

took a rising vote on the question, and a large number of both men and women rose to their feet.

Yours, for universal freedom,  
MATTIE H. BRINKERHOFF.

### HEART-ACHING FACTS.

BRavo for Train!!! "Insane" did you say? "Yes, ma'am! as crazy on the woman question as a Bedlamite." That's what the matter is, is it? On the woman question! May the Lord send us more just such stark, staring mad men is the prayer of yours truly. When a man presents to the world an unanswerable problem—when he throws a bomb into the very midst of a fashionably rotten society, causing the foundations thereof to tumble, the indignantly detected howl out—"crazy" "fanatical" "monomaniacal." This is natural and to the point. Our pioneers have all been mad men and mad women, according to the popular verdict. Whoever from conscientious motives—love of humanity—desire to benefit their fellow-creatures, determined to walk outside of the beaten track—but were dubbed inconsistent and crazy! In this respect, then, very many of the first masculine minds in the country are becoming unhinged. Hurry up, gentlemen, we need more mad men of the Train stripe, more crazy men to put their hands in their pockets to help raise the down-trodden, and emancipate the millions of wretched women, whose bondage is quite as much of a curse to them, as that of the black slaves so recently unshackled. Come on, then! only have Mr. Train's method in your madness, and we will welcome a host of you.

Now for the "Facts" promised last week—Facts which, in gathering, have made my heart ache. It is one thing to sit in one's comfortable drawing room or library, and read newspaper accounts of suffering families, driven to destitution by rum, bad company or ill luck—but it is quite another when one visits these dens of misery and contemplates the appalling features face to face. A friend asks, "What's the use of harrowing up one's soul with the sight of so much destitution, when it is not in one's power to relieve it?" I will tell you all why. To place these Facts before the public, in order that they may fully comprehend the dire necessities of a part, and a very large part, too, of the inhabitants of New York and Brooklyn. Passing down Broadway, after a critical examination of garments made by the women of Gotham—their prices—and the cost of material, I met two young girls, each with a large bundle of work. Determined, now that I had put my shoulder to the wheel, to perfectly understand the complications of trade, I accosted them. "Girls, excuse me! but what sort of work have you there?"

"Shirts, ma'am," one of them replied respectfully. I then explained that it was from no motives of idle curiosity that I made these inquiries, and would they inform me how much they received for their labor?

"One dollar a dozen for check shirts ma'am, and fifty cents for drawers."

"How many can you make in a day?"

"Sometimes a dozen, but not often. There are a great many stitches in a dozen shirts."

"Is there nothing you can do to obtain better pay without working so hard?"

"Oh! no ma'am." They had tried, and some houses did not pay so well as that even. Thanking them, I immediately proceeded to the establishment where these shirts were given out.

Huge piles of the same checked stuff laid upon the counter, already for men's wear.

"Allow me to look at this kind of shirt. How much a dozen?" examining them with the skill of a connoisseur.

"Ten to twelve dollars, according to the size."

I was not able to get at the cost of the material per yard, but it was as coarse as a fabric could well be and hang together. Coming out, I met a poor half-starved looking girl, with a monstrous bundle, more than her little arms could carry, weeping bitterly.

"What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Oh!" said she sobbing, "I have all these shirts to take home, and the button-holes to work over again. You see, mother is sick-a-bed, and we needed the money so much that she made the button holes. I know they did not look very well, but hoped they wouldn't notice it. How can I go home to my mother and little sister?"

"Wait a bit," said I. "I will go the office and demand a part of your money."

"Not for the world," she replied, tremblingly, "they would never give me another shirt to make, and then, what should we do?"

I looked at the shivering girl, shivering with cold as well as distress, and wondered what a host of just such young girls would be tempted to do before the winter was out.

"Have you no money, dear?"

"Not a cent."

"Have you no father?"

"No, I hope not," was the decided reply. "He died in the hospital last winter, after ruining my mother, and making a cripple of my sister."

These were victims to a man's fiendishness. Another woman abused, dishonored, made an invalid for life. Oh! Father, what shall we do with all this? How rouse a slumbering community to the distress in their midst? How make women understand that the time has come for them to lay aside their silks and velvets, and go down to these abodes of wretchedness. Throw away Fiction, and come with me to "Facts." One dollar for making a dozen shirts! Think of it! and then draw your rich robes a little more closely around you, and declare, if you can, that "women have rights enough." Nine tenths of the misery I have witnessed can be traced to unhappy marriages, and the power custom and the laws of the land give a man to abuse his wife and family. You mothers, who purchase your little boys' suits from our fashionable clothing emporiums, paying all the way from sixteen to twenty-five dollars, know you that one dollar is considered a good price for the entire making, and as the material is *retailed*, from one dollar to fourteen shillings per yard, you can form some idea of the immense profit realized. If mothers would only consent to purchase the cloth for garments, and employ these poor girls who manufacture the same articles for the stores, to come to their houses, they would not only be able to give an equivalent for honest labor, but save money themselves. "Too much trouble," do you say. "Too much trouble!" to be the means of rescuing from prostitution and the grave even one suffering sister! Women of America! wake up! your lethargy is criminal! It is by your individual efforts that vice and its attendant horrors, must be frowned down. It is by your sympathy, courage, energy and determination that the goal must be reached. The wheel is a ponderous one, and how my soul longs for the first revolution. In the meantime, the weather

is growing cold. Chilly winds howl around. Winter is almost upon us! and as my work seems to lie among the destitute and down-trodden, how many will step forward and see that I have it in my power to temporarily relieve the misery I am thrown among? God send me some noble hearts.

ELEANOR KIRK.

### TO WOMEN WHO DO NOT WISH TO VOTE

WHY is it, my dear friends, that you are averse to possessing the ballot? Have you so little confidence in your virtue and firmness that you are afraid it will injure you? If so, why do you trust yourselves in crowded horse-cars where there are always more or less evil-minded men? Why do you go to the great mass-meetings, where you are crowded almost to suffocation, and wave your handkerchiefs, and join in the cheering? Why do you parade on Broadway to show yourselves and your fine clothes, making yourselves as conspicuous as possible by dressing in fashions uncomfortable and unbecoming, if you feel that you are too choice to assist in obtaining good rulers for our country? If you should go to the ballot-box, even if there was a crowd of rough people there, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you had an object in going there, and a most worthy object too; but when you go in other crowded places, you cannot boast of so good a reason for doing so. I cannot believe it is modesty that keeps you from joining with us on the subject of suffrage, for you go to balls and parties in "full dress," and waltz half the night perhaps, with a man who is likely a more dangerous companion than one in rough clothes and with rough speech. When I see you doing such things as these, I can't believe that modesty is the cause of your aversion to the ballot. Perhaps you think you are not capable, do not know enough. You must have a very poor opinion of yourselves, if you think the half-witted drunken man knows more than you do. He votes every year, sometimes for one party and sometimes for the other, always for the one who will pay him most. But if you do not know enough, do you suppose you could ever learn enough if you should really try? Perhaps you might. I advise you to try it, at least, if for nothing more than curiosity, of which women are said to have a large share. Perhaps you think you can't attend to it! can't spend time to vote, etc. You are, indeed, slaves, if that is the case, and something ought to be done immediately to liberate you. The men get time enough to vote! all classes or men, the farmer, the mechanic, the literary man, the business man, and even the editors. How hard and steadily you must have to work! something surely ought to be done for your relief. Can't leave home long enough to vote! I hardly believe you are so closely confined as that. I think if you will consider the matter, you will find there is plenty of time twice a year for you to leave your homes an hour or so. Think of it, at least, and see if you cannot arrange things so as to get a little time election days, for when we possess the ballot, as we shall shortly, we want you all to have your work "done up" so that you can use it. Perhaps you think women should not take part in politics. I don't believe you are competent enough to say that. No one is fit for a judge until he has made himself acquainted with the case he is to decide on. Therefore, perhaps it would be well for you to study the matter carefully, to acquaint your-

selves with the meaning and use of politics, and then you may be ready to tell us why women should not take part in the governing of their country. Look into this matter, I beg of you; study it carefully with a determination to understand it. Throw away all prejudice, as you must surely do in order to judge reasonably, and then if you say you have no right to the ballot, that men must make all the laws, and you must abide by them, that you are inferior and incapable, and have no business with politics, then we will listen to your objections with patience, but until then we cannot accept you as reasonable opponents. JULIA CROUCH.

WOMAN'S EQUALITY.

Editors of the Revolution :

In common with the majority of my own, and with at least a very respectable minority of the opposite sex, I have, hitherto, been unwilling to admit the entire social and political equality of woman, because I did not see then, as I do now, the absolute necessity of it, at least in this country. The train of reasoning, however, which led me to maintain views, almost diametrically opposite to those I held formerly, I have as yet not met among the argumentations in favor of Woman's Equality. Persuaded, nevertheless, that I am correct in my reasoning and conclusions, on this topic, you will pardon my obtruding them upon your notice.

There is an old saying: That no malady is ever endemic in any country for which Divine Providence has not provided a sufficient remedy in that country itself. There is, no doubt, much truth in that saying; and anything that may be urged against it may be charged to the ignorance of the so called "Regular Physicians," whose *Materia Medica* admits only that which comes *ex cathedra*, and who are taught to look with a pretending air of scientific contempt on what are termed Popular remedies. The truth of this is equally applicable to the social and moral endemic maladies of this country. One of them is Extravagance, twin sister to superficiality; and female extravagance, the mother of many endemic vices. Is it not true that Female Equality is the only remedy against female extravagance, and is it not an evident Providence that stired up the demand for Female Equality in this country which stands the most in need of it? Elsewhere society is classified, and from time immemorial, its distinct demarcations stood there as so many checks against the vice of extravagance. The genius of this country is intolerant to classifying its population. Money is here the social leveler, and hence is the supreme object of all. I am not disposed to complain against it. It is necessary, for our present transitional epoch of Materialism, the instrumentality which God is employing for the subversion of the tyranny of blood aristocracy and slavery. But the time must and will come, when the higher attainments of human nature, will be more appreciated and sought after, than they are now. But in the meantime, money is the rage, and principally for that which it can obtain, show, luxury, and standing in society: Any one who has been abroad in the world knows that the women of this country are the most extravagant of all the world. And as long as they are not allowed perfect equality with men, they have a right to be so. Where else shall the native force and peculiar nervous activity of the women of this country expand itself? Why should they not spend, may even

lavishly, the substance of those who deny them all human rights except that of being the pampered slaves of their luxury? Shall I blame that keen American young lady for dressing so showily and expensively? No! Her keenness finds this the only outlet. Shall I blame her for flirting with half a dozen, foppish thread, needles, and tape selling young clerks, and turning their empty heads crazy with her own charms, or with those she manufactured from the very materials they sold her? No! She has a right to fool the domineering fools who enslave her. Shall I blame her for not marrying from pure affection? Shall I blame her for calculating upon him who has, or can procure for her, the most of show and luxury? No! Her mother was so, and like begets like, and will do so indefinitely, unless a healthy reformation take place. As long as we do not earn money with our own hands and brains, we do not realize the labor of it, nor appreciate its true value, and only expend it thoughtlessly. Industry is the mother of frugality, and the only promoter of mental activity and moral elevation. Give women opportunities of filling those private and public offices, for which they are as well, and sometimes even better fitted than the other sex, and their extravagance will cease. They will soon find out, that the office or workshop is no place for silk robes, costly mantillas, shawls, etc. They will soon find out the greater pleasure of providing for one's self; and although they will then have less leisure, they will learn better to improve their minds, than they do now, with abundance of time for more novel reading. Let women be independent of the necessity of marrying for a mere home, and they will marry from affection and choice, and their children will be like them, and their children's children still better.

Again, as to the regulating of "The Social Evil," prostitution. This is always proportionately on the increase, where female extravagance, fostered by foolish parents and perverted social notions, prevent the frequency of marriage. Many a quack, particularly of the pristic sort, has offered a remedy against that evil. Many a one assigned the cause of it to seduction and treachery. But I am persuaded it is not so. In nine cases out of ten, the true cause was and is, the love of fineries and easy living, and the discouraging prospects of a woman seeking labor and finding it only at starving wages. We all know how little all the laudable efforts for the reformation of fallen women have availed, or indeed can avail. No! The Reformation must begin with the male sinner. Let him not monopolize all the avenues of decent livelihood, let him accord equality to woman, and she will soon cease to be extravagant and profligate in consequence. Grant Female Equality first, and then, and then only, will you, pseudo reformers, have a right to demand the reformation of the fallen woman. Give your own wives social and political equality with yourselves, and then, and then only, can you demand and expect that they will not be extravagant; and then too, will not that poor girl seek to ape your wives, at the horrid price of prostituting herself, perhaps to yourselves, or to your fellow-sinners.

I may be wrong, but till I am persuaded to the contrary, I must hold Female Equality as the only remedy against Female Extravagance and The Social Evil. Dr. E. L.—RH.

For eleven years, the papers say, Florence Nightingale has not left her room.

HOMES, AND HOW TO GET THEM.

CONGRESS passed an act in 1863 giving 160 acres of land to every head of a family who becomes an actual settler and makes application for it, under the homestead law, and pays the fees, which amount to about ten cents an acre, or \$10 for 160 acres of land. Also minors, who have served fourteen days in the army or navy of the United States, either regular or volunteer, during actual war, domestic or foreign, have the same right to enter a quarter section of land as have heads of families, by paying the fees. But how very few avail themselves of this opportunity to obtain a homestead under the Homestead law, which may be repealed at any time! But the people who need them do not try to obtain these homesteads.

Having in my business observed the danger of capitalists, in this country or in Europe, controlling all the best of these government lands, I have advertised the Homestead law quite extensively, and made an effort to assist poor people to avail themselves of it. But my experience is, that all such people act like children. They want you to pay their expenses out to the land, and hunt it up for them, and each one wants the best location, near a village, schools, churches, stores, and mills—not stopping to think that all these things have to be made by the homesteaders, because all the land near villages has already been taken up.

But it is a very easy thing to do. Any men or women in this country, in good health, who can work, can soon obtain a homestead of 160 acres of good land if they try, and this is the way to do it: viz., live on less than you earn. If you earn \$1 a day, live on 90 cents—that will be 10 cents saved each day, which will make, in 160 days, \$16, just enough to pay for a homestead of 160 acres, or 80 days will buy an 80 acre homestead, or 40 days will purchase a 40 acre homestead. This is better than to have the land given for nothing, because gifts are not often appreciated, and things that cost nothing are generally valued at nothing. Besides, it is very important to form the habit of saving a little, instead of spending more than our income, as many of us do. Saving brings happiness—spending brings misery.

Then let ten families combine, and select one to go forward and locate the ten homesteads, while the others are at work, earning more money to build their cabins with. Ten is enough. Ten can harmonize, twenty will quarrel. Small beginnings are the safest and best, and when the cabins are built, the land is worth double what it was before, and when a few acres on each farm have been improved, it is doubled in value again, and so on until it is worth \$100 an acre, or \$16,000. This can be accomplished more speedily in proportion as you abstain from the vulgarities of life. By abstinence from the use of alcoholic liquors—they are poisons to the blood, and the cause of nine-tenths of all the crimes committed in the land. Tobacco, which generally injures the health, swearing, which is forbidden by the commandments, and gambling, which ruins the gambler. Let them set up a high standard to start with. Aim high in religion; get the best, not sectarian or tintured with isms—that kind of religion which visits the widow and orphan in distress, and will keep you unspotted from the world. Religion is a good thing to keep in the house, to keep the devil out. Build a church, a good one, the best in the country, and have the best preacher, and the shortest sermons. Have the best school house and the best teacher, and remember that education lies at the foundation of a useful life. Have a co-operative store, and the best blacksmith, the best tailor and shoemaker, etc., etc. Never purchase away from home anything that you can manufacture at home. Keep out of debt—"owe no man anything," as the Bible says, and you will have no use for lawyers; they live on other people's quarrels and misfortunes.

Don't get excited, and work too much, and get sick. Be industrious and orderly. Do something every day. Eight hours' work with the hands, one hour with the head, and one hour for amusement in the evening, will keep you healthy, and you will not need a doctor. Have no tavern for loungers, but be hospitable. Let every house have a vacant room for the stranger, and let the visitor know he is welcome.

Put your houses 100 feet back from the road, and have flower gardens and trees in front. Have the best roads, and soon other people will be attracted to your village, you will have village lots for sale, and people will buy them, and give you \$100 for each, more or less, which is \$1,200 an acre, or \$192,000 for 160 acres, which cost only \$16. This can all be accomplished in one place as well as another, if people will only try to do it.

E. FRANKLIN CLARK.

1 Park Place, New York, Nov., 1868.