

The Revolution.

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NEW JERSEY WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Just as we go to press, the call comes or the Annual Meeting of the New Jersey Woman's Suffrage Association, to be held in Vineland, on Wednesday, Dec. 2d. Further particulars next week.

HESTER VAUGHAN.

Not long ago, one day a pretty English girl, poor and friendless, was wandering in the streets of Philadelphia, seeking employment. Seeing a respectable-looking man, she asked him if he could tell her where she could find a good place to work. Yes, he promptly replied, he would take her to his country home. So she went with him and remained in his family several months.

But alas! her protector proved her betrayer, and she was turned into the street at the very time she needed shelter, love and care. With the wages she had saved, for she was an industrious, frugal girl, she took a small room in a tenement house, and there, in the depth of the winter, without a fire, a bed, or one article of furniture, with no eye, save that of Omnipotence, to witness, and no human heart to pity her sufferings, she laid one morning with a new born child, exhausted on the floor. In vain she had called for help, no one heard or heeded

all human sympathy, has no hope of future love and happiness, when every natural pulsation of the human heart, the deepest and holiest affections of a mother's nature must, of necessity, be crushed in concealment and violence; as the young victim stands trembling and appalled before future exposure, disgrace and degradation?

What a holocaust of women and children we offer annually to the barbarous customs of our present type of civilization, to the unjust laws that make crimes for women that are not crimes for men! Years ago, a large circle in high life was suddenly startled by a Hester Vaughan of their own class, in reduced circumstances, who threw her new-born child into the ocean. God and the angels pitied that pale mother, as she stood alone upon the beach, in the grey light of that November morn. They saw and weighed the human agony in that sad hour, as the young mother fondly kissed the soft cheek of the new-born infant, pressed it for a moment to her heart, then wildly tossed it into the blue waters of a stormy sea. Had God and the angels been the only witnesses, she might have escaped the world's gaze, its falsehood and revenge; for in the Court of Heaven that act was not registered to her account, but to a priest who had fled to foreign lands. Unpitying human eyes had witnessed that sad burial, and the unhappy mother was imprisoned for infanticide.

The day of trial dawned. The halls of justice were crowded; old men and young, wise and foolish, learned and unlearned, virtuous and vicious, all pressed in to get one look at the trembling captive, pale, hopeless, deserted, and in all that multitude not one woman was there to pity her misfortunes, or to shield her by her sympathy and presence. She, too, was doomed; but before the day of execution, the angel of death in mercy opened her prison doors and set her bruised spirit free.

E. C. S.

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JOHN CHURCH, EXHAUSTED ON THE ROOF. IN VIEW she had called for help, no one heard or heeded her cries, feverish with pain and thirst, she dragged herself to the door to beg some passer-by for water, and when, at last, help came, she was found in a fainting condition, and the child dead by her side. She was taken to the station house, and soon after imprisoned for infanticide. Tried and condemned, with most inadequate proof, she now lies in a Philadelphia prison waiting the hour of her execution, and in the great State of Pennsylvania not one woman has protested against the barbarism of this whole procedure, nor petitioned Gov. Geary for the girl's life. In the name of womanhood, we implore the mothers of that state to rescue that defenceless girl from her impending fate. Oh! make her case your own, suppose your young and beautiful daughter had been thus betrayed, would it not seem to you that the demands of justice should take the life of her seducer rather than her own? Men have made the laws cunningly, for their own protection; ignorantly, for they can never weigh the sorrows and sufferings of their victims. So long as by law and public sentiment maternity is made a disgrace and a degradation, the young and inexperienced of the poorer classes are driven to open violence, while money affords the rich the means of fraud, protection and concealment.

How can a man understand the terrible mortification and sorrow of a girl's life when betrayed into a false step, when in the crisis of her danger, she denies herself, through fear,

SCENE AT THE POLLS.

THE Davenport (Iowa) *Gazette* tells the following good story:

"Great enthusiasm was created at the Davenport township polls, on the fair grounds, Nov. 3, by a spectacle which would have stirred the patriotic blood of every true-hearted American in the land. In the afternoon a low seated buggy was driven up to the polls by a beautiful young lady. By her side was seated Deacon Gilbert, father of E. S. Gilbert, after whom Gilberttown was named. Deacon Gilbert is upwards of one hundred years of age. He cast his first Presidential vote in 1788, in the state of New York, for George Washington, and has voted at every Presidential election since that year. Miss Holmes assisted the centenarian and patriot to alight, and placing her arm in his, accompanied him to the polls. He handed an open straight republican ticket to the judges. As he did so the bystanders broke into cheers, which did not cease until three times three had been given for the aged republican, followed by three more for the young lady who had accompanied him."

What difference would it have made if the girl had voted also? Is it more demoralizing for a woman to enter the muddy pool of politics leaning on a man's arm under his protecting wing, than to go with him leaning on her arm, under the shadow of her wing (waterfall?).

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