
A WASHINGTON CONVERT.

Editors of the Revolution :

I NEVER thought, or cared, about voting till the negroes began to vote. Then, I felt my self-respect rise. If educated women are not as fit to decide who shall be the rulers of this country, as "field hands," then where's the use of culture, or any brain at all? One might as well have been "born on the plantation." Thus I felt, and thus much I had revolved in my mind, until a few weeks ago, I quietly, and all to myself, became a convert to "Woman's Rights." Then came the National Convention at Washington, and Lucy Stone, Susan B. Anthony and Mrs. Stanton clenched my new-born ideas, and added zeal to my purpose; in other words, fury to the flame. Such convincing, unanswerable arguments as they gave, opened the eyes of all the women in these parts. Like the kitten, we have been a long time in opening them, but once opened, we shall be as hard to kill as the full grown cat. We never can be as ignorant as we were before. Some ideas of "the situation" were burned into my memory, by the thrilling utterances of those women, and sermons will never be as readily accepted again. With the countenance of such men as Senators Pomeroy, Wilson and Conkling, and Mr. Julian of the House, who must know more about the feasibility of the thing than *we poor ignorant women*, what have we to fear?

Of stately Mrs. Stanton, I am filled with admiration and should love to see her side by side, in the Senate, with Charles Sumner and Gen. Nye; and Miss Anthony's eloquence and voice, would rise above the din and jargon of the House.

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