

taxation should go together. These women pay taxes, and are not represented. We say that where a person is at the head of a household, maintaining it by his industry, paying his way—including rates and taxes—a proof of political ability is afforded which justifies the state in bestowing upon him the franchise. These women do all this in the face of many social disadvantages, overcoming difficulties which men have not to encounter, and therefore giving, case for case, even higher proof of political capacity; yet we set aside our theory, and stultify our arguments rather than permit them to vote. It will be said that they are virtually represented by the other sex. This theory of virtual representation was urged till last year as a reason for withholding the franchise from working men, and we know how it is dealt with. We can understand how the theory of virtual representation can be applied to married women, who, if the reports of election committees tell the truth, often enjoy the lion's share in disposing of their husband's vote; but it is a mere figure of speech to talk of the virtual representation of women who are themselves the heads of households, and who rank as separate units in the state. As regards them, our present system is one of sheer usurpation and injustice, and is capable of no vindication except on grounds which lie outside of the domain of politics. It will be said perhaps that the interests of all the women in the realm will be sufficiently cared for by securing the interests of all the men. Is this true? So far from being true, it is notorious that on many questions, including heirship, settlements, marriage, divorce, the guardianship of children, and last, though not least, education, the interests of the two sexes are not, or at least have not been treated as if they were, identical. These questions are dealt with by Parliament; is it not right that women should be allowed some voice in selecting the men who are to make laws affecting on so many points their dearest interests as members of society? Traced to the bottom, all reasoning adverse to the political claims of women to be heard on such subjects rests on theories not distinguishable in principle from those which have held rule for ages in the mountains of Circassia, in the slave markets of Constantinople, and on the plantations of the Southern States of America. We fear it would not be too extreme to speak of "emancipation" in connection with the condition of women over a very large extent of English society. In the innumerable cases to which we refer, the remedy is not to be found in acts of Parliament. The first step is education; but, in addition to this, and beyond it, lies the development of feminine character in its social and political relations. If the households of the land are to produce good citizens for the next generation, it is desirable that wives and mothers should know what citizenship means, and they cannot know this without becoming qualified to feel an interest in public questions. It is easy to speak of the frivolity of women, of the concentration of their thoughts on petty cares and small ambitions; they are what society has made them. We believe that it would be an incalculable gain to the nation if women were trained from childhood to look beyond the narrow routine of domestic life, and to comprehend within the range of their sympathies the great secular and religious movements of the world. Let no curmudgeon of a husband fancy that the distaff will be neglected, or that his supremacy will be in danger. If his rule is worth anything it will succeed best with enlightened subjects.

WHAT THE PRESS THINKS OF US.

From the Kansas Patriot.

THE PAPER FOR THE TIMES.—We are gratified to find on our table Susan B. Anthony's new paper, "THE REVOLUTION." Its leading object and idea is the enfranchisement of women, though it advocates everything of a progressive character. It endorses Geo. Francis Train's greenback theory, and claims to be the organ of the "National Party of New America." Its motto is "Principle, not Policy; Individual Rights and Responsibilities." The typography of the paper is unexceptionable and the reading matter is racy, bold, entertaining, able and instructive. It is printed in book form, sixteen pages to the number. A volume of it will make a valuable book for the friends of impartial suffrage to possess. It will be a rich storehouse from which to glean facts, figures and statistics to make and clinch suffrage arguments. We wish every friend of impartial suffrage in Kansas would subscribe for the paper and preserve the numbers. It will prove to be a valuable aid to the cause when the question of enfranchising our disenfranchised classes is again brought before the people—as it certainly will be at no distant day.

The Patriot is edited by L. S. Prouty, of Burlington, Kansas, one of the noble workers in our cause, who led off in one of the most splendid conventions we had in all Kansas—two thousand people, with a band of music, in a beautiful grove, a warm, pleasant day in October. It was an occasion never to be forgotten.

From the Manhattan Independent.

"THE REVOLUTION."—We have received two copies of the above named paper, and we hail its advent with joy. It is the pioneer in a great work—nothing less than a radical revolution in, at least, our own political and social life. It begins this great work in an able manner, and with vastly greater promise of speedy success than the pioneer of the revolution against slavery began less than forty years since.

"THE REVOLUTION" is edited with rare ability, and is filled with burning thoughts upon the living issues of the present hour, those that are to enter the great conflicts of the near future. We urge upon our readers the importance of being well posted in regard to these matters. And to this end we urge them to subscribe for "THE REVOLUTION." One hundred copies, at least, should be taken at this office.

We had the pleasure of meeting the noble brothers, Messrs. Pillsbury, who publish this paper, and staying under their hospitable roof in Kansas. We met no truer, nobler men than they in all our travels. We shall long remember our pleasant visit in Manhattan, and the men and women we met there. We hope Judge Humphrey and Senator Green read "THE REVOLUTION." We shall never forget the dash and daring of Mrs. Humphrey, her equestrian skill in driving over the prairies that dark, rainy night we left Manhattan, nor her strong faith in the good time coming. With so many able men as we met all through that state, why does Kansas make so poor a figure in Washington?

From the Ladies' Repository.

We have received the new paper, called "THE REVOLUTION," published in the interests of the Woman Suffrage movement. It has for its editors two well-known and able writers, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Parker Pillsbury. Its financial agent is a woman of rare business capacity—Miss Susan B. Anthony—and we are glad to have a woman in that position. We hope the enterprise will secure the success which the unquestioned talent of its editors, and the indomitable perseverance of its publisher, deserve.

Thank you, dear lady; may we find you in our company as we travel through the land, both doing our best to exalt the standard of American womanhood, and increase the circulation of one another. We have seen your pleasant face often in our travels through different parts of the country.

From the Ambassador.

William Lloyd Garrison writes "THE REVOLUTION"—the new organ of Female Suffrage—a faithful letter in regard to its sad mistake in accepting as an ally one of the most notorious mountebanks of the day. It is often said that neither sex can readily see the character of the other; that men are imposed upon by women whom all women would at once see in their true light; that women are often imposed upon by men whom all men see through at a glance. It cannot be that twenty intelligent men in the community fail to see, what all good men see to deplore, that the worthy and accomplished women who control "THE REVOLUTION" have made a sad mistake in making their paper a mouthpiece for that buffoon—George Francis Train. In time, Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will learn that in his scathing letter Mr. Garrison has been their friend.

We consider the man who advocates our cause now, when we need help, who has spoken for us through nine states in the union, helped us to establish a paper, and is now advertising it the world over, more valuable to us than those who give advice and do nothing. It would have been a sadder mistake if we had chosen to have had neither Train or "THE REVOLUTION" to spread our opinions, and thus been without a mouthpiece.

The American Presbyterian says "THE REVOLUTION," Miss Anthony's new paper, smacks too strongly of "Train oil." It wisely adds: "That embodiment and exaggeration of all our national weaknesses and follies had better be left at rest."

A free use of oil is necessary to safe revolution of all kinds of machinery, and we who watch the motion of our wheels find we have none too much. We are using "Train oil" just now because that is cheaper than any other, even though we import it at our own expense. If Train is the embodiment of all our national weaknesses and follies, we wonder Victoria did not put him in the British Museum instead of prison. Perhaps she thinks there is "method in his madness."

TEMPERANCE

BY J. P. ROOT, M.D.

INTEMPERANCE is a passion, an appetite, a habit, a stimulation; in its effects upon society, a stream with a multiplicity of sources, little springs, brooklets, rivulets, creeks, all finally losing themselves in one vast swollen river, surging through the land, carrying on its turbid bosom the wrecks of homes and hearts. Who can stop its mighty flow? who can stem its awful current? who can dry its fiery billows? On its seething, foaming, maddening, onward wildly rushing waste of elements, tormenting thick, are strewn the corpses of our dear ones, the mangled, bleeding forms we loved—ah! still are loving as no other hearts can know; and while our hands wring in anguish and our hearts are wrung with deeper woes—while our eyes are blinded with their weeping, and our voices hoarse with crying for some rescuing help to draw the drifting shoreward, they onward move. Oh! God! will this be ever so? Is my picture truthful? No! Its shades are light, too light for truth, for who can paint the soul's agony? Can pen or pencil sketch a mother's love? Can canvas show a loving wife's endearing heart-throbs? Can you show me the portrait of a blasted hope? Who can even miniature a withering, burning shame? Ah! whose but God's all-seeing eye has seen, in all its baggard, tattered, shattered, horrid, drivelling deformity a drunkard's remorse? Dante's hell, where damned souls in molten steel do writhe, but faintly pictures horror compared with those of mortals with rum's fatal delirium tossed. Such is intemperance, such the legitimate results of stimulation. Now for the remedy. Physicians use palliative and radical remedies. The former are intended to smooth over, to guide along without much disturbance, usually easy to give, generally easy to take. The latter strike at the root of the malady and exterminate the disease. Thus far we have been using palliatives. Let us henceforth make clean, radical work. We have been fighting the monster intemperance at the wrong end. We have been standing along this mighty stream, hoping and praying on its banks and vainly endeavoring to save the drowning victims engulfed therein, all the time forgetting that while we were working with life-boats, throwing poles and ropes in our efforts to rescue our lost ones, that at the other end of the stream thousands by tens and hundreds were sporting, sipping, drinking, and plunging into the little springs, brooklets, and rivulets which go to make up the devouring flood, forgetting that no mortal yet ever entered the final river without first wading in the shallow places near the supposed harmless springs.

A million of people to-day are standing on the banks of the swollen flood, far beyond where all the small streams have emptied, and with various devices, such as prohibitory laws, humane and benevolent associations, secret and open organizations, moral suasion, and a thousand and one operations dictated by kind hearts and willing hands, endeavoring to save from their terrible condition their fellow mortals; while along most of the small inlets, into which every individual must enter before reaching the dark river, only here and there you behold a beckoning hand or hear a warning voice. And in this connection a striking feature is noticeable, to wit: that those few lone ones who, with earnest wish and sching, longing heart would prevent the entrance to the springs and small streams, and thus by their radical remedies avoid the influx of the destroying element, and thereby completely exterminate the evil, are loudest derided as impracticable fanatics!

Where are these springs found? Listen, earnest, honest heart, and I will tell you, and if you will earnestly and honestly investigate my theories you will agree with

me. These poisonous springs are bubbling up in the home circle of almost every family in the land; first in the nursery, second at the table, third in the home surroundings of every neighborhood. In a large majority of cases the young immortal has hardly opened his or her wondering eyes in the new world, before, in their helplessness and partly, with nature craving only nature's aliment, they must be dosed by some kind though ignorant nurse or heedless, stupid quack, with some stimulating nostrum or tea; and thus the first seed is sown. Here at the very threshold of life is the beginning of one stream which empties into the black current we behold with horror. A little further along comes in stronger tea, coffee, condiments, and highly seasoned food at table, tobacco in smoke and "oud," the long list of wines, beers, ciders, opium in its various forms, hooch, rum, gin, whiskey, brandy, etc., etc., a long list too numerous to mention, commencing with the milder stimulants and ending with the stronger. The stomach most needs be educated. The a, b, c, must first be learned. The child must creep ere it runs, and when once on the road there is no trouble in continuing; the difficulty is to stop. Mild teas and coffees, with milk and sugar to disguise the taste, prepare the way for stronger. When once the stomach has learned to use stimulants, it matters not what name they go by, it craves more; the appetite once formed, must be fed by something stronger; the same stimulation soon wears out and an addition must be made. The nursery intemperance gives place to the table stimulation; the teas and coffees for tobacco, cider, beer, wine, etc.; these prepare the way for brandy, rum, gin, and whiskey straight, winding up with a drunkard's glass. The old toper's stomach craves and receives a full glass of brandy, rum, or whiskey, and only cries for more. The same amount taken by the novice would either have been instantly rejected by the uncalloused stomach, or almost as instantly have produced the death of the victim, it acting as a powerful and active poison. Thus it is with almost any other poison. For instance, arsenic can be taken in small quantities and gradually increased until powerful doses can be retained in the stomach. Thus also with the various preparations of opium. But the objector says: I have used tea and coffee for many years and do not use tobacco. Another: I have used tea, coffee and tobacco, both chewed and smoked, for these many years, and yet do not use beer, wine, cider, etc. Another: I have used tea, coffee, beer, wine, cider, tobacco, etc., and yet have not tasted rum, gin, brandy or whiskey. Another: I have used opium in various forms, and mild stimulants such as tea, coffee, etc., yet I have never been drunk with any strong alcoholic drinks. This proves only that some may go a certain distance in a dangerous road, and by force of their surroundings be restrained from going further, but does not prove my position false. No man has ever died a drunkard without first having been a moderate drinker; no man was ever a moderate drinker without having been previously tempted to stronger stimulation by using some weaker one. The second step was never taken in any direction until the first. *Prevent the milder stimulation and no one can have an appetite for the stronger, and if the appetite is never formed it will never show itself.* If there are no springs there will be no small streams, and no large river can be made without tributaries. The springs we can destroy, the river is beyond the control of all the influences the ingenuity of man can invent. What is our duty then? The stomach of a human being needs only proper aliment to nourish the man. This should be plain, nutritious food, with the most beautiful solvent ever made, viz: water! God's own pure, sparkling water. What a simple thing it is "to live and thrive and grow."

Man requires to sustain his physical economy simply that such material as may be found in him in a healthy, normal state, be added as fast as new growth is needed or it becomes necessary to put new material in place of that which is worn out. Can either pure or adulterated brandy, gin, rum or whiskey, or any other intoxicant, be found in the human system by the closest chemical analysis?

How long would it take to discover either, tea, coffee, tobacco, cider, beer, wine or any similar outside enemy in the pure blood of a perfectly healthy person? None of these foreign emissaries can be found; therefore none of them are needed, and we have no business with useless and dangerous strangers in the innermost sanctuary of our bodies. Keep them all out, no matter how smiling they look. Their mission—the mildest of them—is to steal and destroy. Don't let even the fashionably dressed one enter; he will watch his opportunity to open the door for others, and as they grow numerous they grow strong and insolent, and the original master grows correspondingly weak and cowardly, until they have complete control and lead the poor unfortunate

whithersoever they will, regardless of all threats or entreaties, driving here and there until a fitting terminus is found in the drunkard's tomb! You ask, can none be saved after once they have started on this wretched way? I say yes. But there is but one sure, safe course to reform; come instantly back to the starting point. Put the fire all out. There is no use attempting to smother it with blankets and at the same time keep feeding the smouldering, flickering flame with mild, inflammable agents; go at once back to plain diet—best of all, plenty of wholesome vegetables and fruit with milk and water for solvents. The remedy will not be hard, and the cure is speedy and certain. No tea, no coffee, no smoking, no chewing; come at once to the first principles. Booh! I hear some old temperance lecturer say, with a cigar in his mouth or a filthy quid in his teeth. All nonsense! I hear a ghostly or slovenly divine cry out, whose mouth is tainted, even to a yellow ooze between his lips, with "the weed," and whose hand trembles with a nervous twitch, as the result of tobacco, coffee and tea. To all such, let me say, and they may feel that my finger is pointed directly at them, and I mean them, that when men practice what they preach the world will be the wiser for their preaching; but so long as men preach one thing and practice another, so long the world will hear and heed the voice of the Great Teacher, who fed upon a pure earthy as well as heavenly diet, and therefore all his physical as well as mental and spiritual emanations were pure, and who when on earth said: *see unto you hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and platter, but within ye are full of all uncleanness!*

Fathers and mothers of America! would you have your children rise up and call you blessed? Give them water to drink and they will live to bless you to the latest day of their lives. Let no stimulant taint their pure bodies, and heaven will be the home of their pure souls, and anthems of praise will they sing to God in your names, while age after age of eternity rolls.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

LONDON, February 3, 1868.

At last, then, we arrive at a journal bold enough to write for, and to advocate complete, therefore real liberty. There is ample room in England for a like venture. The title is a bold and a noble one. Josiah Warren has written that "Revolution has succeeded Revolution—change has succeeded change—age has succeeded age in struggles for liberty! Liberty has been the battle-cry and liberty the last sound that hung on the dying martyr's lips; yet liberty is still but a sound, it refers to no condition in civilized life, it has no archetype in society; but, like sweet music in the dead of night, it bursts upon the ear and enchants the soul only to die away, leaving us nothing but the memory of a departed sound."

I take it to be the task of "THE REVOLUTION" to take up the echoes of liberty until they ring forth their perfect sounds so loud, so clear that each and all shall hear. Then the task will have been accomplished, all men and women will be clasped close in the embrace of true, perfect and divinely-intended freedom.

The English press have professed to be either shocked or amused at the little paper, yet they have not hesitated to copy largely, more particularly the conversation between Miss Susan B. Anthony and George Francis Train upon that lady's visit to Washington. Still they have naught but sneers for the ideas; they have neither the brains to understand nor the spirit of gentlemen to respect them as being the convictions of those who are themselves—who do not continually repeat some one else. The position woman holds in America may be bad, but here in England it is infinitely worse. Still there are signs to show which way the "wind blows," and to indicate that endeavors are being made to alleviate woman's present condition. The sooner "THE REVOLUTION" effects its end in this case the sooner will England's women

win their rights. What you do in America finds a responsive echo over here.

Last week the Court of Assistants of the Apothecaries' Company decided that Ladies should not be excluded from their examinations in arts. This is an important gain, when we consider that in all the branches of the medical profession the prejudice against women sharing in the work is stronger than in any other class of men. It is said to be most probable that this concession will be followed by admitting ladies unreservedly to medical examinations. To Dr. N. Buchanan, an able and highly respected past master of the Company, may be ascribed the honor of bringing about the above decision. He is now an influential member of the Court of Assistants, which is the governing body. Dr. Buchanan is also a considerable subscriber to the funds of the Female Medical Society, and is a member of a select committee recently formed "to promote the development of the Ladies' Medical College on a sound public basis." This college has now been in successful operation for four years at 4 Fitzroy Square, London. It is self-supporting, and has among its list of subscribers and friends the names of the Duke and Duchess of Argyle, Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Houghton, Archbishop Manning, and others.

Turning to another subject that now agitates the public mind and gives a "world of trouble" to those high in power, I wish I could write that, instead of the insanity of swearing in forty thousand special constables, all because a dozen mad, reckless and ignorant men connived and carried out a most useless and diabolical outrage, her Majesty's government had seriously taken into consideration the past—and yet not so much the past as the present state of our sister island—and resolved that a determined effort should be made to tranquillize and satisfy the just demands of the Irish party. That would indeed be news worth writing. But we cannot get figs from thorns, nor good governments, real statesmanship and honest actions from men who have been schooled by a life-long breathing of the opposite attributes. In connection with the Clerkenwell outrage, it now becomes plain that the Fenian organization has had nothing to do with it, either in its conception or execution. It is true the men who did it were members of the Brotherhood, yet that does not make the Fenians responsible for isolated action; at least any sensible person would say so. I should think that this deed would have been about the very last the leaders of the society would have conceived. Certain it is that they have been seriously damaged by it. I knew from my personal knowledge of the working classes and their avowed leaders that the blindness of our government in erecting the political scaffold at Manchester had created a very great sympathy for the three men who died there, and as a logical sequence, for the idea that they gave up their lives to advance, i. e., Irish nationality; and had it not been for the insanity of the Clerkenwell conspirators, that sympathy would have struck deeper root and erewhile have blossomed into beneficial action. Now, if not frost-bitten, it lies torpid and is afraid to show itself, lest it be charged with complicity in thought with those who fired the barrel of gunpowder into the midst of a hard-working community.

It will take time to efface the effects of this act of fools. It is but a question of time. I fancy that the task of gaining the working classes of this country to seriously entertain the idea of republicanizing our government,