, and who knoweth but the lot may fall to me. Then they took pen and ink and wrote down the sum and handed it to the wise men—and so thus did they cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonathan, sir-named Clark. Then was Jonathan glad, for he said I can make a good revenue from it. Then said the wise men to Jonathan, go thou and do all this work, and we will pay thee. Then Jonathan called to him one Nathan, and he said to him thou shalt help me in this work.

17 Now on the 4th month, on the 1st day of the month, in the year when the women did greatly enlarge the borders of their garments, and all barrels blushed because they were denuded of their hoops, did men come with oxen and horses, and they brought stone and bricks and timber. And others took plough, and scraper, and spade, and pick axe, and wrought day by day until the foundations were laid. Then the mason lifted up his tool upon it, and with bricks and mortar did he rear the walls thereof.

18 Then Jonathan, the carpenter, put in the beams thereof, he also laid the floors thereof, and put on its roof and its ornaments. He also made the chambers, and courts, and stairs, until he had made a full end of all the work. Then Joseph, a noted "pipe-layer" of the sect of the Methodists, did come and put up his beautiful ornaments for the lights.

19 Howbeit, when the people learned that the foundations of the house were laid, and the corner stone thereof had been put in his place, and no emblem, mark or sign had been put under the same, then they cried out with a bitter cry, and they said the wise men had done foolishly,—for it shall be when this great house shall be razed to the ground after many generations, and our children's children shall look diligently for some record of their fathers, and find none, then will they be ashamed when there is no remedy. Moreover did William, who had recently

come from the land of Pennsylvania, write against the wise men in this thing, and printed it in the book of the chronicles of Moody, and the same was a swift and faithful *Messenger* to reprove them.

20 Now it came to pass when the time drew nigh that the carpenter should no longer lift up his tool upon the house, that the wise men said one to another, let us call the people together, that they may choose them out certain men to dedicate the house, lest we be blamed.

21 Then they issued a writing and signed it—Gilbert for the wise men, and Hubbard for the chief fathers of the town.—Now on a set time the people came together to consider what they should do; and they put one George, a notable singer, son of Samuel, an ancient last maker, in the high seat, to be president over all the meeting. Then they chose a certain young man named William, son of William the elder, sir-named Richardson, to be scribe. Now William was not only a man of a nimble tongue, but he held the pen of a ready writer, and he wrought in a very curious art, even that of making beautiful legs both for men and for women.

22 Then a man said, let George, the son of the last maker, give his mind of what should be done to dedicate the house.—Then George opened his mouth and said—one saith that there should be an oration, another saith give us a supper, and music, and dancing. He would therefore call upon Gershom to speak his thoughts. Then Gershom lifted up his voice in the audience of all the people, and said, let there be speeches, and music and eating, and if any have a mind to dance, let them dance even until break of day.

23 Now after Gershom had done speaking, a man cried out "chronicles," and then another said "Moody," and still another cried the same. Then one Charles, a printer, sir named Moody, arose, and holding his hat in his hand, said,

24 Most noble president, and men and brethren, ye all know that I greatly desire a "good time." But the thing is too great to be done in one night; my voice is for the speeches and music, and supper, and then let the people take rest; and after that, when the house is swept and garnished, then may they

dance. But to this the multitude would not listen ; they would make haste for the dance, for they loved it well. Then many others spoke on the same matter, but they said let it be done at once—let us not wait until the second day.

25 Then they appointed twenty-six good and true men, who should do all matters and things necessary for the satisfaction of the people.

26 After this every man went to his own home, well pleased at what he had heard and seen.

27 Now on a set day the "twenty-six" came together to decide upon the manner of dedicating the house — then they talked a long while, and when they could by no means agree what to do, (and it was now far in the night,) one said—"Ho! every man to his bed, and when he hath taken rest and victuals, and talked with his wife, let him come again to this place, and then we will determine the whole matter. So every man went to his home, and rested that night and all the next day.

28 And it came to pass when the evening again drew nigh, the men assembled as aforetime. And when they began to talk one with another, they said we are divided betwixt two bands of music. Now the one band were all Yankees, and spoke in a plain speech, and they were all shaven men, and dwelt among the inhabitants of the land, with their wives and their little ones—and they could play on all manner of instruments.

29 The other band came from a far country, and every man had a crook in his tongue, so that he could not speak plain, and he wore a great wisp of hair under his nostrils ; but nevertheless their music did greatly charm the lovers of pleasure.

30 Now some said give us the music of the Yankees, why should we pay our money to the foreigners ? But others said nay, give us the Germans, for the Yankees are not able to give us the music we love.

31 Then every man whispered to his neighbor, and when that was done, George, son of Samuel, stood upon his feet, and said, Mr. President, hear my voice—let there be no supper —but let every man eat at home with his wife and little ones, as he hath need! Then all the people bowed their heads and said, Amen.

32 After that they appointed one Erastus to make an oration. Now Erastus was a man mighty in the scriptures, and he was learned in Latin, and in Greek, and in Hebrew, and in all science and knowledge which is hard to be attained. They also appointed John, the physician, to write a song of jubilee, in which he should put the great thoughts that filled his heart.

33 Now after this, the men who had a mind to dance, said we will have a supper, and the men with the crook in their tongues shall play skilfully upon all manner of instruments — and when men have eaten until their be no more desire in them, then all who are light of foot shall dance, both men and women.

34 Howbeit, when they had counted the cost, many shook their heads, and said, the money is gone, wherefore should we distress ourselves, for it is an old proverb, " that he who will dance must pay the fiddler."

35 Then they said,—the dance, the Germans, and the supper, shall no longer come into our minds. After that they all with one accord went to the dedication of the house, and there they saw Gilbert, with all the chief men of the town seated upon a high seat, and before them were gathered all the people, even the women and children, and there was a great oration, and all the people were happy.