

would not be very difficult if the Fenian Brotherhood would turn their attention to it. This could be done by legitimate means, and the endeavor would be sure to find a responsive echo. There is a good deal of republican aspiration floating about in a nebulous state in our large towns. Men would eagerly welcome fresh light. If it did nothing else, it would make us more catholic in our thoughts, and that would render the Fenian Brotherhood's objects easier of attainment. It would be a case of retributive vengeance upon England if she were to owe her regeneration to the Irish. "We also have oppressive masters, we also have chains around our limbs. Let us break through our bonds together." This would soon be the cry of English democracy. That there is room for education upon this and kindred subjects was shown by the recent conference upon education held at Manchester, and presided over by Mr. A. Bruce, M.P., and Mr. Forster, M.P. Four millions of adults groping in the darkness of ignorance, unable to spell through a weekly paper—it is this state of things that gives to the upper classes the power they hold for their own profit. Our latest great achievement—the Reform bill of 1867 where it is not a sham, was due to the awakening intelligence of the artisans of our great cities. There are some substantial gains, and more inequalities, contained in that bill. As an example, it is a fact that there are twenty-one boroughs returning twenty-one members; the entire constituency of the twenty-one is 1,700. There are also eight boroughs returning twenty members, that have a constituency of half a million. Now, forty members attending at St. Stephen's make a House. Supposing the twenty-one members to vote for a bill and the twenty to oppose it; if there were only these in the House, that bill would become law, carried by the representatives of 1,700 in the face and in opposition to the twenty members representing half a million. This is but a specimen of some of the means by which our aristocracy manage to keep the power of this realm in the hands of a few families, like they keep the land. Those men who have prescience and can see an inch before their noses, know that the day of reckoning is coming—the day when the peer and the peasant will meet face to face, the peasant demanding an account of the other's stewardship. If they (the peers) do not make haste to alter their ways, the reckoning will be terrible. The day may be delayed, but it will surely come.

I have some faith in the British aristocracy. They have shown that they have a lively sense of fear, and that they can yield—if they have not the courage to originate reforms—when it becomes dangerous longer to oppose the completion of a fresh cycle in democratic progress. The class that I do fear is the monied and commercial class. They may—nay, have done, much to sap the foundation of England's prosperity. Loose dealing, seeking recklessly for high profits, inducing folks to lend money under lying prospectuses, and then gambling it away on 'change; selling old and tottering firms, representing to the buyers that they are as sound as in the days when commercial honor and integrity meant something more than mere words; believing everything condoned by success; showing the cold shoulder to the man who failed, through no fault of his own; drinking the wines and crowding to the dinners of him who had made a great but dirty coup—these are some of the indictments preferred against our commercial classes, not by your

correspondent, but by men of the same class. The particulars of the past being fully discussed, at the recent meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and from that meeting I draw a catalogue as above, quite sufficient to justify my fears.

L. I. H.

### A MOTHER TO A DAUGHTER.

In trying to impress upon you the advantage of a sound body, I would speak of diet as being chief of all hygienic means. It is absurd to expect a healthful balance of mind and body, without good, farinaceous food, at regular hours. Cake and highly seasoned dishes render the stomach irritable and the whole system feverish. Children fed on dainties can never grow robust. A craving for stimulants is thus induced, and that is not confined to boys. Girls manifest this depraved condition of the digestive apparatus in other ways than in a love of tipping, but with effects nearly as baleful. Condiments of every kind or highly concentrated food, as in cake and sweetmeats, tax every force of the system to digest, and draw the life-forces from the extremities, leaving them unduly sensitive. The outposts undefended, disease creeps in and attacks the citadel.

The life-forces need to be preserved in perfect equilibrium to keep you growing as beautifully as a plant grows. That takes into its thousand stomachs, or cells, only what it needs to nourish its own life.

Plain food builds up the system in just the same way. The wonderful work of growth goes on unconsciously, in sleep or awake; all we have to do is to supply the right nutriment and we build up, as the plant builds, cell by cell. Each tiny particle attracts its kindred particle, and is deposited wherever a useless atom has been removed.

In avoiding stimulating food, you avoid undue brain excitement and unhealthy imagination and give no room to brooding thoughts of an unreal life, from which come trains of evils that have ruined thousands of lovely girls. Late suppers and rich delicacies create a thirst for novel-reading to a great extent. Fiction has its use, but also its great abuse. Yellow-covered literature would be less eagerly sought if our tables were not loaded with nerve-excitng viands. Real life palls upon the taste, home becomes monotonous, and daily duties irksome, while the day-dreamer roams in enchanted lands.

Much of this rich food acts like poison upon the frame, and must be expelled as a rank intruder. This expulsion takes more strength than you can afford to part with, and you are consequently left nervous and wretched. Only because you do not feel the ill-result in the stomach, you do not connect the effect and cause.

The temptation to eat rich food at undue hours is a very strong one to the young. If you realize how greatly your habits influence your character, you will apply the whole force of your nature to regulating this very common excess. Good digestion is conducive to amiability. We know a gentleman who is sunny and brilliant after a plain, well-digested dinner, but even his dog skulks away from his frown when he overeats.

The use of stimulating food creates a thirst for stimulating liquids, and girls early contract a love for tea and coffee; drinks which should never be used save as medicines. You know what ridiculous scenes are described, of gossiping, tea-drinking old ladies. Many of them are too true. The loosened tongue discusses the narrow world in which women move, and magnifies petty affairs that should never occupy a moment's thought. True, it seems harmless compared with the smoking, tipping habits of young men, but that is no excuse for girls. Be what you should be, and raise if possible others to your standard. Never degrade your own. A noble race of women will find a noble race of men standing by its side.

It may seem that I lay too much stress upon bodily habits. What I have said may prove painful facts, when you find yourself, as too many do, a prey to a host of nervous diseases. What seems unimportant may be the

"Little pitted speck in garnered fruit,  
That rotting inward slowly moulders all."

How can anything great or good come from such a class of women? Can they inspire to noble deeds—much less be themselves workers in this great world where there is so much wrong to be redressed, as well as so much self-culture to be attained?

One of the evils of the day is in eating too much fine bread. Unbolted flour possesses the entire qualities of the wheat, such as the system absolutely needs. What

is gained in color is lost in quality. Dark flour is far more palatable and sweet than the white.

Bathing should be a part of your daily life. Open pores, produced by brisk hand rubbing, will make your skin glow and shine like alabaster. You will find no cosmetic like frequent ablutions and plain food. Do you remember your young friend K—? Her skin was rough and full of pimples when we first knew her. To abate a disfiguring eruption, she abandoned the use of all greasy food. The result was wonderful. The texture of her skin became fine and firm, and had a healthy glow.

All the stuffs sold in shops under the name of Lily Bloom, Enamel, etc., to repair the ravages made by ill habits, only deform nature. It is an artifice easily detected, as is anything plastered on the outside, whether in mind, morals or manners. Such a habit is incompatible with that high love for truth which should be the first instinct of the soul.

It is natural to wish to be pleasing, but it is a mistake to think it can be put on like a coat of whitewash. No, it is something that radiates from the immortal part within, shining through the material form like a light gleaming through alabaster. The pure, true, strong spirit alone can render the body attractive and survive years and change.

E. M. H. C.

### A VOICE FROM THE PACIFIC.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb., 1868.

DEAR MISS ANTHONY:

The first number of your new paper arrived by the mail steamer yesterday, and after having read it thoroughly and carefully, I must write and tell you what I think of it.

As regards the name and mechanical execution of the paper, I can only repeat what many of its patrons have already said, *i. e.*, both are excellent.

The principles which "THE REVOLUTION" is pledged to proclaim and defend are so dear to my heart and have entered so completely into all the efforts that I have made (in my humble way) in behalf of our common humanity, that words fail to express the thankfulness I feel to you and your noble co-workers for establishing an organ so eminently adapted to the times and so fully devoted to the emancipation of woman. You will more fully appreciate the joy I experience in welcoming your noble journal, when I tell you that during the last year my entire energies have been devoted to the cause of Woman Suffrage.

I gave a few lectures in Colorado, last summer, in favor of "Woman Suffrage," while you and your faithful coadjutors were so zealously at work in Kansas. I will write out for "THE REVOLUTION," extracts from my lectures from the daily papers of Denver, that you may know I have not been idle.

If you wish to make me your agent for the Pacific coast I will become such gladly. I will call attention to your paper at my lecture next Sunday evening, and am sure of a long list of subscribers. God bless you, my noble sister, and bless God for "THE REVOLUTION."

Yours, etc., LADRA DE FORCE GORDON.

### WOMAN'S DRESS.

REV. DR. TODD would have us believe that all women who dare to wear a convenient, healthful, physiological dress are "semi-men." Dr. Todd can know nothing of the motives and principles that govern most of the women that wear "bloomers," or else he cannot appreciate true womanhood. Hundreds of women to-day owe their health—aye, their lives—to the change from long, tight dresses to "bloomers," "American costume" or the "gymnastic dress." Thousands of women are sinking to early graves from painful diseases contracted by the contracting, fettering long robes that Dr. Todd tells us are the only suitable dress for women to wear. Very many of these sufferers are fully conscious that their dress causes much of their suffering, but had rather suffer and die than face the sarcasm and ridicule that a *heathful* dress would exert from such men as Rev. Dr. Todd. Give such women mental freedom—full equality before the law—and their fear of ridicule would soon vanish.

If any man thinks woman's dress is what it should be, let him array his own body in the most approved style of any "fashionable dressmaker" for only one week—meanwhile attending to daily duties—then give his views on paper. They would read in this wise: My dress is so tight at the shoulders that I can hardly lift my arm to my head, so tight around the lungs that I suffer terribly

all the time, can't exercise for want of breath; can't press through a crowd with long, full skirts without great effort, and the sensations of being pulled apart where the skirts fasten around the body; cannot walk against the wind without double the strength required in man's dress; am constantly making mistakes caused by stepping on the dress; no use to think of carrying anything up stairs, for both hands are needed to keep the skirts from under foot; elastic so tight that circulation nearly stops; feet cold all the time of course. In fact, nothing could induce me to wear such an uncomfortable, health-destroying dress, etc.

Dr. Todd admits that woman's mind is equal if not superior to man's—that "up to a certain age girls learn faster than boys." Yes, so long as they are "little girls," wear short clothes, play "hide and seek" and "tag" with the boys, they can study with the boys without loss of health. In time come long dresses, "lady-like" movements, no running, no swinging of arms, Young Ladies' Seminary, little or no out-door exercise, unwholesome diet; chewing sticky gum; grow pale and feeble; go home to die of consumption. J. H. S.  
Waltham, Mass.

### THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

MADAME PHILANTRINE Cady STANTON, who, with Miss Bolles Susan Anthony, edits "THE REVOLUTION," a Woman's Rights Journal, is now in Washington, where she weighs the destiny of the nation, and from whence she writes to her paper. The political portraits she draws of members of Congress are extremely interesting. Benjamin Wade pleases her because he is a "good looking man"; she loves Roscoe Conkling, because he has a charming face. Mr. Johnson doesn't please her because he is a homely, common looking man. Madame Stanton has no faith in the political wisdom of brick-colored complexions like that of Mr. Bingham, and false teeth like those of Thaddeus Stevens inspire her with no confidence.

The advent of strong-minded women into political life is greatly to be desired. Under their empire we shall see only Adonises in power; the members of Congress will be so many Ganymedes, and Endymion will succeed Antinous at the White House. We believed Madame Stanton to be far above the vanities of this world, but we rejoice greatly to see by her own admissions that she is still a woman in the best sense of the word.—*Courrier des Etats Unis, Feb. 20.*

The above short article presents two or three noticeable points, not the least of which is its showing that the *Courrier des Etats Unis* man reads "THE REVOLUTION." This is cause for gratulation, inasmuch as through its teachings this Frenchman may finally become a man "in the best sense of the word," and advocate true doctrines in his paper.

Strained wit is painful to the hearer or reader of it, at least, if not to its author, and the numerous efforts in that line in American journals, when treating the subject of Woman's Suffrage, have long since become stale and nauseating; but done up in French they assume a new interest, and one forgets the most prominent feature—the straining for wit—in the novelty of the thing, and in watching to see if this politest of modern languages can present new arguments or serve up the old ones in more convincing manner. But one soon discovers that even the court language of Europe is not too smooth and oily to furnish a vent to men's wrath when women make any unusual demonstration toward obtaining the franchise.

Nearly all the papers in the country have copied the few words Mrs. Stanton said in regard to Senator Conkling, which is a significant fact, showing that men are not "so far above the vanities of this world" as to be indifferent to the praises of women; that they are quite as susceptible to flattery as women have ever had the reputation of being—a reputation attributed to them mostly by men. Nothing would please these editors better—every mother's son of them—than to be called fine looking by a sensible woman. The eagerness and unanimity of

almost the entire press in snapping up a passing remark of this kind show, this.

The editor of the *Courrier* says "the advent of strong-minded women into political life is greatly to be desired." Certainly. He never said a more sensible or truer thing. There is the greatest need of it, and if he continue in this rational frame of mind he will use the columns of his journal to help it along. And with their advent, or as a result of it, Monsieur may expect a better class of legislators than many that now disgrace state and national councils—legislators, at least, whose brains are not steeped in whiskey and their nights in licentiousness and all manner of evil. As to the Adonises and Endymions, they are still, alas! only beautiful myths. The race is too imperfect to realize them. Masculine rule in social and domestic relations, as well as elsewhere, has thus far rendered their realization impossible. Woman must here be, not on an equality with man, but sole sovereign, by the divine right of nature—and to this end, her political equality with man is the first thing needed.

F. ELLEN BURE.

### WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WADE.

THE present Presidential term will be the most remarkable in our national career, as embracing two unparalleled events, the assassination of a beloved hero and the impeachment of the unprincipled renegade who succeeded him.

Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, who we trust is to complete the administration to which Abraham Lincoln was elected, is one of our few great and true men. Born in the same year and section of the country with John Brown, the Liberator, they both moved to the Northern part of Ohio at an early age, and in many of the best traits of character Ben. Wade and John Brown have a similarity, namely, their Spartan manliness, hatred of oppression in every form, and impatience to act on their convictions.

President Wade was born in the Feeding Hills Parish, Massachusetts, on the 27th of October, in the first year of the present century, and is therefore past his 67th year. He did not enter any of our colleges; but, combining the working boy and student, he became another of this country's great productions—one of our self-made men. By turns farming, teaching school, and studying law, he was at twenty-seven years of age admitted to the bar. During the next twenty years of his professional life he was Justice of the Peace, Prosecuting Attorney for Ash-tabula county, Ohio, state Senator and President of a judicial circuit. He entered the United States Senate in 1851, and having been twice re-elected, he is now serving his seventeenth year in that body, of which at the commencement of the XLth session, he was elected President.

In person Mr. Wade is of medium height, with a thick, set, square-built frame. He has a benevolent face, is a genial and hearty man, plain in dress, plain in speech, and plain in action; he reminds you at once of some good old farmer. His appearance, his substantial character and honest, straightforward speech and ways have long since earned him the sobriquet of the "Noble Old Roman" of the Senate.

As I before said, he is opposed to oppressions and barbarisms of all kinds in sex, race or color. He belongs to the few who are more for principle than politics or office. When the question

of Manhood Suffrage came up in the Senate of the XXXIXth Congress, I heard him in a speech lead with a proposition to make it a plank of the party platform, and that no state or territory should be admitted into the Union without recognizing it.

When Lucy Stone came here last summer to get leading men pledged to Woman Suffrage, she found him the most ready to sign his name. He gave "THE REVOLUTION" a hearty welcome, and his subscription to Miss Anthony at once. I recently saw and read a paper signed by him for Mrs. Francis Lord Bond, asking the "President of the United States" to give women who are qualified an equal share of the foreign appointments,—embassies, consuls, etc. He endorses these movements with a hearty good will that is inspiring to the friends of the cause, and not from any recent convictions, but because he has believed in "right for the last forty years."

The fact that Mr. Wade is above political trickery, and so ready to act on his convictions, has been in fact one impediment in the way of impeachment, hitherto. Politicians in Congress were afraid he would not be up to the political tricks in managing a campaign. I am told that Chief-Justice Chase actually went in open session to the House of Representatives, when impeachment was up before, and used his personal influence against the measure.

### TRAIN ON THE TRADE OF ENGLAND.

On the evening of the ninth and tenth of February, Mr. Train gave two addresses in Yonghal. The following extract from the last is all for which there is room to-day.

Taking up the subject of 800 millions of Asiatic shaking hands with 300 millions of Europeans over the Rocky Mountains via San Francisco, Chicago, Omaha, and New York, Mr. Train pictured the enormous traffic that America had not only with the Chinese and Japanese, but with India—the teas and silks piled up in the wharves of Omaha, the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and Singapore traffic to China passing through Columbia and Nebraska, which he had selected as the capital of New America when he was President of the United States (cheers). England had misrepresented every nation on the face of the globe, talked down China, Japan, America, and especially Ireland (hisses). China and Japan were the only nations England had failed to fool. France had given way a little on the Cobden Treaty, but France however was getting in all the material that she wanted in preparation for war, and was actually making game of England out of that treaty (hear, hear, and cheers). China was about one of the most misunderstood and misrepresented nations in the world. In 1840 the British exports to China amounted to one million sterling, and the imports from China were 30,000,000 lbs of tea and 500,000 bales of silk. This won't do, said England. Let us introduce Christianity and civilization among the heathen and supply them with opium boxes. He (Mr. Train) said the missionary ships in Yanketing and Shanghai, belonging to Dent, Jardine, and Lindley, and a lot of the muzzles with grape to smuggle the opium against the laws of China, as she introduced the munitions of war into Charleston and Wilmington during the civil war against the laws of America, and coolly insulted us by proposing to submit the claim to arbitration (hisses for England). The news would come over the water by the next steamer of instructions to the new minister, Mr. Fountain, to pay these Alabama claims on demand or square off for a stand-up fight (great enthusiasm). The people of Great Britain seemed to be somewhat at a loss to know what he (Mr. Train) wanted at this side of the water. He was more at a loss to know why the Critch Government after outraging his person and making a common murderer of him by putting him into a felon's cell, why, after doing all that, they dropped him like a hot potato (laughter and cheers). Suppose it should become known by and bye that he was in this country by personal arrangements with Wm. H. Seward, Secretary of State, and Andrew Johnson, President of the United States—two statesmen of a high order of mental calibre—suppose it should turn out he came here to settle