

"THE DESTINY OF OUR REPUBLIC."

(Phonographically reported for the New Northwest by W. A. Cameron.)

This was the title of an address delivered by Mrs. A. J. Dunlavy before a large audience in Reed's Opera House, Salem, on Monday evening, October 5th, in response to an invitation signed by many members of the Legislature, and numerous others.

Rev. P. S. Knight presided on the occasion, and in a neat speech introduced the lecturer.

Mrs. Dunlavy said:

Friends, this testimonial of your presence here tonight almost overpowers me. As I stand here, I look back through the dim vista of almost a quarter of a century to the days when I first landed, a young girl, a stranger in this our beautiful State, then a Territory. Then rapidly my mind flashes across the intervening years to the short lifetime that has marked my public life. Three years ago I was almost wholly unknown outside of the little circle of my family and friends who had known me from childhood.

Stimulated in part by that restless spirit of ambition which has all along characterized the American people, and inspired by a desire to do whatever my hand might find to do with all my might, that I might be able to leave this world better than I found it, I have dared to brave the storms of opposition, prejudice and ignorance, and sometimes it may be of my own folly; for I would be more than human did I never err. And to-night, looking into your listening faces, and casting my imagination over the years that are gone, I go from this beautiful scene—beautiful, indeed, to me—to the far distant years of the long ago, where a little Pilgrim band went aboard the Mayflower and trusted themselves to the treacherous and then almost unknown seas, and guided by the hand of Omnipotence, landed safely upon Plymouth Rock. Then, glancing hastily over our country's past history, which is known, or ought to be, to every schoolgirl and boy, we come to the time when another Spartan few, imbued with a spirit of patriotism that emanates from on high, gathered themselves together, and seeking not only their present good but the good of future generations, took counsel concerning those matters that pertain to the Destiny of our Republic. Ah! little did they think one hundred years ago—that patriot band—that at this time upon the verge of the Pacific Ocean we, their descendants, would assemble on occasions like this to glance back through the history of the far-receding years and on into the future—the mystical, the beautiful, the ideal beyond. Little did they imagine that hardy pioneer band that gave birth to our Republic upon the inhospitable shore of bleak New England, that far away across the Continent reposed the beautiful valleys, the verdant hillsides, the hoary mountains, the dashing waterfalls, the glorious possibilities that grace our beloved Oregon.

And it is, indeed, meet that we, their children, descendants of those hardy pioneers—ourself yet pioneers, who have wandered across the unbroken tracks of the Western wilds and pitched our tents upon this distant shore of the braiding and breezy Pacific—it is indeed meet that we should pause in the hurry and worry of every-day existence and drop a tear to their memory, chant an anthem of praise to their heroic patriotism, and sing a deep and solemn dirge over the graves of those who fell battling in the foremost ranks of liberty that we, their children, might enjoy the priceless boon of freedom and the peerless blessings of education and religion, which they gladly laid down their lives to bequeath to us.

It is idle for me to spend time in talking to you, my friends, to-night, about that occurrence in our history of which every American patriot in whose heart burns the fire that lights the flames of liberty has sung while chanting hymns of praise to freedom.

But when we look abroad over our country, and see that, despite its many beautiful surroundings and glorious possibilities, there is yet so much of suffering to alleviate, so much of ignorance to overcome, so much of prejudice to destroy, so much of materialism and coarse selfishness and avarice and misery among us, we feel that there is indeed work for the philanthropist that takes on gigantic shape and fills the soul of the deepest and most thoughtful humanitarian to its profoundest depths.

Glance abroad over our country and you find that we have jails and gibbets, and penitentiaries and almshouses and asylums for the insane. You find, too, that we have need of these. You find, too, the wretched drunkard going down to ruin, while all manner of legalized temptations are suffered to lie in wait for the unwary, and beguile the weak into error and crime. And shall we as a people, forget these, the lowliest of God's children? Shall we cloak ourselves about with a mantle of our own self-righteousness, and, because our lives have fallen to us in pleasant places, consider it beneath ourselves to look down upon those children of Almighty God who may need our uplifting eyes? Shall we not rather feel that it is not beneath us to stoop to lift that fallen to strengthen the weak, to encourage the timid, and to help the faltering upon life's rugged highway? Our country's destiny should point us not so much to our future financial greatness—not so much to grand piles of architecture, monumental structures of human greatness that shall live in the annals of history long after we shall have passed away—should point not nearly so much to our grand system of railroads and telegraphs and to every thing that betokens a high state of rapid life and rapid civilization, as it should point to the necessity that the human mind shall reach out, and grasp, after the possibilities that are ever clustering around the humblest son and daughter of God.

We, as a people, have become so engrossed in the mad search for gain, that we have forgotten too often to look from our own fancied greatness as a Republic down into the lower strata of human life, and cast about us to see whether or not it may be possible to benefit those who are not so well situated as ourselves. And we, too, have grown so sordid and selfish, the most of us, that we are too apt to look down upon those who have been imbued with humanitarian ideas, and dared to work accordingly.

We are often told that if we would be happy, we must be good; and while I know that there is much truth in this idea in the abstract, yet let us cast about us and see if there is not much human destiny that is attributable not so much to man's want of goodness as to his want of happiness; and then, having seen that the reason why so many people are not good is because they are not happy, let us see if there is not a reason why they are not happy which the humanitarian can reach; and, reaching, apply it to those whom he may have opportunity to benefit. It is very easy for the man or woman who is surrounded with everything that makes life pleasant, and agreeable to be good. We naturally feel, when the world goes smooth with us, and our neighbors treat us well, and our friends respect us, it is very natural, I say, for us in circumstances like these to feel that after all we are walking in about the right way, and then we are thoroughly satisfied with ourselves.

Now, let the same human being who is thus so good, genial, pleasant, comfortable, and affable, be suddenly deprived of house and lands, of home and family and kindred, and be thrown out upon the cold clarity of the world, penniless, suffering and destitute; such as is the case with nine-tenths of the people of this great Republic who go first upon the pathways of crime. Let us suppose that one of these good men or good women who never has been seriously tempted, never has seriously gone astray, is suddenly placed in one of the worst conditions of destitution. Think you when the pangs of hunger take hold upon the victim, when the storms of heaven beat pitilessly upon the uncovered head, when it seems that human sympathy and human agency have gone from him, think you that he would not then be very likely to break some of the great commandments which all his life before he has found it easy to live up to? I think that we too often lose sight of this consideration when we would censure those who go astray.

This country is, or ought to be, a government of homes. It is built upon that grand idea. Never were truer words uttered than the glorious ones that proclaim the glad tidings that the government of ours should be of the people, for the people, and by the people. Yet, such is our system of finance, such have been the manifestations of our money kings in the carrying on of business through the various ramifications of commerce, that we are in reality not a government of the people and by the people, but a government of money; by money—a government of landed monopolies and corporations and cash.

Ere this, indeed, shall have become a government of the people and by the people, it must be so emphatically a government of homes, that nowhere within all our borders shall there be those who need to be without a home, wherein they may repose under their own vine and fig tree. In order that we may accomplish this idea, is it necessary that in the Destiny of our Republic men and women shall upset many of the financial theories that have gone abroad, that have descended to us from the old feudal times—from the days when might made right?

Instead of considering the claims of money as paramount to all other claims, is it not about time that we should cast about us to see whether or not the claims of humanity are not superior? This ultimately is to be the Destiny of our Republic: "Yet what we, as a nation, shall be compelled to pass through ere that ultimatum shall be reached, I would not dare to tell you, even if I could, because so desirous are we to hold on to that which we may compass legally—whether rightfully or not, no matter, so it is legal—so determined are we to endure present laws so long as they may be enforceable, rather than make any radical change, that it will be long before the great masses of the people shall be enabled to see clearly the real condition of their own interests and demand the recognition of their inalienable rights.

Go to the Island of Great Britain, and you will find that thirty thousand men own the entire landed estates of that Kingdom. If the administrators of landed estates in this Republic shall agree to themselves as vast an appropriate

area of acres in the next twenty years as they have done in the last quarter of a century, fifty thousand men will own the entire landed domain of the nation. This is to what we as a people are tending to-day. Now, how shall it be avoided? It is true that many of the evils that worked ill to the human family under the old system that has succeeded to us from Great Britain have been greatly modified. The heirship of the estate by the eldest son has become obsolete with us. But this is being rapidly more than counteracted by our desire to encourage in great corporations—the buying up of vast landed tracts—the driving back of the settlers from the great, governmental domain, which is so cheap and plentiful; that the man who can compass so many thousand dollars can avail himself of opportunity to get possession of so many thousand acres. Often in my traveling to and fro, and up and down in this country I pass places where some man, and woman with a large family of children have been driven off into the mountain fastnesses, where, working at all sorts of disadvantageous odds, they are compelled to dig and delve and keep their children away from the opportunities of education and the intercourse of society, which all humanity needs so badly, and must have if it would progress. I see these people building their humble homes in isolated places, while just below, in the verdant, smiling valley, are thousands of acres given over to horses and sheep and cattle and swine, and not man dares to dispute their prior rights. Friends, have you never questioned, whether or not it would not be better that this Government of ours should indeed be of the people and by the people, rather than a government for the few who may compass these broad acres for the abode of hogs and cattle, driving back humanity to the foot-hills? I know that my views upon this question are considered by many to be altogether Utopian; but I tell you, friends, I can see as plainly as in mid-day I can see the sun, that the time must come when this Republic shall acquiesce in the idea that this government shall be literally and truly a government of homes; when no man shall be permitted to spread his imaginary ownership over countless acres of our governmental area, while man shall be driven by man's cupidity out in the byways, among the hedges, in the ditches, among the rocks and bowlders, or where the eagle keeps watch over the pointed crag, or scorns his freedom over the wild fastnesses. I see that the time must come when these things must have an end; and when every man shall be able to say "The Earth is my mother; from her I draw my sustenance; no one has right to drive me from her bosom." "Oh, but," says some man who, through over-reaching, or by inheritance, has accumulated a vast domain—owning a whole township, or it may be in some instances, a whole county—"What nonsense that woman is preaching!" Now, let me say to you, good sir—and I say it that you may ponder it well—that often, in the still night, when you might have imagined that if I was thinking at all, I was going wild on that particular hobby; that you are pleased to call "Woman's Rights," I have been studying this deep financial problem. And I read it these by the signs of the times: Fifty years hence individual ownership in these large tracts of land will be just as obsolete as individual ownership in man is today. "Oh, but," you tell me, "that will never do. You take away the idea that land is the basis of all our financial greatness, and straightway you smother the bonds that bind society together. If you break up the bonds of self-interest, you make of the people a nomadic, wandering race, so that they will lose their hold upon all that is permanent, and relapse into the mode of life of the wild Indian." I have often heard these arguments advanced. But let me tell you, friends, that you who reason thus have not yet acquired the divine idea of a government of the people and by the people. But you say to me, "Come, that is running into Communism; we have can endure that." Ah, friends, there is nothing in Communism as it is that compares with this idea. Communism was born of the ignorant prejudice of an idle rabble, who, seeing that something was wrong, have only dimly comprehended what, and they, have flown to the other extreme, and instead of striving after humanity's best interests, have been ready with torch and flame to lay the wild world waste. We thank the government of these United States to be so emphatically of the people and by the people that it can own its governmental rights, our vast landed domain and hold it in trust for the poor forever. How, this is to be brought about, whether our government grows rich and grand and mighty, shall be enabled to purchase from those men who own upon the old feudal system broad tracts of land, which they can never buy, whether the government shall purchase those tracts at a fair valuation, or whether we shall go on, until the vast homeless, landless masses, shall rise up in a great rebellion, compared with which the slave-holders' Rebellion was as child's play, is something which, indeed, I cannot tell you. But I do say that I realize, that I know, that the time is coming in the further education

of the people when I see the expansion of public sentiment and the liberality of human utterance to-day as compared with what I saw three years ago, I thank God and take courage. I have a full belief in the expansion of human nature, a far more exalted opinion of the nature of man, with the grand idea of the ultimate destiny of our Republic to-day than I had three years, two years, or even one year ago; because I see that the mists of prejudice are being dispelled before the enlightening influences of calm investigation. I see before me men who at first looked with disdain, contempt and scorn upon the idea that a woman might mount a platform like this and address an assembled multitude, and they are listening now, not only with interest, but, if I am all a reader of countenances, almost with keen delight. I see before me women who, a few years ago, were turning the cold shoulder to these ideas, because they never had investigated them, whose hearts are now fired with a deep and intense patriotism; whose souls are lionized as with a live coal from out the altar of freedom; whose spirits are aroused in the demand for the inalienable rights which all are born with, and which can be rightfully denied unto none. Ideas crowd upon me, and it is almost impossible to bring this address within the limits of the legitimate lecture hour; but I must not forget that it is our duty as men and women to be temperate in all things. I realize, O men and women, as you look up into my face as I speak, that the time is soon to come, whether this Legislature of ours does its duty or not, whether it shall seize this golden opportunity or not, when women shall indeed be free. Yesterday I found myself the worst off; and while lying ill I was casting daily in my mind the vision before me—for I had really promised to address the people upon the Destiny of our Republic—and not a single solitary sentence could I frame. But as I lay there thinking—thinking—thinking—my fevered brain suddenly attuned itself to numbers, and this is the result:

Columbia, pride of nations, hail! Beckward throw thy smuggering veil, Revealing Beauty's noble dars. And let thy bounding ears From eyes all about and brow serene, Let us behold the glittering orb Of Freedom's light. O'er all the earth, In climes where slavery wield the rod, Falsely proclaiming power from God; O'er every struggling human soul That sprouts a monarch's mean control; O'er every lowly human home, Where Thought can stray or Fancy roam, Plant thou the starry banner high, Emblem of human Liberty. And our Republic's Destiny.

Try magic wand, resplendent, bright, That waves o'er Bunker Hill to-night, And flutters in the balmy breeze From torrid zone to arctic seas, And strikes its white and scarlet folds, And field of blue o'er wastes and woods, That sweeps its pure and milk-white stars Above its wind-tossed, streaming bars, Plant thou on every lofty peak That looms 'bove haunts where men may seek A habitation. Let thy name Write high on monuments of fame In diamonds emblazoned be, And every child of liberty Shall shout Columbia's destiny.

From regions of the northern pole, To where the subarctic circles roll, From where the Equator's fervent heat Burns the bright sands that human feet Shall tread along the sea-girt shore, Where Ocean's grand, resounding roar, Chante Trump's deep dirge, hurrying o'er, From wild Mount Baker's snowy peak, From Myer's where bald eagles shriek, From Monterey's mangle-riding halls; From proud New England's granite walls; From Florida's groves everglades To Oregon's leafy palmades; To Bebrings Strait to bleak Cape Horn; To rocky cove of sunset dew, Where Nift's his golden web doth weave; From California's pomber sands To Cuba's glittering sea-side strands; From Andes and from Amazon; From Plymouth Rock to Oregon, This emblem of the brave and free Thy symbol shall ever be, Till Time shall greet Eternity With our Republic's Destiny.

[Mrs. Dunlavy, who was listened to with rapt attention, was heartily applauded as with the foregoing poetical contribution, she concluded her address. Previous to and after the address, Mr. Wm. England and Professor A. L. France favored the audience with choice selections of music upon the piano and violin.]

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(Continued from first page.)

of our people—their manly intelligence and education and brain will not brook to be driven away with his wife and children into the outskirts of the wild forest, there to rear himself a home away from the advantages of civilization, when down in the valley are thousands and tens of thousands of acres of soil, virgin soil upon which swine are roaming in freedom. Every public school that raises its walls toward high heaven; every child that learns its A. B. C. at the expense of the sweat and tears of tax-payers; every intellect that expands under the beneficent influence of our free institutions, in building up a bulwark of defense against the encroachments of landed monopolies. And there will in time rise up a full all those whose aim is to accumulate broad acres, which they cannot take with them when they die, but which, after they are dead, are held by their accretors to our statutes, forever.

The landed domain is the foundation of our Republic, and as we are building an edifice of freedom, we must begin with the foundation, and that is why I thus call your attention to it. I have not time, and, indeed, it would not now suit my purpose, to show you step by step and link by link in the great chain of human possibility, how this network is to be interwoven in the great web of human interest. I wish merely, if I can, to startle you with the crude idea, that you may talk about it, digest it, and laugh at and ridicule it, if you please; but think about it.

Many a gentleman has said to me within the last two years, and the statement has been made, too, by those who were themselves large land owners, "The principle upon which you build is right, and ultimately must prevail."

I have said that this government is theoretically built upon the idea that it is of the people and by the people. Practically, it is administered upon the idea that it is a government of finance, of landed monopoly of masculine gender, of corporations and of cash. I suppose that every thinker who looks into my face to-night will confess that I have stated the matter precisely as it is. Now, suppose that all this governmental domain—all that is owned by monopolists—should belong, as it ought, and as it one day must, just exactly as the people do to the government of the United States. Suppose then that every man who wanted to possess an interest in this governmental domain had to comply with certain acts and regulations—the simpler and more easily comprehended the better—whereby, by paying into the governmental coffers annually, such and such an amount, he might be protected in his inalienable rights upon the soil forever. Then would arise a feeling of security—an uplifting of the ideal of the importance of human life and human labor. Then no longer would the man who now works all his days to pay continually the accruing interest of a mortgage feel that a month's illness would unhinge him and drive his children penniless and destitute into the stormy street. And this feeling of security, I verily believe, would not work to the enervating of human character but altogether to the contrary. I believe that it would stimulate men to build up around their beautiful homesteads, under the possibilities of a long possession, those improvements that would cause the wilderness everywhere to blossom as the rose. It would impel those who are surrounded with that which makes them comfortable always—and I have shown that whenever people are comfortable, they are inclined to be good—to reach out after art and science and religion, and higher civilization, and all the beautiful and beneficent ideas which human beings should aspire to make this Republic what it ought to be. Then the great millionaire who wastes his means all his days in laying claim to thousands of broad acres, merely that he may drive all other human beings beyond their confines into the rocky districts and byways, where privation reigns supreme, will have opportunity, not joyed to such temptations, but rather to use the means with which Heaven has blessed him in assisting his neighbors in building up and beautifying surrounding habitations, and in losing of his abundance to those who are less fortunate than he, to help in making up this great network of a government of homes.

In the near future I see before us, not a government under which men can do better for themselves than hold cold causes and concoct plots by which they may overreach their neighbors in the carrying out of some pet scheme, by which they may gain broad acres and consequent rich possessions, but I see the network of a beautiful creation which shall spread the ramifications of its influence out over all the earth, giving the people confidence, inspiring the great public heart with that patriotism that is born of trust, and that reposes in the bosom of every honest man who learns to trust his fellow-man, because he is himself true and worthy.

Be it I attempt to portray to you what I see as the Destiny of our Republic within the next hundred years? "Ah, some of you say, you may really make such predictions as you choose, because there is not a man or woman with the sound of your voice that will be here in a hundred years to know whether you have told the truth or not." Friends, even to-night, here on the banks of the winding Willamette, with the roar of old Ocean sounding upon our shores, where the wild eagle sweeps over the mountain crags, and the trees point their leafy lips toward the evening sky, even here we are making history. Even here, as I speak with this imperfect utterance, my feeble

words are being transferred to paper, and ere long they will be spread to the north and the south and the east and the west, and they will go into history, humbled as they are. And here, standing before you in the light of the present century, I take, with fear and trembling, a sacred prediction that I believe will make a hundred years. I see beautiful and stately Senate Chambers, where men and women, clothed in regal dignity—that dignity that is not born of gilded trappings and great possessions, but that individual dignity which is the proud heritage of every intelligent son and daughter of God; I see men and women taking counsel together in regard to the Government, just as they do now in regard to our homes. And I see, also, this Government directed of all that is now crude and unfinished, built up and hedged around and about with all that beautifies the human intellect and adorns the human mind with noble, generous impulses. I see in the near-by future our Halls of Legislation, where men and women mingle together, consulting as only men and women can, concerning that in which each is as much interested as the other in relation to the great network of human government, which shall be of the people and by the people. And dotted all over our broad expanse of country I see beautiful cottages rising up, set round about with vines and gardens, and about with all that is pleasant to the eye, with all that is elevating to the mind and to the body. I see matrons—queens, womanly women—content to apply themselves diligently to the avocations of their homes, building up around them such pure and homelike associations as shall make their households praise them in the gates, their children rise up and call them blessed. I see no longer the hollow eye, the bowed shoulder, the despairing look, the furrowed cheek of mothers whose every impulse of soul and body is left free to go forth in untrammelled liberty toward the dear offspring of their life and suffering, who need every moment of a mother's care, every deep, devotional impulse of a mother's love to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Highest, and to endow them with that grand and perfect physical constitution which naturally and rightfully belongs to every child of this Republic. I see all over the country beautiful buildings with their spires reaching heavenward, devoted to the service of a free religion. I see grand, stately, massive edifices wherein the poorest child of the poorest man or woman can enter, supported and sustained by the State—by the Nation, if you please—in the purest knowledge preparing to add daily to the glories of the Republic in its high destiny. I see men and women walking side by side along life's rugged pathway, struggling earnestly, unselfishly and zealously for the promotion of all that makes up the well-being and happiness of humanity. I see in the good time coming and in the glimmer of the distance that spans a hundred years the disappearance, gradually, of every penitentiary, every almshouse, every gibbet, every asylum for the insane. I see no more idiotic, no more blind, no more deaf and no more dumb; for the people, elevated beyond their present ignorance and prejudice, shall no more make the mistakes that thro' some bumpy theory those adverse influences that cause them so often to groan under misfortunes that bring forth bitter fruits.

O, friends, you who have been disposed to look upon my vision merely as an idle clamor for "woman's rights," little have ye known the dreamings, little have ye imagined the aspirations of my soul. How little do you know of the tumultuous human aspirations that beat to-night in the breasts of tens of thousands of women, who look with steadfast interest upon all that pertains to the Destiny of our beloved Republic. And as they gaze into the morning papers day by day in the crowded cities, or in the more lovely villages and by-ways of our country await the tardy arrival of the weekly mail—how little do you know what deep emotions stir their spirits as they read the proceedings of this Legislature in the far-away Oregon in this year of our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Four?

Ah, friends, you who are disposed to treat this matter lightly, let me say to you that this Legislature has a grand opportunity to open a chapter of history that may make this north-western State of ours famous historic ground in the next hundred years. Very soon there is to come before you an opportunity to decide whether or not Oregon shall be the first planet in the grand galaxy of States to clothe its women in equal power with its men before our laws; that shall enable women to take her rightful seat in the north-western State of this Republic by the side of her brother man, asking counsel with him in all that pertains to the best interests of men and women.

Ah, brothers, ye of the Legislative Halls of Oregon who are here to-night—and I am thankful that I see so many of you—let me entreat you, by all the past history of our Republic, by all upon which hangs its future destiny, to let not the golden opportunity pass you by to return no more forever, but haste to take the lead in the van of States in the onward march in our National progression. Let me say to you, if you fall this time through timidity or prejudice, or anything else, to seize this golden opportunity, it shall have gone from the State of Oregon for ever; because, ere the circling year shall roll around another opportunity, another State—ye, indeed, many others—shall have taken the lead in the grand work; the Congress of our Republic shall have forestalled you; and this glory, such a glory as has made old Philadelphia historic ground, will be lost unto Salem for ever.

O, friends, when I think of the opportunities that lie before you; when I look back at the three years that span the brief course of my public life; when I

see how this idea has grown upon the people, when I see the expansion of public sentiment and the liberality of human utterance to-day as compared with what I saw three years ago, I thank God and take courage. I have a full belief in the expansion of human nature, a far more exalted opinion of the nature of man, with the grand idea of the ultimate destiny of our Republic to-day than I had three years, two years, or even one year ago; because I see that the mists of prejudice are being dispelled before the enlightening influences of calm investigation. I see before me men who at first looked with disdain, contempt and scorn upon the idea that a woman might mount a platform like this and address an assembled multitude, and they are listening now, not only with interest, but, if I am all a reader of countenances, almost with keen delight. I see before me women who, a few years ago, were turning the cold shoulder to these ideas, because they never had investigated them, whose hearts are now fired with a deep and intense patriotism; whose souls are lionized as with a live coal from out the altar of freedom; whose spirits are aroused in the demand for the inalienable rights which all are born with, and which can be rightfully denied unto none.

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[Mrs. Dunlavy, who was listened to with rapt attention, was heartily applauded as with the foregoing poetical contribution, she concluded her address. Previous to and after the address, Mr. Wm. England and Professor A. L. France favored the audience with choice selections of music upon the piano and violin.]