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February 16. 1900.

My dear friend

Political equality  
of rights for women—  
civil and political— is  
to-day, and has been for  
the past half-century the  
one demand of

Yours sincerely

Susan B. Anthony  
Brooklyn - N. Y.



# SUSAN B. ANTHONY

FEBRUARY 15, 1820

FEBRUARY 15, 1900



## Love's Rosary

Come, let us tell upon Love's rosary  
 With years for beads,—eight decades in the chain,—  
 The record of a life's true history,  
 Its joy and grief, its pleasure and its pain.

Within the first decade a little child  
 Love-welcomed, lived within a happy home ;  
 And from a well of home joy undefiled,  
 Wise lessons drew for all the years to come.

She learned to love the quiet Quaker gray ;  
 She learned the sweet inflections that belong  
 To Quaker speech ; the " Thee " and " Thou " they say ;  
 The gentle conscience that can do no wrong.

The second decade saw her at the post  
 Of duty, teaching, that she might relieve  
 Her father's burden. Since then what a host  
 Have learned of her to think first, then believe.

'Twas then she saw her father's noble way  
 Of setting principles above mere gain :  
 No liquor would he sell ; no taxes pay  
 To government that justified war's stain.

With these great lessons she learned humbler ones ;  
 The sweet home duties that the home endears ;  
 To cook, to sew, to weave the thread that runs  
 Home joys throughout the fabric of the years.

Within the third decade the world's great need  
 Knocked loud upon the door of her great heart ;  
 She yearned toward the oppressed ; no race or creed  
 But in that wealth of sympathy had part.

The fourth decade : she entered public life ;  
She heard above all else the cry of slaves ;  
" Come, break our chains ! " No sound of drum or file  
Could drown that cry, rejected from their graves.

" No compromise ! " her daring voice proclaimed,  
" Emancipation unconditional—NOW ! "  
Fearless she faced great mobs,—jeered at, defamed ;  
Yet gentle peace was ever on her brow.

This same decade bestowed the best of gifts—  
Comrades and friends like those the bards have sung :  
Pure, noble, filled with passion such as lifts  
The worker, and impels the pen and tongue.

Lucretia Mott great leader of the band ;  
Of Quaker birth,—a preacher, heaven inspired ;  
Gentle yet strong, and fitted to command ;  
Radiant in beauty, and with ardor fired.

Stanton came next, with brilliant, noble face,  
And splendid gift of glorious eloquence ;  
And Lucy Stone, whose sweet and gentle grace  
Brought even enemies to her defense.

Mott, Stanton, Stone and Anthony ; what names  
To bear aloft for pure nobility,  
The while each voice with gratitude proclaims  
" They gave to us our Woman's Century ! "

The fifth decade saw some dreams coming true ;  
This great association chose to stand  
For Woman Suffrage ; 'twas its founders' due  
That name and deed its great work should expand.

The sixth, seventh, eighth,—let us not separate ;  
Her work went on with added power and joy ;  
Her boundless courage nothing could abate,  
No pain could daunt, no failure could annoy.

Here are three beads apart from all the rest,  
Yet hang upon our golden rosary ;  
And who shall say which one of them is best,—  
For they are Faith and Hope and Charity.

This pearl is Faith,—reward of earnest quest ;  
The turquoise, Hope, is ever in her sight ;  
The topaz, Charity, lies on her breast ;  
And over all Love's moonstone sheds its light.

These are the reliquaries,—memories they ;  
Some dark with pain that racked the very soul ;  
Some bright with the self-sacrifice that may  
Mean joy unspoken, but never dole.

Here is the Cross,—ah me ! the heavy cross !  
It speaks of disappointments multiplied ;  
Of work defeated, and the bitter loss  
Perchance of hopes for which she faint had died.

We've told our heads—the annals of a life  
To others given. Now let us look abroad  
And see, amid the record of the strife,  
If we behold her adequate reward.

These years so freely given to the cause  
She made her own, have radiated far ;  
In evolution there can be no pause ;  
The circles vibrate past the horizon's bar.

In the great cauldron of experience  
Her thoughts and deeds and words were stirred, until  
The world drew from the seethings a true sense  
Of woman's rights, untrammeled by man's will.

To-day we know man's life is incomplete  
Unless the woman close beside him stand,  
Sharing his interests—for this is meet ;  
It is as God ordained and nature planned.

The perfect whole, poet and seer conceive  
Inclusive of both parts ; who could desire  
A world by woman ruled ? Do we believe  
A man-ruled world is even an atom higher !

No ! man and woman for the sake of truth  
And love must join ; then hear and poet's voice :  
" Here is the fountain of eternal youth ! "  
Shall cry ; and future nations will rejoice.

Behold our Queen ! Surely with heart else  
At homage given to her love and power ;  
World-famed, associate of the wise and great,—  
She is herself the woman of the hour !

Priestess of righteousness without pretense ;  
Her greatness shielded by simplicity ;  
Justice and mercy join in her strong sense  
Of service owing to humanity.

How kindly have the years all dealt with her !  
She proves that Bible promises are true ;  
She waited on the Lord without demur,  
And He failed not her courage to renew.

Off on the wings of eagles she uprose ;  
On mercy's errands have her glad feet run ;  
And yet no sign of weariness she shows ;  
She does not faint, but works from sun to sun.

Deep in her eyes burn fires of purpose strong ;  
Her hand upholds the scepter of God's truth ;  
Her lips send forth brave words against the wrong ;  
Glow in her heart the joy of deathless youth.

Kindly and gentle ; learned too, and wise ;  
Lover of home and all the ties of kin ;  
Gay comrade of the laughing lips and eyes ;  
Give us new words to sing your praises in !

Yet let us rather now forget to praise,  
Remembering only this true friend to greet,  
As drawing near by straight and devious ways,  
We lay our hearts—Love's guerdon—at her feet.

Blow, O ye winds, across the oceans, blow !  
Go to the hills and prairies of the West !  
Haste to the tropics,—search the fields of snow ;—  
Let the world's gift to her become your quest !

Shine, sun, through prism of the waterfall,  
And build us here a rainbow arch to span  
The years, and hold the citadel  
Of her abiding work for God and man.

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What is the gift, O winds, that ye have brought ?  
O sun, what legend shines your arch above ?  
Ah ! they are one ! and all things else are naught !  
Take them, beloved—they are love, love, love !

LYDIA AVERY COONLEY WARD

Because her motto grand hath been  
The right of every human.  
And first and last, and right or wrong,  
She takes the side of woman.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To aid, not to amuse one,  
Take her for all in all, we ne'er  
Shall see the match for Susan.

February 15, 1870.

[The following is a clipping from the Rochester Chronicle, on Miss Anthony's Fiftieth Birthday.]

#### The Susan.

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There was a large attendance of both ladies and gentlemen at the reception given to Susan B. Anthony, last Tuesday evening on the occasion of her fiftieth birthday. At an early hour the parlors were filled with ladies and gentlemen. Among the many present were the venerable Hon. Samuel E. Sewall and wife of Boston, Mrs. Phelps, Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Randall, Miss Stanton, Miss Cary, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Nesson, Mrs. Blake and Mrs. Tilton. Mrs. Randall read a birthday ode composed for the occasion by Miss Phoebe Cary. Mrs. Ames recited Poe's "Raven" freely, and Mrs. Randall declaimed the

"Bells." Miss Anthony made a characteristic speech. She said: "Public sentiment everywhere demanded woman suffrage and so she was dumb, though she still found voice to ask them to work. She wanted all to join in and demand a Sixteenth Amendment. When the Secretary of State shall proclaim that twenty-eight States have ratified that Amendment, then Susan B. Anthony would stop work, and not before." We subjoin Miss Cary's ode:

TO MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY, ON HER FIFTIETH  
BIRTHDAY.

WE TOUCH our caps and place to-night  
The victor's wreath upon her,  
The woman who outranks us all  
In courage and in honor.

While others in domestic broils  
Have proved, by word and carriage,  
That one of the United States  
Is not the state of marriage.

She, caring not for loss of men,  
Nor for the world's confusion,  
Has carried on a civil war,  
And made a *Revolution*.

True, other women have been brave  
When banded or hus-banded;  
But she has bravely fought her way  
Alone and *single-handed*.

And think of her unselfish strength,  
Her generous disposition,  
Who never made a lasting prop  
Out of a proposition.

She might have chose an honored name,  
And none have scorned or kissed it.  
Have written Mrs. Jones or Smith,  
But, strange to say, she missed it.

For fifty years to come may she  
Grow rich, and ripe and mellow,  
Be quoted even above "par,"  
Or any other fellow!

And speak the truth from pole to pole,  
And keep her light a-burning,  
Before she cuts her stick to go  
The way there's no returning.



## Greetings

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### HARRIOT STANTON BLATCH

Daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton

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Lafayette Opera House, Washington, D. C.

February 15, 1900



I bring to you, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, the greetings of your friend and co-worker, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, greetings full of gracious memories. When the cause for which you have worked shall be victorious, then, as is the way of the world, will it be forgotten that it ever meant effort or struggle for pioneers; but the friendship of you two women will remain a precious memory in the world's history, unforgotten and unforgettable. Your lives have proved not only that women can work strenuously together without jealousy; but that they can be friends in times of sunshine, and peace, and stress, and storm. No mere fair-weather friends have you been to each other.

Does not Emerson say that friendship is the slowest fruit in the garden of God? The fruit of friendship between you two has grown through half-a-hundred years, each year making it more beautiful, more mellow, more sweet. But you have not been weak echoes of each other; nay, often for the good of each you were thorns in the side. Yet disagreement only quickened loyalty. Supplementing each other, companionship drew out the best in each. You have both been urged to untiring efforts through the sympathy, the help of the other. You have attained the highest achievement in demonstrating a lofty, an ideal friendship. This friendship of you two women is the benediction for our century.

### III

Now, we've had enough of travel,  
And, in turn, laid down the gavel,—  
In triumph having reached four score,  
We'll give our thoughts to art, and love,  
In the time-honored retreat,  
Side by side, we'll take a seat,  
To younger hands resign the reins,  
With all the honors, and the gains,  
United, down life's hill we'll glide,  
What'er the coming years betide;  
Parted only when first, in time,  
Eternal joys are thine, or mine.



## ELIZABETH GADY STANTON

To her life-long friend and co-worker

**Susan B. Anthony**

on her eightieth birthday

FEBRUARY 15, 1900



TO SUSAN B. ANTHONY  
ON HER EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY  
FEBRUARY 15, 1900

I

**M**Y HONORED friend, I'll ne'er forget,  
That day in June, when first we met:  
Oh! would I had the skill to paint  
My vision of that "Quaker Saint":  
Robed in pale blue and silver gray,  
No silly fashions did she essay:  
Her brow so smooth and fair,  
'Neath coils of soft brown hair:  
Her voice was like the lark, so clear,  
So rich, and pleasant to the ear:  
The "Prentice hand," on man oft tried,  
Now made in her the Nation's pride!

II

We met and loved, ne'er to part,  
Hand clasped in hand, heart bound to heart.  
We've traveled West, years together,  
Day and night, in stormy weather:  
Climbing the rugged Suffrage hill,  
Bravely facing every ill:  
Resting, speaking, everywhere;  
Oft-times in the open air;  
From sleighs, ox-carts, and coaches,  
Besieged with bugs and roaches:  
All for the emancipation  
Of the women of our Nation.