

sion of an opinion, and there can be no objection to the expression of honest convictions by woman through the ballot. Not the interests of woman alone, but the interests of all humanity are involved in this great question of suffrage.—*San Francisco Sunday Mercury.*

FROM ANNA DICKINSON.

PRIVATE LETTER TO MISS ANTHONY.

GRASS VALLEY, Cal., Sept. 19, 1869.

DEARLY BELOVED: How are you? I wonder. 'Tis useless to ask, however, as you make no sign, and for what *may* be I shall be none the better on *this* coast, as I shall probably leave it ere I can hear from you.

I have been having and am having a wonderful summer, crowded with new experiences and with a delightful sense of freedom from work. For the matter of speech making, I gave three lectures in San Francisco, then I have spoken three or four times elsewhere—twice in Sacramento. You will see what the Sacramento papers think. The "leading citizens" have sent me the invitation mentioned in the notice and I have accepted it, and you shall hear of the result. Be it known unto you, to whom 400 sounds small, that that number is about all the hall holds.

Everywhere I have been importuned to speak, and the most earnest interest has been manifested in the great question I have to present. From San Francisco alone, after it was known that I would speak at all, I received fifty-one invitations from Benevolent, Literary, Religious, every kind of society, and from independent sources.

I shall not go into a discussion of the state of society and feeling here, since I have not the time, and in any case, will want to go over it so much more fully with you when I see you.

The Eastern papers rarely reach me, so I cannot tell what you are doing; but now and then I hear of a Convention, or such matter at some of the great watering places. "Let the good fight go on."

I hope you are well in spite of many cares, and happy in spite of many anxieties. For me, I am flourishing like a pine tree on the Sierra's and with love to Mrs. Stanton am always

Your loving ANNA.

Miss Dickinson's second lecture drew a full and fashionable house at the Metropolitan last night. The attendance must have numbered four hundred. The theme "Nothing Unreasonable," was simply the text of a very well digested discourse upon the right of women to vote and exercise other political duties which time out of mind have been monopolized by men, and of the duty and policy of men to concede this right as soon as may be. In this, as in her previous lecture, Miss Dickinson was logical in a high degree, and enforced her arguments with apt and ringing illustrations. It would be difficult to collect four hundred California ladies and gentlemen in full sympathy with the sentiments of the lecturer on this subject. Yet, such was the force and method of her reasoning, that she held them in the closest attention for over an hour and a half; and, judging by appearances, won over many converts to her theory. In truth, it must be admitted that she has the easy side of the question, if not the popular one, and as the constant dropping of water is sure to wear a hole in the solidest rock, it is not to be doubted that those who are agitating the question of political rights for women will sooner or later wear away many of the antiquated prejudices existing against it. Those who only heard Miss Dickinson last night cannot form a correct idea of her power and persuasiveness as a speaker, nor of the infinite womanly grace and pathos she is capable of intermingling with the higher intellectual powers of her nature, as exhibited in her first lecture on "The Struggle for Life." She goes hence to Grass Valley, and will probably return to this city next Monday. Meanwhile we suggest to those who are anxious to hear one

of the very best essays ever made by a woman in the range of intellectual effort, that some of our leading citizens request her to repeat the first lecture here on her return.—*Sacramento Union.*

HESTER VAUGHAN.

ROCHESTER, August 20, 1869.

MRS. STANTON: I have just read in your last issue the articles regarding Hester Vaughan, as well as all that have appeared from time to time in your valuable journal.

Last winter, after reading an account of the visit of Dr. Lozier, with others of the Committee, to Gov. Geary and poor Hester, being then a resident of Philadelphia, I determined to make the effort to see, and, if possible, do something to comfort her.

My first plan was to make the acquaintance of Dr. Smith, hoping that under her generous wing, I might obtain admittance, but learning that a party from the institution of which I was a member, would soon pay a visit to Moyamensing Prison, I eagerly joined it, mentioning to the professor who accompanied us, that my chief object in going was to see Hester Vaughan; and begging her to seek an interview with one of the inspectors, and gain me admittance to her dreary cell. This she readily consented to do, expressing a similar desire on her own part.

After being shown about the prison, our guide was asked for one of the inspectors, and at this moment Mr. Chandler appeared in the hall.

Our Professor, "one of the good and humane Quakers," introduced herself, and after a brief conversation, mentioned that one of her party greatly desired an interview with Hester Vaughan.

Scarcely had the name been pronounced, before the Inspector cried out in an impatient tone, that Hester Vaughan was not there on exhibition! That she was extremely annoyed by so many persons calling to see her, and had sent down a special request that no more should be admitted during her residence there. These and many more were his utterances, and if I could convey to you his manner and tone, I am sure you would not wonder that then and there, all hope and almost all desire of seeing one with whom we had deeply sympathized, was relinquished. And why not? This individual, Mr. Chandler, who (judging from the account of Dr. Lozier) was a good friend of Hester, informed us that she was annoyed with so many calls, and utterly declined to have any more.

This visit occurred during the holidays—and my object in sending this statement is to answer the questions, "Where were the thousands of pious, praying, Protestant women in the city of Brotherly Love?" "Where were the hundreds of wealthy Quaker women in the city and neighborhood, always proverbial for their humane and good works?" That many of them had journeyed to Moyamensing with sympathy in their hearts, and words of comfort upon their lips, as we thus journeyed through cold and snow, and were repulsed, is evident from the words of the Inspector—"she is greatly annoyed by so many calls."

When the mystery which hangs about her sad destiny is solved, the reason why so many were turned away who did go, will also be known. I believe that you desire to do justice to all—and I beg that you will not again permit it to be printed that nobody in Philadelphia but Dr. Smith went to her cell. That she was the first who went, is greatly to her praise, and is, I believe, the real reason why she succeeded in gaining admittance. Those who were in the secret very

soon became wise enough to discover that it was not a safe proceeding, hence others were excluded.

May the day speedily come, when "the sick and in prison" may be visited and comforted without a pass from Gov. Geary.

Truly yours,

HARRIET C. L. HOPKINS, M. D.

WOMAN AND MOTHERHOOD.

In number 25, vol. 3d, of THE REVOLUTION, I noticed from the editor of a German paper in this state these words: "American women have long been ardently engaged in the endeavor to free themselves, in a mechanical way, from the discharge of those functions which are essential to the continuance of society, and which cannot be shared with them, or performed for them, by men." The gallant editor unquestionably refers to the office of maternity. This and similar articles have from time to time been so ably answered in your paper, that it seems almost unnecessary to add anything further upon the subject; but the boldness with which many men blame women for the crime of infanticide without assuming themselves, in the case, a shadow of responsibility, I should think would rouse every mother, at least, to utter words in self-defence. That American women are more guilty of this practice than the women of any other nation, I do not doubt; but is there not a reason for this?

Knowledge and slavery are incompatible. Teach a slave how to read, and he wants to be his own master—and as the masses of American women, not only know how to read and write, but so much of the "tree of knowledge" have many of them eaten, that they have learned it should be for them to decide when and how often they shall take upon themselves the sacred duties of motherhood, but as law and custom give to the husband the absolute control of the wife's person, she is forced to not only violate physical law, but to outrage the holiest instincts of her being to maintain even a semblance of that freedom which by nature belongs to every human soul.

When a man steals to satisfy hunger, we may safely conclude that there is something wrong in society—so when a woman destroys the life of her unborn child, it is an evidence that either by education or circumstances she has been greatly wronged. But the question now seems to be, how shall we prevent this destruction of life and health?

Mrs. Stanton has many times ably answered it—"by the true education and independence of woman."

Our German writer seems to think that the whole aim of a woman's life should be motherhood. Suppose this were true, is the mission of so little importance that no preparation is required to fill it? If, to be a first class artist, or lawyer, it requires years of thought and culture, what preparation should be made to carve the outlines and justly balance the attributes of an immortal soul. Are little children, the germs of men and women, of so little importance that it matters not whether their mother be physically healthy or unhealthy, cultivated or uncultivated in mind; expanded or dwarfed in soul? Some or no culture must be desirable in the mother. If some culture, then how much? Shall she have strong arms but weak legs, strong stomach but weak lungs, keen imagination but devoid of reason, large perception but no reflection? We are forced to ask, by what law shall