

The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY: JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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PETITION FOR EQUAL SUFFRAGE.

[EVERY person receiving a copy of this petition is earnestly desired to put it in immediate and thorough circulation for signatures, and return it signed, to the office of the Woman's Suffrage Association of America, 37 Park Row, Room 20, New York.]

To the Senate and House of Representatives, in Congress Assembled:

The undersigned citizens of the State of — earnestly but respectfully request, that in any change or amendment of the Constitution you may propose, to extend or regulate Suffrage, there shall be no distinction made between men and women.

NAMES.

NAMES.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

GOVERNOR GRAY AND HESTER VAUGHAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 5, 1868.

DEAR REVOLUTION: In company with Mrs. Miller, daughter of Hon. Gerrit Smith, we waited on Gov. Geary yesterday, with the memorial from the Working Woman's National Association, asking a pardon for Hester Vaughan, now lying in a Philadelphia prison, under sentence of death, for the alleged crime of Infanticide.

We took the night train, and reaching Harrisburg at four o'clock, were summoned to the ungracious duty of coming forth into the cold morning air to decide what the next step should be. It is on such occasions, mid darkness and strangers, that one appreciates the genus homo; however, being thrown upon our own resources, we asked the conductor which was the best Hotel in Harrisburg. "The Lochiel," he promptly replied, which at once suggested to us the ominous lines of Campbell, "Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day," and as we entered the long, dark omnibus, we gazed furtively about, feeling there might be worse things at hand to beware of, than what lay in the dim future. However, we reached the Hotel in safety, found a comfortable room, where we resumed the threads of our dreams until breakfast, which with the exception of the coffee (chickory?) was good. The attendants, from Africa's burning sands, were attentive and obliging. We were much struck with the fine head and chiseled features of one tall black man, who looked thoroughly Saxon in everything but color. On inquiry, we found his Excellency, the Governor, was at home, so we ordered a carriage, and went to the Executive Mansion. We were somewhat ashamed of our outfit. The carriage was old and dilapidated, and our "white male" driver presented rather an untidy and limped appearance with one leg of his pantaloons turned up and the other dragging on the ground.

We were told that as the Governor had been out to a party the night before until one o'clock, we would find him still at his house. But in spite of late hours he was already at the Capi-

tol attending to the duties of the Executive department.

We queried, as we rode along, as to the probable frame of mind in which we might find his Excellency, and suggested to our companion, that with late hours, salads, oysters, ice cream, coffee (and perhaps something stronger), we might find him in a rather dyspeptic condition, which would eclipse for a time the nobler sentiments of courtesy, justice, and mercy, but she promptly repudiated the suggestion, and expressed her confidence that inasmuch as he had been in the society of ladies, probably tripping the light fantastic toe, in the giddy waltz or graceful quadrille, or exalted by their influence into the diviner realms of sentiment and affection, we should no doubt find him in a most philanthropic state of mind. In this hope we alighted at the Capitol, which, by the way, is an unpretending brick building. Everything was in a state of busy preparation for the opening of the Legislature in the second week of January. It seems they allow their legislators a little time to steady themselves after the jivalities of the Holy days, before entering on the important business of the state. Seeing a group of workmen standing under the dome, we asked if some one would show us to the Governor's apartments. One old man, with a basket of apples on his arm, said he would do himself the honor.

As we went along, we inquired what the people generally thought of their Governor? I am a democrat and he a republican, he avowedly replied, so my opinion would not be worth much, but I suppose the people of Pennsylvania believe in him or they would not have elected him. After mounting the staircase and pausing to take breath (as we did not wish to enter his Excellency's presence in a palpitating condition), we knocked at the door, an attendant promptly appeared, and we were ushered into a large, pleasant room. We then gave him our cards and a letter of introduction from the world-known Editor of the *Tribune* which we secretly prayed the Governor, in an adjoining apartment, would be able to read.

Whilst he was deciphering that epistle and arranging his cravat, glossy black hair and a benevolent smile for our reception, we had abundant time to observe our surroundings. The floor was covered with a bright brussels carpet, a coal stove and a large table occupied the centre of the room; near each leg of the table stood a large spittoon, capable of holding at least half a gallon of rejected tobacco juice, and in a remote corner stood another of these symbols of legislative wisdom. Such a bountiful provision for this manly indulgence led us to fear that the Executive mouth might be disfigured with little streams of tobacco juice quietly meandering from either side through his beard, but we were pleasantly disappointed. The ceiling was decorated with portraits of all the Governors, from William Penn down to Governor Curtin, smiling benevolently, as if enjoying our merriment over

the large spittoons. We were specially attracted by a glass case filled with time-worn documents, on which lay a fine engraving of Robert Livingston. As that is the name of our youngest son, as well as the maternal ancestor of both members of the committee, and the first Livingston who found his way to these shores, we felt an electric thrill through our veins as we contemplated his noble face, while his lips seemed to say, "Welcome, my descendants, on your mission of mercy. As the soldiery of your native state did well to rush to the defence of Pennsylvania when her soil was polluted by the confederate invaders, and no son of her own came to the rescue save Jimmy Burns of Gettysburg, so the noble women of New York have done well to fly to the rescue of Hester Vaughan; and, in obedience to the apostle Paul, not to forsake the assembling of themselves together as the manner of Philadelphians is (Heb. x: 24), but rather to hold a meeting in Cooper Institute, and appoint a committee, to provoke, if need be, the daughters of Pennsylvania to love and good works." We were startled from our communion with the spirit land by the usher who announced that the Governor was ready to receive us, and we soon stood in the august presence of the hero of Lookout Mountain, who had been so famous in the Kansas embroglio. The Governor is a handsome man, of good manners, imposing presence, liberal views, and benevolent feelings, and we feel sure that we should have had a more pleasant and unrestrained interview, had it not been for his stern secretary in spectacles who maintained his position in the corner, occasionally throwing in a cold, curt remark, as if to remind the Governor that he had duties and interests as a politician as well as a man, and that he must manifest no tender emotions that might reflect on the bar of the State, as the judges, jurors and advocate in the case of Hester Vaughan were all voters and would have a voice in his re-election. Dr. Gibon is said to be a most excellent man, but we did wish him in the bosom of his family for that one hour. As it was, two against two, in the present undeveloped state of the feminine intellect we found ourselves sorely taxed, as we were compelled not only to defend Hester Vaughan against the bar of Philadelphia, the creeds, codes and conventionalisms of the day, but the great State of New York against her seeming interference with the jurisdiction of a neighboring state. In vain we expressed the magnanimous sentiment, that the world was our country, and all women-kind our countrywomen, that no state lines could limit human sympathy, the Governor invariably returned to the point that the women of Pennsylvania had already quietly moved in this matter, and, as if to substantiate the assertion, he produced from an adjoining pigeon-hole a bundle of letters and petitions, far more voluminous, he said, than any he had received from New York. He further stated that he had never signed the death warrant of Hester Vaughan, and that we might rest assured she was safe in his hands.

Such being the case, we urged that a safety within the walls of a prison might not be the most desirable to an innocent woman, and that if the justice of the case had moved him to a stay of proceedings, mercy demanded that the prisoner should experience its benefits by a speedy release from her long and severe incarceration, never having been permitted to walk in the corridors either before or after her trial.

To this his Excellency replied, that he had given much patient thought to prison disci-

pline, and hoped to so improve the whole system of that state as to make Pennsylvania an example that other states might follow. Knowing the disgraceful condition of "The Tombs" in New York, where a thousand church spires point to heaven, we promptly replied, we were rejoiced that his mind was turned to that subject, and we hoped our Governor would follow his example.

Returning to Hester Vaughan, his Excellency remarked that justice would never be done in cases of Infanticide, until women were in the jury-box. This opinion shows that the Governor has either thought profoundly on this subject, or read the resolutions passed at the Cooper Institute meeting. This being the opinion of the Executive, we shall look for a speedy movement among the women of Pennsylvania, demanding that the statute, providing that "minors, slaves, idiots, lunatics, criminals and women, shall not be jurors" be amended by striking out the word "women."

After spending over an hour with the Governor, who was gracious and genial (barring the under-current of wounded state pride) we arose to depart. Among the many kind words on leaving, he said, "Present my regards to Horace Greeley, and say to him that he is one of the distinguished men of our times for whom I have felt great admiration and esteem." Speaking of the Hon. Gerrit Smith, we told him that he was our kinsman, he must excuse what might seem to him uncalled for sympathy on our part as philanthropy was a family mania. A mania, his Excellency graciously remarked, which he admired, and with which he himself was somewhat affected.

He then called our attention to one part of the interview as strictly confidential, of which we shall inform our readers when the proper time comes, unless his secretary forestalls us by unguarded communications to the Associated Press.

In bidding him adieu, we expressed the great pleasure we felt in finding that there had been a *simultaneous movement* in behalf of the prisoner in both the great states of Pennsylvania and New York, and we hoped the fact would arouse an added zeal on his part for her speedy release. The secretary then handed us a letter, signed by the Governor, to Mr. Chandler, one of the Prison Inspectors, asking for a free pass to the cell of Hester Vaughan.

We then drove to the Executive Mansion, and had a pleasant interview with Mrs. Geary. She is a splendid woman, who in every way graces the position she occupies. She expressed deep sympathy with Hester Vaughan, and in the prison improvements her husband now proposes. She invited us to walk through her house, which is elegantly furnished, and kept with exquisite neatness and order. It is situated on the banks of the Susquehanna, and when everything is green and fresh it must be a beautiful spot. As we were to take the train at twelve for Philadelphia, we were obliged to make a hurried call. We then hastened to the Hotel, seized our carpet bags, paid our bill, (an act often overlooked by "carpet baggers") and reached the cars just in time, and as we whizzed along, we talked over the events of the morning, of the many bright things we should have said, and laughed at some of the Governor's blunders in physiology, and his endeavors to treat us with politeness, without detriment to the state of Pennsylvania.

Six o'clock found us under the hospitable roof of Chapman Biddle, Esq., a relative of the dis-

tinguished Banker, where we discussed the legal points of the case, the Philadelphia bar, the Governor's career, and matters and things in General. The next day we went to the Moyamensing prison.

The Governor's letter opened the doors to us at once, and we were ushered into Mr. Chandler's office, where he sat correcting a letter of Hester Vaughan's to the women of the Empire State, saying that she wished us to hold no more meetings, or make any expressions of public sympathy in her behalf, as she feared it might embarrass Executive action in her case, and prolong her suffering. After hearing the letter, we remarked that, of course, Hester did not see that such a letter would be a grave reflection on those in whose hands her life was. To suppose for a moment that any unwise action in a sister state could interfere with the proposed justice and mercy to a helpless criminal was an evidence of a want of knowledge of the high character of the Governor of Pennsylvania, who had told us that he had not signed the death warrant, and never should do so. It was evident that this letter had been prompted by some outside influence, and Mr. Chandler, probably, took that view of the case and decided not to send it.

We found Mr. Chandler a genial, benevolent-looking old gentleman, though when we first met him, and he ascertained from the Governor's letter that we were from New York, he poured out the vials of his wrath on the Cooper Institute meeting, the New York press, and the Working Women's Association; but when he found the committee were calm, cool, collected personages, able to stand fire, and kinsman of Gerrit Smith, who had been his associate in Congress, and for whom he expressed great regard and respect, most friendly relations were at once established. He complained that some of our papers had ridiculed him for coming down to Prison Inspector after having represented the republic in foreign courts, and the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania in Congress. We assured him if any such things had been said, it must have been by some envious politicians in his own state. That his name was mentioned with great respect in the Cooper Institute meeting, and in our daily journals. In exalting his present position, we told him we thought he had never held a higher office. No father could have been kinder than he has to the unfortunate Hester Vaughan, and he has already made great improvements in the arrangements of the prison for the comfort of those under his supervision.

He escorted us through the wing of the prison where the women are incarcerated, and gave us many interesting accounts of the inmates. At last we paused at the door of Hester Vaughan's cell, and saw her innocent face through the wicket for the first time. She returned a sad, earnest, questioning look, as her eye scanned the group that gathered around her door, which was at once thrown open, and with trembling heart we entered.

On seeing the poor girl, our interest in her was greatly intensified, and we felt more than ever convinced of her innocence. Hester is a short, stout girl, with a round head, high broad forehead, an open, benevolent face, light brown hair, soft blue eyes and fair complexion. She has a quiet, self-possessed manner, and is gentle in her movements and speech. She can read and write, and is very intelligent for one of her class. She showed us several of Leigh Richmond's stories that she had been reading, and

exhibited undergarments that she had made that were very neatly embroidered. Everything about her indicates a taste for order, cleanliness and beauty.

As we were left alone with her, we had a full, free talk of more than an hour. She went over the tragic scenes of the last year. She told us of her desertion in a strange laud, of her betrayal and disgrace, of her wretchedness, despair and suffering, of her cruel arrest and exposure, dragged by men, in the depth of winter, from a bed of sickness to the station-house and prison, when prudence and mercy alike should have shielded her from the public gaze. She told us of her mock trial, the judges, men! the jurors, men! her advocate, a man! who took her last cent, and never came near her till the day of her trial, manifested no sympathy with her, and made a meagre, feeble defence.

Mr. Chandler had told us of her agony after the sentence. Returning from the court she met him in the corridor and threw herself into his arms, crying, "Oh! save me! save me! I cannot die!" Her screams in the court room were enough to touch the heart of any man not made insensible by reverence for false laws and customs of his own creation; and not one there who could understand the sorrow and temptation of woman, bankrupt in all she holds dear, and betrayed, where, by all that is holy in nature, she had a right to look for protection.

She told us of her young days, her home, how much she feared her father might hear of her disgrace. She said she wished she had given some other name in court. When we told her that the families with whom she had lived had petitioned the Governor for her release, and spoken in the highest terms of her devotion and faithfulness to their interests; "Oh! yes," she said, with great simplicity, "I never harmed anyone but myself." Her cell is about eleven feet square, has a large window that she can open or shut at pleasure, water and heat at her command, with a ventilator in the ceiling. She has a trunk full of clothes, a number of books, a table and two stools. She had asked a chair, as she suffers greatly with pain in her back, and cannot sit without leaning. Noticing that she leaned against the cold wall, we told her that the pain in her back was probably rheumatism, and that that would increase it. If there is no law against it, we hope some one of the thousands of Philadelphia ladies, whom the Governor told us were interested in Hester's case, will send her a chair. Whilst we were there the door stood wide open. "Oh!" said she, "how pleasant it seems to have that door open. You have no idea how dreadful it is to be shut up all alone these long, dark nights, with mice and cockroaches. I have had my fingers bitten while sleeping." We mentioned this to a gentleman in the corridor. He replied, "A prison is not a hotel."

As men are great sticklers for law, inasmuch as mice and cockroaches were not a part of the judge's sentence, we trust such nuisances will be speedily abated, as the unavoidable hardships of prison life are more than most mortals can endure without becoming idiots or lunatics.

In view of the jealousy expressed at the New York sympathy for Hester Vaughan we asked how many Philadelphia ladies had been in to see her. She spoke of the frequent visits and great kindness of Mrs. Dr. Smith. "Once," she said a lady came with her; and last Friday (three days after the New York meeting) two ladies came to see me; that is all."

We agree with the Governor that the home

sympathy has been manifested with peculiar quietness both by the press and people of Pennsylvania.

We have no reason to fear that the poor and unfortunate will ever receive too much attention either at home or abroad.

We trust the present excitement will teach us, one and all, that we have an individual responsibility in the helpless ones now suffering in our jails and prisons. If we could only make the sorrows of others our own we should have less patience with wrong and oppression.

"It is remarkable," says Dean Swift, "with what Christian fortitude and resignation we can bear the sufferings of other folks."

E. C. S.

HOMES AND HOW TO GET THEM.

JONATHAN WALKER of Muskegan, Mich., don't like B. F. Clark's recommendations as given in a late "REVOLUTION" under the above head. He has tried the Homestead law system pretty thoroughly, and after much experience he says:

I candidly say, the sooner the Homestead law, in its present form, is repealed, the better for the poor and the landless, especially in the Northern States. More than three-fourths of the homesteads taken up by the poor are abandoned, or sold to others at a loss of more than three-fourths their cost, within two years, if not the first year after taken up. The settler, if he has a family, gets discouraged; sickness, and often death, are the result of isolation, hard fare, and exposure in new and unsettled regions, where settlers can realize next to nothing for their first year's labor.

Mr. Clark thinks it a very easy thing for a poor family with very small means to start off a thousand miles, into the unsettled forest, and commence for the first time clearing up new land. It is not true, friend Clark, that any man or woman in good health and able to work can soon obtain a homestead of 160 acres of good land, if they do try. They must have food and raiment, tools and teams, and know how to use them, and stay on the farm four or five years before they can secure it. Mr. Clark says: "Let ten families combine and select one to go forward and locate the ten homesteads; ten can harmonise! twenty will quarrel!" Staff, Mr. Clark. Again he says, "Let every house have a vacant room for the stranger, and let the visitor know that he is welcome. You will have village lots for sale, and people will buy them and give you one hundred dollars for each, which is 1,200 an acre, or \$192,000 for 160 acres, which cost \$16."

Land speculation with a vengeance for the poor homesteaders! But where is the proof, Mr. Clark?

The facts are, that the best lands everywhere that can be made available are mostly in the hands of monopolies and land speculators, and that which is not is often taken up under the homestead law, stripped of the best timber, and abandoned by the lumbermen as worthless. Before the Homestead law was passed, poor people could purchase government lands at the West for 50 cts. to \$1.25 per acre. The same lands now are sold at \$1.25 to \$25.00 per acre, and poor people have preferred paying those prices to taking up homesteads with their drawbacks. Land monopolies and land speculators have been a special curse to the working and industrial classes of our country, resulting from bad legislation, and will continue to be till the working people legislate for themselves, and not have it done by those who fleece them. The present homestead bill is no remedy against the extending of the public domain.

REVEREND FALSIFYING.—Somebody says "it takes uncommon sinners to commit uncommon sins." A minister once uttered a most atrociously false statement in our hearing, and a bystander, shocked as all were who heard it, said, "it takes a minister to tell such a story as that." What would he say to read the following from the Methodist *Zion's Herald*?

The Woman's Rights movement is becoming well launched, and if it does not get too much free love, septicism and anti-churchism aboard, as "THE REVOLUTION" shows it to be in danger of, it will become a speedy success.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

BY MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT—1790.

CHAPTER XII.

ON NATIONAL EDUCATION.

To render mankind more virtuous, and happier of course, both sexes must act from the same principle; but how can that be expected when only one is allowed to see the reasonableness of it? To render also the social compact truly equitable, and in order to spread those enlightening principles which alone can meliorate the fate of man, women must be allowed to found their virtue on knowledge, which is scarcely possible unless they are educated by the same pursuits as men. For they are now made so inferior by ignorance and low desires, as not to deserve to be ranked with them; or, by the serpentine wriggings of cunning, they mount the tree of knowledge and only acquire sufficient to lead men astray.

It is plain from the history of all nations, that women cannot be confined to merely domestic pursuits, for they will not fulfil family duties, unless their minds take a wider range, and whilst they are kept in ignorance, they become, in the same proportion, the slaves of pleasure, as they are the slaves of man. Nor can they be shut out of great enterprises, though the narrowness of their minds often makes them unaware that they are unable to comprehend.

The libertinism, and even the virtues of superior men, will always give women of some description, great power over them; and these weak women, under the influence of childish passions and selfish vanity, will throw a false light over the objects which the very men view with their eyes, who ought to enlighten their judgment. Men of fancy, and those sanguine characters who mostly hold the helm of human affairs, in general, relax in the society of women; and surely I need not cite to the most superficial reader of history, the numerous examples of vice and oppression which the private intrigues of female favorites have produced; not to dwell on the mischief that naturally arises from the blundering interposition of well-meaning folly. For in the transactions of business it is much better to have to deal with a knave than a fool, because a knave adheres to some plan; and any plan of reason may be seen through much sooner than a sudden flight of folly. The power which vile and foolish women have had over wise men, who possessed sensibility, is notorious; I shall only mention one instance.

Who ever drew a more exalted female character than Rousseau? though in the lump he constantly endeavored to degrade the sex. And why was he thus anxious? Truly to justify to himself the affection which weakness and virtue had made him cherish for that fool Theresa! He could not raise her to the common level of her sex; and therefore he labored to bring woman down to her's. He found her a convenient humble companion, and pride made him determine to find some superior virtues in the being whom he chose to live with; but did not her conduct during his life, and after his death, clearly show how grossly he was mistaken who called her celestial, innocent. Nay, in the bitterness of his heart, he himself laments, that when his bodily infirmities made him no longer treat her like a woman, she ceased to have an affection for him. And it was very natural that