

less rivals of the sewing-machine—are pushing away starvation, disgrace or destitution.

Let "THE REVOLUTION" spread far and wide—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the Canadas to the Gulf, the American to the European continent, with its earnest plea of sympathy in behalf of the oppressed, its strong philosophical arguments in behalf of Women's Emancipation.

Thousands of our sex are demanding redress from chronic evils and stereotyped wrongs practiced upon them by the selfish aggrandizement of aristocratic employers. Thousands are fettered by stern necessity, great heart agonies, and blasted health, through starvation prices, until no longer able to subsist upon virtuous toil, with their honor resting upon the point of a cambric needle, are driven to accept of any chance that may offer in the matrimonial market (congenial or not) to rush with despair into the fearful avenues of degraded life, or at last find a suicidal grave.

Never can freedom's eagle bear the American nation to the mountain heights of triumph, as long as broken hearts and galling chains, whether of gold, iron, or despotism, drag her down; never, while injustice walks abroad into high and lonely places, and the skeleton fingers of our needle women are pointing upward from their crowded tenement-houses of ill-paid operatives, in sad and striking contrast with the aristocratic houses of rich employers.

Let us, then, work nobly with patience, energy and perseverance in behalf of suffering humanity, or oppressed womanhood, for in the "good time coming" she, too, will take her post of honor in the world's great struggle in behalf of human rights and universal justice.

Truly,
ALCINDA WILHELM, M.D.
Washington, D. C., April, 1868.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., Feb. 22d, 1868.

MR. PARKER PILLSBURY—Dear Sir: I enclose you fifty cents to get a few numbers of your "REVOLUTION." We have given up this year's work of voting for women having equal legal rights with men in Wisconsin as impolitic, because of the Presidential election. I do not wish to vote for any person for President who is not fully committed for adults having equal legal rights practically and theoretically. Grant never lost a battle, and Hancock was always victorious. The first gave paroles that were equal to pardons, and unites with conservatives to sustain a President who gives pardons that are equal to the indulgences of the Popes of the sixteenth century. The last sustains the copperhead branch of the democracy to re-establish slavery, so that the free Northmen cannot live in safety in the beautiful sunny South of our Union. I wish to learn whether there is a practical way yet agreed upon by which an Equal Rights candidate can be brought into the field for President of the United States, so as to unite the justice-loving people in a vote to elect our candidate, or establish a basis for his election when a majority of the people prefer justice to policy, and plain truth to deceiving eloquence.

Yours, for justice,
H. S. B.
GORDONSVILLE, SMITH COUNTY,
TENNESSEE, MAY 7th, 1868.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY: I received, a few days ago, through the mail, the fourth number of your paper, "THE REVOLUTION." As I am a conservative by nature and education, the name rather startled me at first, especially when I saw who were the editors. I therefore commenced its examination sufficiently prejudiced to be indisposed to like it. But, to my surprise, I found myself interested at once. I like the paper; indeed I do. I do not mean to say that I agree with everything in it. So far from this, I don't know that I fully agree with the main feature—Universal Suffrage without regard to race or color. But I like the spirit of the paper, its point and liberality. It seems to me folly for any one to profess to be an abolitionist in regard to negro slavery. Whatever propriety there might have been once for this, there certainly is none now. Negro slavery is abolished in law and in fact, and there is no power nor purpose to restore it. The person who says there is, in my opinion, is either so much a knave as to deserve to be declared an enemy to society, or so great a fool as to be a proper subject for a lunatic asylum. Now, that negro slavery is dead and buried out of sight, and its ghost disturbs no honest person, where is the consistency or honesty in making a great ado about a few negro men voting, while millions of educated, intelligent women are excluded from every political right? Here, in my State, nearly every decent white man is excluded.

But I didn't commence to write on such subjects. If I could afford it, I would subscribe at once. Enclosed

find fifty cents, for which send me the value in your latest issues, in different numbers.

Very truly,
JOHN W. BOWEN.
P. S.—I want to examine further, and then I may subscribe, and try to induce some others to do so too.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

LONDON, May 11th, 1868.

Editors of the Revolution:

A LETTER from England will not travel far out of the record of your prescribed line of work, should it touch now and then some of the blurs that rise upon the surface of the often vaunted, sober and matured civilization of this self-approving and religious Isle. Without further preface, then, we will note that the reliable and verified statistics of our census mongers give this appalling information: that in this modern Babylon, London, there are 80,000 unfortunate, at this time, regularly plying the trade of prostitution in the public thoroughfares of this city. Police authority puts the numbers at a still higher figure.

All effort hitherto made has utterly failed in checking its growth. The midnight movement, with its coffee meetings, rant, cant, preaching, and ultimate Magdalen homes, raids of magistrates and police, the action of suppressive law, the fustiness of parochial bumbledom, and vestry ejection, alike fall short of strength to stem the fecundity of institutions producing this contemned traffic. The suppression of the Vice Society, and the Association enforcing the law for women's protection, the Marquis Townshend, the Revs. Baptist Noel, Newman Hall, C. H. Spurgeon, and Dr. Cumming, Sir Thomas Henry, Magistrate Knox and Sir Richard Mayne, Chairmen at the head of their respective vestries, charging full tilt, with emulative ardor at brothels in the Westend, and Hollistows in the east; Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, helping on by charging Juries, Grand and Common, against the leprous delinquents who have made the glaring mistake of being caught delicto; all, all are equally incapable of preventing this prolific source of annoyance to our wives and daughters, as we escort them to theatre, Exeter Hall, the Abbey, or St. Paul's.

The arm and majesty of the law, the hand and hope of benevolence, and the succoring heart of compassionate mercy, all sink in one stoned craft, in this evil social sea. Gangrened, demure order, that dares not examine its barbaric code, denying social status to human beings with immortal souls, blindly blunders over what destroys virtue's citadel gate, seeing not that, be the victim man or woman, the action and result is equally debasement. Making healthy moral existence appear but the mad freak of accident or fortune. Too often producing the miserable castaway that society shuns, authority taboos and religion dams, which yet still thrives, lives, ay dies too in our midst. Its average allotted span from moral death to physical demise being but a condensed four years at night.

A bastard civilization, pretentiously disowning one-half its kin, fails to observe the inexorable logic of cause and effect that throats this poor wail to baffle all our pious zeal, floating by us sometimes in carriages and silks from St. John's Wood, more frequently in rags and tatters from Tiger Bay or classic Seven Dials. Nemesis, justice, presents the prostitute for our contemplation, making of her a moral Pariah with which she scourges the Pharisaical virtues of "pater familias," smugly arming "mater" (the grown girls following to May Meetings and Missionary Bazaar), returning home how proudly he reminds his spouse of Reverend Boanerge's denunciations of living sin. How aptly, too, he said, "the dark places of the earth were full of the habitations of cruelty." Outwardly groaning the wickedness of nude Sandwich Islanders and Abyssinian natives, he inwardly smirks at the courtesan he passes, as she openly flaunts the watch chain before the processional daughters, that latest gift of his for favors convenient and stealthy. Sleepily at home he reads aloud and patronizes Sir Charles Grandison and Goldsmith. Skeleton is without introduction there. In court, his aldermanic obesity, with horror depicted countenance, enquires from policeman X, the cause of so much open vice in a land like ours, so blest with happy dispositions and institutions, where public charity supplies what state neglects, and where benevolence, the poor-box, and pauper law takes cognizance of all. Beery X replies, "He's sure he doan't not know hur—he can tell his vurship he's seen hur about ere ever so lung, and she wur alluz so, for its seventeen times they've hur there fort same."

Sir Tapeince, satisfied, enacts his part, proceeds to lecture the poor girl in the dock on her depravity, previous to sentencing the probable leman of himself or son to 21 days for her indecency.

Why is there so much vice in our land? Is it possible the Aldermanic maw can have gorged the interrogation and reply so oft that he believes the lie, thanking heaven he is not as others are? If so, hypocrisy has passed absurdity, and is already upon the confines of sublimity. It gives us pause to ask if the plummet has ever yet been cast to gauge self-righteous gullibility. The why, oh immortal Guttle, is plain as way to parish church, much of it resting here within our easy ken. It is that out of London's 200,000 domestic helps (each fifth mansion keeping the luxury of servant maid) a trio of years sends its victim to the streets, the hulks or gallows.

Doubleday and Mayhew relate the matter. Our criminal records attest the facts. For cause of this we will examine deeper 'neath the skinned surface. What reveals the drawn curtain, but the exhibition of our worthy Knight, sworn protector of virtue, foe of vice, and justice of the peace? In closet, enforcing upon Charles, our son, the inexpediency and impropriety of marriage unless combining cash and wife together. Nothing loth, Charles follows the instruction, and in sequence frequents the Oxford, Argyle and Albamba saloons, the latchkey of young hopeful's possession. Why should Sir Guttle and his lady not enjoy the somnolence of the evening, superinduced by daily wine and gorge? Why should bed await them? Jane can stay up for scapegrace's return in kitchen; they are quite convinced he must have staid to dine with some friend after the evening's lecture at the Institute. Poor Jane, ever subject, often abject, fresh from rural retreats of arcadian bliss, where father earns eight shillings weekly on which to rear up what Parson says are twelve pledges of affection, but what to Hodge are just so many bonds to debased and chronic poverty. This one like sample of the batch, taught nought but reverentially to admire all ranks and stations, to bless the squire and his relations, is now left to attend the drunken rake's return from scenes lascivious that leave imagination quick with seduction's fire. Soon all is over, and Jane grows bold in the rake's familiarity. Satiety with his illicit love ensues. Accidental exposure, previously arranged or early conception completes the work. Mater declares over gossiping tea her fears that Charles was near betrayed and done for by the hussey's wiles, but to prevent further smearing she has turned Jane out to purify the home, and so bemoans maternal troubles that none feel like herself. The worthy Alderman, in retrospect of bygone triumphs sweet, pokes his civic brother's ribs, facetiously observing, that as of old, boys still are boys, the young rounge at home has not degenerated, and so relates "our Charles's" feat, which needs a little hushing to prevent the scandal, and, after advising with his confrere, decides on sending a subscription to the institution for recovering lost females, his brother justice intimating to its Secretary that friend Guttle would, if asked by deputation, preside at their next annual dinner. In honor and good faith to other homes and families, conscientiously the servants character is withheld, and so cowed Jane, disgraced, dare give no reference. Sequel—she is thrown on London streets, another item added to the festering turbid mass of pious aldermanic happy ignorance.

Why does easy virtue stalk our squares, with Exeter Hall Bibles at thirty cents, and Testaments at eight cents each? The rejoinder is, that long ago Mayhew found four girls folding, stitching and binding the British and Foreign Bible Society's holy books under a sweating system that would allow its victim workers to earn but sixteen cents per day in busiest period. To enquiry how life could be or was eked out on such a dole, the invariable answer came—unwilling prostitution.

When published to the world, outraged piety, alarmed at the exposure of so inflamed a sore, invoked, convoked or provoked the usual panacea, and formed what Swift, the immortal, would have yeled, "a damned committee" to investigate, with hope of getting salve potential enough to glaze over the virulent wound laid bare. Vain hope, horror of horrors! Bad event before, worse came behind. After examining the workers and their families, the report declared belief there was not such a thing as virtue existing in any employed at the work, all alike being tainted. The committee said something must be done, and did it. Spooner, M.P., its sanctimonious chairman, moved and obtained a Committee of the House, which reported for a select committee, with closed doors, which met, elected a chairman, and will report in the Greek kalends. Next they formed a deputation to London's Lord Bishop for his mature advice. He, son of the church and father in God, though equal to Easter-exhortation and diocesan visitation, could not or would not grapple here, but piously and blandly expressed his sorrow at the revelations, assuring them of his entire sympathy with their object of finding out some remedy for so gross an evil, but regretted he had not the power to

interfere or render any assistance, not even to the extent of one poor pulpit sermon, to denounce the facts so infamous. Quite right, too; why should he stop cheap Gospel Bibles going to the heathen, and so staunch up the wells of missionary charity so fond of being seen abroad. Why, too, offend the ears polite of monde and fashion in St. Paul's Cathedral, with such a tale of woe? Why should chaste daughters be offended with unchaste sights in public park and promenade? The alderman is quite astonished and disgusted. Did not, before him and the whole quorum of magistrates, did not police inspectors by the dozen swear that the licenses he voted for were given to well-conducted, respectable establishments, patronized by England's Hope and Heir Apparent, so fond of imitating mine uncle, George the Regent? Has not the Justice visited there himself *incoog* and liked the *spree*, although he went but to acquaint himself with the people's amusements to the end that he might more efficiently discharge his public trust?

The wonder is, the voracious lie did not choke his voracious maw in gulping. Well he knew the dancing saloon and the music hall so licensed were fetid, breeding corruptions, where every action is allusive to illicitness, the songs in laud of vice, and each poor joke dependant for its miserable wit on double *entendre*.

For once, let us listen to a Bow street night charge before Mr. Vaughn, in February last. One woman detected in, and apprehended for, frequenting brothels at unseemly hours, 2 o'clock, a.m. The judicial questions condensed were: "Who and what are you, and where do you reside?" Replied to categorically and direct, thus: "Maria Faye, for five years widow of Robert Faye, has four children now alive, and now resides at 39 Denzil street, works at upholstery for Robinson, in Oxford street, earns 7s. 6d. per week and pays 4s. for rent, was denied relief from Guardians unless she broke up home and parted from her family to enter the common workhouse, but could not bear the thoughts of such a separation, so went out twice a week, prostituting herself, after her children were put to bed, under compulsion to procure them bread; was in service previous to marriage." Police, after investigation, could not deny her statements, and the magistrate, relenting, relieved her from the *poor-box*, and so discharged her. The case was supplied to fourteen London newspapers. The *Daily Star* and *Reynolds's Weekly* alone braved the obloquy of reporting it. Let us make end with all these canting questions. How dares our self-sufficiency ask further elucidation as to the causes of our ulcerous corpus vile?

Have we not enough proof of its source, with one fifteenth of our domestic servants pitched annually into this turbid stream of filth? With our workmen's widows, and our tradeless, ignorant, ill-paid female labor, forming contributory rills to the like course? The lordlings bringing each year their quota of seduced tenant-farmer and gamekeeper daughters to town, dropping them at the season's end, betrayed and sent to swell the torrent's volume in its downward rush?

The solution of all this rests but upon one basis—the declaration of equality between the sexes. Let our legislators enact a law placing woman in like civic station with her present lord, and growth of self-respect will cure our vice, and moral health will heal the rest. Let them emulate our local law, that remnant of Saxon rule and living conquest, which now accords to women parochial power and office, as instanced in the return of Brocton, Staffordshire, just issued, gazetting. Mistresses Anne Baxter and Louisa Fowler elected overseers of the poor for their parish this present year. We shall then have probability of ending our national disgrace, and courage to alter Burns, by singing:

"Man and woman, world all o'er, shall equal be and a that!"

THOMAS MOTHERSHEAD.

A WORD TO OUR SEWING GIRLS.

WE only wish that all the females who are compelled to earn their bread and butter by stitching their lives away at starvation prices could be brought within the sound of our voice to-day. *Putnam's Magazine* furnished us with some statistics in regard to the condition of this much-abused class, and succeeded in rousing not only a feeling of indignation, which we had (knowing the impracticability of all previous movements) endeavored to smother, but a desire and determination to leave no means untried whereby we and others through our influence can either directly or indirectly be of benefit. A great deal has been said, and volumes more can be written of the heartlessness of employers. That the majority are a wicked, grinding set, no one attempts to dispute; but girls, many of you, we do not say all, because we are well aware

how large a number have helpless parents, and brother and sisters dependant upon their exertions, and must stitch away in order to provide for the numerous wants and keep a roof over the dear ones heads, but those who are not similarly situated, those who are free to choose their employment, to you we wish to whisper a word of advice. You who work all day and sometimes far into the night in order to gratify a foolish desire for display, who are discontented if you may not approach the style of the wealthy, spending money on fabrics neither serviceable or becoming, who daily and hourly sacrifice health and modesty to the demands of dame fashion, it is you we would like to take by the hand and tell a little story. A few weeks ago, a young woman eighteen years of age, very sweet and sensible looking, tastefully dressed but woefully pale, called at a friend's house for plain sewing. She had been employed formerly at a wholesale establishment in Broadway embroidering, but found it impossible to make enough to pay her board and dress herself comfortably. With an air of dejection she took the offered seat, answered the questions pleasantly and frankly.

"You do not appear very well," said my friend. "Have you a pain in your side?"

"Not just now," she replied, "but I do suffer terribly sometimes."

"Then, why, my dear girl, do you wish to obtain more sewing when the employment is evidently killing you?"

"Why, because I *must* ma'm; I have nothing in the world that I do not work for."

"But why not find some other way of earning an honest living?"

The girl's eye brightened.

"If I only could, ma'm."

"It is very easy, my child; now I am in want of a good chambermaid,"—the girl's countenance fell. "I like your face and will take you on its recommendation. You can earn twelve dollars a month, have the best of food regularly, a good room, and light, healthful exercise. I am already interested in you and shall be happy to be your friend."

"But, ma'm," sobbed the over-worked woman, "how can I ever put myself on a level with common servant girls?"

That is where the fub comes every time, and that is where you are foolish. However, in this instance, the girl did yield to common sense, found a nice home, loving friends, and a wall of defence against all temptation; and it would be difficult to find a healthier, rosier looking young woman than she is to-day. The prejudice you have to places of this description is foolish and unwarrantable. There are thousands of families who would be glad of your services, and heartily welcome you to their altars, only too happy to be able to render you some permanent relief. "On a level with common servant girls!" It is true that everything socially as well as chemically seeks its level. If your tastes are naturally low and grovelling, if you prefer society of the vulgar and uncultivated to that of the sensible and refined, you will most certainly find the element that best suits you; but if you desire to be respected, if you love truth and value culture, it will not make the slightest difference what position you occupy. Said a lady who ever since the death of her husband has acted in the capacity of housekeeper:

"If I could not find the position I desired—rather than fret my health away with needle or sewing machine—I would walk straightway into somebody's kitchen and earn my living that way, because I know that before many days elapsed I should glide into my rightful place, know that my character will demand both love and respect."

She was right. The labor that is the most healthful is the most respectable, and no one need fear contamination from domestic pursuits. Until young women do look at this matter sensibly and practically, the ranks of those who are rushing to social destruction and death will continue to fill. Our merchants who now pay only starvation prices will continue to do so, and worse than all, many of them will continue to plot the ruin of every lonely woman that comes to them for employment, and so the wretched work goes on. Apply to those of your own sex for protection and the means of support. Be cooks, chambermaids, do general housework, and if sewing agrees with you physically, find families who employ seamstresses by the year. Anything that will give you homes and keep your feet from straying among the hedges.

ELEANOR KIRK.

"LIGHTNING strikes more women each year than men. Their attraction is the death of them."

"A young lady in Michigan committed suicide last week, because she had no one to love her."

These two items, which we take from the same column

of the same paper, would seem to indicate that "attraction" is not always the death of women; though no doubt it is, when it draws fools to court, deceive and disappoint them. Pecuniary attraction is the death of many a woman, for it surrounds her with such a host of fortune-hunters that true men are driven away from her, and leaves her to become the prey of one of the land-sharks whose jaws yawn and whose bowels yearn, not for her, but for her greenbacks; and who, having won her confidence and closed his jaws on her, will, if he can, spew her out penniless and heart-broken. In this exception, noted in the second item, however, "nothing to do" that was "womanly" would possibly account better for the suicide.

J. K. H. WILLCOX.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN'S LETTERS.

SKETCH OF TRAIN'S LIFE.

From the N. Y. World.

DUBLIN, April 25.

AMERICA has one-half the brains, three-fourths the enterprize, and seven-eighths of the beauty of the world. Every clever fellow in Ireland goes to America. Every clever fellow in Germany goes to America. America is drawing away the life blood of Europe by every steamer. Honey bees go abroad; the drones remain at home. Young Ireland, young Scotland, young England, young Europe, look upon America as their golden land. *Civis Americantus sum* will be the national cry of one hundred millions of Americans at the end of this century. "New York and its suburbs will have three millions of population. So hurry up that Sunday *World* bridge to Brooklyn. You have done a good thing in starting the Sunday *World*. Preach reform, sobriety, temperance, and the elevation of the working man. Use the pen to benefit mankind.

TRAIN MAKING AN ATTEMPT UPON HIS LIFE.

Thanks for your suggestion. I will do it, if they keep me in jail. I will agree not to Bonnerize, Greeleyize, Beecherize the world. Those men are pumped dry. Everybody is writing "My Recollections" or "Norwoods." Each man plays Humility, and writes himself up. I will play Egotism and write myself down; Disraeli acts the character of Vivian Grey, and Dickens reads his own writings. If I find anything good to steal I will plagiarize, but I seldom find any children I like better than my own. How do you like my title? There is a good deal in the way you start. "Murder in the Sugar-House, or the Saccharine Assassin," "The Bloody Bologna, or the Green Bandit of the Blue Mountain," "The Robber's Revenge, or the Broken Jack-knife with a Bloody Blade." These were among the yellow-covered purchases of "the days when we went gyping."

The difficulty is, in taking your life, how to begin. Addressing the Radical editors of America during the Impeachment Trial, I might, with my Ben Butler eye on the Managers immortal, commence thus: "I was born at the age of twenty-one without parents, and had it not been for a kind Providence, and a few other friends, I should have been as ignorant as the common people, or even as you, gentlemen."

The fact is, I am not up to this work; naturally sensitive, constitutionally diffident, with a shrinking from the public gaze since my earliest infancy, I can hardly muster up courage to write about myself. But you have asked it, and it may help to use up my dreary life in jail.

I don't know exactly where we came from. I know that some of my people landed at Hastings with that thieving, drunken crew who are the fathers of the English nobles. I am under the impression that one of my ancestors was the second cook of the *Mayflower*. This much I can say, seven generations were born and died