

House and Senate, and introduced us to the heads of the departments.

We had two pleasant interviews with Gov. Palmer. He talks very reasonably in regard to the enfranchisement of women, although he says he does not quite endorse it yet, but as he has a very clear, honest mind, he will soon convince himself, that what the ballot has done towards elevating man it will do for woman also.

Mr. Tyndale took us to see Mr. Lincoln's house, office, business partners and the superintendent of public schools, Newton Bateman, an intimate friend of Mr. Lincoln's, whom he always facetiously called "Mr. School Master." We found a pleasant family in Mr. Lincoln's house, who courteously showed us different articles of furniture that belonged to him. We all gathered reverently round a large black walnut writing-desk, where he used to sit frequently. All who knew him well, say that he was one of the saddest men they ever knew. His fun, his anecdotes, his apparent joviality, were all on the surface; in the midst of company he would suddenly relapse into the most profound silence and melancholy, as if his tragic end was foreshadowed, or some great grief was ever present with him. The house is a pleasant one, two stories high. In a corner, as you enter, there are two good-sized parlors one side, a sitting-room, dining-room and kitchen on the other. The same table round which he had gathered with his family still stood there. As we thought of home and family life, its joys and sorrows, its sunshine and its shadows, we wished in our soul that more love abounded, that husbands and wives were more patient, forbearing, generous, and magnanimous with one another, and more tender and charitable in their dealings with their children. Of what a wealth of happiness we cheat ourselves in not more carefully cultivating the affections and sentiments, from which all our highest and purest pleasures flow. We met Stephen F. Logan, one of Mr. Lincoln's early partners, in the street, shook hands with him and had a little chat. We were sorry to see tobacco juice running down Stephen's chin, for he had a good, honest face, and we were prepared to reverence him for his early affiliations. It is a pleasant fact to record, that Mr. Lincoln neither took strong drink, snuff, nor tobacco, and did neither lie, nor steal, nor swear. More of Springfield, Bloomington, and Milwaukee.

This writing on the wing is hard work. No time to round fine sentences, and so much to tell, that we do not know where to begin or where to stop. Just had a most interesting interview with Mr. Lincoln's partner, Mr. Herndon, visited the office where he sat twenty years; all we saw and heard, you shall have, dear readers, next week. The telegrams are flying in all directions, for us to come here, there, everywhere. Western women wide awake to-day. A large delegation go from Milwaukee to Madison, where we hold a meeting to night. The question of submitting an amendment to the constitution to strike out the word "male" is per consideration. The poor "white male" is doomed. "Eus at the door." E. C. S.

ORDER OF WOMAN'S COURAGE.—The Evening Post says the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha has illustrated the somewhat dull routine of a petty German principality by the institution of a new Order of Women's Courage. This new decoration comes late in the day, but, if it be not rendered worthless, like the Legion of Honor and the Black Eagle of Prussia,* by indiscriminate bestowal, it will be a more enviable distinction than any diamond or star or cross that is worn by the men.

A RIFT IN THE CLOUDS.

HONOR to the Kansas Senators who have defeated the one-sided, unjust Constitutional amendment that has been pending there. For the first time we begin to see a rift in the dense clouds. The greater part of both parties—of all parties—have opposed this movement. The greater part of the so-called radicals, have opposed it at heart, while wanting the credit of being extremely liberal, they have talked one way and voted another. It is a singular fact, and one that will some day be one of the main subjects for the philosophical investigation to which this great question of Man vs. Women, will give rise: that among men, a large proportion, even of their best thinkers and most brilliant orators, are utterly incapable of grasping the first principles of this movement.

In all the world there are a very few exceptions and at the head of them is always to be placed John Stuart Mill. Wendell Phillips, the main pillar of radicalism, the silver-tongued orator who has held so many audiences spell-bound, acknowledges the justice of this movement—how could he well do less?—but he has no heart in it. Were he to give it a third part of the attention and energy he has given to the negro question it would be a wondrous lift. But I do not blame him. We cannot blame any one for not rising above the laws of his nature, for not seeing what he is not constituted to see. These laws are inexorable. We cannot lift ourselves by our own ears. Men, the great mass of them, are constitutionally unable to come into sympathy with the true principles of this movement. But nature understands her work. She occasionally compounds a man of finer material, of happier elements, and by the aid of these and our own exertions, we may finally gain the kingdom.

Wendell Phillips at a Boston anniversary, some years since, said he once dreamed in his youthful folly that he heard the tone of true wisdom, of true liberty from the cuckoo lips of Edward Everett, but afterwards found out his mistake." How aptly this now applies to his own case. The cuckoo notes of Wendell Phillips are sweet in the ear, but they will be sweeter when they sweep the whole octave.

The vote in the Kansas Legislature may teach all cuckoos a lesson. Let cuckoo Wilson make long speeches in favor of Woman Suffrage, and then vote against it. Let all the cuckoo senators and representatives, and legislators, and orators, and editors, warble dulcet music about Woman Suffrage, while they do not mean a word of it; in the meantime, whenever a constitutional amendment for negro suffrage alone, is pending, let all efforts be concentrated there, to defeat it. Let the cuckoos learn that their tones, though sweet, can yet be improved. Let them learn that negro suffrage alone, or white male suffrage alone is a pretty poor thing, but that suffrage for women and men, white and black, blue and yellow, copper-hued and copper-toed is about the right thing.

Some years ago—before the war—a woman, talking with me on the subject of slavery said, the institution was right—that it would always stand. I said the foul thing would certainly be abolished, though I confessed I could not see how it would be done, as the South would always vote as a unit with Northern democrats to maintain it. A few months after the Democratic Convention met at Charleston. I shall never forget the thrill of joy that tingled through all my veins, as, one evening, in taking up a news-

paper, I read in the telegraphic news this short item: "The Convention has split." I was too overjoyed to read any further. The abolition of slavery was as evident at that moment as it was five years afterwards, when the South surrendered to the United States forces.

A feeling something akin to this, I had the other day, when I read that Woman Suffrage had helped defeat negro Suffrage in the Kansas legislature. May many more legislatures help to widen the rift that has begun to open in the clouds.

Adult suffrage, irrespective of sex or color, we will have and nothing else. I am not in favor of fighting, but could, with a right good will, join a company that would storm the doors of Congress, or of any state legislature, and demand this right in the name of the Almighty and of humanity.

Hartford, Conn.

F. ELLEN BURN.

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR ALL.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM WESTERN VIRGINIA.

PERHAPS it would not be uninteresting to the readers of THE REVOLUTION, and may be encouraging to the friends of Female Suffrage, to know how we are getting on in West Virginia. In 1867, I introduced a bill in the State Senate, looking to the enfranchising of all women in West Virginia, who could read the Declaration of Independence intelligibly and write a legible hand, and had actually paid tax the year previous to their proposing to vote. But even this guarded bill had no friends but myself. But to show you and the public what advancements West Virginia has made during the last two years, I would state that I ran as the Republican Universal Suffrage candidate, in the 9th Senatorial district of our state (composed of a population of 40,000), against three other candidates, conservative, democrat and republican. My majority was 68, over the three others in the aggregate. My ticket was 79 ahead of the republican governor in my district. I introduced a resolution during the present session of our legislature, asking Congress to extend the right of suffrage to women. Eight out of the twenty-two members of the Senate voted for it. This is quite encouraging—advancing from one to eight in two years. At this rate of progress, we may succeed by next winter. I give the following names of those who are in favor and voted for female suffrage in the Senate: Drummond, Doollittle, Humphreys, Hoke Wilson, Workman, Young and Farnsworth, President. The same Senators voted to invite Miss Anna E. Dickinson to lecture in the State House during her late visit to Wheeling.

I find that bachelors and young married men are more liberal toward Female Suffrage than old foggy married men. The four bachelors of the Senate all voted for Female Suffrage. Miss Dickinson's late lecture in Wheeling has made quite a favorable impression. We hope that we shall be favored with her presence, and that of other liberal-minded women frequently. I hope Miss Dickinson will be able to canvass Missouri before the coming election. If we carry one state, then success is sure and speedy. There is a period in human events, which, taken at its tide, leads on to fortune. That period dawned upon the female portion of mankind (after a lapse of more than five thousand years), in this the middle of the nineteenth century. The glorious sun of female liberty lighting up the grand empire of the American republic, rolling upwards and shining onwards will soon reach the zenith of perfect day, when superstition, proscription and wrong will give place to just reasoning, right and universal liberty. Oppression, foggyism, cruelty, and will melt away like frost before the summer sun.

More anon.

SAMUEL YOUNG.

Senate Chamber, Wheeling, West Va., }
February 22, 1869.

COMPLIMENT TO WOMAN.—A writer in the Chicago Post who employs women as printers, thinks women cannot do so much work as men, and that they require more overseeing; and besides, he can't get extra female help, he says, as he can male help—by sending to the nearest drinking saloon; and finally, he complains that he cannot swear at the women.