

itself, and re-enacts itself year by year. Here in Massachusetts, the same revolution that saved one saved exactly the other. On a stage less splendid and conspicuous, surrounded by scenery something less brilliant and historical, by actors something less renowned, commemorated by a less brilliant contemporaneous literature, the same great cause of man was pleading here as there. In that same year of 1687, which saw Oxford and Cambridge standing disrobed of their Charters before James the Second, and turned in spite of themselves into Papists, there was witnessed a transaction at Ipswich, in the County of Essex in Massachusetts, which I recall with much pleasure — *extremum hunc mihi*.

In that darkest hour of our history ; our whole colonial legislature abolished ; our whole civil power grasped by Sir Edmund Andros ; our whole adopted law swept away by a stroke of the pen of the king ; the principles of justice silenced ; every man's title to his farm requiring to be confirmed by a fine ; those little democracies, the towns, annihilated by a law forbidding them to meet more than once a year, and that simply for the election of town officers ; the gun announcing to Boston that a standing army was quartered there, and overawing the liberty of the inhabitants ; at that moment of peril, Sir Edmund Andros was pleased to lay a tax, and to apportion it upon the towns, and thereupon to ordain that they should assemble and make choice of