

precating the grandeur of their mission, and aware that no other body like this will be convened during the present generation, patriotically and patiently pursue the even tenor of their way.

GOV. FENTON'S MESSAGE

GOV. FENTON LETS THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG. WOMEN IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

It is an error, however, to suppose that females and minors contribute nothing to our political resources as elements of productive wealth. It is to be remembered that all invested capital is productive to the community as well as to the party making the investment, and that a very large proportion of the wealth of the State is owned by females.

Our good Governor, in his message last year, had no word for the women of the State, half his constituency. So in our speech before the Legislature we reminded him that certain large property holders in New York had the right to a voice in amending the Constitution of the State.

It seems our words, like a grain of mustard seed fell on good ground, for in the message before us we find he recognizes not only the fact that there are women in this State, but that they are large property holders and add much to the "practical resources" and "elements of productive wealth."

Yes, the Governor is right, women own one half the property and have trained up those who own the other half. They have done their full share in furnishing the bone and sinew of the army and navy and civil government—Admirals, Generals, Governors, Senators and even the Delegates to the present Constitutional Convention—and they are taxed too, to pay them six dollars a day to insult their own mothers, by thrusting them outside the pale of political consideration, with minors, negroes, idiots lunatics, and criminals.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

Editors of the Revolution:

I was forty years a slave in Crawford county, Georgia. I came away from my master, Washington Parsons, when Sherman's army passed through to the seaboard, found passage North in a steamer. I married a free woman in Connecticut. I refused to buy cider of a church member in Litchfield county for \$3.00 per barrel, or any other price. Besides clothing myself, caring for family, and paying monthly rent for a part of a widow's house, laid by in the savings bank and otherwise two hundred and fifty dollars in fifteen months, enough to constitute me a voter in the Empire State.

THE REVOLUTION is a significant and ominous name for your paper, but it is destined to find readers not only in your own states of iniquity at home, but in other more healthy but not less idolatrous portions of the country.

JEREMIAH PECK, a Country Miller.

The fair busy tongue of slander has seized on the first name and fame of the late Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, and applied to him the epithet of *drunkard*. One of his intimate friends, and political and official associates, Francis W. Bird, Esq., in some most interesting reminiscences of the late Governor in the Boston *Commonwealth*, meets the charge thus:

Let me say one word in reply to a slander which only ignorance or malice could have originated, and which prejudice, unfortunately, led too many to believe. Gov. Andrew never professed total abstinence, but to the end of his life was, in the best sense of the term, a temperate

man. In all his official visits, he took care that no intoxicating drinks were ever placed upon the table; and in all the visits made by the Governor and Council for the three years that I served in the Council, I never saw a drop of intoxicating liquors offered to or used by the Governor, or any member of his Council, at any one of the public institutions of the State. In his personal habits he was remarkably temperate, especially for one whose nervous system was under such constant strain. As a uniform rule he would decline a glass of wine at the table unless etiquette required him simply to taste it, and, in preference, would drink his black tea. And during years of most unreserved intimacy, when he well knew that the knowledge of an over-indulgence would never pass beyond the circle in which it might happen, I never saw him partake of intoxicating drinks to an extent that even the most uncharitable could condemn as excessive. It is painful, even to write these things; but I feel it a duty, as I remember the cruel insinuations which have been made by bigoted partisans during the past year, to place this statement on permanent record.

A EULOGY ON WOMAN, BY "MARK TWAIN."

At the dinner given by the Correspondents Club at Washington, on Saturday night, "Mark Twain" was called on to respond to the usual toast to "Woman," which he did in the following characteristic style:

MR. PRESIDENT: I do not know why I should have been singled out to receive the greatest distinction of the evening—for so the office of replying to the toast to woman has been regarded in every age. (Applause.) I do not know why I have received this distinction, unless it be that I am a trifle less homely than the other members of the club. But be this as it may, Mr. President, I am proud of the position, and you could not have chosen any one who would have accepted it more gladly or labored with a heartier good-will to do the subject justice, than I. Because, sir, I love the sex. (Laughter.) I love all the women, sir, irrespective of age or color. (Laughter.)

Human intelligence cannot estimate what we owe to woman, sir. She sews on our buttons (laughter), she mends our clothes (laughter), she ropes us in at the church fairs; she confides in us; she tells us whatever she can find out about the little private affairs of the neighbors; she gives us good advice—and plenty of it; she gives us a piece of her mind sometimes—and some times all of it; she soothes our aching brows; she bears our children—ours as a general thing. In all the relations of life, sir, it is but just, and a graceful tribute to woman, to say of her that she is a brick. (Great laughter.)

Wheresoever you place women, sir—in whatever position or estate—she is an ornament to that place she occupies, and a treasure to the world. (Here Mr. Twain paused, looked inquiringly at his hearers, and remarked that the applause should come in at this point. It came in. Mr. Twain resumed his eulogy.) Look at the noble names of history! Look at Cleopatra! look at Desdemona! look at Florence Nightingale! look at Joan of Arc! look at Lucretia Borgia! (Disapprobation expressed. "Well," said Mr. Twain, scratching his head doubtfully, "suppose we let Lucretia slide.") Look at Joyce Beth! look at Mother Eve! (Cries of "Oh!" "Oh!") You need not look at her unless you want to, but (said Mr. Twain, reflectively, after a pause) Eve was ornamental, sir, particularly before the fashions changed! I repeat, sir, look at the illustrious names of history. Look at the Widow Machree! look at Lucy Stone! look at Elizabeth Cady Stanton! look at George Francis Train! (Great laughter.) And, sir, I say it with bowed head and deepest veneration, look at the mother of Washington! She raised a boy that could not lie—could not lie. (Applause.) But he never had any chance. (Oh, Oh!) It might have been different with him if he had belonged to a newspaper correspondents' club. (Laughter, groans, hisses, cries of "Put him out.") Mark looked around placidly upon his excited audience and resumed:

I repeat, sir, that in whatsoever position you place a woman she is an ornament to society and a treasure to the world. As a sweetheart she has few equals and no superiors (laughter); as a cousin she is convenient; as a wealthy grandmother, with an incurable distemper, she is precious; as a wet nurse she has no equal among men! (Laughter.)

What, sir, would the peoples of the earth be without woman? * * * * They would be scarce, sir—almighty scarce! Then let us cherish her—let us protect her—let us give her our support, our encourage-

ment, our sympathy—ourselves, if we get a chance. (Laughter.)

But, jesting aside, Mr. President, woman is lovable, gracious, kind of heart, beautiful—worthy of all respect, of all esteem, of all deference. Notary here will refuse to drink her health right cordially in this bumper of wine, for each and every one of us has personally known, and loved, and honored the very best one of them all—his own mother! (Applause.)

A MOTHER TO A DAUGHTER.

MY DAUGHTER: Sixteen years of merry, careless girlhood have passed, and now, "standing with reticent feet" at the parting of childhood and womanhood, you need some suggestions from one more experienced than yourself, ere you enter the mysterious future. Over it rests a halo that allures while it awes; and well may you pause, for in the beyond what vast possibilities!

There, too, are quicksand's shoals and pitfalls, which have swallowed thousands of beautiful souls. Along the way you encounter unnumbered obstacles; an impish brood of sarcasms hiss; friends avert their faces; men taunt you as "strong-minded" and "masculine;" and pleasure, ease, and luxury allure you to fatal retreats. Only with labor and self-denial will you, in this present age, stem the current of popular life, and become true to your own inherent womanly instincts.

But you are strong, well-developed, and natural, thanks to a healthy, unrestrained life, fresh air, simple food, and Dr. Lewis's gymnastics, and with a fine intellectual endowment united to such a splendid physique, the world has need of your services. There is a work for you, and all girls like you, to do, so grand, so glorious that I cannot but cry out from the depths of my being, that you may be roused to the idea of woman's power over the civilization of the future! And in speaking to you, I address all young girls whom my pen can reach.

So lay aside the last new novel, cease to dream of "a love of a hat," or the last new style of *chignons*, and I will try not to weary you; for I was once a school-girl also, and dreamed and read and planned as you may now be doing.

Do you know, my daughter, what a glorious thing it is to be a woman? During the holidays you said, "If I were only a boy, I could hope for pleasant, active life; but our habits are such that girls are constantly fretting at the restraints they endure." True, there is abundant cause for this restlessness, but the day is rapidly approaching when all athletic sports and work may be yours.

Already you row, swim, skate and ride, and in country places, at least, the old prejudice against the dainty and neat gymnastic costume, as an out-door dress, is dying away. Still boys have an advantage over you in following out all natural instincts. It is counted improper for a girl to run, swing her arms, and use all those free movements of the body that give suppleness and vigor to her, no less than to her brother.

In this freedom you are as wild, elastic and straight as the Indian maiden, "Bright Alferata." To your pale city cousins, with wrists cramped from the time they were ten years of age, and who have never dared to exercise fully, for fear of tumbling costly finery, or being "rude and unladylike," we extend all needful sympathy. No wonder they wish they were boys! With pale cheeks and lustreless eyes, the result of unnatural habits, they are early forced into society where the chief conversa-