

colleague had deemed it his duty to make such inquiries," and he said that Congress had power over Grant for it had made him General. "The breath which made him General may unmake him to-morrow." What sort of time would the breath that made Cromwell General have had in unmaking him when his soldiers were shutting up the Houses of Parliament?

"YOUR TITLE"

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM ALFRED H. LOVE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

I AM in receipt of "THE REVOLUTION." I greet it; I give it welcome; its outside pleases me, and as soon as I can get inside, mean to do so, for I think it speaks the truth, and that is what this age demands. We shall go to Washington on the 30th inst., for a Peace Convention, to tell that little word—truth—right in the National Capital.

I love Revolution; and so I endorse your title. But I demand peaceable Revolution; brain and heart work, and that for a Revolution from bad to good. I send the call for our meeting, and if not inconsistent with rules or taste, shall be pleased to have it inserted; and if in turn I can do anything at that convention to further the interests of your paper or the cause we mutually approve, I shall do so cheerfully as opportunity is given.

I notice some of our friends' hold back from support of "THE REVOLUTION." I see a great, good, earnest spirit and purpose in your work, but ask time to examine contents.

The spirit of Mr. Love's whole letter shows a happy harmony between his name and nature. We, too, prefer moral and peaceful to any violent and sanguinary Revolution. O'Connell, the great Irish Liberator, used to say, "There never was a Revolution worth the shedding of a single drop of human blood." Still it is impossible but that offences will come in the form of bloody revolutions and rebellions, and the beauty and glory of the Peace Principle is to be tested in just such fiery ordeals. Our late fearful conflict at arms afforded a sublime opportunity to exhibit the divinity of the Spirit of Peace, which it is to be regretted was not wisely improved. Now that the battle of the bullet and sword is passed, let the Peace and Non-Resistance Societies come forth in their moral majesty and might. The Peace Convention in Washington on the 30th and 31st should be well attended and sustained. Its call is too late for our columns, but we shall cheerfully make note of its proceedings as far as our space will permit.

Geo. Francis Train on the Church.—What would become of a church composed entirely of males? What has saved the church of Rome from perishing? Read Macaulay's glowing picture of its wonderful age. 'Twas the idea of the Virgin Mary; the worshipping of a woman. The Catholics never forget their Lucretia Motts, their Miss Dixes, their woman reformers; they make their names immortal through all time by crowning them saints, and giving their saintly names to churches, universities and colleges. Reverence for woman, the mother of God, is the Catholic creed. Florence Nightingale, had she been a Catholic, would be a Saint Cecilia or Saint Agatha. One million of catholic women enfranchised would prevent another Know Nothing raid when Fanaticism comes uppermost again.

Revolution Progressing.—When Pacific Mail Steamers touch at California from Chinese Seas, and flash over the Rocky Mountains and under the Atlantic Ocean thirty days later news from eight hundred millions of Asiatics to four hundred millions of Europeans, what is it but Revolution?

VOTE MEN SOBER.

A LADY in a neighboring city, who avows herself an unconditional woman's rights woman, asks, "If the benign influence of woman is felt so much whenever she moves among men, why not that influence be felt at the polls, where it is so much needed?" And then she declares that if that priceless boon, the franchise, is conferred upon females, wonders will be accomplished. Hear her:

"Wouldn't we give the rum traffic its death blow at the very next election? Wouldn't we save the husbands and sons that are breaking the hearts of sisters, wives, and mothers all over the land, bringing them to sorrow and destitution? I will not say that the woman who would not gladly cast her ballot against the enormities of intemperance deserves to suffer, any more than that the slave who feels not his chains deserves to be a slave; but I do say, give us our woman's rights, and we'll redress our woman's wrongs."—*N. Y. Express.*

How long shall we patiently wait, bound hand and foot, on the banks of this river of death, to behold our sires and sons swept down the swift current to destruction? Yes, give woman the ballot and she will clean these Stygian pools of vice from their lowest depths, and galvanize these fallen men into a new life. How can our thinking men in power so blindly refuse woman a voice in the moral legislation of the nation? The temperance reform stands at a dead-lock to-day, for need of the religious earnestness and enthusiasm of woman expressed at the ballot-box. Let woman demand this right in thunder tones and she must be heard.

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY ON THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

"THE REVOLUTION" gladly greets the *Ladies' Repository*, a Boston literary journal of much merit, as a co-worker in the field of human progress, especially in the Department of Woman; how justly the following extracts from one of its articles for February will show. The criticisms on George Francis Train will, perhaps, correct themselves in due time. One pretty good man in old times "had a devil," so they said; was "mad," insane, or, as we say now-a-days, "a Bedlamite." But to the article:

The cause of woman is the cause of humanity. Men cannot afford to be unjust to women, and many of the wisest and best among them are already seeing this to be true. Others will follow, as the light falls upon their minds, hitherto occupied with other matters. Through thoughtlessness and ignorance of the great importance of the theme, many have failed to take that decided stand in favor of woman suffrage which loyalty to truth will, by and by, undoubtedly bring them to take.

"Let us hope," says one editor, "that her example may prove contagious, leading directly to the complete enfranchisement of the women of Great Britain and those of America."

The throne of Victoria did not totter when that vote of her sister-woman was cast; and who dare say, in the face of high heaven, and in Republican America, that Lily Maxwell had not as much right to take a part in the government of her country as the crowned representative of the nation!

It is very true, as some one has pithily said, that "many people have not the independence to stand up for their honest convictions, if they are not popular." And we would add, "these are the most crouching kind of cowards."

But the woman-suffrage movement is becoming popular. Every week, almost, we hear good, and true, and wise men and women declare themselves in favor of it, who had not before spoken in its behalf. The papers, too, are fast ranging themselves on the right side. The tone of the *Star in the West* is good when it says:

"Rev. Olympia Brown has embodied her recent experiences in Kansas in a Lyceum lecture. Let her be invited to deliver it 'out West.' We need strong words."

Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony have started a new paper, advocating their pet reform—called "THE REVOLUTION." We deem it proper to refer to their connection with one of whom we know nothing personally, but, judging from what we hear, cannot heartily welcome as

an ally in this great cause, since he is thought, by those who ought to know, to be no honor to it, or real help to its advocates. This is what Mrs. Livermore says, in the *Chicago New Observer*, concerning Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony:

"But what evil genius linked them to George Francis Train? He was announced to speak with them on the same platform, and he really did have the lion's share of the evening. No Bedlamite ever raved on more incoherently or senselessly, and all the while not about Woman Suffrage, but about himself. Such offensive egotism, such unmeaning nonsense, it is not often one's misfortune to hear."

ENGLISH GLOBERIZATION OF IGNORANCE.—At the recent annual dinner of the Shropshire Chamber of Agriculture, held at Shrewsbury, Mr. Henry Smith, in reply to the principal toast of the evening, took occasion to touch upon compulsory education, and thereupon observed that farmers did not want to have their plow boys and farm laborers taught to read and write; they did very well as they were, and if they were sent to school they might have them turning round upon them—the farmers—"like the trade unionists or the Manchester Fenians." Mr. Smith's remarks were boisterously cheered by an assemblage of upward of three hundred farmers.

The above is from the *N. Y. Com. Advertiser*, and is another argument for Educated Suffrage in our nation, that is absorbing tributes from all the peoples of the earth.

DURING the Dark Ages, the University at Bologna was the most prosperous oasis of learning in that vast desert of ignorance, spreading the light of knowledge throughout all Europe. Among the professors of this distinguished institution were three women, Laura Bassi who lectured on physics, Clotilda Tambroni who taught Greek, and a professor of the Canon law. Many of the present day would think woman-kind degraded if a woman were to accept a professorship in Harvard or Yale. The Present is often darker than the Past.

VOICES OF THE PEOPLE

ALL HAIL! to you, to the inspiration, and to the cause you advocate. The *N. Y. Independent* announces you as Editors of "THE REVOLUTION," sparing the word "Damnation" from its columns long enough for one to look at it, and then with a fearful rebound it rushes back to its own columns foaming with lava of the nether tropics, under the signatures of a half dozen, or more, of Calvinistic gentlemen, who only wait for the old fashion to come round to burn dissenters and hang witches. If religious dogmatism is ignored by that paper, why are those dogmas so strenuously insisted upon by Dr. Spear and so many others? At this crisis of the moral world, when on every hand immediate, thorough action is demanded for God and humanity, is it aught else than madness for a man, after clothing himself in the livery of Heaven, to leave this vast and glorious work, which needs every unparalyzed shoulder at the wheel, to pass by with their manuscripts to the *Independent* office, that through those religious types the proof that there is a "personal devil" may be made to appear? Those who had a thirty years' experience in the anti-slavery struggle preceding the last war, need no proof of the existence of devils; but that one hooved and horned monster could have waged such a war for the extermination of Garrison and the crushing of God's truth is preposterous to suppose. No other than an omnipresent, "personal devil" could have done that amount of work at one and the same time. The grand and stupendous work that paved the way for the final blow, which untried chained humanity, was done by those whom God had to raise up outside of Synagogues. And yet the cloth would fain have thrown it all upon divine vengeance to accomplish.

While the country is all aglow over the elective franchise for the black man, woman yet feels the galling chain of slavery, and her heart's blood oozing out drop by drop, until life to her is often an unmitigated curse. The lash, though not applied to the flesh scorches the heart and rends the soul. I only speak for one. How many such cases there are God knows better than you or I. No doubt there are very many more than we imagine.