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Johnstown July 9th
(1870?)

Dear Paulina

I enclose you a letter from Mrs. Hooker which rather surprises me for I was told that she said she did not wish me invited into Connecticut. As I have more invitations at \$100 each night than I can fill the friends generally need not feel concerned about my thrusting myself where I am not wanted Wherever I go I am

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well received by the people and as I can do an individual work beyond the jealousies and criticisms of old friends I shall eschew conventions and organizations altogether.

I have been speaking on Commencement occasions for the last two weeks in New Jersey and Western N.Y. and have only just received your letter. I am visiting my mother and hope to be home the last of July.

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I have had a pleasant visit with Cousin Gerrit Smith. I went with him to a grand temperance celebration in Syracuse on the 4th where we spoke to two thousand people. I told them the one thing to be done for temperance was to give woman the ballot. I visited Mrs. Gleason in Elmira She's a great woman, in fact I am proud of the women I find growing

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up everywhere. It is blessed to see what a leap forward our sex has taken in the last century, and to feel that you and I have done something to hasten the better day. Now let us in peace and purity walk with God each day and hold ourselves above petty envying and uncharitableness. These small sins that drag down the noblest souls. I hate more and more to come in contact with

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the littleness and vices of weak people, because there is always enough of the same thing in the best of us that readily responds. It is well to be with those who touch the right notes, who appeal to our nobler nature, until we are so strong and harmonious that we mould people and circumstances to ourselves. I never felt a stronger desire to be

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to be truly good and magnanimous than I do today, and yet dear Paulina how seldom we meet people who inspire us, with the courage to do and say the right thing, and bravely to take the consequences. Oh! how much worldly prudence is palmed off under the guise of saintly wisdom. I hope to see you when I return to N.Y.

adieu dear friend

E.C.S.

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[typed transcript]

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Stanton 1.12

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[Elizabeth Cady Stanton]