

From fields of conquest and renown
Our trophies rich we bring.
This Council will rejoice to hear
The victor's song we sing.
Press forward, then, our cause is just ;
Our triumph all shall hail ;
From sea to sea, let all be free ;
There's no such word as fail.

MISS ANTHONY. I should have said that Mr. Hutchinson's song is original, but I think you all must have made this discovery, from its appropriateness to the occasion.

Before I introduce Frederick Douglass, I want to ask the women on the platform this morning, who attended that first Seneca Falls Convention, to stand up. They are Catharine A. F. Stebbins, Sarah Anthony Burtis, Amy Post, Mary Hallowell, Sarah Willis, of Rochester, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. The Seneca Falls Convention adjourned to meet two weeks after in Rochester, and my mother and father and sister Mary, though not at Seneca Falls, were at the Rochester meeting. I was teaching school in Eastern New York, and in August following these two meetings, I went home to Rochester, and they told me all about Lucretia Mott and her beautiful face and words, and about Mrs. Stanton, how beautiful and grand—never were such words spoken by anybody. My father was most enthusiastic about it, and I laughed and said, "I think you are getting a good deal ahead of the times." I wasn't ready to vote, didn't want to vote, but I did want equal pay for equal work. I now introduce to you Frederick Douglass.

MR. DOUGLASS. I come to this platform with unusual diffidence. Although I have long been identified with the Woman Suffrage movement, and have often spoken in its favor, I am somewhat at a loss to know what to say on this really great and uncommon occasion, where so much has been said.

Men have very little business here as speakers anyhow, and if they come here at all, they should take back benches and wrap themselves in silence, for this is an International Council, not of men, but of women, and women should have all the say in it. This is their day in court. * * * There was a time when, perhaps, we men could help a little. It was when this woman suffrage cause was in its cradle, when it was not big enough to go alone, when it had to be taken in the arms of its mother from Seneca Falls to Rochester for baptism. I then went along with it and offered my services, for then it needed help ; but now it can afford to dispense with me and all of my sex. Then its friends were few ; now its friends are many. Then it was wrapped in obscurity ; now it is lifted in sight of the whole civilized world, and the people of all lands and languages now give it their hearty support. Truly the change is vast and wonderful. I thought my eye of faith was tolerably clear, when I attended those meetings in Seneca Falls and Rochester, but it was far too dim to see, at the end of forty years, a result so imposing as this International Council. * * *

There may be some well-meaning people in this audience who have never attended a Woman Suffrage Convention, never heard a woman suffrage speech, never read a woman suffrage newspaper, and they may be surprised that those who speak here do not argue the question. It may be kind to tell them that our cause has passed beyond the period of arguing. The demand of the hour is not argument, but assertion, firm and inflexible assertion, assertion which has more than the force of an argument. If there is any argument to be made it must be made by the opponents, not by the friends of woman suffrage. Let those who want argument examine the ground upon which they base their own claim to the right to vote. They will find that there is not one reason, not one consideration which they can urge in support of man's claim to vote, which does not equally support the right of a woman to vote.

There is to-day, however, a special reason for omitting argument. This is the end of the fourth decade of the woman suffrage movement, a kind of jubilee which naturally turns our minds to the past. Ever since this Council has been in session, my thoughts have been reverting to the past. I have been thinking, more or less, of the scene presented forty years ago in the little Wesleyan Methodist church at Seneca Falls, the manger in which this organized suffrage movement was born. It was a very small thing then. It was not then big enough to be abused, or loud enough to make itself heard outside, and only a few of those who saw it, had any notion that the little thing would live. I have been thinking, too, of the strong conviction, the noble courage, the sublime faith in God and man, it required at that time, to set this suffrage ball in motion. The history of the world has given to us many sublime undertakings, but none more sublime than this.

It was a great thing for the friends of peace to organize in opposition to war; it was a great thing for the friends of temperance to organize against intemperance; it was a great thing for humane people to organize in opposition to slavery; but it was a much greater thing, in view of all the circumstances, for woman to organize herself in opposition to her exclusion from participation in government. The reason is obvious. War, intemperance, and slavery are open, undisguised, palpable evils. The best feelings of human nature revolt at them. We could easily make men see the misery, the debasement, the terrible suffering caused by intemperance; we could easily make men see the desolation wrought by war, and the hell-black horrors of chattel slavery; but the case was different in the movement for woman suffrage. Men took for granted all that could be said against intemperance, war, and slavery.

But no such advantage was found in the beginning of the cause of suffrage for woman. On the contrary, everything in her condition was supposed to be lovely, just as it should be. She had no rights denied nor wrong to redress. She herself had no suspicion but that all was going well

with her. She floated along on the tide of life, as her mother and grandmother had done before her, as in a dream of Paradise. Her wrongs, if she had any, were too occult to be seen and too light to be felt. It required a daring voice and a determined hand to awake her from this delightful dream, and call the nation to account for the rights and opportunities of which it was depriving her. It was well understood at the beginning, that woman would not thank us for disturbing her by this call to duty, and it was known that man would denounce and scorn us for such a daring innovation upon the established order of things. But this did not appall or delay the word and work. * * *

Then who were we, for I count myself in, who did this thing? We were few in numbers, moderate in resources, and very little known in the world. The most that we had to commend us, was a firm conviction that we were in the right, and a firm faith that the right must ultimately prevail. But the case was well considered. Let no man imagine that the step was taken recklessly and thoughtlessly. Mrs. Stanton had dwelt upon it at least six years before she declared it in the Rochester convention. Walking with her from the house of Joseph and Thankful Southwick, two of the noblest people I ever knew, Mrs. Stanton, with an earnestness that I shall never forget, unfolded her views on this woman question precisely as she has in this Council. This was six and forty years ago, and it was not until six years after, that she ventured to make her formal, pronounced, and startling demand for the ballot. There are few facts in my humble life to which I look back with more satisfaction than to the one, recorded in the *History of Woman Suffrage*, that I was sufficiently enlightened at that early day, and when only a few years from slavery, to support Mrs. Stanton's resolution for woman suffrage. I have done very little in this world in which to glory, except this one act, and I certainly glory in that. When I ran away from slavery, it was for myself; when I advocated emancipation, it was for my people; but when I stood up for the rights of woman, self was out of the question, and I found a little nobility in the act.

In estimating the forces with which this suffrage cause has had to contend during these forty years, the fact should be remembered that relations of long standing beget a character in the parties to them, in favor of their continuance. Time itself is a conservative power—a very conservative power. One shake of his hoary locks will sometimes paralyze the hand and palsy the tongue of the reformer. The relation of man to woman has the advantage of all the ages behind it. Those who oppose a readjustment of this relation tell us that what is, always was, and always will be, world without end. But we have heard this argument before, and if we live very long we shall hear it again. When any aged error shall be assailed, and any old abuse is to be removed, we shall meet this same old argument. Man has been so long the king and woman the subject—man has been so long accustomed to

command and woman to obey—that both parties to the relation have been hardened into their respective places, and thus has been piled up a mountain of iron against woman's enfranchisement. * * *

The universality of man's rule over woman is another factor in the resistance to the woman suffrage movement. We are pointed to the fact that men have not only always ruled over women, but that they do so rule everywhere, and they easily think that a thing that is done everywhere must be right. Though the fallacy of this reasoning is too transparent to need refutation, it still exerts a powerful influence. * * *

All good causes are mutually helpful. The benefits accruing from this movement for the equal rights of woman are not confined to woman only. They will be shared by every effort to promote the progress and welfare of mankind everywhere and in all ages. It was an example and a prophecy of what can be accomplished against strongly opposing forces, against time-hallowed abuses, against deeply entrenched error, against world-wide usage, and against the settled judgment of mankind, by a few earnest women, clad only in the panoply of truth, and determined to live and die for what they considered a righteous cause.

I do not forget the thoughtful remark of our President in the opening address to this International Council, reminding us of the incompleteness of our work. The remark was wise and timely. Nevertheless, no man can compare the present with the past; the obstacles that then opposed us, and the influences that now favor us, the meeting in the little Methodist chapel forty years ago, and the Council in this vast theater to-day, without admitting that woman's cause is already a brilliant success. But, however this may be, and whatever the future may have in store for us, one thing is certain—this new revolution in human thought will never go backward. When a great truth once gets abroad in the world, no power on earth can imprison it or prescribe its limits or suppress it. It is bound to go on till it becomes the thought of the world. Such a truth is woman's right to equal liberty with man. She was born with it. It was hers before she comprehended it. It is inscribed upon all the powers and faculties of her soul, and no custom, law, nor usage can ever destroy it. Now that it has got fairly fixed in the minds of the few, it is bound to become fixed in the minds of the many, and be supported at last by a great crowd of witnesses, which no man can number and no power can withstand.

The women who have thus far carried on this agitation have already embodied and illustrated Theodore Parker's three grades of human greatness. The first is greatness in executive and administrative ability; second, greatness in the ability to organize; and, third, in the ability to discover truth. Wherever these three elements of power are combined in any movement, there is a reasonable ground to believe in its final success, and these elements of power have been manifest in the women who have had the movement in

hand from the beginning. They are seen in the order which has characterized the proceedings of this Council. They are seen in the depth and comprehensiveness of the discussions held in this Council. They are seen in the fervid eloquence and downright earnestness with which women advocate their cause. They are seen in the profound attention with which woman is heard in her own behalf. They are seen in the steady growth and onward march of the movement, and they will be seen in the final triumph of woman's cause, not only in this country, but throughout the world.

Miss ANTHONY. I now have the pleasure of presenting to you one of the oldest and most persistent of the pioneers, Mrs. Lucy Stone.

Mrs. STONE. We celebrate to-day the fortieth anniversary of the first Woman's Rights Convention, held at Seneca Falls in 1848. But, long before our time, the idea of woman's rights was in the air. The war of the Revolution prepared the way for it. More than a hundred years ago, the sister of Robert Lee, of Virginia, wrote to her brother refusing to pay her taxes, on the ground that, by our theory of government, taxation and representation went together. But the idea became incarnate in the anti-slavery struggle. Women who heard the plea of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips for equal human rights, saw that the argument applied to women not less than to the slaves. They took it in, and on ten thousand hill-tops, and in as many valleys, they nursed the idea of equal rights for women. Men felt it too.

The opportunity of equal education for women began when Oberlin College was founded, in 1832. The charter pledged the college to give "to the misjudged and neglected sex all the instructive privileges which have hitherto unreasonably distinguished the leading sex from theirs."

This was the gray dawn of our morning. Its sure day came, when the sisters Sarah and Angelina Grimke, and Abby Kelly began to speak publicly, in behalf of the slaves. Public speaking by women was regarded as something monstrous. All the cyclones and blizzards which prejudice, bigotry, and custom could raise, were let loose upon these three peerless women. But they held fast to the eternal justice. Above the howling of mobs, the din of the press, and the thunders of the pulpit, they heard the wail of the slave and the cry of the mothers sold from their children. Literally taking their lives in their hands, they went out to labor, "remembering those in bonds as bound with them." In 1837 Pennsylvania Hall, in Philadelphia, was set on fire and burned down while Angelina Grimke was speaking. In 1838 she spoke in the hall of the House of Representatives in Massachusetts. It was packed, as it probably never was before or since. The great crowd had gathered, some from interest in the slavery question, more from curiosity to hear a woman, and some intent upon making an uproar. Then this quiet Quaker woman arose, utterly forgetful of herself, and, with anointed lips, and eloquence rare and wonderful, she pleaded for the slave. The curious