

3. Restated, that the good, safety, and happiness of the people is the great end of civil government and must be considered the only rational object in all original compacts, and political institutions.

4. Resolved, that a principle of self-preservation being deeply planted by the God of nature in every human breast, is as necessary not only to the well-being of individuals, but also to the order of the universe as attraction and cohesion are to the preservation of material bodies, and the order of the natural world. Therefore

5. Resolved, that a right to Liberty and Property, which are natural means of self-preservation is also justly inalienable, and can never lawfully be given up by ourselves, or taken from us by others.

Finally, When we reflect on the numerous enterprises of our forefathers in transplanting themselves to the wilds of America, the innumerable fatigues and dangers they underwent, the expense of passage and all a settlement here among savages of the desert, and at the same time consider the prodigious accession of wealth and power to the mother country from these extended settlements, it still sets a keener edge on the sense of our numerous grievances. And we can not help viewing the late vigorous and handsome impositions laid on us by the hand of the parrot country, as a departure from those truly noble and magnificent principles of liberty which were heretofore to add a distinguishing lustre and glory to the British name.

"Voted, that the foregoing resolves be entered on the Town Book, that our children in years to come may know the sentiments of their fathers in regard to their invaluable rights and liberties."

The speaker spoke also of the grand action of the town on the Boston Port Bill, and on the measures foreshadowing the time for active resistance. The moving spirit in forming and moulding public sentiment at this time was Joseph Dorr, son of Rev. Joseph Dorr, four years representative to the General Court, delegate to the continental Congress, and in the town anything and everything to serve the public weal. He was undoubtedly a man of fine ability and culture, and one of the noblest men the town has produced.

MODERN MENDON.

The speaker said in conclusion, Mendon might not have much to boast of in the present. The hand of the spoiler has been laid on her again and again. First the legislative shears clipped off a goodly breadth for the benefit of her eastern neighbor—Bellingham. Seventeen years later they cut her through and through to enshrine her fairest daughter, Uxbridge, with a princess' portion. The old lady gave her content cheerfully, for she dearly loved the fair maid that sits by the beautiful streams. But she bestowed herself to save the remnant of her tattered robe, and so fought desperately to keep her bounding, but somewhat incontinent boy of Mill River, from rending it again. But after nearly forty years of cuffs and blows, the sturdy upstart tore off the veil through which she looked out on the coming day! Her neighbors of Northbridge and Upton, watching their opportunity, stole away her bonnet and shawl, but still was the old lady strong, and rich, and noble, with her Great River wound close about her feet—studded with busy villages. Still was she proud, secure, dignified. But, alas! in an evil day, the Philistines stole upon her, and, unkind cut of all! cut off her waterfall! And now the old dame sits here on the hills, in age, poverty, and loneliness, proud of her past, proud of her poverty; for she has made herself poor by enriching her children. To-day, opening her arms she calls them back to settle once more on the bosom "whence they drew their luscious life," and when in future they are tempted to make light of her shorn and tattered robes, we ask them to remember how she

came to be in such a condition, and to honor in her age the mother that bore them.

This excellent and appropriate address was listened to throughout with great interest, and was warmly applauded both during the delivery and at the close. The exercises at the church closed with the singing of an original hymn, composed by Rev. Adin Ballou, music by the band, and the benediction by the pastor of the church. Those of the company who had procured tickets, to the number of twelve hundred or more, then repaired to the tents erected in another part of the town, where dinner was served, and other exercises awaited them appropriate to the day. There was much annoyance and delay, owing partly to the state in which the late rains had left the grounds, and partly to a want of system in the arrangement for the afternoon. When the dinner was over, Hon. Henry Chapin of Worcester, the poet of the occasion, delivered the afternoon address in rhyme, of which the following is a part. It was received with great acceptance, and was heartily applauded:

Judge Chapin's Poem.

The real poet, when he strikes the lyre,
Lights up the gleam of ever burning fire,
Gods with sweet music every rippling rill,
With magic grandeur every mount and hill,
While the mere rhymer, playing with his pen,
Makes jingling nonsense every now and then,
Looks round in vain, the poet's field to glean,
Then settles back, and starts the old machine.

He started not, for musing on the past,
A pleasing radiance o'er the scene is cast;
It hlisteth thus, and giveth sweet relief,
The rhyming fits, though violent, were brief;
As little streamlets, gathered in a point,
Stopped by a dam, and not one spring beyond,
May froth and foam, upon some warm March day,
Just raise the gate, and quick they rush away.

It chanced of late, when stars their vigils kept,
And lived with toll, I laid me down and slept,
Strange forms in dreams came dancing round my bed,
And where wrought fancies flitted through my head.

The years rolled backward, on each vale and hill,
The forest stretched, in quiet silence still,
And dusky forms, all in their strange attire,
Roamed o'er the lands, since trodden by our sire.

No toiling folk, with crops of living green,
No cultured home of happiness were seen,
No busy mill, to grind the gathered grain,
Or cut the tannery of the grove in twain;
No traveled way, no wisely graded street,
No wondrous inn, the weary guest to greet,
Look where you would, you saw no culture there,
The forest reigned unbroken every where.

The yewes bowed unshaken to the sun,
Hazel, birch and firs were radiant and free,
They saw the felling and the setting sun,
But saw no Yankee with his book and gun;
The Saxon hunter roused the forest wild,
The lord and master of his dusky herd,
And star-bred children, in a motley throng,
Learned the first lessons of their young war song.

I looked again. The Anglo-Saxon came,
Scheming and woe, and always just the same.

He started not, for musing on the past,
A pleasing radiance o'er the scene is cast;
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I saw him, as with solemn steps and gait,
He trod the soil two hundred years ago,
And looked about him with a conscious pride,
That he had landed, thanks to wind and tide,
Went free to worship, and as free to trade,
He'd pitched his tent where money could be made.

I saw the Indian stern and stately stand,
To fix the price of his his own fair land,
And easily sell his beaver-rich furs and there,
For fifteen pounds, at least full eight miles square;
While B. purchased peace, no notice in name,
Is marked out, to meet some English claim,
The wild, sweet music 'neath the hills and trees,
Is heard no longer on the summer breeze.

The mighty old men, from that fatal day,
Like mourning muskies—seemed to melt away,
Jealous and cruel through the waning years,
The steamed phantoms of our childish fears;
Till at this hour, the remnant of the race,
With quiet step, and sad and dreamy face,
Are poor and feeble, where they reposed before,
And wander lazily from door to door.

The sturdy veterans of the olden time,
Of stern resolve, and purposes sincere,
Whose names were never made to sing in rhyme,
Whose children's children honor and revere,
Count in my dreams as furian as when,
Building their cabins on the forest plains,
They worked and prayed among the sons of men,
In summer sunshine, or in wintry rains.

They fought wild beasts, subdued the soil,
They built the church for meeting,
And when Job Tyler wouldn't yield,
They learned the best results of toil,
And hardly lost a minute;
No eight hour doctor beat the drum,
To set the world half crazy,
Preaching a kind of kingdom come,
A premium to the lazy.

They cleared the forest, ploughed the field,
They built the church for meeting,
And when Job Tyler wouldn't yield,
They sent the rebel greeting;
While Job denied official notice,
And scorned the fearful warning,
As impudent as singing boys,
Who won't go home, till morning.

Tell me who dared to speak so plain,
Of me, who was not present,
I found that he struggled all in vain,
To find some other name;
I found in proper terms at last,
The way he had intended,
Obtained forgiveness for the past,
And thus was unconquered.

The others thought they imitated
The way to get with sinners,
And obeyed—did the best they could,
To make the best of things;
They tried to do the living God,
And had large faith in preaching,
But never wholly spared the rod,
Nor its occasional teaching.

They took, but hold of the deceiver,
And hid their feet and hands,
They never troubled in the knees,
Wade's or their coat or party;
They scold the mountain tops of thought,
And faced the rolling thunder,
Who who were never sold nor bought,
Who wouldn't stand from under.

What showed those hardy pioneers,
That band of friends and brothers,
In the dark forest calmed the fears
Of slaves and of mothers,
Who self-obliterated and sinners
All cohorts did their duty,
In freedom, faith and beauty?

In faith and hope, the cherished few,
Just struggled on together,
And banded better than they knew,
In spite of wind and weather;
They fasted along the stream of time,
The knicks all gray and hoary,
And never a word of prose or rhyme
To tell their simple story.

I dreamed again, or seemed to dream,
Of which I sometimes doubt,
That by the light of the moon's beam,
The fathers used to wear;
For honest folks about;
I met hard by a good man,
Of sturdy look and form,
Who never hid himself nor ran
In danger or in storm.

He stopped, and leaning on his cane,
With white and flowing hair,
And cool which in King Charles's reign
The fathers used to wear;
He seemed a man of days gone by,
Beneath the British yoke,
He looked me squarely in the eye,
And these the words he spoke:

"How queerly ladies dress to-day,
The bonnets all are going,
How suddenly they fade away,
While waterfalls are growing;
And hoop skirts sort of stay and go,
Till all do wear no others,
Oh, if our girls had sense!"

How 'twould have shocked their mothers,
"The boys seen old, whom I have seen,
Considering their knowledge
To see them, one would think they'd been
In Congress or in College;
Their coats, and boots, and shoes, and hats,
More neatly than adorning,
Their fathers must be blind as bats,
Not to observe the warning.

"I hear of oil and fancy stocks,
And second sight physicians,
Who look one through from hat to socks,
And tell his whole conditions;
They order pills and powders too,
All ready, just in season,
To guarantee a cure for you,
With neither sense or reason.

"I ask you a piece of news,
Which makes one dream of boots and shoes,
At least in sultry weather?
What means that thock and motley throng
Of every name and nation,
I noticed as I passed along
Down near that boot shop station?

"Why is there but a few miles north
Such monstrous piles of bonnets,
Where bright-eyed damozels sally forth,
To tempt a lover's conquest?
'Tis fearful as the rebel rats,
Take courage to go by it,
Yet lose those bonnets and those maids,
Still worse would be the quiet.

"Pray tell me how that little stream,
Which wains't worth the naming,
Now glitters with so bright a gleam,
From sundry forges flaming:
What mean those lights among the hills,
Like stars each night illuming,
Why run by steam, those cotton mills,
The wood and coal consuming?

"Explain to me the mystery,
Which marks the southern quarter,
The mills and cars and tracks I see,
Where once was only water.
Where once the birds among the trees
In solitude were singing,
Are heard the bells on every breeze,
Their busy orders ringing.

"What means that low and rumbling sound,
Just over by the river,
Which seems to shake the solid ground,
And put one in a quiver?
I saw a train a bit mile strong,
Which filled my soul with wonder,
An iron horse dragged it along,
And puffing smoke oke thunder.

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"You call it Milford over there?
And Upton over yonder?
Northbridge and Uxbridge? I declare,
Old Mendon's rent assumer;
For Blackstone growing discontent,
Began the same old story,
Lest of the wayward sisters went,
And left her in her glory.

"Shorn of her strength at every turn,
First one side then another,
'Tis time the partridges should learn,
They've helped to slay their mother;
She's learned to drink the bitter cup,
All flavored with desertion,
She's had an awful cutting up,
The victim of excretion.

"Let Milford boast of boots and shoes,
Of choicest kinds of leather,
And Upton girls grow rich as Jews,
On bonnet, hand and feather;
Northbridge and Uxbridge thrive and grow,
On cotton, steam and water,
While Blackstone spreads her branches so,
Though she's the youngest daughter.

"Old Mendon yet shall raise her head,
She is not dead but sleepeth,
The fathers' dust she keepeth;
She hath her share of home made joys,
The choicest soil she tilleth,
This day she welcomes home her boys,
The fattest calf she killeth.

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The fathers' dust she keepeth,
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The choicest soil she tilleth,
This day she welcomes home her boys,
The fattest calf she killeth.

"The waters murmur in the brooks,
The fields are sweet with clover,
How bright this loving mother looks,
As this day's work is over?
Around us earthly angels here,
Their choicest gifts are bringing,
Above us sweet and soft and clear,
The spirit choirs are singing.

"The voices of the buried past
There chant their sweetest members,
Their loving echoes here shall last,
And life, with all its hopes and fears,
To soothe our quiet slumbers;
Their loved ones here shall last,
As on the rolling tide of years,
Heaven comes to all the nearer."

He ceased his strain, no more he sang,
But after he had started,
This farewell, like a trumpet rang,
And thrilled as he departed:
'Till on for honor, power or pelf,
There's need enough of growing,
But make your other rhymes yourself,
'Tis time that I was going.

It on the fifteenth day of May,
I'll tell you on that festive day
My name and age and station;
But if, perchance, I am not there,
Whate'er the wind or weather,
Just read these lines, and we will share
The praise or blame together."

One simple thought, which comes not now of
dressing,
Fill every heart,
One simple word, this festival besecming,
Before we part.
The men, who met us with their kindly greeting,
In days of yore,
Are gone, and of our friendly meetings
Are seen no more.

We'll read their history, name and station,
In words that burn,
As filled with heartily admiration,
Each page we turn.
We'll fancy as we read that nobler mortals
Than one now meets,
Once passed benignly though these earthly portals,
And walked these streets.

The friends and neighbors we have loved so dearly
In later days,
On whom the light of memory sheds so clearly
Its kindling rays,
Seem with us now, as on these honored places
We look with pride,
While they, with their familiar forms and faces,
Seem by our side.

Price, Russell, Rawson, Wood and Cook and oth-
ers,
Hayward and Green,
Hastings and Davensport, like friends and brothers,
So often seen,
Taft, Gaskill, Allen, Stone, and George, and Mor-
ry,

Aldrich and Thayer,
Bates, Adams, Thurber in his honest glory,
With fame so fair,
That noble brother of our friend the speaker,
Whose spirit burned
With brighter lustre, as his frame grew weaker,
And home he turned,
His body in the quiet churchyard sleeping,
Remains so clear,
While we this happy festival are keeping,
Seems listening here,

...days gone by, the starry token
...each name,
...tribute, and too long unspoken,
...well may claim,
...now, for on the glowing pages
of this bright day,
Shall shine your memories, for future ages,
With purest ray.

It stirs the blood, it sets the pulses leaping,
Say what we will,
To feel that friends, for whom we yet are weeping,
Are with us still;
To feel their warm and loving presence ever,
In scenes like this,
To know that they forget the feeling never,
Of social bliss.

We hear their human voices here no longer,
Their forms are gone;
But ah, the feeling in our hearts grows stronger,
As time rolls on.
The hour may come, when other souls may listen,
And think us true,
When tears in other eyes may glisten,
Like morning dew.
Enough for us, if children's children reading
Names we call ours,
Shall strew our tombs, our faults and sins un-
heeding,
With sweetest flowers.

The rest of the day was devoted to sentiments
and speeches, which kept the large gathering
together till night. Eloquent speeches were
made by Francis Deane, Esq., of Uxbridge, Col.
E. B. Stoddard of Worcester, H. B. Staples, Esq.,
of Milford, Dr. M. D. Southwick of Blackstone,
Hon. Ira M. Barton of Worcester, Dr. George B.
Loring of Salem, and others. A grand concert
and ball in the evening rounded the festivities of
this well-kept anniversary.