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Lucy Stone

By Maria S. Porter

AMONG the noble and gifted women of our country who have won the right to the title of representative, Lucy Stone held the foremost rank, not only for her lifelong efforts to obtain justice for women, and her absolute fidelity to her chosen work, but also for her many years of eloquent pleading and writing in behalf of the slaves of the South. What a life of beneficence was hers! As a young woman she stood on the anti-slavery platform beside Garrison, Phillips, Quincy, Whittier, Sewall, Emerson, the Grimke sisters, Lucretia Mott, Abby Kelly, and a host of other bright particular stars in the moral firmament of our past. We shall never forget the work for humanity done by our famous dead. Our calendar of saints is a long one,—God be thanked for it!—and we shall hold them ever in holy remembrance.

Lucy Stone began her public work by "feeling for those in bonds as bound with them." I can recall with great distinctness the occasion on which I first saw and heard her speak. It was in Faneuil Hall, at an indignation meeting called by prominent representatives of the anti-slavery party, to protect certain fugitive slaves who had escaped in the hold of a vessel, and whose masters had sent their base emissaries to Boston to drag the poor creatures back to bondage. They had suffered intensely from cold, hunger, and cramping pains in their dirty and confined quarters wherein they had crawled as "stowaways;" their presence there known only to one friendly and kind-hearted sailor among the crew. Through almost deadly perils they had at last reached the North, their longed-for freedom almost attained, when their dastardly masters had given orders, through letters, to have sulphur burnt in the hold (where it was suspected the runaways were hidden), in order to smoke them out. The imperilled negroes bore unflinchingly this new horror; the woman was supplied with wet cloth to breathe through to prevent her from coughing, by the sailor friend whose heart was moved to pity. At last, under cover of the darkness, they all escaped, found friends among the abolitionists of Boston, and were at the meeting in the old Cradle of Liberty, seated upon the platform with Garrison, Phillips, and Edmund Quincy, of blessed memory. In the gallery sat Charles Sumner, with Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, as his guest. This was before the passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Law, in the days when the mob-spirit oftentimes ruled the hour, and hisses were sometimes intermingled with applause. The audience on that memorable evening was composed largely of abolitionists, with a sprinkling of pro-slavery people. In faltering tones and simple negro dialect, the men told of their former attempts to escape, that had been foiled by cruel bloodhounds, and still more cruel masters. I remember one of the men gave a graphic account of his crossing a river, while the men employed to catch him were in full pursuit. "There I sat," said he, "in a boat, with only one pair of oars, and rowed and rowed with all my might, to reach the vessel that would bear me to a land of freedom, where my wife and child were waiting for me. I saw my pursuers coming after me, rowing with three pairs of oars. They nearly caught me, but the great God above saw me and helped me. I've gained my freedom, and am here to-night with my wife and child." A shout of applause went up after this speech, and then there came forward upon the platform a young woman in a simple white gown, whose fair round face, shaded with light brown hair, was aglow with feeling. She led by the hand a negro woman, who was trembling with emotion. A profound stillness filled the hall as Lucy Stone, for she it was, told in words replete with eloquent power, with a voice sweet, clear, and full of tenderness, the piteous story; told of the mental and physical suffering of the poor slave-woman, deprived of sacred rights by inhuman laws; of her brutal exposure and sale upon the auction-block; of her imperilled life, of her brave escape; and when at last the heart-thrilling tale of wrong ended, she, with cheeks aflame with emotion, laid her soft white hand on the dusky brow of the woman beside her, and in tones full of tender sympathy, said, "God bless you, my sister!" tears came into "eyes unused to weep," and countless hearts throbbed in response, while many there determined from that time forth to work with voice and pen to right a mighty wrong. Never in all the years since then has the sweet-

LUCY STONE,
At the Age of Twenty Years

voiced eloquence of Lucy Stone made a profounder impression. Her appeal for protection to the fugitives was followed by stirring ones from Garrison and Edmund Quincy; then came Wendell Phillips. Never had the lips of our "silver-tongued orator" fitter theme for his fervid eloquence. The pathos of his plea for the protection of, and assistance to, the poor fugitives from slavery, is indescribable, as well as the effect upon the assemblage, as he hurled his scathing denunciations against those inhuman masters, upbraiding our recreant Northern statesmen who were servilely wearing the yoke imposed upon them by the slave-power of the South; pouring forth, at the close, an impassioned appeal to all who had hearts to feel for suffering humanity, that they should then and there realize the shame as well as the peril of the national crime. "Wendell Phillips's speech was masterly,"

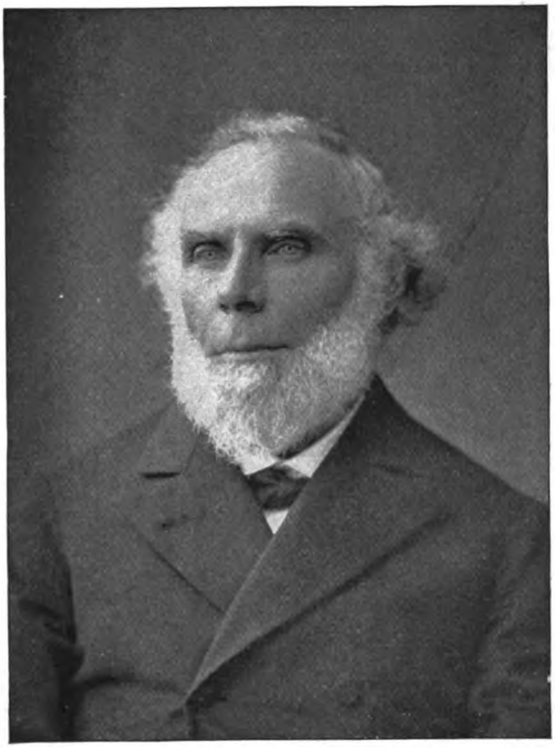
LUCY STONE,
At the Age of Twenty-Five Years

said Charles Sumner to me some years afterwards, in speaking of the historic interest of that scene, and of the profound impression made upon him by the eloquence of Lucy Stone. After the meeting he requested the favor of an introduction to her, and after complimenting her highly upon her remarkable gift of eloquence, gave a bouquet of flowers to the negro woman, in which was enclosed a ten-dollar bill.

When my turn came to be presented to Lucy Stone, Mr. Garrison laughingly said, "This young woman was born an abolitionist; she read 'The Liberator' as soon as she had mastered her primer and spelling-book." My acquaintance with Lucy Stone, which began that evening in profound admiration, as the years went by became friendship warm and true; the benignant smile, the words of affectionate greeting, the hearty sympathy, the tenderness, the absolute sincerity of her loving words coming from her heart, were ever a benediction to all who were blest with her friendship.

Lucy Stone was born in the pleasant town of West Brookfield, Mass., August 13, 1818. Her father was a farmer, of the rigid conservative school in religion, who was fully imbued with the idea of man's superiority to woman, and of the right of husbands to rule over their wives. From her father she inherited her sturdy common sense, her resolute will, and indomitable perseverance. Her mother was a woman of marked intellectual ability, with great discrimination of character, and Lucy's inheritance from her was gentleness, clear moral sense, religious sentiment, and unswerving fidelity to the principles of justice. From early womanhood she had a profound conviction that the equal participation of women with men in the field of human activity is essential to the highest interests of both sexes, and to the public welfare. Although the father of Lucy was a prosperous farmer, yet every one upon the farm had hard work to do. His wife milked eight cows the evening before Lucy was born, and when she was told of the sex of the new baby, exclaimed in a pathetic, regretful manner, "Oh! I am so sorry it is a girl; a woman's life is so hard!"

From girlhood Lucy had a strong desire for a collegiate education, and could see no reason why she should not have the same advantages as her brothers. They



HENRY B. BLACKWELL

were to go to college, —why should not she? Her father had assisted them, but when asked by his wife to do the same by Lucy, who, as she informed him, wished to go to college, exclaimed, "Is the child crazy?" To his daughter he said, "Your mother only learned to read, write, and cipher; if that was enough for her, it should be enough for you." Thus denied all pecuniary assistance from her father, the self-reliant girl determined to earn the money; and so she picked berries and chestnuts, and sold them to buy books

For some years she taught school, studying and teaching alternately. At last, after persistent effort, many hardships, close economy, and hard study, she was fitted for college; but where was the college that admitted young women? At Oberlin, Ohio, one was found at last, and there she went. She soon attained a high rank of scholarship. To show the feeling in regard to the appearance of women as speakers before the public, during her college course, she used to relate the following story:

Oberlin was a strong anti-slavery town, and many fugitive slaves settled there. On the first day of August, the anniversary of the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies, the colored people got up a celebration, and invited the president of the college and some of the professors to make speeches; and as "Miss Lucy," as they called her, was a great favorite among them for her many deeds and words of kindness, they invited her to come and talk too. She went and made her address, among the rest, and thought no more about it. The next day she was summoned before the Ladies' Board, and the President's wife said, "Did you not feel yourself very much out of place up there on the platform among all those men? Were you not embarrassed and frightened?" "Why, no, Mrs. Mahan," she answered, "those men were President Mahan and my Professors whom I meet every day in the classroom: I was not afraid of them at all." She was allowed to depart, with an admonition. At the end of her college course she was chosen to write an essay for Commencement, but was told that one of the professors would have to read it for her, as it was not proper for a woman to read her own essay in public. The sensible young woman declined to write the essay unless she could read it. Nearly forty years afterwards, when Oberlin College celebrated its semi-centennial, she was invited, as one of its most famous graduates, to be one of the speakers.

After she was graduated she gave her first lecture on woman's rights in the pulpit of her brother's church in Gardner, Mass. Soon after this she began to lecture as an agent of the Anti-Slavery Society. She travelled over the New England, Middle, and Western States, speaking with acknowledged ability and great persuasiveness of manner; often convincing, but oftener still meeting with fierce opposition, and the brutal mob-spirit which prevailed so extensively in those benighted years, when to acknowledge one's self an abolitionist, the friend and supporter of Garrison and Phillips, was to incur, in almost every instance, social ostracism.

In her early work as an anti-slavery lecturer, Lucy Stone encountered, with heroic courage and uncompromising firmness, howling mobs and danger of death even, in her unflinching loyalty to duty and humanity. In the darkest hours of that fearful conflict with slavery, she never lost her purely feminine qualities. The conscience of the North seemed seared, and hard as stone. The press, the pulpit, the community in general, met all appeals of the abolitionists with scoffs, scorn, or frowning reprobation. The utterances of Garrison and Wendell Phillips had stung the upholders of slavery to frenzy; yet without regard to personal consequences, brave Lucy Stone told the people of the fearful wrong they were doing, as she went from city to city and into nearly every considerable village on her mission of humanity. As her nature was full of tenderness and compassion, the rare pathos of her descriptions of the wrongs of the slaves, — down-trodden, helpless, trampled under the foot of arbitrary power, wrung with ceaseless torture of heart when they were torn from each other to be sold at the auction-block like cattle, and separated forever,—these descriptions oftentimes moved those who came to scoff to tears of sympathy; for the tones of her voice, and the powers of persuasion which she possessed in so great a degree, exercised an influence over her listeners, and carried conviction to hearts that had been unmoved before. With absolute fidelity and heroic self-abnegation, she devoted herself to the work of awakening the people to a sense of their duty in regard to slavery,—that "sum of all villanies," as John Wesley termed it.

ALICE STONE BLACKWELL

Lucy Stone always mixed a great

Residence of Lucy Stone, Pope's Hill, Dorchester

deal of "woman's rights" with her anti-slavery lectures. Her daughter has told, in her sketch of her mother's life-work, that, "One night, after her heart had been deeply stirred on the woman question, she put into her lecture so much of "woman's rights," and so little of anti-slavery, that Rev. Samuel May, the agent of the Anti-Slavery Society who arranged her meetings, felt obliged to tell her that, on the anti-slavery platform, this would not do. She answered, 'I know it, but I could not help it; I was a woman before I was an abolitionist, and I *must* speak for the women.'"

In most of the towns where she lectured no woman had ever spoken in public before, and curiosity attracted large audiences to hear her. It is well known that the prevailing idea of a woman's-rights advocate was, in those days, that of a tall, scrawny woman, with short hair, masculine manners, a loud voice, a nasal twang, and who abused and scolded the men. In Lucy Stone was seen a small woman with quiet, modest manners, a winning presence, and the sweetest voice ever heard, who made no attempt at oratory, but whose earnestness, simplicity, utter forgetfulness of self, combined with great personal magnetism, swayed her audiences as a summer wind bends a field of grass. Often mobs would listen to her when they would howl at every other speaker. An illustration of this was given at an anti-slavery meeting held down on Cape Cod, in a grove where a platform had been erected for the speakers. A large number of people had assembled, but it was so menacing a crowd, so mob-like of aspect, and violence seemed to hover in the air so surely, that several of the speakers felt alarmed and quietly left, until only two re-

Marble Bust of Lucy Stone Presented to Mr. Henry B. Blackwell by the Massachusetts Woman's Suffrage Association

mained,—Lucy Stone and Stephen Foster. Seeing that they were about to be assailed, Lucy said, "You had better run, Stephen, they are coming." He replied, "But who will take care of you?" At that moment the mob made a rush for the platform, and a big man sprang upon it, brandishing a club. She turned to him and said, without hesitation, "This gentleman will take care of me," placing her little hand upon his arm. He instantly, with an oath, declared that he would protect her; and, offering his left arm to her, with his club in the other, he marched through the crowd, assisted her to mount upon a stump, and stood by her with his club while she addressed the mob. They were so much moved by her speech that they not only desisted from further violence, but took up a collection of twenty dollars, which was given to Stephen Foster to pay for his coat which they, in their rough treatment of him, had torn in pieces.

At a woman's-rights meeting in New York, presided over by Lucretia Mott, the clamor of the mob was so great that it was impossible for any speaker to be heard, because their voices were drowned by hoots and howls. William Henry Channing advised Mrs. Mott to adjourn the meeting. Mrs. Mott replied, "When the hour fixed for adjournment comes I will adjourn the meeting; not before." At last Lucy Stone was introduced; the mob became perfectly quiet, and listened to her; but as soon as the next speaker began the howling recommenced, and continued to the end. At the close of the meeting, when the speakers went into the dressing-room to get their outside garments, the mob surged in and surrounded them; and Lucy Stone, who was full of indignation, began to reproach them in severe terms for their behavior. "Oh, come!" they answered, "you needn't say anything; we kept still for you."

In 1850 Lucy Stone first made the acquaintance of Henry B. Blackwell, and the friendship which began then ended some years later in marriage.

Mr. Blackwell is of an English family, all the members of which are of remarkable intellectual ability. His father was a successful merchant, who died soon after his arrival in this country, leaving a large family, consisting of five daughters and four sons. Henry was then a lad of fourteen. Thus early there devolved upon him responsibility, yet as son and brother he was as loyal and self-sacrificing as he has been chivalric and devoted as husband and father. Both his sisters, Elizabeth and Emily, studied medicine, Elizabeth being the first woman in this country who entered the profession. She encountered serious obstacles in the pursuit of her studies, meeting insults and sneers from fellow students, and in some instances from professors. One can hardly realize to-day how much of persecution, insolence, and misrepresentation the first women students of medicine encountered while endeavoring to fit themselves for the noblest of all the professions. But brave Elizabeth Blackwell was womanly and strong; unheeding insults and wrong-doing, she persevered, winning at last the respectful regard of all her associates, and to-day holds the highest rank among the women physicians of the world.

Lucy Stone was married to Henry B. Blackwell on May 1, 1855, by Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, then a Unitarian clergyman of Worcester, Mass. Of this wedding Mr. Higginson thus wrote: "It was my privilege to celebrate May Day by officiating at a wedding in a farmhouse among the hills of West Brookfield. The bridegroom was a man of tried worth in the Western anti-slavery movement; the bride one whose fair name is known throughout the nation, one whose rare intellectual qualities are excelled only by the private beauty of her heart and life. I never perform the marriage ceremony without a renewed sense of the iniquity of our present system of laws in respect to marriage, a system by which 'man and woman are made one, and that one is the husband.' It was therefore with my hearty concurrence that the following protest was read and signed as a part of the marriage ceremony:

'PROTEST.

'While acknowledging our mutual affection by publicly assuming the relation of husband and wife, yet in justice to ourselves, and to a great principle, we deem it a duty to declare that this act on our part implies no sanction of or promise of voluntary obedience to such of the present laws of marriage as refuse to recognize the wife as an independent rational being, while they confer upon the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority, investing him with legal powers which no honorable man would exercise, and which no man should possess. We protest especially against the laws which give to the husband—

'First—The custody of the wife's person.

'Second—The exclusive control and guardianship of their children.

'Third—The sole ownership of her personal and use of her real-estate, unless previously settled upon her or placed in the hands of trustees, as in the case of minors, lunatics, and idiots.

'Fourth—The absolute right to the products of her industry.

'Fifth—Also against laws which give to the widower so much larger and more permanent an interest in the property of his deceased wife than they give to the widow in that of her deceased husband.

'Sixth—Finally, against the whole system by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage, so that in most States she neither has a legal part in the choice of her residence, nor can she make a will, nor sue or be sued in her own name, nor inherit property."

'We believe that where domestic difficulties arise no appeal should be made to legal tribunals under existing laws, but that all difficulties should be submitted to the equitable adjustment of arbitrators mutually chosen.

'Thus reverencing law, we enter our protest against rules and customs which are unworthy of the name, since they violate justice, which is the essence of law.

(Signed) 'HENRY B. BLACKWELL,
'LUCY STONE."

This was a wise and timely protest against the code that made woman a nonentity in marriage. Lucy Stone was subjected to great misrepresentation sometimes, because, with her husband's hearty approval, she saw fit to retain her maiden name, "a fair name known throughout the nation." Why should she have been criticised for doing that which so many of our famous singers and actresses have done, notably Jenny Lind, Patti, and Christine Nilsson? If a woman had won for herself a reputation like that of Lucy Stone, of whom Wendell Phillips said, "Gifted with rare eloquence she has swept the chords of the human heart with a power that has never been surpassed, and rarely equalled,"—why should any one criticise her for regarding the loss of a wife's name at marriage as a symbol of the loss of her individuality? Eminent lawyers, including Ellis Gray Loring, and Samuel E. Sewall, told her there was no law requiring a wife to take her husband's name; it was only a custom. Accordingly she kept her maiden name, and by it she was called through forty years of happy marriage.

After the death of his wife, Mr. Blackwell wrote thus in "The Woman's Journal:" "In behalf of the great principle of equality in marriage, I desire in this hour of inexpressible bereavement to say, with all the added emphasis of a lifetime's experience, that the protest read and signed by Lucy Stone and myself on the first day of May, 1855, as a part of our nuptial ceremony, has been the keynote of our married life. After the lapse of thirty-eight happy years (how happy I to-day more keenly realize than ever before), in her behalf and in my own I wish to reaffirm that declaration; the laws of Massachusetts still 'confer on the husband an injurious and unnatural superiority;' they still give him 'the exclusive control and guardianship of the children.' Married partners should provide against the radical injustice of present laws by every means in their power."

In regard to the retaining of their maiden names by married women, a famous historian of Massachusetts some years ago appeared at a hearing before a committee of the Legislature, as a remonstrant against granting the petition for municipal suffrage for women, and one of his arguments was, "No secret is made of the fact that they [the suffragists] mean to agitate for such a change in the laws as shall enable married women to keep their maiden names." This was arrant nonsense! No such change has ever been agitated or discussed in any convention or meeting of the advocates of woman suffrage. The worthy gentleman was misinformed, and quite as incorrect in that statement as in one that he made at the same hearing. With great emphasis, he declared, "That women of sense differ from these suffragists." Surely this was an absurd speech for a man of his intelligence to utter! Are not Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Carlisle, Lady Aberdeen, Lady Salisbury, Lady Henry Somerset, Florence Nightingale, Millicent Fawcett, Laura Ormiston Chant, of England, women of sense? And were not Lucy Stone, Louisa Alcott, Maria Mitchell, Mrs. Ralph Waldo Emerson, Abby W. May, (who were present when this statement was made,) women of sense—pre-eminently so? Among the signers of the petition for municipal suffrage for women were men and women who represented the highest thought of Massachusetts. Senator G. F. Hoar, Senator H. L. Dawes, several members of the House of Representatives in Congress, nearly all the leading clergymen of Boston, Rev. Phillip S. Moxom, Rev. George A. Gordon, Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, President Warren of Boston University, Dr. Henry I. Bowditch, William I. Bowditch, William Lloyd Garrison, Professor James T. Thayer, Professor Peabody, Professor Gray of Harvard, ex-Governor Ames, ex-Governors Long and Claflin; while nearly all the well-known women writers and scholars of the State, with the exception of Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, were among the signers of this petition that he was remonstrating against.

Since Lucy Stone made her first speech on "Woman Suffrage," in her brother's church, in 1847, the laws affecting the civil rights of women have been changed greatly, and are very much better. Coeducation has been established, and with good results, in many colleges and universities throughout the country, and of one thing we are sure, that until women have had what our eloquent advocate, George William Curtis, asked for us in his speech at Steinway Hall, New York, called "Fair Play for Women," until every door of educational advantage has been thrown wide open, until every obstacle is removed from the pathway of the girl-student, until the authorities in university and college cordially extend the welcoming hand, and say, "Come here, and we will help you to do your best,"—when all these things have been done, then, and not until then, will it be just to say what woman can or what she cannot do in the wide domain of intellectual work.

Within the last decade great has been the change of feeling both in America and England in regard to this movement, of which Lucy Stone was in this country the representative leader. To-day the friends of woman suffrage are to be counted in very large numbers, and to avow one's self an active helper in the good cause is not to incur the danger of social ostracism, or to meet the sneers of the frivolous and unthinking butterflies of fashion, as in days of the past,—dark days never more to return.

For many years after her marriage, Lucy Stone lived in New Jersey, where her only child, Alice, was born. In 1869 the family removed to Massachusetts, and soon found a delightful home in Dorchester. For more than twenty years she was the senior editor of "The Woman's Journal," and that paper owes its existence largely to her efforts. In the autumn of 1869 she personally secured the bulk of the subscriptions to the stock of the corporation, which, under the name of "The Proprietors of the Woman's Journal," has carried on the paper since January 1, 1870. Notwithstanding the immense amount of her public work as speaker and editor, Mrs. Stone never neglected *home* duties, and was a perfect housekeeper of the best New England type; few could excel her in cooking, and when sometimes they chanced to be without a servant, it was her pleasure to cook and serve her appetizing and delicious food. No preserves and pickles were so good as hers; no butter so sweet as that made by her hands; never a table that was more daintily spread. It was a benediction to live, even for a short time, in the atmosphere of such a home, where love reigned, and where was seen the chivalric devotion of the husband who for nearly half a century had been blest with her love; where also were seen and felt the affection and helpfulness of the best of daughters. Miss Blackwell was graduated at Boston University some years ago. Her writings are well known; they are terse, strong, logical. She is one of the editors of "The Woman's Journal," and it can be truly said of her that she is worthy of her parentage.

Lucy Stone was a dauntless leader. She attained her acknowledged power of leadership from a marvellous combination of faith in the ultimate triumph of justice, of strength of expression, of rare sweetness, and indomitable will to persevere in the good work unto the end. She lived in the world, but was not of it. Society, so-called, had no charm for her; she could not try to serve God and Mammon, as some of our prominent women do. She had the martyr-spirit. I remember that once when I carried the news of a defeat, where she had confidently hoped for a victory for the cause nearest her heart, she took my hand, while tears filled her eyes as she exclaimed, "I should be willing to lay my life down for this cause to prevail;" then, after a pause, she said with solemn emphasis, "Yes, I would be crucified,—I would be crucified to save women!"

Lucy Stone made a speech in behalf of a petition for woman suffrage, in 1853, in the Green Room at the State House, and I think it was the first petition for the political enfranchisement of women that had gone into the Legislature of Massachusetts. I had the good fortune to hear that speech, and ever since that time her voice was heard there; and with her we went, a band of faithful men and women, to listen to the strong arguments both from legislators and selected speakers in favor of woman suffrage, and also to sit listening to many illogical and sometimes vapid and absurd speeches of the opponents. I remember one occasion when Lucy Stone was mentioned by name by a remonstrant, and when he made the statement that she was not married to Mr. Blackwell, some of her friends sprang to their feet, their cheeks aflame with indignation, and had it been the age of chivalry, their swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge the ribald insult to a pure, sweet woman, as high as heaven above his speech. Mrs. Stone sat unruffled, and as serene as a summer morning through it all, leaving it to her friends to vindicate her from the charges made; she could not stoop from her lofty position of wife and mother to utter one word in reply. Always when she went before Legislatures she reached them with her sweet voice, her pathos, her fearless statements, and her accurate knowledge of law. To illustrate this Colonel Higginson has told two stories, one to show how great was her power to disarm prejudice, and the other to show how thorough was her knowledge of law: "I shall never forget," he said, "one time, when in New York, I took to a woman-suffrage meeting one of the most brilliant, perhaps the most brilliant, woman whom America has yet produced, Mrs. Helen Hunt, known best by her initial letters. I took her to a woman-suffrage convention with a distinct explanation on her part that she utterly opposed the whole thing, which I knew very well already; and that she was going there expressly to write an amusing burlesque upon the meeting for a New York newspaper. I took her in spite of it. Those are the people we always ought to take to reform meetings, if possible. When we came out she walked on in silence for a time, and I said, 'Well, have you plenty of material for your letter?' and she replied, with her characteristic impetuosity, 'Do you suppose I would ever write a word against anything that a woman with such a voice as Lucy Stone's wants to have done?' And before she died she had become in some degree a suffragist." Colonel Higginson gave another and much more important illustration when he said, "I went with Mrs. Stone once before the Judiciary Committee of the Rhode Island Legislature. She made her simple statement, persuasive as always, clear and unflinching as always, and I remember that after the hearing was over, the late Judge Greene of Providence, who had been for years chairman of the Judiciary Committee, asked me as a favor to introduce him to Lucy Stone. He said to her, 'Mrs. Stone, you put me to shame by the discovery that all these wrongs exist under cover of Rhode Island law. It is perfectly true; you have not made a single mistake; and yet I, the chairman of this Judiciary Committee for years, have done nothing to remove them.' And from that moment Judge Greene was her friend."

Mrs. Stone was confined much at home, as her health slowly failed; and how patiently she bore her last illness, how beautiful were her written and spoken words of farewell to her friends, how unshaken her trust, how firm as the granite rock her faith in reunion of friends in the world to which she was going! To Mrs. Livermore she said at their last meeting, "Good-bye; if we never meet again here, we shall meet some time, some where, *be sure of that!* We shall be busy together in some good work; yes, we shall be comrades again." To another friend she said, "Do not grieve so for me; it is a part of the Eternal order that I shall go. I am going where it is better far than here." A few days before her departure she again said, "I believe there is work for me to do where I am going." She said to me at the time she first read Whittier's poem, "The Eternal Goodness," "You say that poem contains your creed, and I can say the same. I read it with delight, for it contains the very essence of trust, —religious trust." She requested Rev. Charles G. Ames to repeat the last verses at her funeral services:

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me,
On ocean or on shore."

On the 17th of October, 1893, she died in serene faith, surrounded by her loved ones, and her dying words were addressed to her daughter: "Live to make the world better." Soon after she quietly fell asleep.

On Saturday, October 21, funeral services were held in the Church of the Disciples in Boston, where, for so many years, her dear friend and co-worker, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, preached the new evangel. Another friend, Rev. Charles G. Ames, who is Mr. Clarke's successor, paid a tender and beautiful tribute which will long be remembered by all in that vast assemblage, representing so much of moral and intellectual power, and deep grief at the loss of a a beloved leader. To some it seemed a reconsecration of the spot where they had looked their last upon the faces of James Freeman Clarke, SamuelG. Howe, Samuel E. Sewall, Abby W. May. The most touching tributes were paid by friends, among whom were William Lloyd Garrison, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Livermore, Mary Grew, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Laura Ormiston Chant, and others.

The noble life of Lucy Stone is closed on earth. She won the true success, for she lived on the highest plane,—"to live and bless, and make the world better."

Though from our vision on earth a presence hath fled, and our eyes are dim with tears at the loss of our true-hearted leader and friend, yet, with the saints of the ages she liveth and worketh still; and while true hearts shall beat and remembrance remain, her life and its virtues will be enshrined, for,—

She worked in earnest with a high endeavor
Of voice and pen, to right a mighty wrong;
And, with heroic firmness, pleaded ever
For justice that has been withheld too long.

As year by year rolled on, at call of duty,
That sweet-voiced woman did not fail to speak
Her words of truth, clothed with a potent beauty,
Entreating help for the oppressed and weak.

How much all women owe that earnest pleader,
Many in years to come will grateful tell;
And recognize as a transcendent leader,
One who a woman's part hath acted well.