

FELLOW-CITIZENS—for thus I am proud this day to style you :—We are assembled at this hour, in the cool shadows of this beautiful grove, on the sacred soil of freedom, where for the first time in the history of this nation men and women have met together to celebrate the spirit and letter of the original Declaration of Independence, which is omitted to-day, not because of any lack of reverence for that immortal instrument, but to give place to a new version of its eternal principles, so long understood by us, and so graciously accepted now by the chivalry and manhood of the mighty State of the future, to which, bearing the

name of Washington, the Father of our Country, shall indeed belong the proud and happy title of the Mother of our Country.

Somehow, as I stand here, in presence of this vast multitude, the scroll of the century rolls away, and I see the great occasion, so familiar to you all in history, when men who intended to use the old Liberty Bell at Independence Hall to proclaim the glad tidings of freedom to all the people in a land where not one woman was free, had stationed a small boy at the base of the belfry to give the proper signal to the man in the steeple. And when the boy cried out : "Ring, father! *ring, RING, RING!* The country's free!" the old man mustered all his strength, and, giving forth the force that was intended to compel the sensate metal to ~~answer back in sonorous sounds of acclaim~~, the old Bell quivered in every nerve, and shrank beneath the blow, and *broke its heart rather than tell a lie!*

The panorama changes, and I behold another scene, a full-rounded century later, when this mighty nation, having spread its empire to the very verge of the continent, experiences a new birth of the Goddess of Liberty; and I behold Governor Newell, of Washington Territory, with a golden pen in his hand, presented him for the purpose by women newly enfranchised, and lo! he is engaged in signing a Woman Suffrage bill, amid the mingling hallelujahs of booming guns and ringing bells. Ah, there is no cracked bell to enter its eternal protest against the peans of rejoicing that roll in billows of harmony over thy free soil to-day, O Washington! The star of empire, that for centuries had been steadily making its way west and yet west, until it seemed that its journey could never end, reached its point of culmination on the 24th day of November, 1893, and, retrograding, has ever since been rolling onward in its eastward way, shedding abroad the glorious light of a liberty that shall yet be universal!