

consistent, should have been decently buried. Instead of this, its corpse, imperfectly embalmed, has been paraded, and annually galvanised, until it has begun to stink in the nostrils. For what can seriously be urged in support of Woman Suffrage (so-called), which excludes the most experienced women—matrons—the natural leaders of society? The 800,000 qualified spinsters and widows should flatly refuse a questionable boon granted solely on condition that all wives, and the vast majority of single women, should never vote. But the qualified female voters are like gamblers, too eager to win, to review the situation coolly, and impartially. They reiterate their one and only argument, the alleged injustice of claiming rates and taxes from non-voters. I do not admit it, but I would prefer the remission of rates and taxes from female householders, rather than sanction the perpetration of the far greater injustice of enfranchising them finally, at the expense of all the rest of the sex.

Woman Suffrage is either right or wrong; good or bad; wise or foolish. Its advocates demand it as a right. They are loud enough in its praises. It is, therefore, the duty of those who think it a delusion and a snare, to have the courage of their opinions. In these pages, "*Liberavi animam meam.*" I pretend not to be the accredited mouthpiece of any party. But I am morally convinced that my views, as an opponent of Woman Suffrage, are shared by the great majority of sensible men and women: and I have shown that really strong-minded women scout