

The Revolution.

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

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The Revolution.

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A WORD ABOUT DRESS.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

SOMETHING less than half a million newspapers have had a word to say about my views of "dress reform" and indecent stage-women, as expressed in recent speeches; but about the best thing I have seen on the subject is contained in the leading article of the *Troy Daily Times* of May 25.

The article is too long to quote, but here is an extract which meets my approbation:

The "sweet Olive" is far from narrow in sympathy and judgment. She believes that her sex have a right to work in any honest way for independence and elevation. To their struggling with the ballot itself she has doubtless no objection, whenever, as a class, they really desire to do so. She is sufficiently "strong-minded," we suspect, in several ways. Yet being truly sensitive and elegant, she sees not why the coming woman should drop any one of the many proprieties. The persistency of the great Dr. Walker, dignified in bloomers and pre-eminent in her consciousness of worth at Washington, Olive Logan might not fully appreciate, except at some points where the laugh comes in; but if the dress of the political doctress were not merely bloomer, but were clipped-off top and bottom till the scissors should meet, and then she should kick high, with fifty others, behind the foot-lights, Miss Logan would feel really sad at heart.

Now at first blush—

But on second thought, perhaps blushing is out of order in this connection. Neither the ladies who wear a feeble imitation of male attire in the streets, nor the indecent women who wear satin brooches in the theatre, seem to find anything in their costume which they need blush at.

The *Troy Times* evidently has a glimmering of the real truth in this matter, which is, that my antagonism to both phases of indecency in dress is founded on a sense of true womanly propriety and modesty.

In every country, among every people, the fashion is what constitutes the test of modesty or immodesty, of decency or indecency.

There may be hygienic reasons why the fashionable dress of the period is objectionable. I suppose Adam and Eve felt much more comfortable without any fig-leaves on.

I remember once reading the scientific experiments of a certain physician who aimed to prove that the health of the race would be made perfect by entirely dispensing with all

clothes, taking the child at birth and rearing him in nakedness to manhood.

He may have science on his side, but not having decency, too, I don't know what good his hobby could do.

If you were to make everything subservient to hygiene, you would have a nice state of things on your hands after a little.

Men would go about in Hottentot costume in hot weather, and ladies—

However, the argumant takes the hit in its teeth along here, and I think I'll get out.

The one most potent reason why women should not outrage propriety in their efforts at reform is, that they frighten away from a great cause thousands of ladies who would adhere to it if they were not repelled by the prospect of associating with that which disgusts them.

It is easy to say that the women who emulate men's attire are good women. It is easy to believe that they are. I so believe, of many women who wear a dress which makes them ridiculous. The fact remains that they are ridiculous, and that they take away from the strength of a cause which needs all the strength it can gain.

In my association with the ladies who are active in the Woman Suffrage movement, it has been my good fortune to come in contact with none who were not ladies in attire as well as in manners and in heart.

As I sat in the parlors of the Woman's Bureau last Friday night, there were four ladies present, beside myself, and it warmed my very soul to think that they might each grace the salons of the most polished European court, just as they sat.

There was Mrs. Stanton, beautifully attired in a trailing robe of black-and-gray silk, with a gay-colored silken scarf over her shapely shoulders, and her beautiful face aglow with sweetness all womanly.

There was Mrs. Phelps, with superb gems at her neck and throat, elegant in black, richly trimmed, and Susan B. Anthony in a silk dress, plainer, but not less obedient to the laws of fashion.

And there was Anna Dickinson, with pearl-gray silk, trimmed with cherry satin; about her white throat a chain of gold to which was suspended a magnificent ornament composed of diamonds encircling a ruby fit for an Empress's crown, while over her shoulders hung a rich opera cloak—her pure face lovely with all that wins a woman's heart.

I was proud of them, and respected them far more for their graceful observance of womanly fashion in dress, than I could possibly have done if they had been sitting about me in ridiculous baggy trousers, in feeble imitation of the sex which is worthy of imitation in better things.

It shall be my earnest endeavor, in laboring for woman's advancement, to convince those of my sex who are not yet converted to the new religion, first of all that the chief apostles thereof are ladies.

A CRITIC CRITICIZED.

BY ANNA E. DICKINSON.

PHILADELPHIA, 5th Month, 29, 1869.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I wish, through your medium, to hold myself up as an example and a warning to all ambitious young women who desire to win laurels in the arena of the world, and from the hands of men. Be it then known unto all of these that in such measure as they are silly will they be triumphant, and in proportion to their lack of logic and sense will be the abundance of their acknowledged power.

Some gentleman upon the staff of the *Tribune*—evidently not Mr. Greeley, for the article lacks the stamp of his strong seal—hath seen fit to write an editorial upon me, of which, in passing, I will say with Parson Adams, that I had much rather be the subject than the composer.

This august censor finds me "charming" but "illogical;" and "fascinating"—but oh, shade of Minerva! because of my "absolute unreason."

To be utterly without reason one must surely be a madman or an idiot; so we are to understand that my strong point of attraction to men, at least to such a man, is that I am a fool—in his estimation.

It is a notorious fact that a distinguishing characteristic of insanity is the lunatic's faith in his own sanity, and the madness of those who refuse to support the distorted fancies of his brain.

Judge, then, between us twain which is possessed of "absolute unreason;" he in denying, or I in asserting, that "the ballot is the natural and inalienable right of all human beings; to withhold it from woman is to keep her in a state of slavery; government is tyranny to me if I do not consent to it. I want to vote and go to Congress, and if you don't let me, I'll make you—here you have the logic of her argument!" cries my critic with a sneer. "If she could prove that suffrage was the natural right of both sexes, she might stop there; but, bless her heart! she has never thought of that."

"All mankind are created equal!" "Life and liberty are their inalienable rights!" "Governments are instituted to secure these—their just powers being derived from the consent of the governed!" "If we are not represented by our own choice, being taxed, we are slaves!" This sequence of truth the fathers believed and declared "self-evident;" for, bless their hearts! they never thought of being followed by such an as ute critic as he.

A critic who suggests "that the consent of the human race in all ages as to the proper position of woman is an evidence of Divine purpose;" and who to my assertion that there is an authority higher than the consent of the human race—the Right—responds, "A palpable begging of the question, general consent being the criterion of right!"