The slowly movement of the wisdom of its author our Country had existed for the space of sixty years. Every day has brought with it fresh proofs of its abate excellence and worth. And although at times a stormy cloud of popular rage may have been seen to gather about its shrines, yet the lightning of its wrath has but gilded the capitals of the pile. And the bolts of its anathema have hit service to root more firmly the points of the stately edifice. Through its influence the resources of our Country have been brought into successful operation. And freedom of speech and art has been vouchsafed to all. And under its shelter and protection ours has become something really the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Willingly would we yet linger amidst the shades of the Past, and lend a willing ear to its voice as it recounts the events of our short but glorious history. And sing in gladness. Numbers of dead of heroic daring self-sacrificing patriotism of battles bloody deeds and victories dearly won. Such it is our province to criticize the Present, and as far as we may be able to survey the more outlines of the Future. Such are the Who takes a deliberate survey of the condition of things as they now exist.