

Liberty and Patriotism.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY MISS KATE DEPEATT AT THE CELEBRATION AT WAGNER, ORE., SUNDAY JULY 4TH.

One-hundred and twenty-one years ago, there was born in this western world—a new nation—the Republic of the United States. To-day we have gathered to celebrate our nation's birth-day. It is on this day that music and eloquence unite in proclaiming liberty throughout the land. It is on this day that the small boy's fire-crackers and cheers contend for mastery. It is on this day that our country dons her holiday attire and bids us be merry. For it was on this day that Liberty was born.

This should be a day when all men should be equal. This should be a day when it could be said right makes might; a day when everybody could say: "I am my own master; I am a free, independent, being"—a day of truth, justice, and mercy; a day when the piteous wail of want and woe should not mingle with the music of rejoicing, when every man, woman, and child should be happy; a day of actual freedom, real liberty, when every star and stripe should proclaim justice; a day when every human being could say "The world is my country, to do good is my religion."

From time of primitive man the tendency has been to gather into tribes. These tribes united against the wild animals and the natural ills of life. But finally, as these unions alleviated danger, men began to covet one-another's possessions. His very strength gave him time to think of himself, gave him time to foster selfish aspirations. He became willing that his neighbor should perish if his own selfish ambitions could be realized. Then it was that people felt the real need of government. Before, union was strength, but now they must restrict themselves and government was needed. Their rude idea of this led them to allow the most powerful to rule and in the contention one man secured the leadership. But their idea of freedom was not realized and they began to scatter, establish new laws and new leaders, for, to perpetuate liberty, is the sole purpose of government.

My friends, it is Liberty that has founded every nation, every government. It is Liberty that has peopled every city, village and hamlet from the regions of the north to the sunny south. It is Liberty that has built every college, every workshop, every home. It is Liberty that has given us America.

Finally from all these nations England arose, she flourished, she conquered. She became the most powerful nation in the world. But with her strength she became oppressive. It has been said if you wish to know what a man really is

give him power. Power is the test. So with a nation. With power vanished the idea of liberty. George III had no conception of liberty, but from the hearts of his oppressed subjects it arose with a force which shook the very cliffs of England with the thunders of freedom.

This same principle led our Revolutionary fathers to throw off the the British yoke—to resist British tyranny. On the Fourth day of July, 1776, our brave and patriotic forefathers adopted as bold a political document as was ever penned by the hand of man. This declared the united colonies a free and independent nation. It did more than this. It established a new principle, laid down a new rule, or rather revived an old one, that all men should be free and equal, and that they should have certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. For this principle our fathers fought and bled. For this they died.

The Declaration of Independence contains some of the noblest sentiments ever uttered. Under it, the rigid rule of caste was to become extinct; wealth should not make power and power should not govern; the jeans should not bow down to the broadcloth; and the pallid lips of want and woe should not beg from the gluttonous features of avarice and greed. The tired worn faces of children who toil through the long hours should not mark the place where wealth ends and poverty begins. The dying mother should not press the starving babe to her bosom to drown its cry. But peace and plenty should everywhere abound and Liberty reign supreme. Here, martyrs of every creed and innocent victims of superstitious frenzy could find a refuge. In short, it was to be a government by the people, for the people, and all men should be free and equal.

This, there can be no doubt, was the ideal pictured by Washington, Jefferson, Franklin and Paine, for the United States. As Paine said: "Nothing short of independence can bind and keep us together." And right here, Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to pay my humble tribute to one of the grandest men who ever lived and died in the cause of freedom. This man has been maligned and slandered by the clergy for over a hundred years. He has been preached into hell from nearly every pulpit in the land. Would-be kings and professed lovers of liberty have all united to dishonor his memory, and it is only within the last few years that our government has recognized his services. Yet it is due to him, that we are celebrating this day, more than to any other man in the history of our government. Think you that Washington and the other early patriots held him in light esteem? One of the early meetings of these

patriots has been thus graphically described:

"Grouped around a table, the glow of the lamp pouring full in their faces, are four persons,—a Boston lawyer, a Philadelphia Printer, a Philadelphia Doctor, and a Virginia Planter.

"Let us look into the faces of these men. That man with a bold brow and resolute look is John Adams, from Boston; next to him sits the calm-faced Benjamin Rush; there you see the marked face of a printer, one Benjamin Franklin; and, last of all, your eye rests upon a man distinguished above all others by his height, the noble outline of his form, and the solemn dignity of his brow. That man is named Washington.

"These men are all members of the Rebel Congress. They have met here to talk over the affairs of their country. Their conversation is deep toned—cautious—hurried. Every man seems afraid to give utterance to the thoughts of his bosom. Bound to England by ties of ancestry, language, religion, the very idea of separation seems a blasphemy.

"A visitor is announced. Look upon his brow, his flashing eye, as in earnest words he pours forth his soul. He goes on; his broad, solid brow warm with fire, his eye flashes the full light of a soul roused into all its life; those deep, earnest tones speak of the INDEPENDENCE OF AMERICA—her glorious Future—her People, that shall swell into countless millions—her Navy, that shall whiten the uttermost sea—her Destiny, that shall stride over the wreck of thrones to the Universal Empire of the Western Continent!

"Then, behold! they rise round the table—they press that man by the hand—nay, the Virginia Planter, Washington, grasps both his hands and, in a voice deepened by emotion, begs him to write these words in a book,—a book that shall be read in all the homes and thundered from all the pulpits of America."

The book was written. With the firm belief that truth would triumph, Paine marshalled the legions of thought that sprang from his prolific brain, and on the 1st of January 1776, moved in solid columns against the citadel of tyranny.

"From the far quickening bosom of to-day,
And the stars that shine with vivid ray,
Flooding our path with still uncounted gain,
Comes the heroic, noble, splendid Paine."

A great man is sleeping in his grave. In Thomas Paine the world found a hero.

When we think of the spirit of the Declaration of Independence, the government these men handed down to us, is it any wonder that we throw our hats in the air and cheer long and loud at the sight of the stars and stripes—old glory? But, my friends, if Thomas Paine were here to-day I fancy he would cry out, "O Liberty, thou art fled

to brutish beasts, and men have lost their principle."

For, Ladies and Gentlemen, I cannot stand before you to-day and say that in this glorious land of ours all men are free and equal. It would seem to me blasphemous. Ingersoll says, "Blasphemy is what last year's bud says to this year's leaf" and if I were to stand before you to-day and say that this country is what those patriots intended it should be, it would seem but the voice of our forefathers revibrating through time.

To-day, orators vie with one another in boasting of our glorious liberty, but while they are uttering it, women and children are dying for the want of bread. To me liberty is that which is productive of happiness. Liberty is happiness. But in this "land of liberty, equality and justice," capital controls labor. Children toil day in and day out for a miserly pittance that they may prolong life. This very moment some are begging for the scraps from plenty's table. Can you wonder that hearts without blood enough to propel them, do not throb and thrill at the sound of "My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty?" When I look upon our country's flag, to me the fairest upon earth, it is not the colors, red, white and blue which appeal to me, but the fond remembrance each one brings to mind,—the history they bear. The red speaks to me of the blood which has been shed, and which the patriots were willing to shed in the cause of freedom. The white speaks of the purity of the intentions—the unselfishness which should be our inheritance. The blue causes the stars to shine with the true glow of constancy. The whole speaks of my country—of humanity. But think you these oppressed people feel any of these emotions when they see the emblem of their country waving in the breeze? Nay, to them it is only bright-colored bunting, a rag with which to make a display. The machinery of the factories and mills is propelled by their very life-blood. Men are growing rich upon the unpaid labor of others. We applaud with bursting hearts; tears of gratitude flow down our cheeks when we think of those brave men who, tattered, shoeless and hungry, rallied in the battle line for freedom. But I tell you it takes the most patriotic kind of patriotism to stand idly by and starve while Plenty banquets in halls of splendor. These men are patriots tried and true. Some may say that I am not patriotic and that I do not love my country. I love my country, I love my flag, but I love humanity. I think some have a wrong idea of patriotism—a selfish patriotism. To many it is simply brag—boasting about our country, our scenery,