

a noble eulogium to pronounce, a brilliant though somewhat bloody history to retrace: we could boast of a government the most stable, the most magnificent on earth; a queen universally and justly beloved, for her numerous and excellent virtues; a judiciary the most intelligent and equitable in the annals of nations. But *we* are Americans—the veritable sons of the old Puritans; as *such* we speak, and, though among strangers, we are not exiles; though under a different government, *cherished* as citizens, and indulged in our Yankee love of the Fatherland.

In testimony of forgiveness and forgotten feuds, we, the children of the rebel colonists, come back to join in social fellowship with the children of the loyal brother, under the mother's roof, and with the mother's blessing. We, here in the cold North, gather, in full sympathy with our brethren of the great Puritan family, scattered over the wide earth, to celebrate a day distinguished in the calendar of nations—

“And where the sun, with softer fires,  
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep,  
The children of the Pilgrim Sires  
This hallowed day, like us, do keep.”

The orator, at your first anniversary, very appropriately presented the *vision* of the Pilgrims—what they saw in perspective. The last, in his strict and truthful analysis, showed that they possessed the elements of character adapted to realize what had been conceived in vision. *Our* legitimate object is, to present the *ideal actualized*, or,