

The Revolution.

PRINCIPLE, NOT POLICY JUSTICE, NOT FAVORS.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

VOL. IV.—NO. 4.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 29, 1869.

WHOLE NO. 82.

The Revolution.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, \$3 A YEAR.

NEW YORK CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS, \$3.20.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Editor.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY, Proprietor.

OFFICE, 49 EAST TWENTY-THIRD ST.

APPEAL

TO THE FRIENDS OF WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

THE State is now organized and we are ready for action. County and county, town and town, we desire now to place in working order by means of organized associations. The time for organized, energetic work has arrived. By the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution, Congress has placed restrictions on the women of the nation which never before existed, and has lifted into recognized law-makers over her millions of men who, previous to these amendments, were as unrecognized and as powerless as herself.

Virtue and intelligence, the two great requisites of law-makers, do not reside with man alone. Those who best govern themselves are best fitted to rule over others. Self-control and self-restraint, obedience to the great moral laws, are qualities especially inherent in woman, and are the requirements which should be demanded of those who make laws for others.

The National Woman's Suffrage Association, organized in New York in May, has for its object, securing the Ballot to the Women of the nation on the same terms as it is held by men. The plan issued by the National Convention, and which was accepted by the Saratoga Convention as the rule of government for this state, proposes that not only shall each state and territory organize itself into similar associations, each of which shall be auxiliary to the National, but also that each county in each state shall organize auxiliary to the state, each town auxiliary to its own county, and the town associations each one see to its own school-district subdivisions. Into each of these divisions, petitions will be sent for signatures, asking Congress to pass a *Sixteenth* Amendment to the Constitution, which shall give the ballot to the women of the nation on equal terms with the men of the nation. These petitions, when filled, are to be sent to the secretary of the State Association, who will transmit them to the National Association by which they will be combined and rolled up to Congress in one monster petition, larger than the world ever yet saw, asking the Franchise for Women.

Friends, *this is work*. And it needs hearty, vigorous co-operation. The State has taken her step nobly. Now remains the work of county and town organization. Ours is the Empire

State. We have led the way in state organization, do not let the counties lag behind. Sixty counties we possess, and but one or two of them are as yet in systematic working order. We need a Vice-President in each county. But thirteen of them are yet appointed; we have an Advisory Counsel in each Judicial District, all chosen. Let them ascertain the proper persons for Vice-Presidents in the counties of their respective districts, and send the names immediately to me. Let the friends in each county send me the names of persons, men or women, in sympathy with this great suffrage movement; their names and Post Office address. Do not wait for the choosing of a Vice-President for your county. Call Conventions, either mass or delegated, as you choose, and elect your own Vice-President. CHOOSE A WORKER. Put none in office, on account of their social position, or the social position of any relatives of theirs. *Unless the person herself is an active, energetic, working friend of the reform, reject her.* Too much has been lost by striving to make the *names* of persons work for them. One active, energetic worker, never yet heard of outside a radius of five miles from her home, will, at this stage of our movement, accomplish more and do more to advance the reform, than will a dozen high-named non-workers.

Go to work, friends, everywhere. Call County Conventions; organize; elect good officers; call town conventions; and as fast as you do this, report to the Secretary of the State organization. If you really cannot do this work alone, send for help and it will be rendered in effecting these organizations, without delay. But remember, you *must organize*. Nothing effective can be accomplished by the guerilla mode of action on which we have hitherto depended. In union there is strength. We will combine, and thus show to the nation the strength and power of our demand. And this grandest reform of the nineteenth century will at once be lifted into magnificence in the eyes of the world, *and victory will be ours.*

Let every friend of the enterprise in the state at once become a member of the state organization. Let the mails be burdened with letters sending your names to the Secretary. Remember, one part of our plan is to have a Book of Record, containing the names of all our friends throughout the entire state. This devolves a great amount of work upon the Secretary of the State Association, but nothing effectual can be done without it. So organize and send on names and memberships immediately. Let us have a grand report to make before the 15th of November next.

ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE! ORGANIZE!!!

M. E. JOSLYN GAGE,

Secretary of the New York State Woman's Suffrage Organization.

MRS. MARY S. MANNING has been appointed by the Selectmen of Pittsfield, Mass., as town liquor agent.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHNSTOWN, July 22d, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: One more among my native hills, and the familiar faces I have loved so long. Here the grass is greener, and the air purer than in any other earthly paradise. Here no swamps, no sand banks, no fogs, no mosquitoes, no switching of pocket-handkerchiefs all day, and hiding in nets at night, as in the blue hills of New Jersey. What a humiliating reflection it is that immortals like us, knowing good and evil, who, according to Mr. Hazard, the Rhode Island philosopher, are each an independent, creative will power, in our own right; capable, as we advance in science, of controlling the moral and material universe, that we should be the sport of these tiny waifs from the insect world; to be dragged down from our sublime flights of fancy and roused from our dreams of heaven at their will!

I trust, in Mr. Hazard's new book, we shall learn how to spread *our* wings and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth and escape these lesser lights at pleasure; or how to use our creative power in calling new orders of these winged ones into existence with a nicer sense of delicacy and propriety. Solomon says there is a time to dance and a time to sing, he might have added there is a time to bite, for surely there is no justice in being offered up a living sacrifice twenty-four hours in the day.

Among the distinguished guests at the Caydutta House is Lieut. William Wright, of Florida, a nephew of Lucretia Mott. He was a brave young soldier in the late war, and received a shot straight through the left lung at the battle of Gettysburg. To the surprise of every one, he is in fine health and vigor to-day, and judging from the marching and countermarching I have seen by moonlight, he is too great a favorite with the belles of the village to remain long a disconsolate bachelor on the banks of the St. Johns. It is a grand testimonial to the patriotism of the young girls of the period, that our brave soldiers, whether with but one leg or arm, or one eye, are so warmly received wherever they go.

Though nature is as calm and beautiful among these grand hills as ever, there is a dark shadow just now resting on the people.

A horrible murder has been committed in the heart of the town. A husband, heated with whiskey and passion, in the presence of five little children, kicked and pounded his wife to death! He denies the fact, and says she fell down stairs in a fit of drunkenness, and broke her neck; but the evidence of violence on her person is against him. The details of this affair are too brutal for rehearsal. The mother dead, the father in prison, the children scattered, the neat little cottage, with its well-kept garden, stands silent and alone. I thought as I passed the forsaken home yesterday, but for whiskey what peace and happiness that family might have enjoyed! what a haven of rest it