

We were happy to meet Mr. Butler in Milwaukee, a good democrat, and one of the most distinguished lawyers in Wisconsin, and to find in him an ardent supporter of our cause. I told him we were looking to the democrats to open the constitutional doors to the women in the several states. He said he thought they were getting ready to do so in the West. If there is any truth in philosophy, they must, for minorities are always in a position to carry principles to their logical results, while majorities are governed only by votes. I told Mr. Butler that God, in his providence, had placed the democratic party in this enviable position, where, relieved from the burdens of office, they could, in retirement, digest great principles, bring themselves into line with His eternal decrees, and do the grand work assigned them, which the republicans, blinded by success and ambition, would in the future, as in the past, refuse and ignore! In Milwaukee, my pet resolutions that had been voted down in Washington and Chicago passed without a dissenting voice. When we can rouse the women of this country to such a point of self-respect, that they believe the influence and vote of an educated woman are of more value to a government than those of an ignorant man, we shall have some hope of success; but so long as our noblest women, blinded by their past degradation, ignorant of the power and responsibility of the ballot, and their duty to use it for the safety of the nation, cry negro first, woman afterward, they pull down as fast as we who see the broader question can build and maintain.

MADISON, Wisconsin.

Hearing of the great enthusiasm at Milwaukee, Madison telegraphed for the Convention to adjourn to the capitol and address the legislature. Accordingly, on Friday a large delegation took the train to that city. On arriving, the first person who greeted us was Mr. Croffet, formerly of the *New York Tribune*. He went with us to the hotel where we were introduced to lawyers, judges, senators, generals, editors, republicans and democrats, who were alike ready to break a lance for woman. Madison is one of the most beautiful spots I ever saw, with its grand hills and innumerable lakes on all sides. The city is regularly laid out, with good buildings, wide streets; and the capitol, with its towers and rotunda, its park and majestic trees, is very imposing. A splendid audience greeted us in the Hall of Representatives. Gov. Fairchild (who lost an arm in the war) presided. Mrs. Livermore, Miss Anthony and myself, all said the best things we could think of, and with as much vim as we could command after talking all day in the cars and every moment until we entered the capitol, without even the inspiration that comes from a good cup of tea or coffee. Blessed are they who draw their inspirations from the stars, the grand and beautiful in nature, and the glory of the human face divine, for such sources niggardly landlords and ignorant cooks can neither muddle nor exhaust. After the meeting we were invited into the Executive apartments and presented to Mrs. Fairchild, a woman of rare beauty, cultivation and common sense. She, as well as the Governor, expressed great interest in the question of Woman's Suffrage. The Governor, with many others, subscribed for *THE REVOLUTION*. I have taken special pains in all my speeches to allay the fears of a social revolution entertained by so many of the sons of Adam, by pointing out to them that Nature is mightier than laws and constitutions;

that conjugal love and maternal devotion do not depend on statutes, that these tender sentiments existed before republics were, and would probably continue, after the Federal constitution, by endless amending, like the parson's stockings of which Mr. Pillsbury told us in last week's *REVOLUTION*, shall be no more.

From Madison we returned to Chicago. At Janesville, Wis., the Postmaster, a Mr. Burgess, came on board on his way to Washington. In the course of conversation we learned that there had been some trouble in that town about the Post Office, and it was finally decided to submit the matter to a vote of the people. The result was that Miss Angeline King, Mr. Burgess's opponent was chosen, by fifty majority. This was a bomb shell in the male camp and half a dozen men started hot foot for Washington, to show General Grant that they had, one and all, done braver deeds during the war than Angie possibly could have done, and that their loyalty should be rewarded. Angie, like a wise woman, stole the march on all of them, and reached Washington before they started. If the people of Janesville prefer Angie, as they have shown they do by their votes, we think it would be well for the powers that be to confirm the choice of the people.

We rested at Chicago over Sunday with Mrs. Livermore, and were pleased to find her husband a large, fine-looking, happy man, who seemed to be more free and self-possessed than the husbands of the "weak minded" generally are. In that charming home the whole machinery is kept in good running order. Good children, good servants, good cooking, sweet bread and butter and most Christian tea and coffee. The "strong-minded" are generally good housekeepers, wives and mothers. The only one who has thus far abjured the family relation is Miss Anthony, and she confesses that it is merely from want of time to give the subject that thought its importance demands. As soon as any one state takes the word "male" out of its constitution, she promises to take up, in the order of their merits, the various sonnets, essays and photographs directed to her in the last twenty years, for further consideration.

In Chicago we were glad to meet again our charming little friend, Anna Dickinson. Miss Anthony spent the day with her at Mr. Doggett's, one of the liberal merchant princes of that city. The result of that day's cogitation was one of the most cutting, slashing speeches that the "Gentle Anna," as the *Tribune* called her, ever made. It was a severe, but just criticism of all the twaddle of the western press after the Chicago Woman's Suffrage Convention. Library Hall was crowded with a most enthusiastic audience, and, although the press was not very complimentary the next day, the people who listened were delighted. She was advertised to give "Fair Play," but the West is tired of the negro question, and she was besieged on all sides to speak on woman, which she did with great effect.

We were pained to see from Mr. Train's letter that he and Lucy Stone had been before the Rhode Island legislature. We thought Daniel Pratt had been employed to labor in New England, and that Mr. Train was to devote himself to New York and the great West. We are jealous of all distracting magnetism that might turn his thoughts and generosity from us of *THE REVOLUTION*. Of Galena and Toledo next week. Adieu.

E. C. S.

THE Delaware County Union is for Woman Suffrage.

UP BROADWAY.

BY ELEANOR IRK.

(Continued.)

A STRANGE kind of smile illumined the wan features for a moment as she looked into my face, which must have expressed every shade of feeling from that which the countenance of our blessed Saviour indicated to that of shrinking and terror, as the dreadful squalidness of the place, and my apparently unprotected condition came home to me.

"You are not used to such scenes as these," she said. "Do not be in the least timid! You are just as safe in this tumble down old shanty in Five Points, as you would be in some places on aristocratic, stylish Fifth Avenue. According to my views, there isn't much difference in the crime committed in the two places. Women there have their paramours and affinities. The man next door courts his neighbor's wife while the other fellow trips the light fantastic with still another man's property. Children are conceived, some of them legitimately, but children are troublesome comforts, and no fashionable woman wishes to be bothered with an increasing family! So Dr. So-and-so, who lives in close contiguity, and most sumptuously, is called. The result—an abortion; and the murderer pockets his big fee, and keeps on his work of destruction. These babies will all confront their unnatural mothers one of these days in the other country—and, Madam," clutching my arm with the grip of a mad woman, "I'd rather be Mary Montgomery than than one of these. What do you say?"

"There is no mistake, my dear," said I, endeavoring to be calm, "that infanticide is one of the most terrible and glaring evils possible to conceive of—but the scandalous behavior of women in high life does not remove one iota of your sin or mine, or make it any less in the sight of God."

"That's so," she continued thoughtfully. "But somehow it eases one's soul occasionally to make such comparisons. Think of it as you may, it is a relief when Mrs. Gen. ——— or Capt. ——— passes one like me, drawing away her skirt as she does so, as if the slightest touch were contamination. To think, madam, your stock won't be worth as much as mine in the great by-and-by."

The woman stopped a moment, closed her eyes, as if to shut out some crushing memories, and the little bundle of rags—the child—with the sweet and wonderfully intelligent face, crept close to my side.

"Say, Mrs.," said she, softly, "please to tell me what these things are for," pointing with her little red finger to the miserable surroundings.

"What things?" I asked, while the bunch in my throat grew bigger, and tears filled my eyes.

"Why is all this badness? and this dreadful cold room? and these rags, and mother's headaches and crying? I don't like 'em; they don't agree with me; and I can't bear these clothes. I never was clean and nice; and what is it all for? Why mayn't I have good things, and why mayn't mother stop staying out nights, and drinking out of that black bottle? I never did nothing to nobody; what does God punish me for?"

I have been nonplussed many a time with the questions of my own little ones, but never was my theology so thoroughly squelched before; and I only answered, "My poor child! I do