

and who says when his down-trodden, waiting wife pleads "don't go out to-night, the baby is ailing," "now, Madame"—very pompously, with the familiar bescon light glowing redder on his nose—"you can't come any of your "Woman's Rights" over me! I didn't marry to stay home and nurse the baby. I'm going out to a mass-meeting, (or the Lodge, as it may be)—the country needs my services!" They are the men, Sarah Jane, who are so dreadfully afraid the dawn of our day will make housewives of them. "Housewives, indeed! Show me a woman who wants a pantalooned specimen Betty-ing around her kitchen, scalding himself and everybody else within reaching distance, smashing all the dishes and his own fingers, seasoning every dish he manages to cook with a "blue streak" of profanity, and finally poisoning the whole household by some blundering mistake! No, I thank you, sir, we don't wish you to have a finger in any pie of our eating. And as for taking care of the baby, heaven forbid! What mother, with child-love burning in her bosom, would leave him such a precious charge in her absence? Wouldn't she find its dear little back or nose broken when she returned? Wouldn't she find its "soothing syrup" strengthened with whiskey to "soothe" the stomach-ache, when all the time a horrid pin had, by the stupid man's attempts at amusement, been forced an inch or more into its delicate little body? Wouldn't she find the nursery fire out, the baby without any blanket, the windows and doors wide open to "air the room," probably from vile tobacco smoke, and the child with a lung fever the next morning? Certainly she would; and knowing all this, a woman's vote will never make a house-wife of the "stronger sex."

You say, Sarah Jane, that another effective web is the oft-quoted "inspiration" of St. Paul. True enough, I often hear in these latter days the words of the ancient bachelor repeated as a sort of ghostly warning against Woman's Rights, and I suggest to some unemployed sister that researches be made into the dim past concerning Paul's antecedents. I'll miss my Yankee guess if some fair maid didn't coquette with him, thereby turning sour his "milk of human kindness" against the whole poor sex. Heaven knows, if such be the case, he has had *quantum sufficit* of revenge by this time, and the women of the nineteenth century should cease to suffer for their fair ancestor's wrong-doing. But we will await, researches, Sarah Jane, and pray that but few "poor flies" may be caught in that trap meanwhile.

Then you wonder, my dear, at the distrust, trembling, and hesitation of so many of our sex, particularly the married ones, at the thought of joining our ranks. Why should you, Sarah Jane? Are we not all stepping into the dark, with only our *faith* of coming out into a better land, to guide us? And as for these little matronly birdlings, sitting so snugly and safely in their warmed nests, who blame them for hiding, frightened by our great flaming hand-bills of "Rights" calling for energy and action. Don't you remember, Sarah Jane, when we were children, how we thought the great colored hand-bills some hand surreptitiously pasted on our garden fence did dreadfully mar its fair proportions? But then, you know, a nice old man came by, and stopped to convince us that these hideous things might make some poor struggling fellow-creature's fortune, by attracting passing attention. If we could not assist we could at least look kindly on these worthy efforts—the hand-bills—and even sacrifice our sense of the artistic by letting them remain on our fence. Can you apply this lesson of our childhood, Sarah Jane?

There are so many, alas of our sex who, wrapped by tender hands in the elder-down of existence, fail to appreciate the struggles of thousands for a little corner of shelter and warmth!

To be plain, my dear, what have the selfish, wealthy few to do with Woman's Rights except, perhaps, a desire for intellectual thrones, and if deserted they will not fail to secure those in these days. No, we clamor for women who have no hand to provide life's comforts, who strive from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof "to make daily bread" for themselves and the helpless ones dependent upon them. We want our rights that we may redress our wrongs. Not that the reins may fall from the strong hands of the other sex, but that they may justly allow us our own teams to drive when the one-sided driving of theirs is about to upset us in the dirt and mire of humanity's tribulation.

Shame on the unchivalric men who keep the "lion's share" when women suffer!

Shame on the heartless men who lead their trusting sisters adown gilded ways to perdition's pit, and cry "bold! unwomanly!" when their feeble moans come up for help!

Shame on the men who watch idly the whole effort of brave women as they strive to lift their weaker, trilled

sisterhood, and instead of rushing to the rescue with inspiring cry, sneer scornfully at the good work!

Shame on them! not all men, Sarah Jane. There are those so true to humanity in its better part, that they leave the whole huge lump of mankind. Therefore, I say, forgive, but cease not your endeavors to redress woman's wrongs; cease not to work for Woman's Rights.

M. LE BARDEN.

LETTER FROM ARKANSAS.

ARRADELPHIA, Ark., March 5, 1868.

SUSAN E. ANTHONY—Dear Friend: With a sad heart but an approving conscience, I will give you some information relative to the action of our Constitutional Convention on the franchise question.

The new Constitution—a copy of which I send you—makes no difference between men, on account of race or color, and contains other excellences; but, alas! it fails to guarantee to woman her God-given and well-earned rights of civil and political equality.

I made a motion to insert in the Constitution a section to read thus: "All citizens twenty-one years of age, who can read and write the English language, shall be eligible to the elective franchise, and be entitled to equal political, and legal rights and privileges." The motion was seconded, and I had the floor, but the House became so clamorous that the President could not restore order, and the meeting adjourned with the understanding that I would occupy the floor next morning. But next morning, just as I was about to commence my speech, some of the members tried to "bully" me out of the right to speak on that question. I replied that I had been robbed, shot, and imprisoned for advocating the rights of the slaves, and that I would then and there speak in favor of the rights of the women if I had to fight for the right! I then proceeded to present arguments of which I am not ashamed. I was met with ridicule, sarcasm, and insult. My ablest opponent, a lawyer, acknowledged in his reply that he could not meet my scientific argument. The motion was voted on to "the table."

My speech, with all the speeches made during the entire session of our Convention, with all the acts thereof, will soon be published, a copy of which I will send you as soon as it is ready.

The democrats are my enemies because I assisted in emancipating the slaves. The republicans have now become my opponents, because I have made an effort to confer on the women their rights. And even the women themselves fail to sympathize with me.

Very respectfully, MILES L. LANGLET.

LIBERTY, NOT BONDS NOR BANDS.

TO CHURCH MEMBERS ONLY.

MANY appeals have been made in regard to tight lacing, and yet there is but little reform. The only course left is to urge the abandonment of corsets as a Christian duty. It is a shame for intelligent and religious mothers to allow their daughters to persevere in this habit. Does any one dream of the consequences to follow this practice? In the family and lecture room we are taught the sin of injuring our health. One of the first things we hear in the Sunday schools is about the poor heathen who are sacrificed. We almost shudder at the horrid recitals respecting the devotion of these heathen worshippers. Yet, who ever says a word about the millions of beautiful and accomplished girls that are perpetually offered a living sacrifice to the goddess of fashion? Who are the greatest sinners, the poor, uneducated savages, or our women of the nineteenth century—a period marked by improvements in so many departments? Do mothers have any conception of the suffering caused by corsets? From the mother the daughter derives her first, and they ought to be her best ideas. Is it consistent with the Christian character to tenderly care for a girl until she is twelve years old, and then commence a systematic course of torture which in a few years unfits her for any useful occupation? Mothers say they bring their girls up by the light of the gospel, yet they are without the moral courage to send them into society dressed in a manner suited to develop their best powers. Christ came to give liberty, not bonds. These refined women fancy they are modest; their souls shrink at the thought of being "strong-minded!" Yet they do not hesitate to weaken themselves, and leave their children to bear a portion of their punishment. Can a Christian mother conscientiously stand beside her dying girl, and say, "Thy will be done on earth as in heaven." The

daughter is made in God's image, beautiful to behold, and not intended thus to be sacrificed. We are pointed exultingly to the old maids, and to the so-called strong-minded women, who are tired of fashionable slavery. Is it right to use rum because ministers and deacons once encouraged it? Is slavery right because infidels first discovered its wrong? Is it right for women to deform themselves because the whole evangelical church by silence, approve? Of course the mother asserts that her daughter was delicate from a child, and the daughter insists that her corsets are loose.

RALPHREUS.

LETTER FROM MONTREAL.

MARCH 3, 1868.

Editors of The Revolution:

In a lecture delivered at the Mechanic's Hall, in this city, on last Friday evening, the Hon. Thomas Darcy McGee, while speaking of the "New Nation and the Old Empire," expressed his opinion on Female Suffrage. The occasion, the subject, the immense audience, the brilliant reputation of the orator who had just risen from a bed of sickness, all conspired to render the remarks of the speaker of more than usual importance; but he treated that portion of his subject in a way which showed that he had never given any time to its consideration. He merely used it to fill up a blank, to turn a pretty period, to excite the laughter of his auditory by making a mock apology for a presumed ungallantry in not including the ladies in voting privileges, and dismissed the question by saying "Christian civilization itself should perish before the women of a nation can be called upon to exercise publicly the conflicting franchises of political power. Such is my own conviction, and I believe it to be that also of British America." With the last sentence especially, I for one wish to assert my strong disapproval and I am sure Mr. McGee, if he takes the trouble to inquire, not only among his countrywomen but among his countrymen, will find that his statement is not so generally supported and his views so heartily concurred in. I need not attempt to controvert the statements of Mr. McGee. The same objections have been frequently refuted by abler advocates and it is my intention only to furnish an index of the state of Canadian feeling on this, the greatest question of the age, and which is so ably advocated in the pages of "THE REVOLUTION." The Dominion Parliament meets on the 12th at Ottawa. I have an invitation to spend a short time there, when I will ascertain in a quiet way and will give you the opinions of the assembled wisdom on this question.

C. D. B.

SOMETHING ABOUT SUFFRAGE.

MUCH has been said and written upon the question whether suffrage is a natural right.

The subject is by no means exhausted, and although I have very decided opinions concerning it, I do not propose to discuss them here. What qualities are necessary to citizenship and what rights inhere in the citizen, irrespective of sex, are fundamental questions which should first be settled upon broad and comprehensive principles deduced from a careful survey of the whole subject of government.

However, waiving that branch of the argument for the present, I wish simply to state the fact that, whether it be an inherent or a legal right, the injustice to women under existing suffrage laws is the same.

If suffrage is a natural right, how do sons inherit that which daughters do not, or how can mothers transmit to their sons that which they themselves do not possess? All children born in the South, of free fathers, did not inherit freedom, but followed the condition of the slave mother, and their consanguineal brothers could buy and sell them or tie them to the whipping-post. The power which controlled such conditions was a species of the same tyranny which withholds from women the elective franchise—that of might over right. If it be a legal and conditional right, so much the more shame to our law-makers, and so much greater the indignity put upon women, for they are told practically at every election that they are beneath the chiffonier who rakes their garbage-boxes. The law on that day places the gibbering, degraded, and mayhap criminal outcast of all nations on a level with our best man, and permits—nay, urges them to make laws and elect officers to govern our refined and intellectual women. Matters not how heavy the pressure under which they reel to the polls. Pantaloon on that day are at a premium; their importance for twelve consecutive hours towers heaven high over mental capacity, intellectual and administra-