

THE BRITISH BASTLE.

THE MORTALITY OF NATIONS—"THE REVOLUTION" QUOTED IN EUROPE—A ST. PATRICK WANTED TO CLEAN OUT THE ROYAL CONTINENTAL REPUBLICS LIVING OFF THE BRITISH TREASURY—A BRIGHT FUTURE FOR AMERICA.

4 Courts Marshalsea, Dublin, }
April 17, 1868.

THE visit of the Prince of Wales is a fizzle. Newspapers all give stinky reports. Fireworks don't go off well, and the German Princesses don't take. A radical journal says:

In order to enhance in the estimation of the Irish people the honor they are receiving at the hands of the Prince, the Court papers take care to let Ireland know that H. R. H. will be accompanied by no less than three near relatives of the royal family—namely, the Princesses of Teck, Saxe-Weimar, and Leiningen—every one of them Germans, pensioned from, and quartered on, the hard-earned wages of the working classes of the United Kingdom! Surely such a compliment as this must at once convert the most rebellious Fenians into good, true, and loyal subjects of Queen Victoria.

Perhaps, however, it may be well to inform our Irish brethren that there is a vast number of cantankerous-minded people in this country who would not object if some sort of St. Patrick were to make his appearance in England, and deal with the Christians, the Tecks, the Saxe-Weimars, the Leiningens, and, in fact, the whole tribe of German "highnesses" and "serenities" that have coolly quartered themselves upon our pockets, in precisely the same way as St. Patrick did with the reptiles—getrid of them from amongst us.

First night, one grenadier killed and one wealthy deputy sentinel assassinated. Don't know what may occur next week; but I smell murder in the air. There is a low, grumbling sound of Revolution. Disraeli is the Robespierre undermining the monarchy. He will beat Bright and Gladstone from present appearances.

A PRESENT FROM NEW YORK.

Will you let me acknowledge through "THE REVOLUTION" a kind remembrance from over the sea?

NEW YORK, April 3, 1868.

G. F. TRAIN, Esq.—Dear Sir: Permit me to intrude upon your solitude with my sympathies and an India Rubber Pen. You may appreciate my sympathies but can hardly be benefited thereby, but the pen will be a solace in your confinement, and will render your literary efforts more of a pleasure than ever. This pen is an American invention, is rapidly growing into favor, and is endorsed by many eminent men. With great consideration,
Yours truly, JAS. W. GRAFF.

The fact of the pen being American makes it doubly valuable. Nothing but American pens should be used in America.

"THE REVOLUTION" CREATING A SENSATION.

The London Times says:

A large and brilliantly attended meeting in favor of conferring the franchise upon women was held on Tuesday night in Manchester. Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P.; Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P.; Mr. B. Whitworth, M.P.; Mr. Chisholm Anstey, and many other gentlemen connected with the Liberal party, were present. The speciality of the meeting, however, was the appearance, as speakers, of Mrs. Pochin, wife of the Mayor of Salford, and two other ladies. The resolutions proposed to the meeting were adopted.

The above indicates the way the wind blows. Three women on the stand—a Stanton, Anthony, and Brown stamping England. The Kansas campaign proves a contagion. Everybody quotes "THE REVOLUTION." It creates a sensation. Mill will get more than seventy-three votes in next Parliament. Here is another remarkable article from Reynold's London Newspaper, quoting extensively from "THE REVOLUTION." Educated Suffrage. That is the word. It was a happy thought. When members of Parliament and Mayor's wives enter the lists for woman,

when organizations are forming everywhere, just as Garrison, Tilton, Greeley, Phillips retire from the field, it shows that the editors of "THE REVOLUTION" have better intuitions than the Anti-Slavery Standard clique.

THE MORTALITY OF NATIONS.

There is more power in one paragraph from the *Mortality of Nations*, than in a dozen speeches of your milk and water supplies. Read:

And in the plenitude of our generosity, we even propose to extend the gift to woman also. It is proposed to make educated, cultivated, refined, loyal, tax-paying, government-obeying woman equal to the servants who groom her horses, and scour the pots and pans of her kitchen. Unfortunate beings, without property, and scarcely knowing the English tongue, or any other, are entreated to grant to women, the superior of all the queens of the old world, the right to co-operate with them in the affairs of State. Women here in New York worth thousands and hundreds of thousands in gold, and whose money is the meanest part of their real value in society, are humbly petitioning their coachmen, their footmen and gardeners, the discharged State-prison convicts, the idiots and lunatics, all of whom may and often do exercise the right of the ballot, to permit them also to share with them in making and executing the laws.

Our Maria Mitchell, our Harriet Hosmers, Harriet Beecher Stowes, Lydia Maria Childs, and Lucretia Motts, with millions of the mothers and matrons of quiet homes, where they preside with queenly dignity and grace, are begging of besotted, debauched white male citizens, legal voters, soaked in whiskey, slobbered in tobacco, and parboiled in every shameless vice and sin, to recognize them also as human, and graciously accord to them the rights of intelligent beings!—Parker Pillsbury's *Mortality of Nations*.

Thunder away. God and the right are with you. "THE REVOLUTION" was inaugurated just in time. Congratulations on your new and larger office. Is "THE REVOLUTION" under, over or all round the World in the new rooms of No. 37? You complain of my silence. I thought if I retired, that Horace, or Gerritt, or Wendell might enlist.

THE POLITICAL APOTHECARY SHOP IN WASHINGTON.

You say, come home. Why? What do I care about the White House, except for Reform? (to elevate, to ennoble man! What could I do in Washington? In jail I am content—a looker-on. Here I see most of the game. America will live in spite of the doctors.

The United States, young among the nations, the mother earth six thousand years old at their birth, wet-nursed by forty centuries of history, and schooled by all the experience of the ages, with almost half a globe for their inheritance, with Christianity their faith and Republicanism their form of government, they survived a precocious childhood and then fell a victim to their own vices and crimes. To-day they are in the hands of many physicians, though of doubtful reputation, who seem far less desirous to cure the patient than to divide and share the estate.—*Mortality of Nations*.

The whole affair is a swindle. Grant was to be thrown over. Stanton was to take the place of Adams. Seward was to talk war. Both governments were to play into each other's hands to sell out the Irish vote. But the machinery cannot work against Destiny. No one need worry on my account. I shall be on hand when my hour arrives. What other man in America would have had the moral courage to go through the insolvent court? There is one thing of which the country may feel assured; I am not afraid to show my hand and express my opinions in either land. Is there another candidate who dares do as much?

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

I see only sunshine in the future. All looks bright and happy. Our nation cannot be killed by the Washington apothecaries:

The past mortality must last among nations, so long as they set at naught the Divine economy and purpose

in their formation. The human body may yield to decay and die, though the soul be imperishable and eternal. But nations, like souls, need not die. Streams of new life flow into them, like rivers into the sea; and why should not the sea and the nations on its shores, roll on together with the ages?

When governments shall learn to lay their foundations in righteousness, with eternal justice the chief cornerstone; when equal and impartial liberty shall be the acknowledged birthright of all, then will national life begin to be prolonged; and the death of a nation, were it possible, should be as though more than a Pfefad had expired. No more would nation then lift up sword against nation; and the New Jerusalem would indeed descend from God out of heaven and dwell among men.—*Mortality of Nations*.

Good crops and happy friends will follow the Greenback age. The skulls of our people are very thick, but they are getting educated. "THE REVOLUTION" is a new channel. New thoughts, new ideas are flowing through the land. Open the gold mines of our educated countrywomen. Let them talk to the people, and the New Jerusalem is near at hand. Keep the Impeachment going two weeks more, and the people will howl with rage. Not one honest idea in the whole affair. Nothing but a sickening struggle for office. No matter how it turns, there is a grand future for my beautiful America.

Sincerely yours,

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

WOMAN'S WISHES FOR "THE REVOLUTION."—Every day we are in receipt of letters full of sentiments like the following. From San Francisco one woman writes:

It grieves my soul to find men who I thought had warm hearts for the cause of human progress, shrug their shoulders and say, "that is not my style." Short-sighted mortals, can't they see that the salvation of our country and the elevation of our people depend on this very movement, inaugurated by yourself, my dear Miss Anthony, and your associates? God bless you. F.

Another writing from St. Louis:

I like "THE REVOLUTION" very much; may God bless your efforts and make the paper what it seems likely to become, a power in the land for good. My hope and prayer have long been for the enfranchisement of woman, and now the day seems not far off.

BRITISH HUMANITY.—A plucker in London was recently attested for plucking feathers from living tows. He called another to testify in his behalf. The witness said that he disposed of five thousand fowls a week and be always "does them in that way." The fowls are plucked alive because they look fatter and plumper when offered for sale than plucked after death. The same paper says, not long ago arrests were made in London of people who were accustomed to skin cats alive. The fur kept its gloss, it was contended, when taken off in that way.

SMOKING IN STREET CARS.—Boston has prohibited the vulgar habit of smoking out the eyes and turning the healthy stomachs of passengers riding in the street cars with filthy tobacco. A half dozen rowdies on the front platform puffing like an engine at their cigars or pipes, are enough to keep all decent people from riding at all.

A "DELECTABLE MOUNTAIN."—Not far from Monadnock Mountain is the town of Roxbury, in Cheshire County, N. H., which has at present within its limits neither doctor, lawyer, clergyman, nor pauper. And for more than a year not a death has occurred in the town.