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WOMAN'S DRESS;

ITS

Moral and Physical Relations,

BEING

AN ESSAY DELIVERED BEFORE THE WORLD'S HEALTH
CONVENTION, NEW YORK CITY, NOV., 1864.

BY MRS. M. M. JONES.

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PREFACE.

THIS Essay—read before the WORLD'S HEALTH ASSOCIATION, at its last session in New York, November 17th, 1864, was written without a thought of publication, or any idea that it would more than subserve the interest of the passing hour. But many of the friends of reform who were present on the occasion, having urgently and repeatedly requested that it be given to the world, I send it forth, trusting that the truths which it contains may, like "seed sown upon good ground," spring up, and "bring forth fruit an hundred fold," to bless and benefit mankind.

M. M. JONES.

New York, March, 1865.

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WOMAN'S DRESS;

ITS MORAL AND PHYSICAL RELATIONS.

WHEN, sinless and pure, the first pair wandered 'mid the leafy bowers of Eden, and enraptured, gazed upon the wondrous loveliness of the fair world where God had placed them, the only dress they wore was the sweet robe of spotless innocence, fashioned by their Creator's hand. And not until, yielding to the tempter's subtle wiles, they had partaken of that forbidden fruit, so "fair to look upon," so "good for food," so much to be "desired to make one wise," and yet to taste whereof was *death*—not till its sweetest juice had turned to poisonous dregs upon their lips, and lingered there a bitter foretaste of the sorrow, the suffering, and the anguish that, through them, should become the sad portion of earth's future millions—not until *sin* had set its deadly seal upon them, and thrown its withering blight over their souls, did any thought of dress come to them, or any need to hide from the pure eye of God because they were not clothed.

And could she,—our first mother,—as she stood upon the virgin soil of Paradise and listened to the whisperings of the evil one—could she have looked down the stream of time, down through the countless ages which have been and are yet to be, and have caught the faintest glimpse of all the misery which her yielding to temptation has since wrought, in the one line of dress, alone, upon her children, methinks the sight would have given her strength to bid the tempter, Go!

Alas! no vision came to her—she tasted, and she fell! And then abashed, ashamed, and hiding from her Maker's eye, dress became to her an absolute necessity, and ever since, her children following in her footsteps, have gone on sinning and suffering; woman the greater sufferer in this direction, because the greater sinner.

Dress; the idol at which woman has for ages bowed the knee in servile worship; the master at whose bidding she has crouched an abject slave; the Moloch at whose shrine has been offered up earth's fairest and most beautiful; the Juggernaut Car which has crushed beneath its ponderous wheels such hosts of living victims; how it has dwarfed, blighted, crip-

pled, and fettered her,—mind, heart, soul, and body ! Powers, which rightly trained and cultivated, might have made her truly a “help meet” for man, a blessing and an ornament to her race, have, devoted to the shrine of dress, rendered her simply the butterfly of fashion. For ages this has been a theme of satire and ridicule ; has been mourned over, prayed over, lamented and deplored ; and yet never, in an age or clime, were the “Flora McFlimsys,” whose greatest grief is “nothing to wear,” more numerous than now. To-day, when our dear native land, in her death-grapple with treason, is drenched with the blood of her bravest and her best ; when in the fiery furnace of war, purged from the dross of selfish indifference and inactivity with which, during half a century of peace, it had become incrustated, the pure gold of patriotism, manliness, and sublimest heroism is being wrought out all bright and shining ; when, in this, her hour of direst need, our country stretches forth her bleeding hands and calls upon her daughters, too, as well as on her sons, for aid ; to-day when all that is heroic, noble, and sublime in womanhood should be evoked, we find, instead, the same blind worship at the shrine of dress and fashion, greater extravagance, and most supreme indifference. Had but the women of the North made half the sacrifices of their misguided Southern sisters, and, to sustain our brave boys battling in the field, given up their fashion, dress, money, jewels, household furniture, their *all*, if need be, as the women of the South have done, the glorious stars and stripes would to-day be floating proudly o’er every Southern capital. It is not in the higher walks of life, not simply in the ranks of upper-tendom alone, that this subserviency to fashion, this bestowal of money, time, and thought upon dress, which should be directed to worthy objects, is universal ; but it extends through all the various shades and grades of society. The *real* uses of dress—protection, comfort, utility, and beauty—these are neither sought for nor studied ; on the contrary they are rather ignored. Instead of inquiring, Is this dress conducive to health ? Does it insure warmth and protection equally to all parts of the body ? Does it leave every portion so untrammelled that the pure life-current can circulate fully and freely through every vein and artery ? Does it guard against excessive weight in one direction, and deficient warmth in another ? Is it neat, tasteful, and becoming ? Is it within my means ?—instead of such the only question asked is, “*Is it fashionable ?*” If not, no matter what its advantages are, no matter how much healthier, happier, or better she may become by wearing it, she never can do it, for “what would Mrs. Grundy say ?”

And so, as fashions change, while the lady with wealth at her command can lay aside her dress or bonnet and procure a new one with every changing style, her less favored sister, following in her footsteps, must needs plan, and study, and contrive, how by every possible invention she may eke out her slender means so that she may appear as well dressed as her neighbor. Numberless are the expedients resorted to ; endless the

rippings, and turnings, and bastings, the making and re-making of garments already as good as new; countless the precious hours thus wasted, while husbands, fathers, and brothers toil unceasingly to meet the continued demand for money. And from the heart-burnings, and envies, and jealousies which arise; the bickerings, and contentions, and homes rendered miserable thereby; from the constant stress and strain of mind and body necessary to manage a household and meet these ever-varying demands of fashion, how many a sweet disposition has been soured, how many a lovely, amiable girl transformed into a fretful, disappointed, unhappy woman, how many a constitution has been ruined, how many a grave been filled!

And, saddest of all, little children, to whom mother's love and mother's sympathy are worth all else on earth, hungering and thirsting for love and knowledge as only little children can, daily are sent forth from mother's presence, fretfully and unkindly oftentimes, their loving impulses checked, their eager questions unanswered, unsatisfied, disappointed, and all because mother "*hasn't time to bother with them.*" She has time enough to make dainty little aprons, and embroider little dresses; time enough to prepare all manner of delicacies to pamper their appetites; time enough to make, and unmake, and re-make their clothing and her own; but no time to read, no time to study, no time to inform herself on any of the great questions of the age. And so the little souls that under her careful guidance might reach great heights of knowledge, goodness, and usefulness, are sent forth from her presence to take their first lessons in that great school of evil, the street.

O mothers! you to whose keeping God has given a "woman's crown of glory, the blessing of a child;" you, in whose bosoms love's sweet evangel nestle, and draw you by their winsome ways to God and heaven,—guard well the sacred trust. Know that no sacrifice can be too great, no trial hard to bear, that shall ensure noble characters unto your children. You are moulding, not plastic clay, but human souls, and the stamp your fingers leave upon them in their childhood must endure forevermore. And if, absorbed in dress, and fashion, and your own petty cares and aims, you neglect your Charlies now—now when you may mould them at your will—remember, O remember, that the time may come, as Mrs. Stowe has so beautifully said, "when that little voice shall ring in deep bass tones, when that small foot shall have a man's weight and tramp, when a rough beard shall cover that little smooth round chin, and the willful strength of manhood fill out that little form; then you would give worlds for the key to his heart, to be able to turn and guide him at your will; but if you lose that key now he is little, you may search for it carefully, with tears, some other day, and *never* find it."

How is it, as the years roll on, and bear the child through boy and girl to man and womanhood? There is no money for books, little for newspapers, none for pictures, none for lectures, or any of the means of

intellectual culture ; and thus goes on the process of starving souls that bodies may be clothed. The daughter, following in the mother's footsteps, comes to regard dress and outside show as paramount objects in life, as more to be desired than intellectual culture or moral attainments ; and little by little fashion with its iron fetters enchains her womanhood in the dust, and crushes out the highest, noblest aspirations which spring to life within her soul, and, laying herself a votive offering at its shrine, because the links are flower-enwreathed she deems she is not bound.

Must it be ever thus ? Must woman's weakness, inefficiency, and folly, ever be a reproach and by-word among men ? Will she never awake to a sense of her great responsibilities, and devote the powers which God has given her to a high and noble purpose ? O man ! if *you* will but come down from the high pedestal of dignity on which you sit enthroned, and lend to woman a helping hand ; cease to decapitate her by public opinion whenever she attempts to win a livelihood in any other way than by singing the doleful "song of the shirt," you will not long have cause to mourn over woman's "*inferiority*." Throw open the doors of your schools and colleges, and give your daughters an equal chance of education with your sons ; hold up to them the same high aims in life ; teach them that their true "*sphere*" is to *do whatever they can do best*, and woman will soon stand up shoulder to shoulder and side by side with you in life's great battle, not your *inferior*, but your EQUAL !

This war can never end and leave woman where it found her. Already numerous avocations, hitherto closed, are opening to her, and through the lurid darkness with which the rent clouds of battle have obscured our native land, gleams the glorious light of *Emancipation to woman*, as well as *Freedom to the slave*.

Within a fortnight past, a slight young girl, hardly beyond her teens, in your own hall of Cooper Institute, has held an audience of three thousand souls spell-bound, breathless ; now rousing them to towering heights of indignation, now by her pathos melting them to tears, and anon eliciting such wild enthusiasm that hats, and caps, and handkerchiefs were waved, while cheer upon cheer fairly made the echoes ring ! Man may well look to his honors when WENDELL PHILLIPS, America's most gifted orator, with all his vast scholastic acquirements, fine culture, and maturity of thought, can hardly draw larger, more intelligent audiences, or entertain them more, than ANNA DICKINSON !

Thank heaven that here and there a few great souls have risen, stars in the firmament of nations, shining through the darkness, and giving us faint glimpses of what the day-dawn shall reveal ! Bright laurels twining round the brow of ROSA BONHEUR, triumphantly have vindicated woman's power to achieve greatness as an artist ; HARRIET HOSMER, from the rough marble has chiseled not only forms of wondrous beauty, but a name among the nation's sculptors ; while that sweet angel of mercy, FLORENCE NIGHTENGALE, fairly wresting its highest honors from the med-

ical profession, has won glorious tributes of gratitude, respect, and love, from an admiring world! "AURORA LEIGH," with its home thrusts at conventionalisms, did not prevent ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING from singing her "Sonnets from the Portuguese;" aye, and living them too, as who that has ever read the sweet story of that happy home in Italy can doubt? Where the poet-wife, singing her life-song so bravely and truly, evolved a character of such almost angelic beauty that it hardly seemed of earth; and, watching with her poet-husband over their gifted child, the rich inheritor of their genius, passed from life to life immortal, a glimpse of the "*beautiful*" beyond vouchsafed her even here!

When woman shall once awake to the great vital truth that she is God's vicegerent upon earth; that as the MOTHER of mankind she holds the destinies of nations in her hands, and that if we would have a race of noble men, we *must* have noble mothers, she will hold the Archimedian lever that shall reform the world! When she shall know, and act upon that knowledge, that the more of strength, the more of self-reliance, the more of fortitude she can possess, the finer culture, the greater breadth and scope of thought she can acquire, will, instead of detracting from her grace, her loveableness, her real true womanly nature, add to it instead a thousand-fold, and make her essentially so much the more a woman, then fashion, instead of being as now her master, will have become her servant.

Passing from the ruinous effects of dress upon woman's mental, what do we find its effects to be upon her physical nature? Parents, committing all manner of physiological transgressions, will endure innumerable privations and hardships, yet possessing originally strong constitutions, live to a good old age. Their children, upon whom their physical sins are visited in the form of weakened and impaired vitality, adopting all their injurious habits, and a thousand new and worse ones in addition, fall an easier prey to disease, and each generation growing weaker and weaker, has at last rendered American women what they have the unenviable reputation of being, a "nation of invalids."

There is on earth no sight more beautiful than that of a young girl just budding into womanhood; yet alas! how many women do we find whose riper years fulfill the promise of their girlhood? Headaches, and backaches, and sideaches, dyspepsias, neuralgias, and consumption, with all the long train of weaknesses peculiar to their sex, render life, to the majority of women, not, as it should be, a blessing and a joy, but rather, a thing to be *endured*, patiently, if needs be, but at all events to be *endured*.

Did He, who, when creation's work was ended, looked upon all which He had made and pronounced it "very good," did *He* design that these bodies of ours, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," should be thus racked and tortured? Did He not rather ordain them to be "fit temples for the indwelling" of His spirit, and establish laws fixed and immutable, obedience to which would keep them thus? Health is not a thing of

chance; sickness is not a *something* sent by an All-wise, Inscrutable Providence, to chastise us in some mysterious way, but is, on the contrary, simply the direct, inevitable result of physiological transgression. And though we sin ignorantly oft-times, as who of us does not, yet the penalty we must pay.

The dietetic habits of our people are among the principal existing causes of ill health among them; but allowing all that can be said upon this point, woman is no greater a transgressor in this respect than man, and yet she is a far greater sufferer than he; for where you will find one man the victim of disease, you will find at least ten women. Is there not a cause for this; and is not that cause to be found in a great degree in her more unphysiological mode of dress?

Commencing with a child's existence, what do we find? On days when its father, great strong man that he is, goes shivering with vest, coat, and overcoat on, the little child, so fragile, so delicate, so sensitive to every change of temperature, is clothed in thin white muslin, its dimpled arms and neck entirely bare, and placed to sit or creep upon the floor, where every draught of air is sure to reach it—with what results, go ask the countless tiny graves in all our beautiful Greenwoods!

But if, in spite of all, the baby lives, by and by it runs alone, and up to the age of three or four years the little boy is dressed quite as unphysiologically as the girl. Then comes the age of trowsers, and from the day he is six years old the boy may date his emancipation papers, for from henceforth common sense will be allowed to have some voice as to the manner in which he shall be clothed. A wadded coat, high in the neck, and having good long sleeves, warm trowsers, woolen socks, and thick-soled boots, enable him to whistle defiance at Jack-Frost.

The little girl, with cotton stockings and paper-soled shoes upon her feet, thin muslin drawers reaching hardly below the knee, and hoops allowing the cruel wind to sweep round her unprotected form clear to the waist, her bare arms and uncovered neck all blue and pinched with cold; poor thing, what *can* she do but stay in the house and "play with her dolly?" Truly has it been said, "we have no little girls now-a-days." If perchance the irrepressible life within *will* burst all bounds, and she give vent to her exuberant spirits in noisy frolic and play, instantly she is reminded that "that isn't pretty; little girls shouldn't do so." Harry is off playing ball, riding down hill, climbing trees, scaling fences, hammering, whistling, or doing some other one of the numberless things in which boys delight. Mary doesn't see why she cannot do the same as well as he; and forgetting all mamma's careful injunctions, off she goes, only to be very soon recalled, receive a lecture on her torn dress, and be told she is a "*tom-boy*." "Mary, don't play in the dirt; you'll spoil your dress!" "I wonder if you *have* torn your dress again! I declare I never saw such a child! You are enough to provoke a saint!" and such like exclamations, render her dress at last, to poor Mary, a drawn sword, held

constantly over her head, crushing back all her spontaneous impulses, and forcing upon her gradually the settled conviction that the only thing at all proper for her to do, is, to sit down quietly, and "be a little lady."

A bright, active boy once said: "I hate to play with girls; they can't climb fences nor do anything without they're sure to tear their frocks!" and the little fellow came much nearer a great truth than he imagined.

Man's *dress* is allowed to fit his body; woman's *body* is compelled to fit her dress. *His* chest and waist need no compressing—they were created perfect, and so are allowed to develop naturally, as God designed them; but she—her Maker's "last, best gift to man"—in fashion's eye a sad mistake was made in her creation. The beautifully rounded waist, so full, so perfect, with room within for all the vital organs to play their part in the great drama of physical life, is so "very ungenteel, so vulgar!" And so the little girl, whose form up to the age of thirteen or fourteen years has been left to grow as free and untrammelled as her brother's, must now begin to pay attention to her figure. The short dress is lengthened down to sweep the floor; the childish waist, so comfortably loose, is laid aside forever; and encased in whalebones, if not in corsets, with a dress so tight that an attempt to take a full free breath would endanger every hook and eye upon it, but which fashion says fits so neatly, the process of *improving God's handiwork* begins. The muscles of the chest, denied development, become enfeebled by disuse, and gradually shrink away, causing the waist to diminish in size; the heart labors ineffectually to properly circulate the blood through arteries, capillaries, and veins; the ribs, forced downwards and inwards, press upon the vital organs, often crowding the abdominal viscera out of position; while the poor lungs, crowded, stifled, unable to more than half expand, become the ready seat of fatal disease. And as she older grows, additional stays are deemed essential, corset-strings are tighter drawn, the dress fits still "more neatly," and by the time she has arrived at womanhood, the goal is won! She has reached the genuine wasp-waist standard, and fashion decides her figure to be "elegant"!

An "elegant figure!" Shade of *Venus de Medicis* preserve us! Lamented HIRAM POWERS, what a sad mistake you made when you fashioned the Greek Slave! An "elegant figure;" and what else has she in addition? An aching head, weak back, disordered liver, and shattered lungs. And yet, with effects following as surely in the wake of their causes as the sunshine follows shade, she cannot see that her *dress* has anything to do with her *sickness*. Not one woman in a thousand will acknowledge that her dress is tight. "See how loose it is!" she tells you, as holding her breath and taking up a fold in front, she deems you have convincing proof; when if her dress were but unfastened, and she were to breathe naturally, it would barely reach together within three inches.

From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot there is hardly one article of woman's dress that is really what it should be. I will except

her shoes, and blessings unnumbered rest upon the head of him who first invented thick-soled balmorals!

Man will not venture forth upon a cold winter's day, without warm woolen socks, thick flannel drawers, and heavy broadcloth pants, to protect his feet and limbs; while woman, so much more delicately organized, and sensitive to cold than he, will go out wearing thin cotton stockings, and one pair of muslin, or at most Canton flannel drawers. 'Tis true she has on numberless skirts, but worn over her hoops, as the most of them are, they are about as effectual protection from cold as the rigging of a ship! Thus the extremities, to reach which the blood must flow through long and devious channels, and therefore are least fitted to bear exposure, are left comparatively unprotected, while the chest and upper portions of the body, abundantly supplied with fresh arterial blood directly from the heart, are enveloped in cloaks, shawls, and wrappings innumerable. The result of this imperfect distribution of clothing is, cold hands and feet, nervousness and its various concomitants, leading sooner or later to other and more complicated disorders.

Then, too, long, trailing skirts, always inconvenient, always in the way, cripple and confine her; while in the pelvic region, where the least weight can with impunity be borne, we find the greatest. Numerous skirts, fastened tightly around the waist by a narrow band, rest entirely unsupported on the hips, dragging down delicate internal organs, and rendering her a life-long sufferer from weaknesses which oftentimes death only can relieve.

Thus "sowing the wind," she "reaps the whirlwind;" and when she should be in the prime of health and vigor, speeding with rapid footsteps "onward and upward in the march of mind," she finds aspiration, inspiration, ambition, grace, beauty, strength, hope, and courage, slowly but surely wasting and fading before the withering fire of disease, and dragging out a few sad, weary years of suffering, she sinks at last into an early grave.

And is there then no remedy for all this? Is there no better way? Indeed there is; and trusting that among you there are many who if it could but be pointed out to them, would gladly walk therein, I shall now proceed to offer a few plain, matter-of-fact suggestions, which if embodied practically will prove of much real value.

The most sensible, tasteful, and convenient dress, in itself considered, of which I have any knowledge, is the Reform Dress (Fig. 1). It consists first of woolen, Canton flannel, or merino drawers attached to a high-necked, long-sleeved waist of the same material, fitting closely to the figure, reaching quite to the ankle, inside of the stocking, and fastening underneath the foot with a band. A woven merino wrapper or vest, such as ladies sometimes wear, cut off at the bottom of the waist, and sewed fast to drawers of the same material, is the most easily made and nicely fitting garment of this description which I have ever



Fig. 1.

seen. Gentlemen's drawers are preferable, as those designed for ladies are usually quite too short, seldom reaching much below the top of the stocking. In the present state of inflated prices, however, merino garments are alarmingly high, rendering a suit of this kind rather too expensive for general use. The accompanying pattern (Fig. 2.) will enable any lady to fashion a garment of the same style, of woolen or Canton flannel, at much less expense.

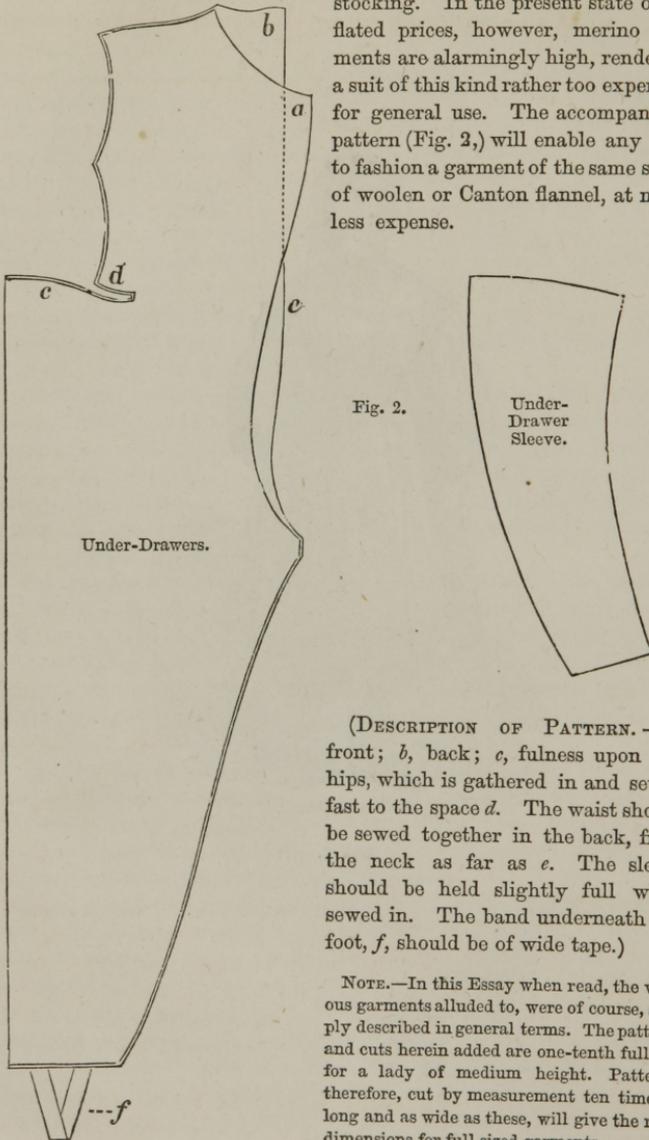


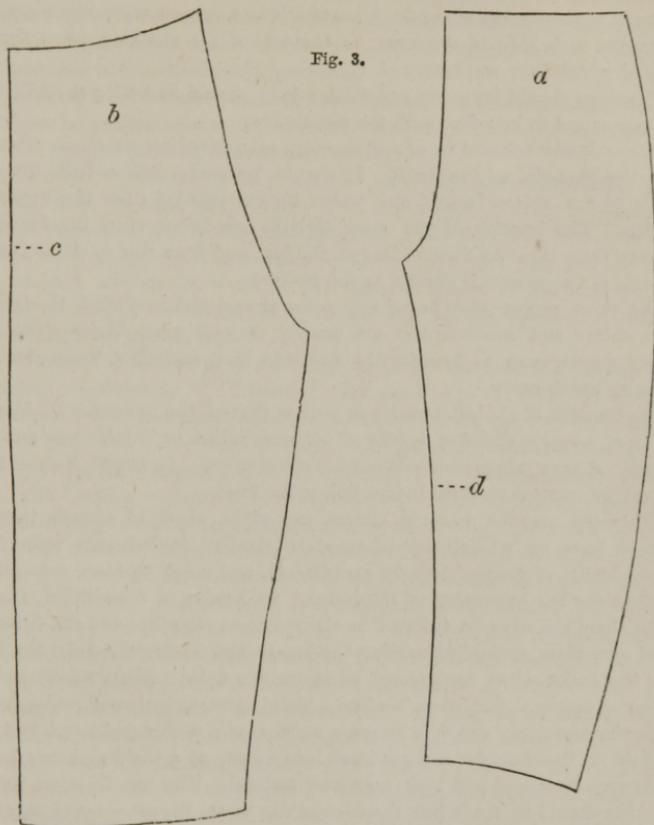
Fig. 2.

Under-Drawer Sleeve.

(DESCRIPTION OF PATTERN.—*a*, front; *b*, back; *c*, fulness upon the hips, which is gathered in and sewed fast to the space *d*. The waist should be sewed together in the back, from the neck as far as *e*. The sleeve should be held slightly full when sewed in. The band underneath the foot, *f*, should be of wide tape.)

NOTE.—In this Essay when read, the various garments alluded to, were of course, simply described in general terms. The patterns and cuts herein added are one-tenth full size for a lady of medium height. Patterns, therefore, cut by measurement ten times as long and as wide as these, will give the right dimensions for full sized garments.

A neat pair of pantaloons is the next garment. They should be of the same color and material as the dress, and cut quite similar to gentlemen's pants; should be lined with colored Canton flannel, and supported by suspenders. A very pretty pattern for making them is represented by Fig 3.



(DESCRIPTION.—*a*, front; *b*, back. To be sewed up the whole distance both front and back, and left open upon the side as far as *c*; at the top to be gathered into a band, which should be nearly two inches longer in front than behind. The front, upon the inside seam *d*, is about an inch longer in the full sized pattern than the corresponding portion of the back. This, in sewing, should be held in to allow for the fullness over the knee.)

An under pair, cut a trifle smaller, made of Canton flannel, lined with paper muslin, and wadded to the knee, may be worn underneath the outside ones, with any dress, are very serviceable in cold weather.

Two pairs of stockings should be worn; woolen next the feet, and cotton over them, and should be kept in place, not by the usual tight elastic, which seriously compresses the veins, but by an elastic an inch in width, buttoned at the waist, in front upon the outer suspender button of the pants, and extending downward to within four inches of the knee, where it terminates in a buckle, from which two narrow elastics diverge, one upon each side of the knee, to the top of the stocking, upon the sides of which they are buttoned.

The shoes should be warm and thick soled; should fit well, yet still be so loose as not to interfere with the circulation.

The underskirt should be of stiff moreen, corresponding nearly in color with the material of the dress. It should be made with a frill, two-thirds of the entire length, and wider by two widths than the upper portion. The breadth of the skirt depends somewhat upon the form, varying from three to four widths at the top, and from five to six at the bottom, as the wearer is slender or the reverse.

The dress proper may be of any color or material preferred, though quiet colors and small figures are usually deemed much the prettiest. Heavy goods, such as broadcloths and the like, are often worn, and make up handsomely.

The breadth of the skirt varies as well as that of the underskirt. For a lady of average size, five widths of common calico or delaine are sufficient. A very tall person will require six or more. In length it should not extend more than three inches below the knee.

The waist may be made in almost any style, provided always that it must have no whalebones (those death-dealing instruments termed corsets being, of course, entirely prohibited), and must be loose enough to allow the full expansion of the lungs. In having a dress fitted, the lungs should always be inflated to their utmost capacity, and the dress fitted over them, instead of holding the breath and having the dress fitted over the lungs when compressed, as is usually done. Plain waists are not as becoming as full ones, because a plain waist, to look well, *must* be made comparatively tight; whereas a waist made with a yoke and belt, or plain on the shoulder and gathered into a belt, or a Garibaldi may be made very loose and still look neat and tasteful. The length upon the shoulder should be much less than is usually worn, the seam being short enough, and the arm-holes large enough, to allow the arms to be easily stretched upward to their utmost extent. This is a very important point, as a dress may be very loose, and still, if it reach as low upon the shoulder as dresses generally do, it will so seriously interfere with the motions of the arm as to render it decidedly unphysiological.

The sleeves are usually made close at the wrist, the style of making them being optional with the wearer. The trimming upon them, as well as of that upon the waist and skirt, is entirely a matter of taste, much or little being worn, as preferred.

For out-door wear a cloak and hat should invariably be worn, as shawls and bonnets look shockingly with short dresses. A sacque, or loose-fitting basque, or some other modification of the prevailing fashion for cloaks, may always be adapted to the reform dress, and made so as to look very pretty. Of the numerous styles of hats, both for summer and winter wear, which for the past few years have been so fashionable, the variety is extensive, and no difficulty need be experienced in procuring something both suitable and becoming.

During the summer months (the flannel, woolen stockings, etc., of course being dispensed with), muslins, bareges, or any kind of light material suitable for long dresses may be worn.

Clad in this costume, a lady will find her entire person effectually protected from the cold, and relieved from all weight in every portion, her waist permitted full development, and her limbs free and untrammelled; she can trip up and down stairs as easily as a girl, can perform her household avocations, work in the garden, ramble in the country on dewy mornings, climb hillsides, or go out in the rainiest, muddiest weather, with perfect ease.

“O, but,” I hear some good friend saying, “the reform dress is so *immodest, so unbecoming!*” Immodest, say you? Go out upon Broadway, on a rainy day, and stand upon any street corner for one half hour, and I think you will never dare bring up that charge against the dress again. Do you see that elegantly dressed lady coming? With her hundred-dollar silk trailing at least a foot behind her, drabbling through pools of tobacco spit, sweeping up cigar stumps, accumulating all manner of filth and dirt upon its under surface, presently she reaches a crossing. Gathering up her flowing garments with both hands, her dainty foot passes the curb-stone. Proceeding a few steps, somebody jostles her; down goes one side of her dress into the mud. Attempting to regain it, down goes the other. Desperately clutching her habiliments again, she unconsciously catches the skirts underneath in the operation, and “O what a” skeleton “is there, my” countrywomen! An express wagon rapidly nearing a corner, startles her; acquaintance number three of her dress with the mud! Frantically grasping her skirts in front with one hand, with the other she lifts hoops and all behind her, and tiptoes across, with her clothing in the rear at an altitude of which she has no conception, and revealing, not only feet and ankles, but even limbs, to an extent which a neatly-clad Bloomer would blush to think of. The latter personage, her limbs completely and perfectly protected, not only from cold but from all this indecent exposure, trips along oblivious of mud or wet, and with unsoiled garments, reaches her destination a full half hour before her fashionable sister arrives with the entire lower portion of her clothing soiled and bedrabbled. Talk about the short dress being immodest! “O Consistency, thou art a jewel!”

But you think it is "*unbecoming*." Well, it is a lamentable fact that many of our most earnest reformers, in their zeal for a good cause, ignore the truth that Ideality is a faculty of our nature, given us by God for a wise and beneficent purpose; and that while consulting the uses of dress, and making it strictly hygienic, it is at the same time just as much our duty to make it as pleasing as possible. I do not wonder that many persons are disgusted with the reform dress, for I have myself seen dresses made in this style, without any regard to taste, that were most abominably ugly. But made neatly and tastefully, as it should be, this costume is a very pretty one.

THE NEW REFORM DRESS.

To those who like the New Reform Dress, introduced within the past few years, the following pattern may be of service. It dispenses entire-

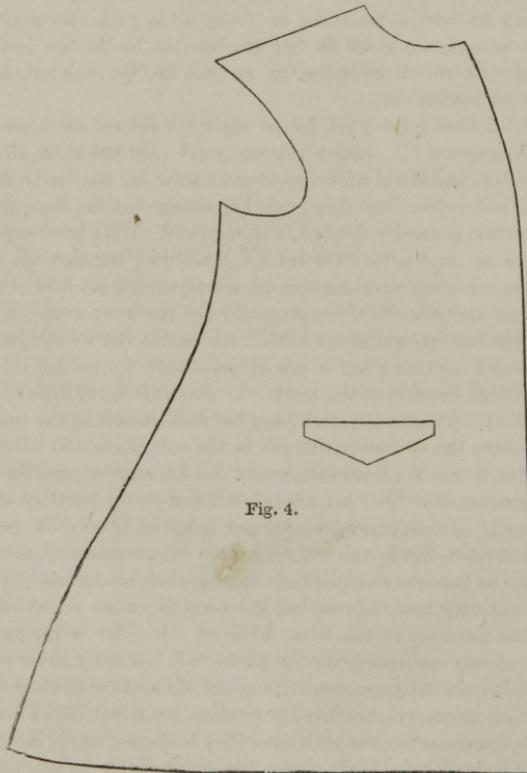
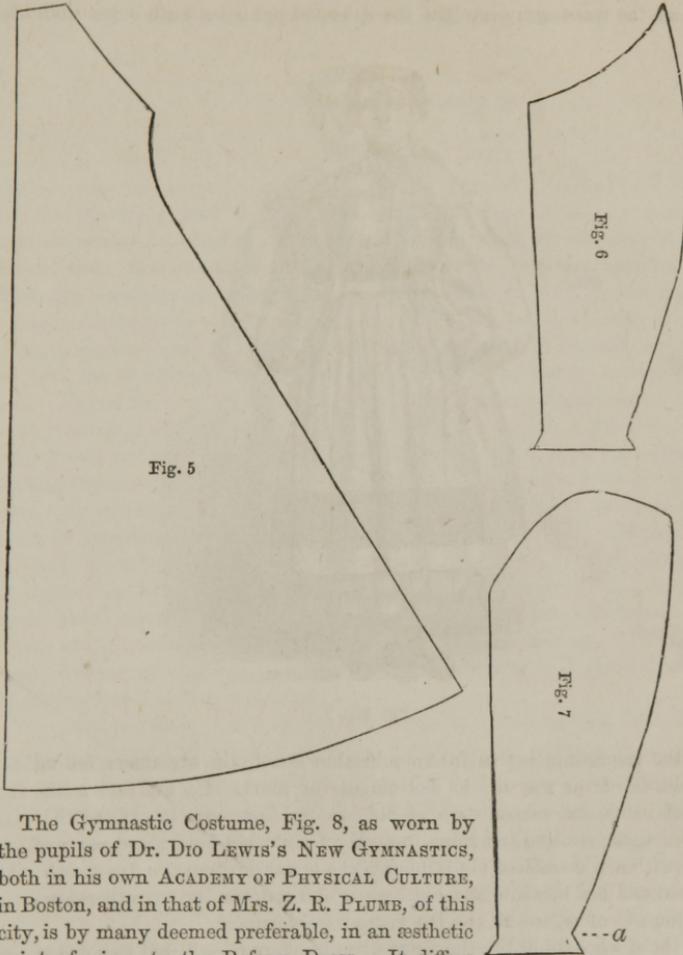


Fig. 4.

ly with the underskirt, both waist and skirt of the dress being cut together, as represented by Figs. 4 and 5. The pants are the same as for the ordinary reform dress.

(DESCRIPTION OF NEW REFORM DRESS.--Fig. 4, front of dress; Fig. 5, back of dress; Fig. 6, front of sleeve; Fig. 7, back of sleeve. *a*, projections at the bottom of sleeve for hem.)



The Gymnastic Costume, Fig. 8, as worn by the pupils of Dr. DIO LEWIS'S NEW GYMNASTICS, both in his own ACADEMY OF PHYSICAL CULTURE, in Boston, and in that of Mrs. Z. R. PLUMB, of this city, is by many deemed preferable, in an æsthetic point of view, to the Reform Dress. It differs from it in the pants, which are made in the Turkish style, very full, from three-fourths to seven-eighths of a yard in breadth and long enough to reach the top of the boot. They are drawn in with an elastic band at the bottom, and may be fastened below the knee, falling over in the Zouave style. The Garibaldi waist is usually worn, being made of greater length under the arm and in the sleeves than for any other dress. This costume admits of a great variety of trimming, as for instance, figure 8.

Dress of gray merino, trimmed with dark blue; upon the trimming of the skirt, narrow braid, a shade darker than the dress, extends diagonally across from the buttons upon the top to those upon the bottom. The sash of the waist, gray like the dress, bound upon both sides with blue



Fig. 8.

like the trimming, is tied in a double bow-knot, the streamers falling two-thirds of the way to the bottom of the skirt. Up and down the side of pants, extends a strip of blue an inch or more in width. Or the waist, sleeves, and trimming, may be of light blue, skirt and pants of drab, with a wide sash of blue ribbon a shade darker than the dress. Or, crimson and black, white and blue, white and crimson, or any other combination of colors, to suit the fancy, may be worn.

If those who think the short dress "unbecoming" will but visit either Dr. LEWIS'S or Mrs. PLUMB'S Academy, where they will find hundreds of the most refined, intelligent, and accomplished ladies of New York and Boston wearing this costume as an exercising dress, I think they will coincide with the almost unanimous opinion of all who visit them, that the short dress can be made not only very becoming, but very beautiful, and most exquisitely graceful.

“But,” some will ask, “if the Reform Dress has really the advantages you claim for it, why do you not wear it yourself?” I *have* worn it myself, for two long years in New York city, everywhere and upon all occasions; and *this* is what I have learned concerning it—learned, too, through the fiery furnace of suffering: Public opinion, in a city like this, is a thing that not one woman, nor twenty women, nor a hundred women, can alter or change; and public opinion *will not* allow a lady to wear a short dress in our streets without subjecting her to one continual martyrdom. One may become a vegetarian, or may adopt almost any other unpopular reform, and still escape annoyance, except in the immediate circles where he becomes acquainted; but the moment a woman puts on the Reform Dress, and wears it in the streets of New York city, from that moment she is marked. Wherever she goes, whatever she does, she is watched. She cannot step outside the door for even one breath of fresh air, but every eye is on her. In the country, or even in country villages, where every new comer is soon seen and known, in wearing this dress, annoyance may at first be met with, but soon all will become familiar with the novel sight, and few, if any, will take the trouble to molest you. But in the city, where persons may live for years without knowing even the names of their next-door neighbors, you may live a life-time if you choose, and still, amid the countless thousands which swell the never ceasing human tide ebbing and flowing through our streets, meet strangers, only strangers, constantly. If among those unfamiliar forms and faces, ill breeding were a thing unknown, it would be vastly different. Persons of refinement may look surprised, astonished, even shocked, at sight of a reform dress, but they will still look respectful. And upon Broadway, Fifth avenue, and a few other of the principal streets, where mostly well-bred persons congregate, you will seldom, if ever, meet with any greater annoyance than that of being stared at—that must be expected as a matter of course.

It is true you may, if you choose, travel just in a little narrow, beaten round, and secluding yourself at home, forego all the advantages of a city life. In such a case, I have no doubt you will be able to pronounce it quite an easy matter to wear the reform dress here. But just try the experiment of wearing it everywhere; seeking to avail yourself of the varied avenues of culture so profusely scattered round you, attend churches, lectures, concerts, picture galleries, or places of amusement, which any lady wearing a long dress may visit with impunity, and see what you will meet. If like myself you are rather diminutive in stature, looking so very girlish when attired in this costume as to be almost universally taken for a little girl, you will probably, while encountering annoyances, still not find yourself excluded from such places, at least I never was. But I have known instances where taller ladies wearing this dress, on entering a church or lecture hall in a quiet, lady-like manner,

and taking a seat therein, have been unceremoniously shown the door, and informed that *such* dresses were not tolerated there.

And if at the call of duty, business, or inclination, you have occasion to go upon the Bowery, Sixth, Eighth, or Ninth avenues, Carmine, Fulton, or any street, in fact, excepting Broadway or Fifth avenue perhaps, you will find just this: however neat, tasteful, and becoming your dress may be, however modestly, quietly, and unassumingly you may pass along about your business, base rowdies, congregated round street corners, hotel steps, and lager beer saloons, will look at you as you pass, in a manner that will cause every drop of blood to run cold within your veins, and give utterance to remarks so vulgar and obscene that they will fairly crush you to the earth! Lost women, pointing at you their polluted fingers, will follow you, their loud, brazen laugh sounding above all the din and tumult of the street, causing the passers-by to turn and look as if you were a thing more vile than they. Suspicion, dogging your footsteps, will follow you everywhere; society, with averted eye, will glance coldly on you, and close its doors against you; drunken men, in broad daylight, will staggeringly insult you; fine, would-be ladies, as you pass, draw themselves up in scorn, as if your touch were rank pollution; policemen, as they tread their daily rounds, will follow you at a distance, and watch you with lynx eyes; while "Young America," on the street corners,—but here words fail me! I never believed in total depravity until I wore the reform dress in New York; but I must confess I have seen such graceless little *imps of Satan* in the shape of children, that I am prepared to credit almost anything! You will meet with them on every street corner; hooting, and shouting, and yelling, they will follow you for blocks, uttering all sorts of speeches, doing all sorts of things; by their unearthly racket calling the inmates of shops, and stores, and dwellings, to both doors and windows; to-day pelting you with snow-balls, and to-morrow with apple-cores; now from behind giving your dress a twitch, and anon running backward before you in solid phalanx, and dubbing you by every epithet, good, bad, or indifferent, which their busy little brains can suggest; and if in sheer desperation you step into a store and do a little shopping, hoping thus to get rid of them, they will stand open-mouthed around the door till you come out, and then commence their interminable clatter anew! Often and often I have been compelled to enter a car to escape the little nuisances, or else step up to a policeman and claim his protection. Thank heaven, there is one thing a New York boy is afraid of, and that is a policeman; and whenever there was one near, I was never afraid of being seriously molested.

But the picture is not all dark. There are some very amusing things about it. I have often had my risibles so strongly excited as to render it extremely difficult to preserve my gravity. The first summer of my stay here, Barnum's "What is it" was the chief attraction at the Museum,

and any one who has ever seen *that* nondescript, can imagine the ludicrousness of hearing men, women, and children, exclaim, as they walked behind or turned in passing to look at me, "What is it?" "What is it?" "Is it a man, or is it a woman?" The Japanese Embassy was the next great sight, and then the cry would greet me, "O, there goes a Japanese!" After Albert Edward honored our city with a visit, the next cognomen was, "That's the Prince of Wales style!" One day, shortly after the attack on Sumter, while walking with a friend, my ears were astounded with the exclamation, "Well, I'll bet that's a secessionist!" On another occasion, a couple of fast young men, standing upon a street corner, did not observe my costume till just as I was passing them. Turning to his companion, with a look of the most blank amazement overspreading his countenance, one of them, giving utterance to a prolonged whistle, ejaculated, "Chaw me up alive, Jim, if ever I did see anything like that before!"

"But," I hear some dress reformer saying, "I have been in New York time and again, for weeks at a time, and I never met with any such serious annoyances as you speak of." So, indeed, have I. They do not crowd upon you all at once, but one at a time, little by little, the "continual dropping," comes, which will eventually "wear out the strongest" soul. I have often gone out for days together without meeting anything more serious than that of being stared at; and then again, for days in succession I have met with so much that it seemed as if it would sap my very heart's blood, and kill me outright. It is just according to the class of persons one happens to meet; and a lady wearing the reform dress for a few weeks, or even months, in this city, knows no more what a woman must endure who wears it here for years, than if she had never worn it here at all.

Some of the leading advocates of Dress reform will stand up and preach that this being the only sensible dress, it is a woman's duty to wear it everywhere, and under all circumstances; and that the principle involved is of such deep, such vital import, that one should be willing almost to suffer martyrdom for it, if need be. It is a glorious thing to be a martyr; to reach that sublime height of moral courage where for a noble cause, at one great stroke, we can give up our lives; but a martyrdom that has no ending, that severs the heartstrings by inches, that with slow torturing fires burns us at the stake, and keeps us burning there forever,—that is a martyrdom that one must needs have a cause worthy of highest human worship to enable him to bear. Yet such a martyrdom as this is the social one a woman must endure to wear the reform dress in this city; and *the mental suffering* consequent thereon, *will wear upon her health, and injure her physically ten times as much as the dress will do her good*, thus defeating the very end for which she is striving. I am not speaking of those strong-minded ones who care naught for public opinion; I am speaking of those who possess the real true womanly nature, with all its

fine sensibilities. And the inevitable consequence to such an one, of attempting to live here and wear the dress exclusively is, either that fine sensibility, woman's greatest charm, is wholly lost, and she becomes hardened, bold, and utterly indifferent to public opinion, or else she becomes so morbidly sensitive that it will wear her out both soul and body. She *can* have no chance for growth. Her *dress* is so constantly thrust upon her attention, everywhere and all the time, that it will tax every particle of strength she possesses just to *live* and *endure*, and mental development in any direction becomes almost an impossible thing.

We may batter our own brains out against the walls of public opinion in this matter, and what will it amount to? Simply this: We shall sacrifice our own lives without accomplishing but little, if any, good thereby.

"Aye, but," you will say, "no human brain was ever battered out in a great cause, in vain!" No, not in a *great* cause; but countless martyrs have offered up their lives for what they *deemed* great CAUSES, which time has shown to be but *great* MISTAKES. If the cause be worth it, then endure the martyrdom! But first be very sure the cause is what you deem it. I thought it was; I saw and felt all the evils and disadvantages of the common mode of dress, felt that I *could* no longer follow such wicked customs, and seeing no better way, I made the reform dress a matter of principle; and it took such deep, such vital hold upon my conscientious convictions, that it seemed not till almost every chord and fibre of my being had been wrenched and torn by suffering, could I learn the lesson, which I would to God I might have learned without it, that the conscientious stand-point is a mistaken one.

And though I had to shield and aid me, as strong, devoted love, as noble, manly, generous assistance and support as ever woman had on earth, I yet passed through an experience such as I hope and pray no other woman ever may be called on to endure.

Through that experience came at last the knowledge that *there is a better way*; the knowledge that *every single disadvantage of the long dress can be overcome in the long dress just as effectually as in the short dress, excepting the inconvenience of the length of the skirt*. Long skirts are, and ever must be, inconvenient; but that inconvenience, great as it is, is as nothing when compared to the suffering which must be endured in wearing the reform dress here.

"But," some will say, "you show up the common mode of dress, and tell us it is ruinous to wear it." So it is. "You describe the advantages of the reform dress, and then tell us it is killing to wear that." So it is. "What then are we to do?"

Simply this; Make the long dress hygienic. "It cannot be done; the thing is impossible!" you say. Begging your pardon, but it *can* be done, and *has* been done, and is not only *not* impossible, but it is a very easy thing to do. How, do you ask? In this way. Let out your dresses till

you can with perfect ease take a full, deep inspiration in every one of them, and *never* wear a tight dress again so long as you shall live. Make all your waists precisely as you would for the reform dress, leaving them a little looser, if anything, thus affording ample room for the support of



Fig. 9.

your underclothing. Shorten your skirts till they swing free entirely from the floor, and let no consideration of fashion ever again tempt you into a trailing skirt. Have all your clothing for warmth in the form of drawers instead of skirts, wearing no skirt at all underneath your hoops, and but one over them, either summer or winter. There is as much or more difference between skirts and drawers for warmth, as there is between a flowing sleeve and a close one; one pair of close drawers more

effectually protecting the person from the cold than three skirts can do, besides affording the limbs so much greater freedom of motion than where an underskirt is worn. Wear next your person the same under-drawers (Fig. 2.) as for the reform dress; over these, two pairs of close drawers, of some such pattern as that represented by Fig. 10. They should be of Canton flannel, the outer pair with muslin bottoms; the inner pair cut a few inches shorter than the outer, and worn tucked into the top of the stockings. A second pair of the under-drawers (Fig. 2.) may be worn in very cold weather, if necessary. These, with the same stockings and shoes as for the reform dress, and the addition of leggings, will render you, so far as limbs and feet are concerned, amply protected from the coldest weather.



Fig. 10.

(DESCRIPTION OF PATTERN. *a*, front; *b*, back. To be sewed up both front and back, gathered into a band, and left open upon the sides to *c*.)

“But how are we to support our skirts? that’s the question. There is no way that it can be done perfectly in the long dress; there is no manner in which they can be supported without leaving some weight upon the hips, or interfering with the abdominal muscles in breathing.” So I thought. I had overcome every obstacle but that; that, I was convinced, was insurmountable; when suddenly, by the inventive genius of a dear friend now no more, the vexed problem was triumphantly solved, practically demonstrated beyond the possibility of

a doubt, as clearly and as plainly as that two and two make four.

The following is an accurate representation of the skirt-suspenders, by which this seemingly insurmountable obstacle was overcome.

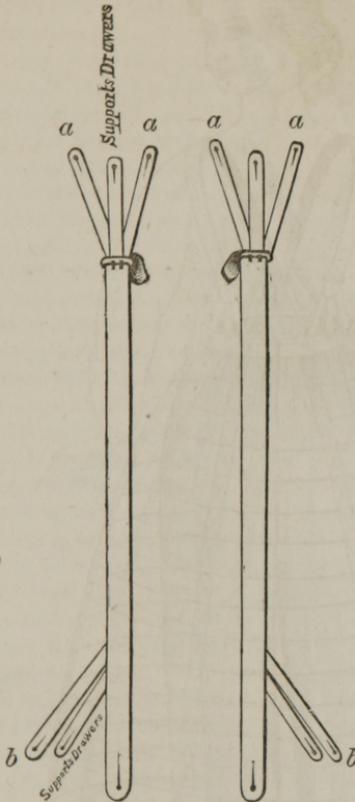


Fig. 11.

Fig. 12.

the braces, *b, b*, upon the outer ones and *a, a, a, a*, upon those in front.

Upon the band of the inner drawers are fastened four narrow loops of tape, two in front and two behind, which loop over upon corresponding buttons upon the outer drawers. The latter are then buttoned to the central straps of the suspenders, as represented in Fig. 13.

By this arrangement the skirt is drawn up slightly in the centre, and thrown out from the back, and supported so perfectly and completely as also are the drawers, that with it on, if her dress be loose as it should be, a lady will scarcely feel the weight of her clothing at all.

Dress reformers, you who make the reform dress a matter of principle, none honor higher than I the sublime moral courage which enables you

(DESCRIPTION. Figs. 11 and 12 are a pair of wide suspenders, diverging in front, and terminating in four braces, in the usual manner, *a, a, a, a*. Similar braces, *b, b*, are attached, one upon the back of each of the suspenders, about six inches from the large extremity. The braces below these, as also the central ones in front, support the drawers. Eight buttons are placed upon the band of the hoop skirt, as represented in Fig. 13. Those in front are about three and one-half inches apart, while in the back the distance between the central ones is from one and one-half to two inches, the two outer ones being about three and one-half inches from them. The balmoral, or other skirt, which should open directly in front or slightly upon one side, has corresponding button-holes in the binding, which are buttoned upon these buttons, as also are the skirt-suspenders; the large extremities of the latter being crossed in the back, and buttoned upon the inner buttons,

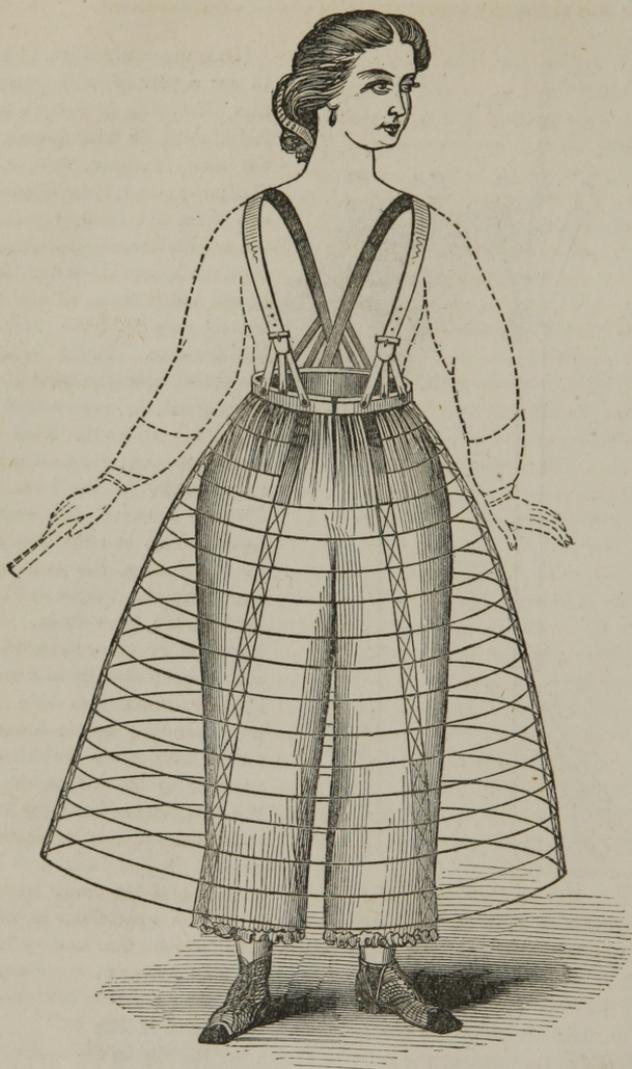


Fig. 13.

to "endure all things and suffer all things" for what you deem the truth; but at the same time, this I give you as my most solemn conviction, that such heroism is absolutely needless, is worse than wasted. And if, without prejudice, you will give the hygienic long dress, such as I have described, a fair and impartial trial, I think you will be compelled to acknowledge that you have been mistaken in your estimate of what the truth in this matter really is. For you will find a hygienic long dress to be as much a possibility as a hygienic short dress; and that you have as perfect freedom of chest and waist, as entire relief from all weight and pressure in the region of the hips, back, and abdomen, as complete protection and warmth of limbs and feet, in the former dress as in the latter; and that the only essential advantage possessed by the reform dress over the hygienic long dress, lies simply in the greater freedom of motion which it allows the lower extremities.

And you will also find that, thus attired, you may unnoticed, unmo-
 lested, avail yourself of countless avenues of growth and culture which, wearing the reform dress, would be entirely closed to you.

Make dress, then, what it really is, a matter of health and of convenience, not of principle; wearing the short dress when you can without sacrificing more than you gain; wearing it about your household avocations if you have your own work to do; in the country, climbing hill-sides, working in the garden, on the skating pond, at your gymnastic exercises, etc.; but wearing the hygienic long dress in the street, at church, at lectures, and all public places where, if wearing the other, you would be likely to meet with annoyance, and I think you will find not only your physical health vastly improved, your mental growth immeasurably more rapid, but also that you will help on the cause of true reform far more effectually than you can by wearing the short dress exclusively; for you will be enabled to induce a hundred women to wear it in this way, where you can one to wear it everywhere.

And may God speed the "good time coming" when woman, freed from the last vestige of both physical and mental bondage, enfranchised and redeemed, may wear what she will, go where she will, with none to ask her why.

When, every power of mind and body developed, strengthened, cultivated, her life shall be a grand sweet poem, blessing and beautifying earth, and rounded out to perfect measure in the world to come!

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The object of this work is to show that the drug-shop is the parent of the dram-shop; that though we may war faithfully against this mighty tree of evil, we can never more than strip off some of its poisonous leaves and crush some of its malignant flowers; until we touch the vital spot—until we go to the root of the evil, and remove from the earth this accursed tree, it will continue its growth. The work discusses, in a logical and impartial manner, the doctrine of alcoholic medication; the evils that it produces, and the appropriate remedy. Among a few of the subjects discussed are, the Curse of the Nations,—the Extent of the Liquor Traffic,—the Difficulty and the Remedy,—Substitutes for Alcohol,—the Action of Alcohol,—the One Thing Needful,—the Primary Error,—the Medical Profession,—Influence of Medical men,—where the People look for Instruction,—the Question a Scientific one,—the Unsolved Problem,—the Stronghold of the Enemy,—the mystery of Stimulation,—Temperance Quack Doctors,—the Higher Law,—Is Alcohol Food,—Relations of Chemistry to Physiology—distinction between Food and Poison,—Grog Rations,—Experiments,—Testimony of Medical men, etc., etc.

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