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 of all Nations, &c. &c. &c.*

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## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LVII.—English Earls.

## VILLIERS, EARL OF JERSEY.

The ancestor of this noble family was Sir Edward Villiers, President of Munster, in Ireland. He was eldest brother of the famous George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; of John Villiers, Viscount Purbeck; and of Christopher Villiers, Earl of Anglesea. This Sir Edward Villiers married Barbara, eldest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lydi and Tregoze, in Wiltshire. She was niece to Oliver St. John, Viscount Grandison, Lord Deputy of Ireland, so created January 3, 1620; with remainder to the issue of Sir Edward Villiers, by Barbara St. John.

Sir Edward died on the 26th of September, 1626, and his remains lie interred in the Earl of Cork's chapel, at Youghall, in the county of Cork. Sir Edward left issue, four sons. From the third, George, succeeded the Viscounts Grandison; the fourth son, Edward, was ancestor to the Earls of Jersey.

William Villiers, the eldest son of Sir Edward Villiers, succeeded to the title of Viscount Grandison, on the death of his great uncle, Oliver St. John, Viscount Grandison, of the name of Villiers. This nobleman had espoused the cause of his king, Charles I., against the republican parliament, and died of a wound he had received at the siege of Bristol, in 1643. He was a nobleman of the greatest integrity, and the most accomplished manners.

His lordship married Mary, third daughter of Paul, Viscount Bayning, and had issue by her, an only child, Barbara Villiers, created Duchess of Cleveland, in her own right, August 3, 1670, by her royal lover, Charles II., who almost idolized her, and to whom his fickle heart was more firmly and longer attached than to any other of his mistresses. She was remarkably beautiful; but she was something like to Madame de Montespan, the favourite of Louis XIV.; they both ruled over the hearts they had enslaved, with a rod of iron, and when the subjugated monarchs wished to divest themselves of those fetters, they found it out of their power, from the fascination of their fair tyrants, entirely to break.

Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland, was married at the time of the king forming this reprehensible attachment, to Roger Palmer, Esq., afterwards created Earl of Castlemaine. The countess had issue by the king, three natural sons and two daughters. The first was Charles Fitzroy, Duke of Cleveland, to which title he succeeded at his mother's death. Henry Fitzroy, the second, was created Duke of Grafton; and the third, George Fitzroy, Duke of Northumberland. The eldest daughter married Thomas Lennard, Earl of

Essex; and the youngest, Edward Henry Lee, Earl of Litchfield.

After this short account of the female ancestor of so many great men, through the favour of an infatuated monarch, we return to William, Viscount Grandison; who, dying without issue male, was succeeded by his next brother, John,

THE SECOND VISCOUNT.—He also died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother, George,

THE THIRD VISCOUNT.—He married Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Francis Leigh, Earl of Chichester; and by her had issue, two sons. Edward, the eldest son, was a brigadier-general in the army, and died in his father's lifetime, in 1693. He married, in March 1676, Catherine, daughter and sole heir of John Fitzgerald, of Dromana, in the county of Waterford. This lady obtained a patent from King William III., on January 6th, 1679, granting her the precedence of Viscountess Grandison, in as full a manner as if her husband had lived to enjoy that honour.

Edward had issue by this lady, two sons and two daughters. Harriet, the youngest daughter, married a Mr. Pitt, of Boconnoc, in Cornwall, and was the mother of the celebrated EARL OF CHATHAM, and grandmother to his no less illustrious son, the late WILLIAM PITT, the ablest of statesmen, the grand support of a throne, founded on the love of a free people. John Villiers, the eldest son, succeeded his grandfather, as

FOURTH VISCOUNT, AND FIRST EARL OF GRANDISON.—His lordship died May 14, 1766, when the estates devolved on his daughter Elizabeth, created Viscountess of Dromona; but the title of Earl of Grandison, of Limerick, became extinct, and that of Viscount Grandison of Limerick devolved on William Villiers, Earl of Jersey, descended from Sir Edward Villiers, fourth and youngest son of Sir Edward Villiers, President of Munster, by Barbara St. John, niece of Oliver St. John, Viscount Grandison, Lord Deputy of Ireland; which Sir Edward was a colonel in the army of King Charles I. He married Lady Frances, daughter of Theophilus Howard, second Earl of Suffolk; by her he had issue, two sons and six daughters. His eldest son, Edward Villiers, was

FIRST EARL OF JERSEY.—In 1702, he was created Baron Villiers, of Hoo, and Viscount Villiers, of Dartford, in Kent; and on the 13th of October, Earl of Jersey. He married Barbara, daughter of William Chiffinch, Esq., by whom he had issue, two sons and two daughters. The Earl died on the 26th of August, 1711, the same day he was to have been appointed Lord Privy Seal, and was succeeded by his eldest son, William,

THE SECOND EARL.—His lordship married Judith, only daughter of Frederick Hearne, of the city of London, Esq., and by her had issue, two sons and a daughter. The Earl died on the 13th of July, 1721, and was succeeded by his son, William,

THE THIRD EARL.—This nobleman, on the decease of John Villiers, Earl of Grandison, in 1766, succeeded him, as Viscount Grandison, of Limerick, as the fifth Viscount in



succession. He married, in June 1733, Anne Egerton, daughter of Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, and relict of Wriottesley, third Duke of Bedford. By her the Earl had issue, two sons; the eldest, William, dying young, George Bassy, the second, succeeded his father, and was

FOURTH EARL.—His lordship was born on the 9th of June, 1755. On the 6th of March, 1770, he married Frances, sole daughter and heir of Dr. Philip Twisden, Bishop of Raphoe, in Ireland; by whom the Earl had issue, three sons and six daughters.

The mother of this numerous family was, in her youth, one of the most resplendent beauties at the Court of George III.; it was easy to see, even in her decline of life, what she must have been, for she retained much beauty to the last. Her daughters evinced a great resemblance to her, and were possessed of much of her outward attractions, particularly the present Duchess of Argyll.

His lordship dying on the 22d of August, 1805, was succeeded by his eldest son, George,

THE PRESENT, AND FIFTH EARL.—His lordship was born on the 19th of August, 1773, and succeeded his father August 22, 1805. On the 23d of May, 1804, he married Lady Sarah Sophia Child, eldest daughter of John, Earl of Westmoreland, and has issue, Lord Villiers, born April 4, 1808, and other children.

The motto of this noble family is—*Fidei coticula crux.*  
“The cross is the test of truth.”

### MOUNTEAGLE CASTLE.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

(Continued from page 16.)

A thrilling quail, she never felt before, crept over Adelaide's breast. She arose, and was proceeding to her apartments, when—O horror! a gust of wind had shut to the door leading to the inhabited part of the castle. In vain she exerted her utmost strength to push it open. In vain she knocked and called upon Francis, the sound echoing through the cloistered passage, were beyond the reach of her distant household. In this dilemma, she had nothing left but to return to the chapel and try to find some other outlet. She took up the altar-lamp, and, going through the opposite corridor, it gave to her view a sunken doorway, through which the starlight was faintly shining. The rubbish was easily removed, and she was certainly not much pleased to find herself, at that hour, in the dreary court, formed by the buildings of the questionable wing, and through them only it was now possible to arrive at her own apartments. Silence, dread and drear as the grave, prevailed on every side. Passing by the mouth of the cellar, whence, according to Francis, the spectre was wont to emerge, she diffidently looked down the slanting abyss, from which a hollow growling seemed to ascend towards her. Her courage had nearly failed her, but, deprecating her weakness, she pushed on through brambles and briars, towards an open porch, and actually ascended a staircase, leading, as she conjectured, to that part of the building where she had observed the light on the preceding evening. Before her lay a narrow slip of a corridor, intersected by another similar one, in which several doors, loosely swinging on single hinges, displayed a suite of dismal and dilapidated apartments. In the strong current of wind prevailing there, her lamp afforded but an occasional light, and in

one of its lucid fits, the shadowy figure of a man, in a grey cloak, suddenly brushing by the wall, and as suddenly disappearing again.—*The ghost of her grandsire*, met her eye!—Her blood curdled in her veins, her knees refused their office; the door, against which she leaned, burst open, and she staggered into a spacious Gothic hall! “Mercy, good Lord! there she is again!” exclaimed a voice, and the apparition in the grey cloak shot past her, and plunged into an adjoining room.

“Then it is a human being still,” thought she, breathing again freely. A door of a side-room, standing ajar, tempted her to enter it. What a sight burst upon her view there! The grey spectre, cowering in a corner, again set up a doleful shriek at her appearance, while a handsome pale-vizaged man was rising from a mean pallet. His noble features, though stamped with the languor of illness, still retained their native dignity; clusters of dark-brown curls shaded his fine forehead, and his grave black eyes shot looks more of enquiry than surprise, at the sudden visitor, who kept her station in the doorway, like a piece of sculpture, evidently more terrified herself, than intending to terrify others.

“What brings thee within these melancholy walls, lovely vision?” asked the unknown, while supporting Adelaide, whom this unexpected encounter had thrown into a state of stupor, bordering on a swoon.

“Speak not to her, for God's sake!” cried he in the corner. “Nor touch her, she is stooping to throttle you. Keep off, keep off—Merciful God! blue flames are rising out of the earth! now, it is all over with us,”—and down went the panic-struck creature with his face flat on the ground, while Adelaide's lamp rolled along on the stone pavement, the inflamed fluid meandering in a fearful blaze.

After some minutes she regained her consciousness, and shrunk back with shame and confusion, on finding her head reclining on the bosom of a stranger, who asked her, in gentle accents, if she were quite recovered, and how she got into that abode?

“Not through inquisitiveness only,” replied she, blushing as she disengaged herself from his arm.—“I am the owner of this castle.”

“Do you hear that, sir? She is the granddam, sure enough,” muttered the servant, frightened aghast.

“Compelled by accident to regain my apartments through this deserted wing,” continued she, “to my surprise I met—”

“With no ghost, but with an invalid soldier, cut off from his corps, and detained here by his wounds,” said the stranger, with a graceful bow. “Probably the peculiar reputation of this pile has been the means of saving me from being captured by the Austrians, who marched past us yesterday.”

“Sure, you are not a Swede?” asked Adelaide, in a hesitating tone, which indicated surprise not of an agreeable nature.—“But be you who you may,” added she, after a pause, with her wonted suavity, as his right arm in a sling, and his blanched countenance caught her eye—“Be you whom you may, you are wounded, and, therefore, welcome within these walls, which are also my protection from the ravaging tide of contending armies.”

“Do you reside constantly in this castle?”

“I have for the last four days.”

“Little was I aware of being in the vicinity of an angel.”

“Have you been here longer than that?” asked Adelaide,



merely for the sake of saying something in order to hide the perplexity she was in.

"It is three weeks, now, since my servant brought me hither on his back, senseless, from the field of battle, where I had to defend myself, at the head of a small band, against a whole regiment of Austrians. My wounds are not closed yet, and the proximity of the enemy, whose encounter I am incapacitated from, has doomed me to this monotonous existence, which, until the present moment——"

"Allow your man to see me to my own apartments," said the blushing maiden, stopping him short. "To-morrow, perhaps, you will be able to exchange this gloomy abode for one more commodious."

"Then I shall be permitted to be in your presence again, lovely messenger from heaven?" exclaimed the stranger, a crimson flush of joy tinging his palid cheeks. "Now this rock will no longer be confinement to me."

Meanwhile, Cutberth, still incredulous, had put Adelaide's lamp to rights again, and walked before her hastily, looking round, however, every now and then, to see whether her substance had not evaporated into nothingness, as suddenly as it appeared to him, at first, to emerge out of the ground; while his master, sinking into reveries, more and more rapturous, scanned every circumstance of her appearance, lest he should have to set it down as a mere illusion, and the effects of his excited imagination, rendering her the *beau ideal* that had been long the divinity enshrined in his soul!

Adelaide, too, reached her apartment, exhausted with the rapid succession of conflicting emotions, and her mind strongly agitated. To her, too, the whole transaction seemed a dream. The stranger only was present to her soul, in the exuberance of manly beauty and innate nobleness; and when surprised in deep abstraction by Dame Alice, in the morning, she almost wanted countenance to broach to her the discovery she had made, and her intention to accommodate the wounded officer with more comfortable lodgings in the tenable part of the castle. Silent, and with a dissentient shake of the head, old Francis received her orders to that effect, which were not quite delivered when Alice came in to announce the stranger himself.

He entered, dressed in the uniform of the Swedish Cuirassiers, presenting a figure still nobler than the night before, although obliged to walk with the assistance of his servant. Adelaide received him with that bewitching embarrassment which embellishes the female countenance the more, the more intellect predominates in it. "Pardon my premature visit, my lady!" said he, "I could not rest until I had convinced myself, that the sight I had of you yesterday, was not merely a delightful vision." With this, he availed himself of Adelaide's invitation to take a seat by the side of her at a bow window; and, however frequent the pauses to which the dialogue was subject, until the recapitulation of their late singular meeting, and the situation of political affairs in general, gave it greater fluency, still the conversation seemed to them the most agreeable, the most interesting, the most harmonizing with their heart's feelings and sentiments, they had ever been engaged in. Every sentence uttered in the mild and silvery voice of Colonel Nordenskiöld (for so the stranger was called) seemed to have lain slumbering in her heart. Every idea of his, though ever so novel, was near akin to her own. She listened to him with strained attention, and a crimson glow spread on her face, when Nordenskiöld, entranced by her beauty, involuntarily hesitated at times, when his eyes

met her's, which then would quickly hide themselves beneath their long dark silken lashes.

The day passed on with winged feet; another and still more agreeable one succeeded to it. The frequent kind offices which the invalid state of the interesting guest rendered necessary,—the privacy of the dreary abode where they had so unexpectedly met, as if on a summons of fate, and, above all, a certain something by which kindred hearts so often recognise each other at first sight, matured their casual acquaintance to that exalted degree of confidence, which forms the basis of love, sooner than would have been the case under different circumstances. Still their communications, as yet embraced general topics, rather than individual concerns and feelings. All Nordenskiöld, therefore, knew of Adelaide was, her being an orphan and the mistress of the castle. At the same time that his delicate demeanour and honourable principles lulled Adelaide's timidity, and habitual strict sense of propriety, into such security, she thought it odd to find herself, too, at the castle, alone, in the company of a hostile officer, and that, too, with such a weak and defenceless household.

The continual marching of troops through the valley, now no longer disquieted Adelaide; Nordenskiöld's presence was to her a sufficient protection against every danger. But when she reflected on his own predicament in case of a surprisal, a cloud of anxiety would overcast her countenance, and in such moments she forgot to withdraw the hand which the Colonel had seized in the vivacity of conversation.

One evening after the Colonel had accompanied Adelaide, for the first time, on a walk in the garden, he sat fatigued, and in mute eloquence by her side in the saloon, when Cutberth appeared at the door with a candle in his hand, to light his master to his apartment. A frowning look of the Colonel's betrayed his vexation at the interruption. Adelaide rose with a transient smile, meant as a corrective to an involuntary sigh, she let her glove fall; they both stooped for it. Nordenskiöld, though not without exertion, picked it up. When all at once, he became quite a different being. His face turned white as marble. His eye, as if crossed by some horrid spectre, scowlingly fixed on the astonished maiden, who felt her whole frame shake, as after heavily breathing, he muttered in accents scarcely audible: "So much then for this fairy dream!" and with a formal bow, left the room.

"What could have flurried the Colonel so? What could have torn him away so abruptly from her, in whose company he seemed to have forgotten the whole world but a few minutes ago?" thought she; a scalding tear started in her eye; struggling with her emotions, she forcibly pressed both her hands to her bosom, as if to stun the grief raging there, when she felt her finger painfully cut, and discovered that she had fractured the glass of the locket usually hidden beneath her scarf, and that her blood had stained the ivory, bearing Ernest's traits.

"This, then drove him away!" said she, "Well, if it be nothing else, what months of constant intercourse with Nordenskiöld would not have effected, this single moment did. It wrung from her the self-avowal that she had never felt any love for her betrothed, and that Nordenskiöld was the only man, separated from whom, her existence would not be worth having. But, on the other hand, her own voluntary pledge; her mother's dying sanction; the Count's violent temper occurred to her, and a shudder came over



her mind at the thought, that the latter might be *still alive*, and forthcoming to assert his right.

The morning-dawn found her bathed in tears. She rose and derived some solace from devotion; but that too Nordenskiöld's non-appearance soon changed to the irritation of impatience. One leaden hour after the other wore away and he came not. The dinner bell rang, and no tinkling of spurs gave notice of his approach. It was then that she could no longer master her feelings, she sent to enquire after his health, and received word that he thought himself sufficiently recovered to pay his respects to her in the evening.

With her eyes fixed on the door, her heart beating quick, she counted minutes, and perceived neither the large volumes of black smoke rising anew from the valley, nor heard Dame Alice, who with a portentous mien, was observing, that the presence of a Swedish officer just now, might prove disastrous to them on more than one account. HER soul was taken up by one thought only. Since yesterday, she had only ONE calamity to fear.

At length the large folding doors opened, and presented Nordenskiöld paler still than when she saw him first. He stammered out some excuse for not having waited on her in the morning, and went on to say, that he had made up his mind to leave the castle at all risks, as his residence in it, might not only impair her fame, but even involve her in political difficulties.

The suddenness of the communication had a stunning effect on Adelaide. "And so regardless are you of our helpless condition, of your own life?" was all she could utter.

"My life, Countess? what does that import? A field stripped of blossom and fruit, at once, by one deadly northern blast! and as for your safety, how dare I presume to hope you would prefer this crippled arm to the powerful protection of Count Traunitz?"

"Traunitz! How came you to mention this name?"—do you know the Count?"

"Do I know him? ay; and recognising him, yesterday, in the locket at your bosom, I can guess how dear he must be to this amiable heart. But why withhold from you what you must learn ere long? About six months ago we came in contact with each other in the field, and it was his fate to become my prisoner."

"Then he is alive still?" said Adelaide, with almost an air of indifference.

"He is.—He was exchanged by the last Cartel, and is now with a corps that has been cut off by us from the main army, and is most likely on the march hither."

"Good God! if it be so. If he should come——"

"And find me here?" Nordenskiöld, rather piqued, interrupted her. "Be not alarmed, this very day I will rid you of my presence."

"For God's sake, consider what you are doing. Unless you wish my death, do not desert me; not now, in this dreadful anxiety about you. Remain here; you must not go hence." With those words she clung to his arm, and seemed to wait in fearful suspense for his answer.

"Then your affection for the Count is not ardent enough to make you fear his jealousy?" cried the Colonel, his countenance brightening up. "Were there yet a possibility——"

"None. I am his betrothed," replied Adelaide, with a deep groan, pressing her tearflooded eyes on the back of the chair before her, while Nordenskiöld, seizing both her hands, asked her, in a penetrating tone, "Whom do you

love? the Count, or——? My life depends on your answer."

"You only!"—her quivering lips were about to stammer out, when the door was abruptly pushed open, and Alice, with a face white as snow, rushed in, shrieking "They are a coming! we are all lost!"

"Who is coming?" cried Nordenskiöld, throwing his wounded arm round Adelaide, and drawing his sabre with the other. "Let come who will, I shall protect you or perish." With this he advanced towards the door, at which Francis and Cutberth entered, the former all in a tremble, the latter with eyes flashing fire, holding in his hand an ancient spear, which he had just snatched from off the wall, and hastily stating to the Colonel, that a party of straggling Austrians had appeared before the castle, some of whom had been already attempting to cross the drawbridge.

"Look to the females—hide them in the cellars of the Castle"—cried the Colonel to Francis, and gently seating the terror-stunned Adelaide on a chair, rushed, unmindful of his wounds, down into the court.

No sooner had Nordenskiöld retired, but Adelaide's self-command returned, and along with it a distinct notion of the danger to which he was exposing himself; and, but for the preventing efforts of her apprehensive servants, she would have followed him. Savage shouts, and the clatter of arms, rung in her ear. A hollow and violent crush followed, and then all was profoundly silent again. Now there was no holding her any longer. With the vigour of youth she tore herself away from her feeble servants, and precipitately entered the court, where she beheld Nordenskiöld, leaning in a faint state against the wall, while Cutberth was hard at work rolling large blocks of stone against the closed gates, the forcible shutting of which caused the tremendous crush before.

"You are alive; heaven be thanked! You are alive!" cried Adelaide, and what with the sudden transition from unutterable anguish to transcendent joy, and her fervent gratitude to Providence, dropped down on her knees. Her disshevelled tresses fluttered uncontrouled about her heaving bosom, and cheeks highly crimsoned with the most violent mental agitation, while big tears gushed from eyes fired with the double enthusiasm of love and devotion. So lovely she had never appeared to the Colonel before. He gazed on her for some moments with silent rapture. Her look met his with the concentrated rays of affection, and suddenly generated a bold thought in his mind. Who of all her relations that had left her there alone and unprotected, should prevent him to fly with her, and take her to his own country as his wife? Revelling for some moments on the ecstatic dream, he was going to approach her, clasp her in his arms, and persuade her to consent to his proposal, when he was seized by a sudden vertigo; his former wound, hardly closed yet, had burst open again, through the exertion of fighting, and he dropped down senseless at her feet.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Adelaide sat in mute anxiety by the side of the sofa on which Colonel Nordenskiöld was reposing in a state of extreme debility, arising more from mental than from bodily suffering. In vain did Cutberth, who ascribed his uneasiness to the fear of the soldiery, exert his rhetoric to make her comprehend, that the new wound, which his master had received, was but a slight one; that the Marauders, suspecting the castle to be occupied by a much stronger Swedish garrison, had taken to flight after a short resis-



tance, and that the gate was well barricaded—she paid no attention to him. Her eyes were immovably fixed on the invalid, who had not, as yet, uttered a syllable, and even seemed to avoid her gaze. However, on the attendant withdrawing to the further end of the room, he took her by the hand, and, pressing it to his throbbing heart, said in a faint voice, "The happiest and hardest hour of my existence is gone through. My heart has experienced, for a few minutes, the bliss of heaven, for which I shall have to atone with an endless night of resignation. The struggle is over—honour and duty dictate my leaving you. Nor is there any safety for you here any longer," continued he, after a short pause; "I know, from good hands, that your aunt has been residing, of late, at Schweidnitz. Cutberth shall set out in a peasant's garb this very night, to inform her of your situation, and ask her for horses and an escort for you."

"And what do you yourself intend to do, Colonel Nordenskiöld?"

"Be not concerned about me; I too shall find some way out; no matter which, as they all remove me alike from this spot."

On the following day, as evening was setting in, Cutberth returned from his mission, and along with him the Countess's equipage had arrived at the foot of the hill, and the lovers were sitting on the balcony, hand in hand, and mute, when Alice came to announce, that every thing was ready for departing. A death-pang seemed to seize Adelaide's heart; she tendered her hand to the Colonel, who assisted her down the hill. Twilight waned apace, and the moon, obscured by heavy clouds, faintly gleamed in the heavens, when the glare of torches, indicating the carriage in waiting, suddenly burst upon their sight. With a shriek of anguish Adelaide sunk on Nordenkiöld's breast, who clasped her in his arms for a long while, as if he would defy fate to bereave him of her, and imprinted the first and last kiss of love on her quivering lips. But with a deep sigh he dropped her arm, and led her to the carriage, which drove away at a rapid pace. "It is over," muttered he, "to me the sun has set for ever!"

\* \* \* \* \*

(To be continued.)

### PEEPS AT PANTOMIMES,

OR, ONCE A CHILD, ALWAYS A CHILD.

"They bring to mind a day gone by,  
Our fathers and their chivalry;  
They speak of courtly knight and squire,  
Of lady's love, and dame, and friar;  
Of times (perchance not better now)  
When care had less of wrinkled brow;  
When she, with hydra-headed mien,  
Our greatest enemy, the spleen,  
Was seldom, or was never seen."

EDWARD MOXON.

The trite observation, "Once a child always a child," discovers more insight into human nature than many are prone to imagine or inclined to believe; although the authority of a keen observer, to the effect that "men are but children of a larger growth," ought to go a good way towards the substantiation of its truth. But, independent of this, our leading actions, our most prominent pro-

pensities, attest it also. In dress, the vanity of the child clings (after years has privileged the title) to the man. From our first being put in trowsers to our drawing on court apparel, or full dress costumes, we are childishly fond of display; again, we cry in babyhood, if our rocking horse or paper kite equal not those of our playmates; in after years, we are peevish if our steed pace not as well, and possess not as generous qualities as that of our friend Sir Harry's; and we grow quite out of humour with ourselves should Lady Jennet Jessemy's carriage and liveries make those which we sport appear but foils in the comparison. But, after all (I am sure that it is natural it should be so), your CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME is the fashion of the day which recreates us children; even though grey hairs shadow our brows, we wear, when such is being represented, a laughing eye beneath them; we rejoice unaffectedly with those that laugh heartily; and viewing, in the dimpling smiles of our little ones, a reflexion, after many years, of such which were wont to mantle in our cheeks, we give a loose to merriment, and cease to remember that there are such things as the national debt, or banking-houses that may stop payment. What, in fact, has "breaking up" time and the "holidays"—dear periods of youth!—to look for but laughter holding both his sides, as old JOE GRIMALDI manufactures a man, murders a Pantaloon, or pockets a dumpling?

Old JOE GRIMALDI, did we say? A-lack and alas-a-day! Age and the yellow leaf have seared his faculties, and silent is the chuckle of the SHAKESPEARE of clowns, absent the broad grin of the matchless of fools! His flashes of merriment no more set the side-boxes in a roar, his pilfering propensities have ceased to cause the gods to make "a pother o'er our heads;" his rich red mouth, his luscious eye, as it recognizes some welcome object, and his capacious trowsers, are not exercised or stuffed for the merriment of the close-wedged or giggling pittites. The person who failed to look upon GRIMALDI as a man picked out of ten thousand, a genius which springs up once in two or three centuries, would be very likely to despise SHAKESPEARE because he was a roysterer in his youth, and to think nothing of BYRON because he halted in his gait.

Then, I should like to know, what there is in our modern stage translations, or adaptations from the French, or German dramas, or even the greater part of our recent comedies, at all comparable to the wonders worked by *Harlequin's* wand, the merriments caused by *Pantaloon's* mishaps, the astonishment elicited by the *Clown's* untiring trickeries, or the satisfaction emanating from the ultimate triumph of *Columbine*? The very action of the scene which elicits these, is redolent of the joys of our early days. To tumble about, to cuff and riot with each other, to "play at bowls" as it were, and to find we "catch rubbers," to love minced pies, and the produce of bakers' baskets and butchers' trays, even as the Clown loves them, and to play jokes upon those who enter upon our school confines—to do all this, is as natural to youngsters as to dislike a task, and to dread the rod. They understand it, and they rejoice in it, and consequently we have a theatre full of "*Adam Brocks*" (instead of one LISTON) in miniature, and it is *laugh, laugh, laugh*, from the first appearance of *Harlequin and Co.* to the final fall of the envious and splendour-eclipsing green curtain. Show me the man who will not become a child again, an "*Adam Brock*" too, under such seasonable excitements, and I will take care not to sit within half a dozen boxes of his congealing influences; the



Upas tree, or the Condor snake, were about as pleasant companions.

Of course then, fair, gentle, or distinguished reader, we have been these "holidays," also, with a pretty large and very merry bevy of sons and daughters, nephews and nieces, cousins and friends, to witness the CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME. It is possible that we old fellows may be fastidious, and over-rate the days that are gone. Be this so or not, we are quite convinced, from tolerably keen glances cast from time to time upon our juvenile party, that the "march of intellect" has not, at all events, advanced the humour and risible character of our favourite annual entertainment, however MESSRS. FARLEY, BARRYMORE, MONCRIEF and other dumb-show manufacturers, might have striven to refine a jump or restrain a transformation. In labouring to be gaudy, they have become obscure; and in endeavouring to restrain the action of the scene, like a carpenter, by "line and rule," they have put fetters upon merriments and hung up genius in chains. *Little Red Ridinghood* is not our old sweetheart, and the *gentleman wolf* is no more like the *large-eyed, big-voiced, wide-mouthed* acquaintance of those happy times, when we read fairy tales and laid awake to "tell stories," than a modern footman to my grandfather's man of all work, or farmer Broadcast's daughters, who speak French and play on the piano, to Goodman Giles's girls of fifty years back, who rose in the morning to milk the cows or churn the butter.

So also with the "*Bees*" of DRURY LANE; they are very fine in coat, and very active in the use of their arms and legs, but we don't understand them as old friends, we can't be familiar with them, they are not essentially pantomimic. *Mother Goose* and *Cinderella* were worth hives full of such "butterfly counterfeits," with "gaudy wings."

It is pretty much the same at the lesser houses, though *Jack the Giant-killer*, and *Taffy*, that noted *Welchman* and *Thief*, are, even as a real Cachmere shawl to a cotton handkerchief, better subjects on which to let loose upon us in laughing glory, dancing activity, lithsome perseverance, *Harlequin* and his suite; but then you run the risk of suffocation to enjoy the Cambrian wonders of the latter, or you keep bad company to get a glance at the former.

Still, though fallen from its high estate, though shorn of GRIMALDI and broad grins, BOLOGNA and perilous situations, still live PANTOMIME say we; for when that fails, we shall lose the cheering sight of beholding smiles upon the undeceptive cheek of youth; and the consoling thought, that we have assisted in making, in our day, scores of little commendable masters and mistresses uncommonly happy.

J. F. S.

#### MATERNAL AFFECTION.

One of the richest merchants in Dunkirk, whom we shall distinguish by the fictitious name of Vanberg, seemed one on whom fortune delights in bestowing the choicest of her favours. United to a most estimable female, and the father of a son endowed with the most excellent disposition, nothing was wanting to render him completely happy. Every day his commerce became more and more extensive; he had several ships at sea, and correspondents in many commercial towns. Every thing appeared to smile upon him, when, by an accident which no human wisdom can foresee, he found himself suddenly reduced to a state of misery. His ships were taken by corsairs; one of his correspondents became a bank-

rupt, by which M. Vanberg found himself very considerably involved, and he was obliged to stop payment. This chain of misfortunes made such an impression on the unhappy merchant, that he fell sick. He was seized with a raging fever; in vain his wife and his young son Charles lavished on him their tenderest cares, the wretched man expired in their arms; and scarcely had he breathed his last sigh, when a host of creditors beset the house. The officers of justice joined them, and very soon the unhappy widow was reduced to a state of indigence. She had some rich relatives, whose assistance she implored; they pitied her sorrows, but afforded her very little help.

Accustomed to live in affluence, surrounded from childhood by all that luxury which wealth can procure, Madame Vanberg knew not how to support the disdain and the galling consolations of those relatives to whom she had addressed her complaints. She retired to one apartment with her son and an old servant, who insisted on sharing her misfortunes. There she worked day and night to support her wretched existence, and that of her dear Charles. Sometimes this tender mother would sit up whole nights in order to procure for her child some of those superfluities to which luxury had habituated him. She was his instructress; she sought, above all things, to form his heart aright; and she often spoke to him of his father; sometimes of his misfortunes, but seldom of his former opulence, fearing to excite his regret. In the mean time she could not help often wishing for some of that wealth which she had lost; not for herself, but for her son. Charles increased in stature; he had now attained his eighteenth year. M. Hervé, formerly captain of a ship, and the friend of his father, took upon himself the charge of finishing his education. Madame Vanberg was very desirous of her son entering some commercial house; but the state of her finances was against her wishes. Should she go, she thought, and address those relations who had disdained her? Should she go to claim some support, some succour from them who had already refused it her so hastily? Yes, she was a mother, it was for her son, her only son; she silenced the pleadings of wounded pride; maternal love triumphed over that of self, and gave her strength to hazard a second refusal. The unhappy mother was preparing to take some steps for this purpose, when Charles entered her chamber, with pleasure marked on his countenance; he threw his arms round the neck of his mother, crying out, "Oh! my mother, be comforted, our misfortunes are now about to end! heaven has put a term to them; you shall soon again fill the place that you ought ever to hold in society; from henceforth you shall not have to put up with the pride of those beings who know not how to honour virtue under the garment of poverty, my dear mother; I can now defray the debt of gratitude I owe you."

"What can you mean, Charles, replied Madame Vanberg; "explain yourself!"

"The worthy M. Hervé has charged me with the office of going to liquidate a possession, which has just fallen to him at Martinique; the produce is destined to set up a banking-house here, of which we shall share the profits.—

"How, Charles! could you think of leaving me?"—

"Only for one year; perhaps not more than for six months; and after that interval, I shall return, never to quit you again. Then, what a charming and brilliant prospect presents itself for you and your son!"

Madame Vanberg again made objections:—"Unhappy youth," said she, "do you reflect on the element to which



you are about to confide yourself? Under what a detruitive climate you will have to breathe? should I lose you, I shall become alone on the earth, without support. What are riches to me? it is you alone, who constitute my happiness."

Charles tried every means of comforting his mother, and intreated her to hope every thing; M. Hervé united his persuasions with those of the young man, observing to her at the same time, "that she was dooming her son to a state of eternal indigence. Maternal love again gave way, and she consented. The day of departure was fixed, Charles was dragged from the arms of his mother; and already the vessel was far from the shores of France.

Four months passed away without Madame Vanberg having received any tidings of her son. How long seemed that interval! What anxiety, what terror, what uneasiness assailed this tender parent! an involuntary shuddering took possession of her senses when she thought of the dangers which threatened her Charles; she reproached herself with having suffered him to leave her; every day she went to the harbour to learn the arrivals of the different ships. If a brig appeared, carrying American colours, her heart leaped within her bosom; and the first question she asked the Captain, was, if he brought any news from her son? At length, at the end of five months, she received a letter from Charles: he comforted his excellent mother, he besought her to be tranquil. The possession belonging to his friend was in a good way; his title to it was confirmed, and, indeed, the property had been placed in his hands, but some time must elapse before the effects could all be sold, and these were very considerable. In a short time after, Charles informed his mother in a second letter, that the succession was entirely liquidated. That nothing would detain him longer in a foreign land, and that, in less than two months, he would press her to his bosom. He transmitted by this letter a large sum of money. He added that he had become the possessor of a fortune of above eight hundred thousand franks. This letter was read by Madame Vanberg, in presence of M. Hervé, to her good servant Mary, and rendered this little society truly happy. Every one began to form projects for the future. Mary's were all for the happiness of her mistress and her son, and Madame Vanberg thought only of Charles: he, she reflected, would again fill his former rank in society, united, perhaps, to a wife, both amiable and virtuous; while I, said the tender mother, will live near them, and often witness their felicity. Every day M. Hervé and Madame Vanberg went to the pier, accompanied by Mary, to whom the joyful idea of soon seeing her young master, imparted a delight which made her forget the burthen of age. Their eyes looked over the wide expanse of waters; and a black speck seemed to appear at the extremity of the horizon; they mutually remarked it to each other; by degrees, masts and sails were discovered. An exclamation of gladness escaped them; their eyes followed every movement of the vessel, of which they wished to add to the speed. It soon crossed the sand-bank, and entered the road; with what eagerness did they hasten to see all those who came on shore! With what avidity did the eyes of Madame Vanberg seek to behold the features of her son! At length, they announced to them, that one day they had spoken at sea with the brig *Fortunate*, (this was the vessel wherein Charles was on board,) and the following morning this brig appeared in the roads. We leave to the imagination of our reader, the joyful emotions by which the two

were agitated, when, in spite of the distance, they distinguished Charles himself on the deck, who recognised his mother, and waved his handkerchief. Madame Vanberg replied by the same signal. But impatient to press her son to her heart, she was desirous of immediately crossing the space which then separated her from him; she got into a boat, which some able rowers caused almost to fly to the brig. Charles, who guessed the intentions of his mother; descended himself into a barge, which immediately put to sea, and advanced before Madame Vanberg. Already they had spoken, the two boats drew near each other; and an interval of only a few feet now parted them. The impatient Charles gave a leap, and a terrific shriek was then heard. The unfortunate young man had not foresight sufficient to measure the distance, and he fell between the two boats; the billows opened, he disappeared, and soon again floated on their surface, but a swell of the sea carried him away, and he again disappeared. Madame Vanberg uttered the most piercing cries; she endeavoured to escape from the arms of the men who continued to hold her fast.

"Oh! save my son," cried she in accents of despair.

Several sailors leapt into the water, one of them caught hold of the unfortunate Charles, but too feeble to support him, he felt him sink again beneath the waves. The intrepid sailor plunged in again, again he caught hold of Charles, reached one of the boats, and placed him in it. Madame Vanberg threw herself on the body of her son, she pressed him in her arms, but all her efforts were in vain! Charles gave a deep groan, opened his eyes, and saw Madame Vanberg. The last words he pronounced were "My mother!" and immediately after, he breathed his last sigh. We shall not attempt to paint the despair of Madame Vanberg. She was rowed back, sorely against her will, to the shore; but she refused all nourishment, and died in a few days after her son!

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#### VALENTINE'S DAY.

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Seynte Valentine.—Of custome yeere by yeere,

Men have an ousance, in this region,

To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,

And chose they're choyse, by grete affecciou;

Such as ben move with Cupides mocioun,

Takyng theyre choyse as theyre sort doth falle;

But I love oon whiche excellith alle.

DAN JOHN LYDGATE, 1440.

— The day *Saint Valentine*,

When maids are brisk, and at the break of day,

Start up and turn their pillows, curious all

To know what happy swain the fates provide,

A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge

Of true love knots, and sonnets neatly penned.

HURDIS.

Hail to thee great Bishop Valentine! Priest, bishop, saint, or whate'er thou art, welcome once more thy joyous festival, so impatiently looked for by all the young ladies in this land of beauty and of love. Welcome thy train of *billet doux*, thy universal sacrifice, and massacre of hearts; thy smiles, thy leers, darts, smarts, true lovers' knots, posies, poetry, and song. Hail to thee, once more, imperial priest of Hymen, immortal go-between of blushing maidens, and spell-bound sighing youths! Hail to thy reverend person, and all the train of smiling Cupids which attend



thee! Supreme benefactor of mankind, and care-dispeller-general to all "we of the youthful vein," how I love thee,—doat on thy returning festival, and hold thy name as sacred and as holy as any of the multitude of wishing damsels, who count the hours of thy coming! "Valentine's Day!" what a world of sweetness is there in the two little words! a magic spell which, like Urganda's wand, can change the sad and drooping aspect of the mourner, into merriment and mad festivity,—can tear the veil of sorrow from the despairing heart, and plant the rose of gladness there—lighting up each beauteous face with smiles and joyfulness, and rendering our "earth's angels" lovely and as blissful as the "Hourii" of the prophet's rest.

"Valentine's Day!" Now are gay Cupid's messengers flying round the town, bearing, in holy trust, the hopes of thousands, nay of tens of thousands\* of our youthful lovers, burning with all the fervour of passionate anxiety, till the returning post bears back acceptance or refusal of the proffered love. People may talk, and cynics may rail, but there is not—cannot be a more momentous period in life; every feeling is excited, every passion roused, and merged into the *one* grand object, the attainment or the loss of which tends more than people think it does, to the formation of the future character of the individual. But it is not, however, our present intention to discuss this interesting subject; our business is with the merry saint, the jovial arch-flamen, the gladsome Bishop Valentine!

"Good morrow to my Valentine," sings the poor Ophelia.—

Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window—  
To be your Valentine!

Rude as these lines may be, they are sacred—for they are Shakspeare's, one of the wild and beautiful snatches of song, which are drawn from the heart of the love torn, riven-hearted maid of Denmark! It, moreover, celebrates a custom in the olden time, of looking for a *Valentine* through your bed-room window, which has partially descended to us, by the first person we see, of the opposite sex, on this festive morning, being *Our Valentine*.

Our fair readers will perhaps be gratified with a few reminiscences of the practices in former periods, on this day, from which originated our *Valentines*. It was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the *Lupercalia*, which were feasts in honour of the deities *Pan* and *Juno*. On this occasion, among a variety of other festive ceremonies, the names of all the young females were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men, as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, substituted the names of *saints* for those of *women*; and, as the feast of the *Lupercalia* had commenced about the middle of February, they chose a *saint's day* for the purpose of celebrating it. As it was, however, impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the people had been so long accustomed, especially one which was so consonant to their feelings, as the original *Lupercalia*, the practice of

choosing partners or sweethearts, was kept up, and, from the day upon which it was celebrated, all persons so chosen were called *Valentines*.

And now we will record some of our own customs peculiar to *Saint Valentine*. In many parts of England and Scotland, an equal number of maidens and bachelors assemble together, and each write their name upon separate scraps of paper, which are all rolled up and put into bags; the papers are then drawn, and each young man lights upon a female who is to be his *Valentine*. The company being thus divided into so many happy, laughing couples, the gentlemen give balls and other amusements to their mistresses, and wear the paper with the lady's name subscribed on it, upon their bosom or sleeve. The festival is kept up several days, and we need scarcely add that this little amusement generally ends—in love!

In some parts of Kent they have a curious kind of sport on *Valentine's Day*. The young girls of the different villages construct a figure, which they call an *ivy girl*, while the young men make up another figure, which is denominated a *holly boy*, and after amusing themselves therewith, the girls steal the *holly boy* and burn him, and the men run away with the *ivy girl*, and serve her in a similar manner. The origin, or the meaning of this amusement, we confess ourselves at a loss to guess.

Who would not wish to receive a Valentine? Who is there so dead to all the fascinations of beauty, all the endearments and allurements of life, as to refuse paying two-pence or three-pence, or whatever it may be, for one of those neat folded, tale telling, blissful billets, even though it should contain nothing more than two hearts transfixed with a dart, or a true lover's knot, and a poesy from the song—

"If you loves I as I loves you,  
No knife shall cut our loves in two."

Or a bleeding heart burning on Cupid's shrine,—or a landscape, with a little Love leading two happy creatures in a silken band, to an inviting church,—or a garland of flowers entwined round some verses beginning—

"My love, my dove, I feel the smart,  
Of Cupid's arrow in my heart."

Or even if it should be a lady asleep, and a Cupid bearing a letter, or aiming at her heart with his sure and never-failing darts,—or the inside of a church, with a rosy-faced parson joining "two hands and hearts," and a little Love crying "amen." Nay, though it should be nothing more than a simple—

"If you're well, why I'm well,  
Pay the post, and all's well."

Or nothing prettier than—

"The rose is red, the violet's blue,  
Carnation's sweet, and so are you."

Who, I enquire, is there that would not feel delighted by any of these tender *morceaux*? Does it not plainly evidence that there are persons who feel a warm and ardent interest in your welfare, and, humble as the scrap may be, is it not a *Valentine*? and ought you not to be thankful?

If such simple pretynesses then are to be esteemed, what are we to say of the bright and gorgeous emanations of the artist's pencil, the glittering and highly wrought *bijouterie*? which adorn the windows of our fancy stationers, and are more splendid than the beautiful annual pocket-books which we should never touch but with new gloves on our hands,

\* Two hundred thousand letters, beyond the usual daily average, annually pass through the two-penny post-office in London alone, on St. Valentine's day. What a *tribe* of overs!



for fear of sullyng their brilliancy. Roses, which unfolding, discover gorgeous temples, sparkling in gold and glitter, surmounted with bands of little cherubs that seem starting into life, and quaint devices, which speak more forcibly to the heart than the finest poetry of Byron or of Moore. Wreaths and bouquets of flowers, with Cupids springing from the leaves, painted in the finest style of art, the symbolical flowers arranged in an expressive manner; honeysuckle and jasmine twining fondly round the lilies, roses, and other beauty blossoms, with the little meek and blue-eyed "Forget Me Not," peering from between its more splendid compeers, but rivalling all in beautiful allusion. What a present for a lover!—how dearly does his lady esteem it!—how fondly does she press the bright gem to her heart, and willingly believe its silent eloquence, the tender avowal of this pledge of love! What is the world? What are the world's delights to those who, confident of the affection of the one dear object, live, breathe, and hope for nothing, save that being?—dream but of truth and rapture,—the only object of days-waking thoughts,—the only object in the visions of the night. Holding in their hands the beautiful *bijou*, they look, and wish, and hope,—are confident of the admirer's constancy and truth,—they have his *Valentine*,—they have *his heart*! Amiable beings! may none of your bright hopes be blighted, nor the heart which now bounds in all the fulness of gaiety and joy, experience the chilling frost of disappointment and regret, but ever reposing in the warm sunshine of affection and love, feel not the agonizing thrill of winter's cold and devastating hand! May you sail gladly o'er this sea of life, no storms to intercept, nor darkling clouds pass o'er your sun of happiness; fondly reposing in the constant arms of your adorer, pass at length into a purer and more holy state, "there to dwell among trees and flowers, which yourselves have planted in the realms of eternal bliss!"

Valentines are the most interesting objects incidental to courtship; they serve to remove every obstacle which prevents an avowal of the passion which is inspired in our breast, and in a few words reveals it. Lovers are curious creatures, and often go a round-about way to work, when the direct road is so much casier.—*Louisa* was an heiress, and, of course, had many suitors—

"Among the rest, young *William* bowed,  
But never talked of love."

*Louisa* perceived his passion, which, however, he could not summon confidence or courage enough to reveal; and, as it would have been highly indecorous for a lady to speak first, they both continued to "look and sigh, and look and sigh again." At length chance gave the lovers an opportunity,—they were alone, "walking in the cold and pale moonlight," by the sea shore,—that moonlight is a precious time for lovers:—*William* advanced,—took her hand,—oh, extatic moment! It was but a word, his countenance spoke the rest—"Louisa!"—he was understood, and an equally laconic expression crowned his hopes; "*Go and ask my father!*" It was done, and *Louisa* is now Mrs. *William*.—Heaven bless them both!

"Last Friday was *Valentine's Day*," says a damsel in the "Connoisseur," "and the night before I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out; but to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt, and

when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without either speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water, and the first that rose up was to be our *Valentine*. Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man? I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house, for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

And now, lest any of my fair readers should suspect me of ungallantry, I will subjoin the following poetical effusion, which any lady may take to herself as she thinks proper.

## VALENTINE.

Whilst others twine their flowers of verse,  
Each blissful thought revealing;  
And fond affection's tale rehearse,  
To beauty's heart appealing:  
I've only this—a little flower,  
For thy fair bosom got;  
'Twas cull'd in hope's gay fairy bower,  
'Tis call'd—"Forget-Me-Not!"

And when, 'mid pleasure's festive scenes,  
The light-winged moments fly,  
And every thought with rapture teems,  
And bliss breathes in each sigh;  
And flashing mirth has wove her spell,  
Her wild-rose chain around thee:  
And sparkling eyes enraptured tell  
The snare in which she's bound thee;  
Oh! then the flower will also spread  
Its incense round the spot,  
And raising high its little head,  
'Twill say—"Forget-Me-Not!"

And in the calm and stilly night,  
Of Contemplation holy,  
When every thought of wild delight,  
Is fraught with melancholy;  
And in the cold and pale moonlight,  
Thou wanderest sad and lonely;  
And fled is every vision bright,  
One Hope wreath left thee only;

Then like the warbling of a bird,  
Around the hallowed spot;  
The light breathed whisp'rings will be heard  
To sigh—"Forget-Me-Not!"  
Then place the flower upon thy heart,  
'Twill never leave its shrine;  
For where its fond stem once hath press'd,  
'Twill constant ever twine!

The practice of sending *Valentines* is not confined to one class or body of persons, for the same disposition is found in every rank of life; and every juvenile, as soon as he is old enough to fancy himself in love, thinks it very necessary to write *Valentines*. Nay, every village clodhopper must also have one for his charming Moggy Dumpling, or Betsy Blossom, and "comes up to town i'th' waggon," on purpose to buy the prettiest, and have a "real Lonnon one." With what a happy face he enters the stationer's shop, and enquires for a "nice looking *Woluntine*," and after he has turned over some score or two of cupids, and hearts, and churches, and lovers knots, at length pounces upon one which tickles his fancy, and chuckling to himself, with what a triumphant air he ulls out his leather pouch, and



## PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

throws down the demanded sixpence; then borrowing a pen and ink, he scribbles under the gaudy-coloured picture,

"I'll be your'n if you'll be mine,  
So be my charming *Woluntine*."—ROGER CARTWHEEL.

Afterwards, begging the shopkeeper to fold it up nicely for him, he sallies out of the shop with as much pride and consequence as if he had been made high constable of his parish,—jumps up into the waggon again, and is impatient till he gets down into Gloucestershire. Now mark the rustic beauty, who is, probably, chambermaid at the Crown, or cook in Squire Homely's family; or it may be, dairy-maid at the manor-house; no matter, it is *Valentine's Day*, and Susan is impatiently expecting her Roger's return from town, and anxious for what he may bring her. And now the waggon is seen coming down the lane,—now Susan laughs and giggles, and stretches her head out, endeavouring to catch a glimpse of her "true lover." Roger sees Susan, and has a mind to tease her; he lets the waggon pass her door, and conceals himself, peeping through a hole in the canvass, to see how she takes it! Sly rogue,—poor Susan's bosom heaves as she looks and looks after the waggon, and no signs of her Roger, till she at length bursts into tears! This is Roger's triumph,—he bursts from his hiding place, and in one moment Susan is in his arms, pressing the *Valentine* to her heart, and shedding only tears of joy!

And now a word or two from Elia. Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. "It gives a very echo to the throne where hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within; it is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcome in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in—a *Valentine*! As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that "bringeth good tidings." It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I'm sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens, and all those delightful common-places which, "having been, will always be;" which no schoolboy nor schoolman can write away, having their irreversible throne in the fancy and affections. What are your transports when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all,  
A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense,—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly, something between wind and water,—a chorus, where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

And oh! ye anxiously expecting damsels, ye, who, doubtful of your lover's truth and constancy, impatiently count the hours that precede the coming of the Bishop's festival, which may crown your hopes, or disappoint them, it is my earnest wish that your desires may all be gratified, and that every lady may have at least half-a-dozen Valentines on this memorable day, so shall you be satisfied of the faith of your adorer, and help to add another wreath to the venerable brow of the good old joyous creature, Bishop Valentine!

\* \* \*

"That *these things are so, gladdeth me not*; it the rather, indeed, sorroweth, that whilst I heartily strive by exposition to amend; I may yet waste my good intents on a thankless office, and become of none effect, like Love's labour lost."—THE MORALIST.

SCENE.—Our particular parlour.—*Time*—Valentine's Day, p. m.—*Dramatis Personæ*.—OURSELVES, SIR WILLIAM CURTIS, MR. SAMUEL ROGERS, ARTHUR MERTON TEMPLETON, PETER and PAUL PRY, ESQUIRES.

*Ourselves*.—And now (his wishes they go with us, Sirs,)

Were but our noble correspondent here,  
He who has strung us many a dainty rhyme,  
And lay of lady-love, and stirring tale,  
(Beneath the cloak of humble signature,  
This meeting were as perfect as our hopes,  
And cheerful as the day we gratulate;  
But as it is, our bonnet wears a plume  
Which shall defy the proudest hand to pluck,  
*Champion'd as it is now*.  
Kind friends, associates, firm assistants,  
Believe it gladdens much our heart of hearts  
To see ye thus amongst us :—*e'en alone*  
Each would be fitted unto generous deeds  
But *thus united*, like the fable's theme,  
*Invincible we stand*.

In plain prose and unaffected honesty, we thank, and most heartily welcome you. MR. PRY, we should indeed have worn the willow had you not *dropped in* upon our humble fare.

*Paul Pry*.—Why I seldom stand upon ceremony with friends, Mr. *World of Fashion*. The man deserves to catch cold in a well-tempered room, or to endure hunger with the viands of Nero before him, who would do so.

*Arthur Templeton*.—But was there no other cause but good fellowship? Did no other view present itself but that of quaffing healths, and shaking hands with your fellow labourers in, I hope, a rich vineyard, lead you amongst us old acquaintance? Come now, confess, (the breath of rumour dare not, you know, visit it roughly) is there not something under the rose, a little bit of a snake, bred of curiosity, that sits hatching mischief beneath the flowers of compliment you have so prettily planted?

*Paul Pry*.—'Pon honour, young gentleman, you are not behind your class in using your license boldly. Yet I will own, why should I not, since you have been good enough to admit I *cannot intrude*, that I was a small matter curious to discover if any of the East-end gentlemen traders, those, I mean, who bounce and act Hector on the strength of their purses, had been permitted to find their way into these snug quarters, as into subscription, and club houses; and lo! I *put up*, (as sportsmen phrase it,) a brace of as knowing ones as ever cashed cheque, or conned conundrums.

*Sir William Curtis*.—Meaning me, Sir!

*Mr. Samuel Rogers*.—And me, Mr. Paul Pry.

*Paul Pry*.—Wear the cap, if you think it will fit you, it is not for me to buy the stuff and make it up too.

*Ourselves*.—But remember, old acquaintance, our *city-guests* are privileged gentlemen. Men as honourable in action, as hearty in disposition. They are not of your carpet knights who run a tilt at propriety because it stands in the way of



their advancement to places they were never intended by nature to visit; to society, education warranted them not in keeping:—to occupations, prudence and duty forbade them to undertake.

*Paul Pry.*—*Salve magister?* All hail and peace good master. I did but joke, *decipere in loco* you know; the day warrants stratagems if they tend not to mischief. My shafts, in good truth, would prove bluntless ones against the integrity-shielded citizens to whom I now pledge friendship and esteem. Their *notoriety* owes nothing to plundered tills, to loose society, or spendthrift occupations. They are not of those who draw on the resources of to-morrow in order to put a good face (dangerous sentiment!) upon the indiscretions or extravagancies of to-day, till at last, as poor *Beverley*, the "*Gamester*" found, they threw their counters in the stream (apt illustration of a "*Pandemonium*" pool!) and reaching to redeem them drown themselves.

*Paul Pry.*—Nor like others, brother, equally infatuated, who, because official duties might have given them a royal audience, or a needy Lord have honoured them by over-drawing his account a few hundreds, fancy they are entitled to "kiss hands" for ever after; or in phrase familiar, to draw out "*Addy-doo!*" "*fine day my Lud.*" "*A—a hope your Ludship's made a good thing of the Silinger?*" (*St. Leger* the puppy meant,) as nobility stalked by them.

*Sir William Curtis.*—I tell you how it is, my friends. I was early taught to know that farthings make shillings, and shillings pounds, and that we must first creep, and then go. I was instructed, also, to look to business before I even had visions of pleasure, and to feel that the one was the employment of life, the other its occasional relaxation. The former, the race for the prize,—the latter, the rubbing down, and the drop of water between the heats.

*Mr. Samuel Rogers.*—Or the schoolboy's play hour, that pleasant period when *cricket* bowls down *Cicero*, *hop-frog* takes the place of *Horace*, and leaps over *Homer*, and *Fives* and *foot-ball* occupy the hands and feet of happy urchins, which, but just now, were puzzled in hunting through *Lexicons*, or "walking to Parnassus."

*Ourselefs.*—Or the plough-boy's otium as he sits on the lee-side of the hedge, enjoying his brown crust and skim cheese, during the heat and burthen of the day. But we again listen Baronet. Experience should command the homage of our ears.

*Sir William Curtis.*—Well, Mr. Editor, I was lucky in life. Good fortune in *biscuits* made me a banker; and *loyalty*, and *not being above myself*, a baronet. But, sirs, I never kept a horse till I felt I could pay for the *harness honestly*; nor a carriage, before my *cash account*, the produce of just dealing, enabled me to do so without stooping to cajolery or *false cheques*.

*Mr. Samuel Rogers.*—Nor did I, Sir William, neglect *posting my books* before I *penned my poetics*; and I should as soon have thought of riding in scarlet for my friend the Duke of Grafton, over Newmarket, as to have *concocted a conundrum* before I had to a purpose *consulted Cocker*; though people are good enough to say that I shall be remembered for—"D'ye give 'em up," when my "*Pleasures of Memory*" are *forgotten*.

*Peter Pry.*—I will pledge my admittance to Almacks, also, that neither of you were ever found thrusting yourselves into club-rooms, instead of attending to your customers; flattering and feeding players at a time that you should be protecting other people's finances, and improving

your own; keeping late hours with courtiezans, when you ought to have promoted early ones with your clerks; playing at hazard instead of saying your prayers, and putting on when you should have been pulling off your night-caps.

*Paul Pry.*—And, consequently, *mystifying accounts*, instead of coming fairly through *clearing hours*.

*Sir William Curtis.*—You do us simple justice, Sirs. I have no objection to feast your great men of the West at my Ramsgate-box, nor to set the sail for them, should my yacht and its provender (the rogues love good feeding as well as the cits, after all) please them, but as for being seen at any of those vulgar *man-traps* in Bury-street, or the better disguised pit-falls in Regent-street; or the more splendid *subscription-trap* termed the "Hall" with flight upon flight of unfledg'd *folly-birds*, or *old rooks* who "caw, caw, caw," for the golden grains the silly young birds let fall;—why, my friends, I should as soon think of giving up my laughter-provoking disposition, becoming a Catholic, or of getting into parliament again for the sole purpose of turning out the Duke of Wellington.

*Arthur Templeton.*—Which you would as soon dream of doing, Sir William, as of wishing your son to spend his money upon opera dancers and green-room ladies; have his clothes built (by the way, have an eye to the young gentleman in this respect, Sir) exclusively by foreign stitchers; and forget Lombard Street for late hours and Crockford's.

*Ourselves.*—All that you have advanced, my friends, is honourable to yourselves, and humanity. Whatever of folly and blindness to their duty and interest might be charged upon many whom we could mention, were we so inclined, we fervently trust the terrible and wretched example of the infatuated Stephenson (would we could see him as we once did, unclogg'd with frailty!) will teach them not to repeat. May his fate warn them so to select their company, that contamination follow not; so to chuse their places of relaxation or amusement, that temptation first, and then degradation, do not enchain them; so to demean themselves that they need not be ashamed to look man in the face, nor to dread the still and dark hour of night, more than the reign of the garish sun; so to regulate their time and conduct, that they fear not to be alone; so to live that they may know how to die! But this is too serious; therefore, with the hope that we shall no more be made sad at beholding *certain faces* looking through gambling-house windows, and creeping through gambling-house doors, we will charge our glasses, and change the subject.

*Sir William Curtis.*—And let that be the health of the KING, and God bless him! He has again endeared himself to his people by allowing them to participate in the benefits arising from an admission to the Park gardens.

*Arthur Templeton.*—It is an action worthy of, and like himself;

Yea it doth set as a rich ornament,  
Well chosen by the eye of purest taste,  
Upon a form already rich in grace,  
And perfectly appear'd."

Then we owe him much for his noble perseverance (against much officious, *behind the curtain*, influence) in furnishing the noble castle of Windsor, his present residence, with *English manufactured* furniture.

*Peter Pry.*—In which the triumph of the British loom has been pre-eminent over Parisian competition. Yet I think it a little hard, that whilst the newspapers are eloquent in the



praises of the carpets, the produce of Axminster and Kidderminster art, his Majesty should not have given them the opportunity of paying a like compliment to the taste and industry of the tradesfolk of Wilton.

*Ourself.*—And why, Mr. Peter? Will you enlighten us?

*Peter Pry.*—Because it was in that town, (the capital of Wilts) that carpets were first made in England; it is the Grandfather, (I think I am not wrong) of the present *Earl of Pembroke* that we owe the introduction of the graceful manufacture! and its consequent extension over the kingdom, till it has become the source of employment to thousands, and has placed in the shade the original inventors.

*Paul Pry.*—The manner of accomplishing this (we may almost term it so) national object, was curious, and may amuse to relate. A nobleman of science and spirit, fond of inventions that were useful, and arts that were beneficial, the *Earl of Pembroke*, looked at the Parisian manufacture with admiration, yet with jealousy; he applauded, but he envied, and he at once determined to engraft its beauties and benefits into his own country. He succeeded thus.—Few are inaccessible to bribes; *Horace Walpole* told us every man had his price. The purse prevailed in this instance. One ANTHONY DEVIZEY (or DEVISEY), a shrewd foreman of the Gallic looms, was gained to our cause, and was actually smuggled over to England in a tub. He came—he saw—he conquered. From his exertion, and *Lord Pembroke's* patronage, nearly four hundred persons were, in a moderate time, employed at Wilton; our floors were covered with an elegant and comfortable material, of English manufacture; and the carpet trade was established in England.

*Ourselves.*—Your information is both instructive and amusing, Mr. Pry.

*Paul Pry.*—If it tend, Sir, to direct my gracious and beloved sovereign's attention to the allowing the weavers and manufacturers of Wilton to participate in the honour of decorating Windsor Castle, sharing, thereby, in the benefit accruing, the King, I am quite sure, will feel he has done an act of justice, and I shall have the gratification of knowing that I have contributed to the welfare of my NATIVE TOWN! Though, alas! years and friends have passed away, and woe and disappointment have come, since I last beheld it!

*Arthur Templeton.*—Your feelings, Mr. Pry, do your heart as much honour, as your recollections do your head. But now, as a man of taste, what is your real opinion of the fitting of the Cumberland Palace?

*Paul Pry.*—Cumberland hovel, rather, my young friend! Why, it is a positive nuisance! a very eye sore! One got used to the old, dingy, brick building, as one does to the blighted, rugged, pollard-tree, standing as long as one remembers in our favourite meadow, but now that it is piebald, made black and white like the jacks of a harpsichord, or like new cloth quilted upon worn out stuff, the patchwork affair becomes offensive and ridiculous.

*Arthur Templeton.*—And as ill assorted as the one green sprout, sprung from a grain dropped by wandering bird upon the time-settled dirt, clogged in its fissures, of that scathed tree, which waves its green head in the wind useless, and as if in mockery of its blighted foundation.

*Ourselves.*—But not, my friends, like our meeting, for here we have poetry bursting in energetic strength from so graceless a theme as the miscalled palace, which is now the cause of such a waste of money; like, if we must have similies—

Roses blooming, white and red,  
(As if in garden blowing),  
Upon the tottering thatched shed,  
When atmospheres are snowing;  
Or fragrance in the place of tombs,  
Or music in a storm;  
Or, (when the blast of battle booms),  
Fair Pity's angel-form.

*Peter Pry.*—Better and better; but to reduce our language to sobriety,—not that cups have intoxicated heads,—it is a pity, may I not say a shame, to feel that we must pay for that which taste cannot applaud, nor propriety sanction? We would have our princes lodged like princes, not pressed into patchwork hovels that threaten destruction to the first sweeper that would be hardy enough to mount its flues.

*Ourselves.*—I wish the thing were as solid as your observations, my good friend; but as we have taken upon ourselves elsewhere to deliver some opinions upon it, we will cease to be general here, and allow our city visitors to partake in the table talk of the night.

*Sir William Curtis.*—Oh! never mind SAMUEL and myself. Whilst you are pulling to pieces palaces upon earth, we can amuse ourselves by building castles in the air; contemplating, for instance, whether the London University is likely to found a Fellowship for the best Greek Essay upon the dressing of turtle, or the Mechanic's Institute to lecture upon warm puns, and cold punch once a week.

*Samuel Rogers.*—Ευρεκα—I have it: “found! found! found!” as *Walter Scott's* Imp dins in the reader's ear.

*Sir William Curtis.*—What's found? Rowland Stephenson?

*Peter Pry.*—Or the plunderers of the French Ambassador's?

*Arthur Templeton.*—Or perpetual motion?

*Paul Pry.*—Or the longitude?

*Ourselves.*—Or a rival to the “*World of Fashion?*”

*Samuel Rogers.*—Not one of these; yet greater than all! the “D'ye give it up?” the “Conundrum!” Hear and be satisfied! You all know Godfrey Webster? Sir Godfrey by title, but I call him Godfrey—familiarity is my forte.

*Arthur Templeton.*—Oh, yes! “We all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well!”

*Samuel Rogers.*—No, no! not Tom Moody, but Webster; though, to be sure, he can holla! and ride to hounds like an *Alvanley* or a *Harry Peyton*. Well, Sirs, I read, here, in the gentle “*Morning Post*,” that my friend has left town for a little time (only for a little, mark me), for the country; and I, therefore, ask you (I dare be sworn the “Age” will pilfer it as their own), I ask you—“Why does Sir Godfrey, when he leaves the British Hotel, *Jermyn Street*, for his seat near *Chichester*, endanger the bones of a Royal Duke? D'ye give it up?—Because he's going to *Battle, Sussex!*”

*Arthur Templeton.*—Live for ever! for “*Battle*” is in “*Sussex*” decidedly, and the seat of the knowing Baronet. The thing is complete, gentlemen!

(Adjournment carried nem. con.)

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.









Walking Dress.

Newest Fashions for March, 1829.  
Costumes of All Nations N. 37.  
Dress of Queen Elizabeth.

Wedding Dress.

W.A. Lais. Sc.





*Newest Fashions for March, 1829*

W. Alais, Sc.





*Newest Fashions for March, 1829.  
Evening Dresses*





*Neuest Fashions for March 1829*

W. ALAIS Sc.



rally of gauze or crape, and, is either in the Circassian or the *Seigné* style.

We have seen a very beautiful bonnet of black satin, figured *en Arabesques*; it is tastefully trimmed with black blond about the crown, and with pink ribbon, chequered with black, and edged on each side with yellow satin stripes, on which are clouds of black. The strings are in a loop. A favorite bonnet for the carriage is of myrtle green *gros de Naples*, lined with canary-yellow; and ornamented on the crown with *fers de Cheval*, in scrolls of myrtle-green, lined with yellow and with black blond: this bonnet is adorned with three plumes formed of the tails of the bird of paradise in green and yellow, separated by bows of ribbon, corresponding in colour with the silk of the bonnet.

Among the new *coiffeures* is the Spanish-Cardinal-Beret. of bright ruby Indian reps silk; this head-dress so strikingly elegant, is bound round the edge of the brim with gold lace: the crown is in *treillage* work; and is composed of ruby satin and gold. From the separation in front, over the forehead, depend two superb-tassels of gold, which fall over the left temple, and a beautiful white plume plays over, and finishes this magnificent *beret*. A most elegant dress cap of blond, for evening parties or dinners of ceremony, is among the striking novelties of the present day. The blond is of the richest and finest texture and is disposed in fan ornaments, lightly falling over each other; the crown is open in *treillage* work, and is of white satin and silver lama, a *bandeau* of which crosses the forehead, and is of beautiful workmanship: over this splendid cap are tastefully scattered, in separate flowers, a profusion of the Summer-rose, in full bloom. A turban of pink satin and crape, classically folded, is another new article among the *coiffeure* department; it is infinitely becoming, though large, and is in the form of the turbans worn by the Moorish Princes.

In the out-door envelopes nothing new can be expected to take place till about the middle of March, at the soonest. Pelisses are, certainly, more in favour than cloaks, except for the carriage, where they are seen of a very superb kind; but in neither of these can we yet expect any particular novelty.

We highly recommend a very elegant dress tippet, which we saw belonging to a very charming young lady, at the court end of the town; and as young people in large parties are often seated near the door, such precautionary coverings are as useful as they are ornamental. This round tippet was formed of celestial-blue and white crape, and had the two colours mingled, *en clochettes*: the whole appearance of this graceful appendage was light, and unobtrusive, though well adapted to the dress party.

The colours most admired, are celestial-blue, myrtle-green, canary-yellow, scarlet, ruby, and pink.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—The hats are chiefly of black or rose-colour; violet-colour lined with white, green with *ponceau*, brown with yellow; the red and blue are plain, and trimmed with the same colours. When a hat is not adorned with a willow feather, or two *esprits*, it has, for ornament, several long, white feathers. White satin bonnets, with a demi-veil of blond, are much admired.

It is not only hats and bonnets of *gros de Naples* which are embroidered in silk. A satin bonnet of Russian green has appeared, worked in a pattern, with white silk. The *roseties* and the strings were also ornamented with embroidery.

Hats of white satin, lined with blue or rose-coloured velvet, are worn; they are adorned with *plumes boiteuses*, rose and white, or blue and white. Bonnets of black velvet, lined with light green, and ornamented with satin bows, are much in request, as are those of violet-coloured *gros de Naples*, lined with bird of Paradise yellow, or English green, lined with Parma violet.

**OUT-DOOR COSTUME.**—Many ladies of fashion, who wear only their hair, without any covering, tie their boattippets across the lower part of their faces, to keep the cold from their ears.

Several very elegant ladies are seen, in walking, with boots of purple Morocco, lined with marten.

Many ladies, on quitting a ball-room, put on cloaks lined with fur. These *Witzchours* do not descend so low as other cloaks.

Square shawls of blue or red Cachemire, sprinkled with very small dots of gold, are often thrown over the shoulders of the most fashionable females of distinction.

The pelisses are made of materials of very rich texture, either figured or plain. Many of them are trimmed with broad bias folds of velvet. The cuffs and pelerine are always velvet, trimmed with fringe at the edges, or notched.

**DREESSES.**—Sleeves *made in the English style* have, besides the turn which the hollowing out of the sleeve has round the corsage, to introduce the arm, a kind of crescent, of the same material as the dress, but puckered or plaited in a thousand little plaits. This crescent forms the epaulette of the uniform worn by the British troops. Sometimes it is of velvet on a satin dress, and of satin on velvet. It seems to be destined in assisting a dress-maker to fasten the sleeves very low, under the shoulder.

Some whimsical ladies have brought in again a circular wristband, *en bouffant*, which, last summer, surrounded the elbow of the sleeve *à la Marie*; now, being brought lower, it is called a *ruffle*.

Velvet dresses prevail much, particularly at the Opera, on a benefit night. Gowns for half-dress are of rose or cherry-coloured satin; they are made high, with a ruff round the throat.

Dresses of white or coloured crape have often the addition of a blond mantelet. Indian reps silk, or Ispahan velvet, of a celestial blue, have wide sleeves of blond, and a pelerine trimmed with blond. Ball-dresses are painted and enlivened in a novel and fanciful style, the ground is chiefly of stiffened white gauze. Above the bias, at the border of either coloured or white crape dresses, worn at balls, is a wreath of vine leaves or poplar, embroidered in green silk. Several wreaths, in smaller proportions, surround the corsage and the wrists.

There are sleeves called *à la Muette (de Portici)*; they are long, and have, at their terminations, a *bouffant* cuff, laid in small plaits, called a ruffle.

A dress of green velvet, with a small wreath of myrtle, worked in gold, above the broad hem, with a friar's belt of gold round the waist, and wide sleeves of white blond, having a narrow ruffle round the wrist, and a double row of blond round the corsage, has met with much admiration; as has also a dress of rose-coloured satin, trimmed with a



bias fold of the same colour, in velvet; this bias is cut in points, fastened to the skirt by knots of pearls. The corsage is of rose-coloured velvet, ornamented round the tucker part with pearls, and a small epaulette fringed with pearls, falls over the blond sleeves; the friar's belt is also of pearls. Satin ornaments, notched, and set on strait, or the notches crossed over each other, are often placed over the broad hem at the border.

At the wrists of long sleeves are often seen two wristbands, which approach each other so close, that the fullness of the cuff forms a *bouffant* between, and which the French ladies call a ruffle; it forms a pretty ornament over the hand.

In evening parties a boa-tippet is often thrown over the dress; it is formed of *Marabouts*, rose-colour shaded with white, or blue and white.

Net-work ornaments of silk beading are now a favourite kind of trimming, falling over the heads of the broad hems; each row is terminated by a little tassel, which has a very pretty effect; a fringe to correspond trims the sash, and the five points which fall over the short sleeves. These trimmings are seen on gauze and crape dresses.

At evening parties are seen many gowns of velvet satin, and of other rich materials; they are most admired when of cherry-colour, trimmed with blond. Every shade of violet is also much in request; a violet-coloured satin dress, ornamented with velvet leaves, *appliquées*, has been lately made for a lady of rank.

A ball dress has been remarked of rose-coloured crape, bordered with a broad bias fold of the same coloured satin, above which was a little wreath formed of the tips of *Marabout* feathers, mingled with puffs of ribbon, of rose satin. Dresses of white crape are ornamented with wreaths painted in different colours, and mixed with ornaments of gold or silver; these are much admired for evening dress. The sash is broad, and embroidered with gold or silver.

Ladies of fashion wear blond ruffles with their short sleeves, which remind us of the reign of Louis XV., for, at the inside of the arm, the blond is much narrower than at the elbows.

If the border of a ball dress is ample, in revenge, there is a vast quantity of blond used in trimming the top of the sleeves, and also in the falling tucker at the back, which borders the corsage.

Ladies, who do not dance, wear, at the border of their dresses, one flounce of blond, headed by embroidery of gold or silver.

Satin dresses of English green, are trimmed with a broad *Chemille* fringe. A dress is much admired of a very rich gauze, ornamented with six narrow satin *rouleaux*, just above the hem, round the border: the corsage is of satin. Figured merinos are still worn in *deshabille*, with a pelerine of the same, ornamented by a broad trimming; the sleeves are à la *Religieuse*, with a very narrow wristband. *Navarines*, *Bombazins*, and Alpine *Cachemires*, all fabricated at *La Savonnerie*, are much in use for morning dresses.

Above the broad hem of a dress of cherry-coloured crape, is a trimming of white silk beading; a white silk friar's belt is worn with this dress.

At a ball given at court, Madame, her Royal Highness the Duchess de Berri, wore a white dress, sprinkled over with gold spots, woven in the tissue; the corsage was ornamented with diamonds, marking out all the contour of the shape. The tunic was of red *Cachemire*.

Madame La Dauphine wore a dress of Saxon green velvet

(this is a light green, but very lively and brilliant;) bows of white satin were placed in front of the skirt, forming an apron, and in every bow of satin glittered an ear of corn in diamonds. The corsage was in drapery, and the folds were drawn together by diamond brooches. At the border of the dress was a broad trimming of blond. The sleeves were short, and composed of frills of blond.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—The hair is often ornamented with puffs of ribbon, called *hair-colour*, which is of the darkest and the lightest shades of the chesnut, or of the light brown of the wearer's hair. These ribbons are interwoven with narrow stripes of gold or silver. Velvet *bérets* are ornamented with long, white feathers, three of which are placed under the brim, and two above; the *bérets* are in the form of Spanish *toques*; the feathers, which are under the brim, are fastened in the centre by a diamond brooch. Blond caps are more in fashion than head-dresses in hair; the caps are adorned by a profusion of flowers. On head-dresses in hair are often seen two rows of quilled blond, separated by small branches of flowers, forming a half-coronet, which extends from one ear to the other, and are terminated by two long lappets of gauze or ribbon. A small cap, with a blond caul, and without any trimming, is ornamented in front with a wreath of puffed ribbon. Hops in blossom, mingled with *ponçeau* feathers, and forming together a coronet. There are other coronets, composed of bunches of grapes and roses. The rose-geranium is a favourite flower in the hair at balls.

A head-dress in hair has been seen at a ball, called à la *Psyche*. It is composed of a great number of plats, and surmounted by a butterfly in brilliants.

The most distinguished ornaments on *bérets* are the tails of the bird of paradise, disposed in *aigrettes*; of these there are generally three. A *béret* of *ponçeau* velvet, thus adorned, is greatly admired. Many head-dresses are composed of pearls, mingled with the hair, and rose-coloured *Marabouts*; bouquets, also, of foliage, with delicate blossoms, formed like a bird of paradise, and placed in pairs among the tresses, produce a charming effect.

The Dauphiness, at the last court ball, wore a Saxon green velvet *toque*, ornamented with a great number of wheat-ears, in diamonds, and differently coloured stones.

A turban of rose-coloured and silver gauze, ornamented with silver *aigrettes*, is often worn at dress balls.

**JEWELLERY.**—*Chatelaines* are still in favour.

The Duchesse de Berri, at the last ball given at court, had her hair adorned with jewels of different colours.

A young Marchioness, on her presentation at court, wore ear-pendants, necklace, and bracelets, composed of rubies and diamonds.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Besides the large carpet in a bed-chamber, there is a hearth-rug, and on that a *carreau* (foot-stool), whereon to place the lady's slippers to air before the fire.

A whimsical fashion, which cannot last, has taken place in the stockings of ladies in full dress; they are of flesh-coloured silk, on which are painted little birds, in blue, or butterflies in their various natural colours.

Bouquets, carried in the hand, are much in vogue.

In full dress many ladies carry an *avmoniere* (a kind of net purse), which species of *reticule* looks well with velvet or satin.

White gloves are worn in evening dress, richly embroidered, either in white silk, in various colours, or with gold.



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

LVIII.—*English Earls.*

## POULETT, EARL POULETT.

SIR JOHN POULETT, the ancestor of note, from whom this noble family are descended, lived in the reign of Richard II. and had issue, two sons; Sir Thomas, ancestor of the Earls of Poulett, and William, ancestor of the Dukes of Bolton, and Marquises of Winchester.

John Poulett, in the year 1710, was created

FIRST EARL OF POULETT.—He married Bridget, daughter of Peregrine Bertie, uncle to Robert, Duke of Ancaster, and by her had four sons and four daughters. His eldest sons were twins, John and Peregrine. John was the second Earl, but dying unmarried the title descended to his next brother, Vere, (Peregrine having died during the lifetime of his father), and Vere became

THIRD EARL.—His lordship was born the 18th of May, 1710, and was married, in 1754, to Mary, daughter of Richard Butt, of Arlingham, in Gloucestershire, Esq. by whom he had issue, one son, named John, who succeeded his father, and was

FOURTH EARL.—His lordship was born on April 7th, 1756, and succeeded his father, Vere, the late Earl, April 14th, 1788. On the 8th of June, 1782, he married Miss Pocock, daughter of the late Admiral, Sir George Pocock, and by her had issue, four sons and two daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son, John,

THE FIFTH AND PRESENT EARL.—He was born July the 5th, 1783, and succeeded his father on the 15th of January, 1819. On August 12th, 1820, he married Charlotte, daughter of Henry Berkely Portman, Esquire, and has issue, Viscount Hinton, born September, 1822.

The family motto is *Gardez ta foy*—"Keep thy faith."

## A TWELFTH DAY IN FRANCE.

Peter Philippon, a merchant of Amiens, had retired from commerce with a considerable fortune. He was one of those men whom nature had endowed with a decided and ardent character: he was always in extremes, whether right or wrong, and possessed of great virtues, as well as great vices. Whatever passion ruled him, it was to excess: mirth or melancholy, sensuality or temperance, friendship and hatred, generosity and revenge. He had that cast of melancholy and bitterness about him, which makes us look upon things as they are, exposing to our view the hideous deformity of whatever we may be surrounded by, insensibly leading us on to misanthropy. "When we arrive at

thirty," he used to say, with a celebrated writer, "and do not hate mankind, we cannot love them." And, in effect, if he complained of what we find to shock and revolt us in society, it was because he ardently desired to see it happy and better. He delighted in doing good, and, what is a proof of an excellent nature, to do it himself. Every week twenty poor people were assembled together under his windows, and received, from his own hand, a loaf of about six pounds weight, and a frank in money; and when he walked out, he always took care to have about him some small coin to distribute to any poor wretches that might come in his way. He had a road mended at his own expense, which was full of ruts, and in which his own carriage had been overturned, merely because he could, by such precaution, prevent such an accident from happening to another, which, perhaps, might cost him his life. The greatest harm any one could say of him, and they were his enemies, was to style him "the benevolent ruffian."

Philippon would not marry when he was young, and when any one asked him the reason, he would reply, "I do not see any female of whom I would wish to be the husband, nor any man unto whom I would chuse to hold a candle." In the mean time, his only niece had found in him the best of fathers. She was named Elizabeth, and he, to whom she owed her birth, after having lost his companion and nearly the whole of his fortune, had left her an orphan when only three years of age. Peter, when informed of his brother's illness, went to embrace him in his last moments, but arrived too late: he then took the poor little child in his arms, and addressing the inanimate corpse, he said, "Andrew, I protest, in thy presence, to perform for her, all that thou wouldst have done thyself, if thou hadst lived long enough." Never was engagement more religiously fulfilled. Under his own roof, and under his own eye, was Elizabeth brought up. He had her instructed by the best masters, and she became one of the most accomplished persons in the neighbourhood. He sought at once to form her heart and mind, for he thought that one without the other, was like a fruit which is only replete with poison. When she had attained the age of seventeen, he informed her that it was his intention to leave her all his fortune. "The only thing which I ask of you, my Eliza," added he, "as a recompense for what I have done for you, is, to delay your marriage till you become of ripened years, and then to chuse for your husband a man, who, by his virtues, shall be worthy of inheriting, with yourself, all my wealth." His niece, moved to tears, replied by saying, she should be the most contemptible of women, if ever she could be capable of acting contrary to his will.

The daughter of Andrew had, from nature, a good and tender heart; she was not unworthy of such an uncle; she had constituted all his happiness; she would have continued so to do, if a passion, the strength of which is often so extreme that it too frequently is known to stifle the calls of duty, had not led her astray. Among the young men who were distinguished in the best society at Amiens, no one was more seductive than Armand de Saluces. His features



were perfectly regular, his eyes full of fire, his form exquisite, and his manners peculiarly graceful. He had wit, much vivacity; his language was enchanting, and an air of candour subjugated all who approached him. But these shining outward attractions concealed a most vicious and deceptive mind. He had squandered away more than half of his patrimony, in the most shameful excesses; and when he was reproved for such conduct, he replied, in a tone of raillery, that in moral, as in physical cases, it was only a *beau idéal*; for his part, he was resolved not to pass the best years of his life in pursuing a chimera. He was vexed if he was obliged to relinquish any party of intemperate dissipation, as much so as many other men would be wretched at having their honour called in question. Unhappy for Elizabeth, she saw him at a house where she was accustomed to pass many of her long winter evenings. Her heart, simple as nature itself, felt a want to attach itself somewhere, and the first man of that age, rendered the conquest easy.

Armand was not ignorant of this; he seemed to prefer her to her young female companions, and she was soon completely in love. As for him, he felt but little, or rather no love for her: he sought only to render her his victim from vanity, want of some other pursuit, or from selfishness; she was young, she was beautiful, and was to be heiress to a large fortune. Philippon, informed by a friend of the danger which threatened his niece, forbade her ever seeing Armand again. It was too late; the poison had entered her heart; from thence it had ascended to the head: she was no longer reasonable, and she became disobedient. The first fault brings on others; and one day Peter learned that she had abandoned his roof to become the wife of a vile libertine.

Elizabeth had, no doubt, tranquillized her mind with the hope that her uncle, by whom she was so tenderly beloved, would pardon her fault, and acknowledge Armand for his nephew. But she was mistaken; her flight threw him into a passion of anger, the effects of which were a little terrible. He destroyed the will that he had made in her favor; he cursed the hour and the day when he had received her to his arms as a daughter, and took a solemn vow that she should never again set her foot in his house; and to reject, as utter strangers, the children which might be born from this guilty union. In vain his imprudent and unfortunate niece tried every means to make him relent. Her regret, her repentance, her submission, and her prayers, could not touch his deeply-wounded heart: his good old housekeeper, the oldest friend of the merchant, the respectable clergyman of the parish, supplicated and interested themselves for her; it was all useless. Once they hoped, for a moment, that the sudden and unlooked-for death of her husband would produce some change in her situation. The worthless Armand, two years after, becoming completely ruined, died as he had lived, leaving her the mother of a boy and girl. He had been drawn to a gambling-house by his vicious propensity, where he insulted, in presence of all the company, an officer of dragoons, who challenged him, and was wounded, but he soon after pierced Armand through the body, and left him dead on the field. When Philippon heard this intelligence, he answered only by a tremendous frown, and his malediction continued to pursue the wretched Elizabeth. From the time that he had been repaid by so much ingratitude, and so cruelly deceived, he did not appear like the same man. He had fallen into a deep and settled melancholy; his hatred towards mankind had taken a more

ferocious character: he had broken off all commerce with his own friends, nor would he see, nor be seen by any one. Quitting town entirely, he retired to his estate in the country, to a lone house, near a league distant from any other dwelling. There he passed whole days, shut up in his chamber, seeing no one but his old female domestic, the only being for whom he did not feel an aversion, and to whom he yet could confide himself: neglecting his person, his beard, and his dress, feeding on the most gloomy ideas, or employed in reading on subjects yet more gloomy. In the mean time, the housekeeper observed one circumstance which proved that his heart was not yet closed to the tender affections of nature: a bird, pursued by a hawk, and already wounded by its enemy, took refuge in Peter's bosom: from that moment the bird became the object of his attachment, and filled up a part of that void he found in his bosom. He took care of it himself, he fed it with his own hands, and accustomed it to obey him by perching by his side, when he took his solitary meals. So true is it, that man is made to bestow kindness and love, somewhere.

During five years, Philippon lived in this gloomy seclusion; during five years he fed on his dark misanthropy. At length, the lapse of time, and the conversation of some of the oldest of his friends whom he had consented to see again, brought back his reason to its accustomed tone. Before that time, those with whom he had formerly been intimate, durst not present themselves to him, in the fear of being rejected. He became, what he had been before, the most beneficent of men: he returned again to his usual habit of distributing his gifts to the poor with his own hands. The only condition that he imposed on his friends, in admitting them to his presence, was, that they should never speak of Madame de Saluces. It was now the commencement of January; a new year had succeeded to so many years of sorrow. Those who loved Philippon, went to pay him the usual compliments, and were agreeably surprised. They heard, from his own lips, that he desired to celebrate Twelfth Night, and to see that day, assembled round him, all who used to be, before his seclusion. He invited also those of their wives and daughters whom he recollected, or whose names he could remember; and some of those daughters had become wives and mothers in their turn. The guests arrived at the lone house at noon, and at four they sat down to table. The repast was composed of three courses; there were many delicacies, and abundance of every thing. The desert succeeded. The white Champagne began to sparkle, by the side of the red juice of the grape of Burgundy; their colour, their taste, their warmth inspired pleasure, happiness, and gaiety. Conversation became general; every one sported his jest, related his story, listened to others, and was listened to when he spoke. One of the company was requested to sing: if a lady, and she, under any pretext, begged to be excused, she was so much pressed, that, at length, she complied. Then she addressed the gentleman who sat beside her, after performing his task, he did the same; and when every guest had sung singly, the whole table repeated the chorus. If the verses were rather free in expression, the men laughed, and the women cast down their eyes and smiled. The long-expected cake, which was to give a king to the assembly, for one night, now made its appearance. Its size was proportioned to the number of the guests; and the knife divided it in such a manner, that every one had a proper portion; one piece, however, was much larger than the rest, which was left in the dish: it was a religious custom,



and was called "*part à Dieu*;" it was given to the first poor person that might knock at the door after the feast. The cake, after it was cut, was covered over with a rich napkin, and handed all round; every one drew forth a slice, and, with a sort of anxiety, turned it on every side to try to discover the bean which alone bestows the rights of royalty. One, thinking he had it, gave a shout for joy, but soon after found out his mistake; and by long and loud peals of laughter, was saluted by his companions.

All on a sudden some one knocked at the door; the housekeeper went to open it; after some time had elapsed she came in, and addressed the master of the house in the following manner:—"It is a poor young woman, who is come to ask for the *portion set apart for God*."

"You must give it her then," replied he.

"Ah! sir! if you was to see her, it would grieve you; she is so pale, and so weak, and seems to suffer so much!"

Instead of pity, every countenance now was expressive of joy.

"How old is she?" resumed Philippon.

"As well as the snow, which beat in my face, would allow me to judge, I think she seems between twenty-three to twenty-five years of age."

"What, has the weather changed so suddenly?"

"The snow has been falling these three hours, in thick flakes, the trees are covered with them, as well as the ground; and the poor unhappy creature has a full league to go, before she can gain the next village."

"I have often given *la part de Dieu*, myself, to the poor; bring the unfortunate woman to me, I will have the pleasure of putting this portion of the cake into her hands: then you shall take her into your room, give her a good supper, and she can sleep to night in the chamber which is next to yours."

"Ah! sir, you are so good; you are, now, indeed, yourself again."

The old woman went out, and in the *salon* was heard murmurs of applause, as every eye was turned towards the door: the young female entered, but how astonished was every one to behold in her the merchant's niece! Her, whom in his rage he had cursed! All the guests rose, Peter alone remained seated.

"Madame de Saluces!" cried he, turning away his head, with manifest signs of real aversion.

The unfortunate woman threw herself at the feet of this inflexible being, stretching out towards him her supplicating hands.

"My Uncle!" exclaimed she, with a voice broken by sobs; "Oh! do not cast me from you! Have mercy on me!"

"You have disobeyed me, you quitted my roof, and shall I pardon you, and receive you under it again?"

"That God, under whose name I presented myself, and whose *portion* I came to ask, does not reject the sinner who repents, and implores forgiveness for his fault."

"I have sworn never to pardon you, never to withdraw the malediction which I have pronounced against you."

"God hearkens not to oaths made in anger, and he forbids us being inexorable."

"You have embittered my latter days; you have filled the cup of my old age with poison."

"When God descended on earth, he took not vengeance even on his enemies."

"You have rendered me evil for good; you have wounded he bosom which fostered you."

"When Christ was nailed to the cross, and his body torn by his own creatures, he did not curse them, but pardoned all their barbarity."

All the guests who witnessed this scene were deeply affected; they joined their prayers to those of Elizabeth: the women surrounded Philippon, they threw themselves at his feet, and embraced his knees. The merchant could not resist; after a moment's pause, he turned towards Madame de Saluces, raised her up, and pressed her to his heart: "My niece, my dear Liza," said he, as tears of tenderness fell from his eyes: the good housekeeper rejoiced at her success, ran to fetch a plate, put a chair by the side of Peter, who made Elizabeth sit down there. The old housekeeper went out again, and returned with two children, carrying the little girl in her arms, and leading the boy by the hand. Their mother again cast herself on her knees before Philippon, presenting these two innocents to him:—"Since," said he, "they have no father, without doubt, it will fall on me to supply his place." The overjoyed guests seated themselves again at the table. Elizabeth was pressed to take her part of the cake; she gave a morsel to each of her children, and she found the bean in what was left. They gave her a glass of wine, they obliged her to drink it, and she put it to her lips. Tears, which she now shed, from excess of happiness, dropped in the crystal cup, and mingled themselves with the red wine. Her lips trembled over the brim, and twenty voices repeated together, "THE QUEEN DRINKS!"

#### SHROVETIDE REVELRY.

"—— Be merry, be merry!

'Tis merry in the hall, when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry *Shrovetide*."—SHAKESPEARE.

"There is no spot where *Pleasure* dwells,  
Where airy *Fancy* weaves her spells,  
Where *Wit* is bounteous of her choice,  
Where *Genius* bids the arts rejoice;  
There is no spot like *this*, where these  
Achieve their votive victories!"

So sings the fair *Blue-belle*, who displays such pretty blossoms every month in the "*World of Fashion*." No! there is no spot like England, where *Pleasure* and *Fancy*, with their sports and amusements, have had so long and absolute a reign; where merriment and festivity have spread their enchantments over the minds of the people, and entitled their little happy country, to the peculiar and distinguished appellation of "*Merry England*." But, "alas! the mutability of human affairs!" as Sir Walter says—we are losing our national characteristic, and becoming a land of long-faced creatures; we must speedily exchange the "merry" for the "woeful" title, and, like the famed Manchean of old, get ourselves dubbed, "knights of the rueful countenance." The *march of mind* has transformed us into "other guess" kind of people, and physics, and metaphysics, problems, logic, and steam, philology, physiology, zoology, pathology, geology, and the lord knows what, have created such a commotion in our sensoriums, that, in the tumult of the "march," poor common sense has *marched away!* It is pleasant, however, to recall the reminiscences of the past, and, in imagination, participate



in the amusements of our forefathers. A few seasonable recollections of *Shrovetide*, will, we have no doubt, agreeably amuse our readers.

An old author has remarked, that, "in his time, on Shrove Tuesday, men ate and drank, and abandoned themselves to every kind of sportive foolery, as if resolved to have their fill of pleasure before they were to die!" And why should they not? Why should our pleasures be restricted, as long as they conduce to our happiness, and cause no pain to others? It is a system of *false* morality, which would put down every harmless amusement, and substitute a life of tears and groanings.

"Shrove Tuesday," our universal *pancake day*, is a Romish festival: the word "*Shrove*" is derived from the old Saxon "*Shrive*," which signifies *confession*. On this confession day, every body throughout the kingdom were compelled to go, one by one, to their own parish priests, and confess every sin they had been guilty of. And, as the confession of such a multitude took up necessarily a great portion of time, the great bell in every parish was rung aloud, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, to call every stray-sheep into the confessional.

The wafer which was given to the penitents has, at length, grown into a *pancake*, and as the Romish religion gave way, the latter was generally substituted. The great bell, however, is still rung in many places; but, instead of the "*confession*," it is called the "*pancake bell*," and serves, not to call on people to forsake their sins, but, on the contrary, it gives the signal to commence anew the crimes of gormandizing, gluttony, and the bibbing of wine! for on this day, as it is merrily observed in "*Pasquil's Palinodia*," every stomach

— till it can hold no more,

Is fritter-filled, as well as heart can wish;  
And every man and maide doe take their turne,  
And toss their pancakes up, for feare they burne;  
And all the kitchen doth with laughter sound,  
To see the pancakes fall upon the ground.

In former times, for a short time previous to *Shrovetide*, every body was busily employed in preparing their rich store for Easter. The bacon and the hams were dried, the meat was cured and corned, and the savoury black puddings were filled, and, with other *delicacies*, stored by. Domestic feasting and revelry was every where conspicuous. Morris dancing, mumming, plays and interludes, threshing the hen, cock-shying, foot-balling, and every other species of amusement, were every where in requisition. Hospitality opened wide her portals, and the true English heart displayed itself.

In the records of Norwich we find, that in 1440, one John Gladman made a public disport with his neighbours, crowned as king of Christmas, on horseback, having his horse bedizened with tinsel and flauntery, and preceded by the twelve months of the year, each month habited as the season required; after him came *Lent*, clothed in white, and herring-skins, on a horse, with trappings of oyster-shells, in token "that sadnesse shulde folowe, and an holy time;" and in this manner they rode through the city, accompanied by groupes of others in the same fantastical manner, "makynge myrthe, disportes, and playes."

In the groupes which attended these mummings, some of the people were attired in armour, and gave sham fights; others were disguised as devils, frightening the boys; men wore women's clothes, and women were dressed as men;

some wore robes, as kings and potentates, others, attired as "*old fools*," pretended to sit upon nests and hatch "*young fools*." Some wore the skins of beasts, lions, bulls, and monkeys. In fact, it was an universal masquerade, in which every individual, from the highest to the lowest, participated; with only this distinction, however, that the greatest of the noblemen came among the revelry in "*waggon*s, finely framed before, and drawne by a lustie horse, and swift of pacc." The wives and children were placed in the front of the "*waggon*," and their lords held the reins behind.

"And even till midnight holde they on,  
Their pastimes for to make;  
Whereby they hinder men of sleepe,  
And cause their heades to ake.  
But all this same they care not for,  
Nor do esteem a heare,  
So they may have their pleasure."

It was formerly the custom at Eton school, on Shrove Tuesday, for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow upon the school door, and as crows usually hatch at this season, the cawing of the young ones for their parent, heightened this heartless sport.

We have mentioned above, the sport of "*threshing the hen*," and extract the following account of it from "*Tasser redivivus*."—"The hen is hung at a fellow's back, who has also some horse-bells about him; the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen about some court or small enclosure. The fellow, with his hen and bells, shifting about as well as he can, they follow the sound, and if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well favouredly; but the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peeping hole. After the sport, the hen is boiled with bacon, and store of pancakes and fritters are made."

The day following Shrove Tuesday is called *Ash Wednesday*, from the custom in the Romish church, for the priest to bless certain *ashes*, made of consecrated palms or brush-wood, and strewing them on the heads of the people. The ceremony, we believe, is intended to remind mankind of the substance of which they are composed, and that, like the ashes, so unto dust must they return.

Ash Wednesday is observed in the Church of England, by the ministers reading publicly the curses denounced against impenitent sinners; to each malediction the people being directed to utter "*Amen!*" Many who consider this as cursing *their neighbours*, keep away from church on this occasion.

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#### A JEALOUS MAN.

It is love which constitutes the happiness of human life, declares the eye of fire, and the animated visage of a young enthusiast, who beholds only the pleasure of the present moment, but who never for once in his whole life, even reflected on that sublime virtue, almost, indeed, only in idea, which is named fidelity; love, in itself, is nearly allied to folly, answers the old man whose sole enjoyment is centered in the relish of dainty dishes, and to recall at intervals, to his feeble recollection, some hours of the pleasures of his youthful days; love is a state of continual perplexity and anguish, says the jealous man: no happiness can dwell in that mind which unceasingly is in dread of a



rival, and cannot depend on the sentiments of the woman he adores; so says a jealous lover, and this, to his own torment, he repeats every day.

Yet, at the same time, her I love possesses all the charms, all those qualities which are made to inspire the most ardent attachment, and the most unbounded confidence; her sole felicity is in never absenting herself from me for one moment; she wishes me to be continually with her: if I find myself absolutely obliged to quit her, her countenance becomes clouded with sorrow, and she intreats of me to return as speedily as possible; on my return I find her counting the minutes, and sighing for the moment when she is to see me again. Well! who could believe it? These striking marks of her affection destroy my repose; I imagine that all this is but artifice in her, to conceal the truth: the sorrows she evinces at my departure excites suspicion in me; for who knows but this appearance of vexation may not be put on to hide the joy which the approach of my rival inspires her with? Who knows, but that the satisfaction which she testifies at my return, is not a veil which she places between her want of faith and my penetration? There are times when I wish to repulse her carresses, in the fear, that she perhaps, is, in imagination, bestowing them on another, while she lavishes them on me. Although, to take from me every cause of jealousy, she has consented to withdraw herself from all society, I cannot, for all that, prevent myself from having some raging fits of jealousy, which almost drive me to a state of frenzy; I cannot bear to see her look out of the window; I am in tortures on such occasions: I fear that the passers by will remark her, and that other eyes than mine will dwell on her features, and, that in exchange, she may cast a look on the rash being who does not turn away his eyes from her; I wish her to desire nothing, to regret nothing, but let the love of me be sufficient for her; that she may see nothing beyond that, and if I knew that she formed a wish, however innocent might be the object, I might be capable, in a moment of jealousy, to break with her for ever. I am ashamed to confess it, but the care which I saw her take of a little canary-bird, whose charming pipe enlivened her solicitude; and her fondness for the bird seemed to me, like a robbery committed on that affection which she ought, exclusively, to bestow on me.

Must I, after having confessed my weakness, publish my disgrace? Too happy, if I had experienced only the chimerical torments of a heated brain! Alas! it was destined that I should receive the most cruel blow which could fall on a sensitive being. One evening—O, fatal evening!—not being able to live in the state of doubt which rent my heart, I resolved to put her to the proof. I pretended business which would keep me from her the whole evening; as usual, she testified much sorrow, and I pretended to believe all her tender demonstrations. I went out; in a moment after, I came back on a sudden; I ascended the stairs,—I drew near—the door was shut. I knocked, no one answered. I knocked again, accompanying the action with saying, in a terrific voice, “It is me!” “Oh! it is you, my friend,” said a faltering voice, “I will open the door directly—come in.” I did enter; transported with rage, with palid countenance, and trembling lips; my first care was to cast around the most scrutinizing looks; I drew aside the curtains. Oh! what was my fury and my desperation, when I beheld a man in the obscurity of

the alcove.\* I attempted to lay hold of him, but we were separated by the bed; I stooped forward to seize him, but he made the same movement, and he disappeared from my sight; in my fury, I crept under the bed, and as I sought to catch hold of him, I stretched out my hands, as I thirsted for vengeance, but the traitor again escaped; I rose up, and he stood before me; then, with an arm, strengthened an hundred-fold by desperation, I dragged the bed with violence into the middle of the chamber, and rushing on the wretch, who had been the destruction of those dear illusions I delighted in cherishing, I received a dreadful blow on my hand, from my own shadow! which, thanks to a wax light placed behind me, had been reflected on the wainscot for the last quarter of an hour. I had my wrist put out, but it is now cured, and my jealousy is still without remedy.

### MARCH MIRTHS AND MANŒUVRES.

“*Each month its uses has, nay cheerfulness;  
And 'twere as idle and ungrateful task  
To burrow, Timon like, in darksome caves,  
Because one friend has fall'n, or one hope fail'd;  
(Forgetting others still may grow about us)  
As to turn Misanthrope that yesterday  
Is as a bye-gone tale.*”——J. F. S.

Since CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS and good cheer  
Are as forgotten things,  
And TWELFTH NIGHT, unto urchins dear,  
Gone with its “Kings” and “Queens;”  
And VALENTINE'S whole stock of darts  
(That fled like Xerxes' arrows),  
Wounding as easy fond swains' hearts,  
As small shot shivers sparrows;  
We still, to conquer spite and spleen,  
(If reason is in rhyme,)  
Will see what next struts on the scene  
To play an act with Time:  
And so run conqu'ring tilts at woes,  
Whilst blust'ring MARCH his breezes blows.  
We've seen what fashions, fancies, fops,  
Chill February brought,  
We've heard of country cousins hops,  
By courting squires sought;  
The pantomimes have had their run,  
The sporting peers their ride,  
And Parliament it is begun,  
And “Ayes” and “Nays” divide:  
And gentle forms, in graceful pairs,  
O'er frost-glaz'd streams do pass,  
Despite the ringlet straight'ning airs,  
Or *Guardman's quizzing glass*.†  
Yet still enough is left to cheer,  
*This the third month of our new year.*

\* Whoever has been much in France, are no doubt well aware, that, in the interior, and even in some very respectable houses in Paris, are yet found *lits de repos*, inclosed, in a recess, resembling an alcove in every sitting-room: these are sometimes adorned with a peculiar display of elegance and taste, and are more for shew than use.

† Some very excellent, nay very elegant, female friends were sadly rallied for mingling with the throng of skaters



For, there'll be ballots for the balls,  
 And *ballets* for the stage,  
 And lacqueys lining regal halls,  
 And libels in the "Age;"  
 Whilst some will patronize French plays,  
 And some be penning sonnets,  
 And some approving BUCCLEUCH'S chaise,†  
 But none, I hope, *French bonnets* :  
 For *English taste*, like English hearts,  
 No single step should yield,  
 But conquerless in fashion's parts,  
 As routless in the field :  
 Let *this be so*, and all will own  
 That MARCU is very gracious grown.

LAPORTE again has op'd his doors  
 To great folks of all nations ;  
 His fiddlers they are off by scores  
 To flee vile regulations :  
 And people hire their sittings now  
 (Let's vote the practice low) ‡  
 Like stalls at fairs ; or though, I vow,  
 'Twere Sadler's cattle show :

upon the Serpentine ; but that it was with justice they were so beset, I cannot admit. For mine own part I would rather see them, when properly clad, as they invariably are, performing the graceful movements the exercise of skating is capable of accomplishing, than following the shouts of the hunting fraternity, playing male parts in private theatricals, gambling at *écarté*, suffering the torture under the serewing hands and *pinching charges* of some foreign *Madame des modes* ; or, like *Lady Teazle* and *Mrs. Candour*, killing characters for mere sport. Yet all these things are perpetrated by ladies of quality, consideration, and wealth, some of whom were inconsistent enough to say ill-natured things of my pretty and bepraised skaters in riding habits. The fact was, that envy was the mainspring of the maligners' movements.

† The Duke of Buccleuch has set a noble example (upon coming to his great wealth and unstained title) to other young noblemen. He has not only determined to spend his fortune in his own country, but to employ his own countrymen in the production of those articles of use, ornament, comfort, or necessity, he may require, which the British soil or British industry and talent can produce ; and there be few things which they cannot. This is conduct which ennobles even nobility, and, like mercy, "becomes the throned monarch better than his crown." It convinces us also, that the Duke well remembers the stirring words of the great modern poet of his country, so that with him he is ready to exclaim—

"Lives there a man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself has said,  
 This is my own, my native land."

‡ Our fair ally has here favoured us with a very well imagined and indignant rebuke upon Laporte's Bochsabad management, and the letting of seats, like sheep-coops, to the first vendor of live mutton ; as, however, we have, in more than one instance, taken occasion to stand up for order, grace, and propriety, touching these said innovations, &c. &c. we must, lest too much of a good thing be deemed good for nothing, omit BLUE-BELLE'S note, the spirit of which is embodied in our own observations.

And we have lost PRINCE POLIGNAC,  
 And PISARONI WON ;  
 And thus as time pursues his track  
 Our changeful course we run :  
 Not murmuring 'midst the flitting hours  
 At March-bred winds, or April showers.  
 St. STEPHENS' table con's will crowd  
 With very strange petitions ;  
 The show-rooms' walls R. A's will shroud  
 With medley exhibitions :  
 The COLOSSEUM threatens to dim  
 The glory of great PAULS',  
 And Lady Salisbury has a whim  
 For leaping gates and walls :  
 And masks, and mirth, and marriages,  
 And minstrelsy at noon,  
 And roll of drums and carriages  
 Will keep us in good tune ;  
 Should discord MARCU'S form encrust,  
 And envy us his wholesome dust.§  
 The PALACE it will stately stand  
 In splendours quite its own :  
 I don't mean his of Cumberland  
 That's *neither brick nor stone* ;  
 The Park gates they will open be  
 (GOD SAVE THE KING, I say),  
 And DONNA GLORIA we shall see  
 In *glory* at the play :  
 And *Blues* will write for Colburn's shop,  
 BLACKS preach for Gambler's Hall,  
 And many a hero money drop,  
 And many a hunter fall :  
 These things shall be ere March so gay,  
 Shall be like sing-song "March away."  
 Then let us, Persian like, obey  
 Its rising with true hearts,  
 And worshipping its dawning ray,  
 Fear not for future-darts :  
 The PRINCE, the PAVE, PALACE, PARK,  
 The LEVEE, MORNING CALL,  
 The drive at four, the feast at dark,  
 Will suit us, sisters, all ;  
 There are no laws so dear as those  
 Which FASHION'S code decrees ;  
 There are no antidotes to woes  
 Like her sweet mysteries :  
 For these, for these, a bland wreath bind,  
 For merry MARCH and its whistling wind.  
*Eve of March, 1829.* A BLUEBELLE.

§ "A peck of March dust is worth the king's ransom." So run the old, even if vulgar, proverb. It, however, conveys a good meaning, and humane considerations, March dust is wholesome to our crops, why should it not be to our courts? Farmers love it, and why not fashionables? To be sure, it may rustle our petticoats and blind our eyes to the observance of a new beau upon town, or a fresh turnout ; but it is far better than candles at noon day, as in November, or the arrowy sleet of a February frost. It suits my rhyme, at all events, and therefore must do. Therefore, gentle and fair readers, join a merry-hearted, giddy-headed "Blue-belle" in her endeavour  
 "—— a bland wreath to bind  
 For merry March, and its whistling wind."



## THE RECLUSE OF CHAMOUNIE.

A TALE OF THE GLACIERS.

“Stranger, why that pensive brow—  
What disgust to life hast thou?”—BYRON.

“Oh! ye woods, spread your branches apace,  
To your inmost recesses I fly;  
I would hide with the beasts of the chase,  
I would vanish from every eye!”—SHENSTONE.

—We rested at a small house of refreshment in the village of St. Joire, which bore the sign of the “Golden Fleece;” and it being too late that day, to begin the ascent of the mountains, I sat myself down comfortably in the little parlour, among a varied group of the villagers of Chamounie, who were busily engaged in discussing the merits or demerits of a stranger, who had lately taken up his abode in a retired cottage, at a short distance from the village. Persons of such uneducated and rustic habits, are generally strongly inclined to superstition; and it is only for a person to become singular in the least degree, when he is speedily, and *sans ceremonie*, dubbed conjuror, or “cunning man.” If he happens to be skilled in medicine, and doctors his neighbours successfully, his success is ascribed to his connexion with a “fearful power;” but should he practice chemistry, he *must* be no other than the “old one” himself, or, at least, one of his imps. I was intimately acquainted with a gentleman, who, tired of the follies of fashionable life, retired, with his wife and daughter, to a small estate which he had purchased in Somersetshire, and being a man of an active turn of mind, he had a laboratory erected behind his house, and was in the constant habit of amusing himself and the neighbouring villagers, by a variety of curious chemical experiments; yet, although he explained to his beholders, the manner in which every seemingly mysterious effect was produced, in the most clear and comprehensive way, they became, at length, so terrified by his “conjurations,” that he was universally denounced as a practiser of witchcraft; and compelled, lest some “valorous knight” should make an attempt upon his life, to quit that part of the country, determining, at the same time, to be careful how he again let his neighbours participate in his amusements.

As to the *Recluse of Chamounie*, my companions at the “Golden Fleece” were unanimous in the opinion of his being an *evil doer*. Not only had the spies, that had been set about him, confirmed the general opinion, but Dame Mag also, the village gossip-monger, had, but a few days before she went to rest with her ancestors, revealed a most alarming truth, respecting the miraculous growth of a large rose-tree that bloomed in the garden of the recluse. Now this Dame Mag, was a person of no small note or consequence in the village, and her opinion, upon every subject, was always held sacred; she was an universal newspaper, could detail all the political transactions of every court in Europe, and give you a correct list (from memory) of every individual that was executed, as well in her own country as in Great Britain, &c. for the last six months past; whether hung, shot, guillotined, or martyred; with little scraps of biography, and history, how they behaved at the scaffold, and with what resignation they quitted this mortal life; her capacious brain was nothing less than a budget of murders, fires, and robberies; she revelled in a tale of assassination, and was in her greatest glory when she could

get you up into a corner to listen to her account of the “fray of Waterloo,” which was sure not to occupy you for more than three hours and a half, or, at best, three-quarters, which, to be sure, is nothing to the consideration of hearing so eloquent a description of the downfall of her hero, Buonaparte; the lamentable manner in which she pictured his last grand essay, and her piteous style of bewailing his loss, would certainly have extracted tears from a brute beast. But, notwithstanding Dame Mag was most at home in tales of the dreadful, she had a particular zest for those little sugar plums of gossip store, marriages, and elopements. This was a field for her to expatiate upon, which came more home to her qualifications; and if her propensity to politics endeared her to the men, she was equally esteemed by her own sex for the piquant style of her chit-chat and table-talk. Whenever there was a piece of work made about any nuptial affair, Dame Mag was overflowing with intelligence and observation; and I think I may venture to say, that upon such occasions, her little clapper revibrated so incessantly, as to rival the rushing of the rapid Arve that flowed by the village.

But, *sic transit gloria mundi*, Dame Mag has ceased to be an inhabitant of this world; her busy reign is over. No more shall that fertile brain expend its multitudinous stores for the edification of the lamentable villagers of Chamounie; no more shall that tongue tell tale of horror or of scandal; and those industrious hands and arms, which were ever wont to accompany, in beautiful and graceful harmony, the eloquence of her speech, is condemned to lie motionless under a small plat of grass, in the churchyard of St. Joire.

To such a cormorant of intelligence, it may be naturally supposed, that the circumstance of a stranger taking up his abode almost opposite to her own little building, and secluding himself from all connexion or intercourse with the peasantry, did not fail to excite Dame Mag’s curiosity; but every endeavour was exerted, in vain, to “draw him out,” as she frequently boasted her capability of doing. It was thought that, upon one of the most popular of the village festivals, at which the stranger had promised to assist, Dame Mag would be enabled to succeed; but all her artifices and little stratagems were of no avail, and the day closed without Dame Mag, or any of the peasantry, being a whit wiser than they were before.

This it was, I am inclined to suspect, that first caused her to consider him in a supernatural light, proceeding upon the supposition, that any thing that could evade *her* curiosity, had more in it than human philosophy could fathom; for that very night she actually kept watch, and saw (that is to say, we have *her own* evidence of the fact, and when was her opinion doubted?) such a sight of all sights, enough to frighten a moderate body out of his wits!

Her tale ran something in this style. After being in bed a considerable time, she was suddenly awakened by the rapid rushing of the river Arve, and the tremendous crash of an avalanche falling from the height of Mont Blanc, and, moreover, some presentiment flashing across her brain at the same time, of the mysterious manner in which the recluse had conducted himself at the festival, and of the probability of his being not what he should be, she turned off the bed clothes, and wrapping a portion of that covering round herself, moved to the window which overlooked the stranger’s house and garden, to see “what she could see.”

The moon shone brightly in the heavens, and an awful stillness reigned throughout the village, broken only, at intervals, by the rapid gushing of the river; the snowy



mist that arose from the fallen avalanche, was borne on the wings of the night-breeze, and settled on the leaves and plants, which shone like silver in the moonbeams. Presently the clock of the village tolled twelve, and our heroine began to feel some degree of apprehension at the ominous hour, and so she went and bolted up the room door; whether it was to keep out the cold, or the evil spirits, deponent sayeth not; but, after she had performed this precautionary act, returning again to the window, her eyes fell upon the stranger himself, who had just come out into his garden, followed by a little black dog, that began to tear up the ground most ferociously; and when he had attained a sufficient depth, the stranger took from his bosom a small rose branch, and, placing it in the earth, the dog instantly filled up the hole, and vanished in a flame of fire! Dame Mag fainted at the sight, and was found late the next morning by an inferior gossip, who had hurst into her house, in apprehension, at her not appearing in the village at her usual hour, closely wedged underneath her bed, with her head in a band-box, and her heels cuddled under her body.

The rose branch, however, by the next morning, had grown into an immense tree; and Dame Mag, departing this life shortly afterwards, she revealed the fearful truth, when the stranger was, *viva voce*, proclaimed a conjuror, and as such, shunned by the peasantry.

This was the substance of the information which I gathered at the Golden Fleece, and my curiosity being strongly excited thereby (*à la Dame Mag*), I resolved upon ferreting out the *Recluse* before I ascended the mountains on the ensuing day.

The cottage, to which I was directed by my landlord of the Golden Fleece, was a neatly built edifice, overhung with honey-suckles and ground-ivy, the approach to which lay through a flower-garden, disposed in an elegant and tasteful style; the celebrated rose-tree was, indeed, a miracle of beauty and size, bending under the weight of the immense number of flowers that it had given birth to.

The prospect from this situation was beautiful, and solemnly impressive; the whole expanse of Chamounie lay open to the view, bounded by the highest mountains in Europe, perpetually covered with ice, the whiteness of which afforded a striking contrast to the deep green of the tall firs, which kept continually swooping in the wind, and the brighter colours of the various herbs and flowers that were interspersed, at intervals, upon the scene. There, full in the view, rose in proud magnificence, the stupendous Mont Blanc, with the thick clouds playing around and above it, whilst its summit, breaking at intervals upon the sight, seemed, like the fragments of another world descending upon our own! Breven and Montanvert, with the many other gigantic mountains, continued the immense chain of solemn grandeur and sublimity, which was rendered still more awful by the falling of numerous avalanches of snow, with a report like the rumbling of thunder, bearing with them fragments of the rocks from which they rolled, and overturning others in their progress; immense masses of ice, consolidated by returning winters, precipitated from the highest summits; torrents, streams of driven snow reduced to dust, drove on by the force of the air, and hurled on high, descending in misty showers! There is a grand, but fearful peculiarity, in the appearance of such a scene. Instances are by no means rare, of families being crushed and buried beneath the fatal avalanche, which, falling from such immense and terrific heights, overturns every

object that impedes its progress; and at length falling upon the frail, but unsuspecting peasant, involves him and his family in the same instantaneous destruction that attended his little possessions.

To revert, however, to the garden of the *Recluse*, whose immense rose tree was blooming in all its beauty by the side of a small rivulet that meandered through the garden, and was overhung by a large willow continually dropping tears upon the red leaves of the blushing roses.

Round these interesting objects grew a profusion of rosemary, wild thyme, and rue, forming together a picture strikingly beautiful and expressive, and which led me to conjecture, that so far from the stranger having any thing to do with the "foul fiend," he was merely some child of misfortune secluding himself from an ungrateful and turbulent world; the miscalled pleasures of which he had found to be fragile and evanescent; and endeavouring to find in solitude that small degree of happiness, which the world could not afford.

Impressed with those ideas, I proceeded through the garden, and, softly knocking at the door, was admitted by the stranger himself.—He appeared to be between forty and fifty years of age, of a noble and commanding aspect, but over the remains of a remarkably handsome countenance, there hung a saddened veil which evidently bespoke the anguish that preyed upon his heart; his fine large black eyes which, although their lustre had faded, still gave evidence of the fire they once possessed, were fringed by long silken lashes that still maintained their former beauty in the midst of surrounding desolation, as if in mockery of time and sorrow.

I introduced myself as an English traveller, intending to remain some time at Chamounie for the purpose of beholding the wonders of that romantic region, for a more particular direction to which, than any less informed villager could give, I was referred to him by the landlord of the "Golden Fleece."

I was most kindly and politely received. My host I discovered to be a Frenchman, but without any of the prejudices or false opinions peculiar to others of his countrymen;—he expressed himself happy in being able to assist, as far as lay in his power, a native of that brave and hospitable and enlightened country, which he allowed to be a powerful and fearful rival of his own.

Our conversation took a general turn, and we proceeded from one subject to another in perfect humour and good will, but notwithstanding the general politeness of the stranger, and his endeavours to accommodate me with every possible information, there was a melancholy sadness observable in his demeanour, that cast a shade over the pleasure which I should otherwise have enjoyed in his society.—I at length took the liberty of jocosely adverting to the reports which I had heard circulated among the peasantry, respecting his being a "conjuror," at the same time observing that I was surprised he did not exert his art upon the traducers of his character, and spirit them off in a whirlwind.

The saddened brow of mine host, for the first time, relaxed into a smile; "I am apt to think" said he, "that I am indebted for the honour of this visit to the superstition of my neighbours, who are ever ready to ascribe evil propensities to any individual that affects the least singularity of habit." I confessed the fact, and related what I had heard at the "Golden Fleece" the preceding night.

"'Tis strange" observed my host, "but I must bear with



it; at any rate, it is far preferable to the false glory of the world I have retired from. It matters little what people think or what they say of me. I am estranged from society and its praises and censures are now to me alike."—I will not be certain, but I think I saw a tear fall upon his hand. He hastily arose, asked pardon for his abruptness, and, expressing a wish that I would repeat my visit the ensuing day, bade me a good morning.

"'Tis passing strange" observed I to myself as I traced back my steps to the Golden Fleece. Is he a madman? Is it grief? What can it be? In vain I racked my brain to discover a solution of the mystery. I surveyed the man, he was all politeness and affability, and, except an observable tinge of melancholy would appear, perfectly happy.—I scrutinized the cottage he inhabited, all there was neatness and regularity—no signs of witchcraft or conjuration, spells, wands, talismans or imps; a small library of books it contained, certainly, but they were all inscribed with the names of authors whose writings were the very antipodes to any thing like mystery or magic.—In my way back, I sought out the old woman who kept his house in order, but she, like all the rest, was tinctured with the prevailing opinion, yet, priding herself upon the rectitude of her heart, she "defied the devil and all his wicked works"—thought her master, the stranger, was a "Hottentot magician," and expected that he would one day "take his flight into his own country again on the back of a fiery griffin" or some such monster or other.

I regained the Golden Fleece, and was surrounded by the landlord and the villagers; who never expected to see me return alive from the conjuror's den, and who almost stunned me with their wondrous queries; but I, not wishing to enter into any argument, preserved a taciturnity, that was interpreted by the company into a dumbness inflicted on me for my presumption; a doleful groan was ejaculated in chorus, every body pitied me, some reproached me, the landlord sent off for the surgeon, and I went to bed.

I returned to the recluse, early the next morning; he was busily engaged in his garden rooting out the weeds from a beautiful bed of lilies that fancifully formed two initial letters—he did not perceive my approach, so busily was he engaged at his occupation, till I accosted him, when he appeared agitated and confused, and throwing a large branch of fir over his lilies which entirely sheltered them from observation, he remarked, in a hurried tone of voice—"You have just seen," sir, "what it has ever been my endeavour to keep from the sight of every man.—You now perhaps suspect the cause"—and his voice faltered—he paused.

I expressed my regret at having disturbed him, at the same time I could not help observing, that if ever I had entertained the least suspicion of his being a "mystic practitioner" it was now entirely removed, since I could readily believe what were indeed my first impressions upon beholding the formation of his garden.—

"Indeed! and what were they?"

"That the individual who planted those flowers was a victim to unrequited love—"

I had touched the chord—he would have wept, but the dignity of the man suppressed for the moment every other feeling, and he silently led the way into the cottage—

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years after the above occurrence, I made one of a party to re-visit Mont Blanc and the Glaciers; it was not

merely the satisfaction I anticipated of again beholding those majestic monuments of nature, but I fondly imagined that I should be enabled to renew my acquaintances with the Recluse of Chamounie, a man of such cultivated understanding, and polished manners, whose amiable qualities and distressed feelings endeared him to me by the warmest ties; although I was surprized that a man, so sensible could feel so acutely upon a subject it was the fashion of the world to ridicule and despise. I forbear to give any opinion upon the subject, the seclusion of the individual and his sense of affection may not be congenial to the sentiments of some persons; but, though in their opinion, it may say little for his head, it sufficiently indicates that his heart possessed the noblest and the best of feelings.

It was on a Sunday when our party arrived at St. Joire, and we entered the village just as the peasantry were coming out of the church. I was surprized to observe that, instead of returning to their homes, by far the greatest portion of them, gathered round a new made grave at the farther extremity of the church yard, whispering and nodding significantly to one another, their countenances betraying intense anxiety, not unmixed with fear. Presently, the funeral procession was observed moving slowly along the dark avenue of firs, whose ample branches mournfully waved over the departed corse as if in honour to his memory, the hollow wind from the mountains murmuring hoarsely through the large dark leaves, afforded a sad and solemn accompaniment to the deep tolling of the funeral bell.—A sad presentiment of the awful truth instantly flashed upon my mind, the curiosity, the anxiety of the spectators, the retired and almost unnoticed spot wherein the remains of the departed were to repose, as if his "mouldering clay" was of too gross a nature to be allowed to mingle with that of the *innocent* and *guileless* peasantry, making a distinction, even in death, and carrying prejudice and resentment beyond the grave. I was willing to believe myself deceived, but again the same awful presentiment recurred to my mind. As I retired from the mournful scene, I made enquiries of a spectator, who certified the fatal truth of my melancholy conjectures, the individual whose interment had excited such intense curiosity was—

THE RECLUSE OF CHAMOUNIE.

—Death  
Had seal'd Love's sacrifice!"

\* \* \*

#### THE WANDERING ANGEL.

An angel wander'd from Eden's gate,  
Joyless and disconsolate;  
Not all its splendours so holy and fair,  
Could fix his listless spirit there:  
And his life was a dull stream of pleasureless hours,  
For ever repining, and e'er on the wing,  
Flying far from the rapture of Eden's bright bowers,  
Where all that is blissful and beauteous spring;  
And the cup of enjoyment  
He dash'd from his lip,  
Disdaining its nectar,  
Refusing to sip!

And he wander'd o'er farthest land and sea,  
Yet none so joyless and sad as he;  
And again he return'd to Eden's gate,  
As listless and disconsolate:



But there sat a seraph in loveliness bright,  
Whom he clasp'd to his wearisome breast,  
When fondly reposing in holy delight,  
His heart found its long sought-for rest ;  
And the cup of enjoyment  
Now venturing to sip,  
In passionate fervour  
He press'd to his lip ! \* \* \*

### PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

OSWALD.

"Health, and much joy be with you, MASTER RECORD ;—  
I call you so, for, trust me, but your mind  
Is as a book of memoranda rich,  
Writ down by faithful recollection, sir,  
To aid your pleasant speech whene'er the world,  
Grown curious on a matter of research,  
Should wish its utterance, c'en as I do now  
*About the news of Town.*

OLDSKIRT.

Marry, good neighbour, you do much o'errate  
My merits, dubbing me "Sir Oracle ;"  
But since you will still prick me on the vein  
Which tickles most my will, I'll e'en let loose  
The current of my knowledge. Mass, 'tis strange  
The CITY should be always, like a child,  
*Desiring playthings new.* Now, sir, *your ears ;*  
It may be, *truths which I shall now recount*  
*Will make some others tingle.*"—M.S. COMEDY.

### PAUL PRY'S Study.

Yes, yes, here is another proof of the knowledge which my darling dramatic poet possessed, not only of every day mishaps and occurrences, but of those more serious visitations which harrow up the feelings, and take the senses prisoner. Has he not said,

"The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples——"

shall dissolve, crumble into dust, become desolate as the ruins of Balcutha ; and here read I of the destruction of the interior of that most splendid and solemn temple, the unrivalled Minster of the venerable city of York ; a building of which it might be said, that for grandeur and effect, few structures, even of ancient days, surpassed it ; and that, like the Pantheon at Rome, "the harmony of its proportions, and the exquisite beauty of its columns," had scarcely an equal. Well here, does my correspondent draw a lesson humiliating to the unsubstantiality of earthly pride, in calling to my mind this glorious Cathedral *as it was*, during the gaudy pageant of its festival, and *as it is now*, a scathed and fire-withered pile ! Surely, surely, this is enough to deepen our feelings into melancholy, and teach us to turn

"—— regardless of the passing hour,  
To trace the havoc of unsparing fate !"

But yet, why should I bring "weeping and wailing" from the North to sour our more lively occupations in the West ? With invitations upon my table, and visitors' addresses thick as leaves in "Valambroso," in my card-racks and look-

ing-glass frame, what time is there for despondency ? Then, here have I excuses (if excuse were wanting) for *dropping in* right and left, east and west, as bountiful as bad poems or compliments, from his hangers on, to Lord Mayor THOMPSON. *Exhibitions* there are, waiting a word from me to set the *cognoscenti* purchasing as various as PETERSHAM'S stock of moustaches, CHARLES MATTHEW'S wigs, HARLEY'S fidgets, or Colonel PETER'S (he that set up our Lancers, and made them what they are, *useful* as well as *ornamental*) Cossack trowsers. *New plays* are promised for public, *new candidates* are practising for *private* (Harrington, Berkeley Castle, Guildford, Londonderry, &c. &c.) theatricals, and can green curtains be drawn up at the one, or LINCOLN STANHOPE venture to begin a prologue at the other, without my *Montrosian* license ? No, no, *'pon honour* havn't a bit of time, if one would, to make love with melancholy ; still less to sit down like a *ci devant*, merry, high-going fellow (a COVENTRY of a former day, for instance, or a BAILEY of our own times ; men that rival bishops *in lawn*) engaged, for the first time (one soon gets used to it), in the *airy* Fleet, or the *commodious* Marchelsea (not that I was ever at either, for I could not act *Macheath* towards them, and talk of happiness being connected with the one or the other ; oh dear no !), still less, I say, to sit down like an engaged gentleman, who has seen better times, on one side of the fire place, with an old fellow, bald-headed, white-bearded, crooked-scythed, hour-glass in hand (that in this instance, like *Geoffray Muffincap's* pistol won't go off quickly), and immensely winged, called *dull Care* or *envious Time* on the other, and not a single bottle of Champaigne, or a Persian Hookah between the two. Such a catastrophe will not do for me ; so I'll e'en think of merrier matters, and cheering recollections.—*Apropos*, the *Newspapers* ; the *Play-bills*, what proclaim they ?—What publisheth the 'Post?'—What preacheth *Price* ?—What promiseth *La-porte* ?

First, intrude or not, for individual esteem must yield to public duty, I must *drop in* upon you, Mr. King's Theatre Manager, and your *fides Achates* Seguin (but pray turn BOCHSA out of the study, I cannot consent to sit in company with a ——), and seriously remonstrate with you upon the great wrong, in order to effect a little right for yourself, which you do to the appearance of your house, and the immunities, comforts, and feelings of a good many of your best and most *payable* supporters. *'Pon honour*, may I never do a good turn to science again ; never more hear PASTA, or see SONTAG (why are they over the wave and far away ?) if your advertisements are not a dishonour to your establishment, an insult to your subscribers. "Applications for STALLS to be made, &c. &c." Zounds, Monsieur, are you in your senses, or has your advertisement-scribbler leagued with the fop and fool, who has turned the best musicians in the world adrift (no ; not adrift, for *their talent* can insure employment *any where, every where*) to ruin, to defame, to expose you ? "Stalls !" "Stalls !" "Banishment," as *Hamlet* says ; that one word "Stall" will be anon *banishment* to you ! Are you beasts ? Are you sheep, oxen, asses, stones, mules, that we are to be stalled, and penned out at so much a score, or dozen, or hundred ? and being so, that we are to prevent those who have the sense not to submit to cabinning and confinement from seeing what is being performed, or from, as they were wont to do, taking the fresh air of the pit, and the lounge of the pleasant alley. The arrangement, Mr. Manager, *looks* as ugly as it *reads* vulgarly ; in fact, your's will be the most unprofitable



rail-road that was ever made, and the interest on its shares, even Mr. HUME, with his company of clerks, will have a difficulty of computing. "New brooms sweep clean," as Sir James Scarlett told the ex-candidate for Westmoreland before he sat at Canning's back, consequently your *exclusive benches* may do for a few nights; but, depend upon it, by and by they will be as empty as the prebendal ones in a cold cathedral on a common prayer day (when there is no visitation dinner in the prospect), or they will be escalated, battered down like the stubborn walls of St. Sebastian, if only to oust the *pro tempore* fiddlers and musicians put in as substitutes for the absent LINDLEY'S, HARPERS, WILLMANS, and those who can play; substitutes that, like the lazy, predatory bird of natural history, creep into *other's nest*, and foster themselves from the warmth of *other's industry*. Sir Manager, if this *dropping in* of mine has not a good effect upon you, the *two couple* of pit rows you have boarded off (as if for a bull-fight or sporting, after the French fashion, with the game couped in at Fontainebleau), will cause you to be committed for *forestalling*; or, as Horace Smith said to me (as he apologized with the same breath for treading on the cotton flounce of Miss Hicks of Norton Falgate) for *four-stalling*. *I hope I don't intrude*, but LAPORTE, LAPORTE, you will be compelled to forego even the *luxury* (there is no accounting for tastes) of your neighbour Charles's *cheap composition*, if you don't strike the *cattle pens* from pit and play-bills, and dispose of the boards to some working carpenter; in doing which, take my word for it, there will be found a *deal* of wisdom.

To be sure, it is something like smothering a cockney villa with the *Collosum*, or inundating a ruralizing citizen's fish-pond (by the way, like a fishmonger's shop on Sunday noon, without a *fin*) with the *Serpentine*, but still it might be well to hint to certain corporation and common councilmen, that they may make themselves egregious close relations to the deity of folly by their fulsome compliments, and appetite-flattery they dose the present Lord Mayor *usque ad nauseam* with. One would think that these squeezers

"—in old Magog's hall  
The feasting and ferocious,"

these tide and tide men of brief but bull frog puffing authority; who love "the rough refreshment scramble," had never possessed a gentleman of some wit and more money for their chief magistrate before, never had an opportunity of putting the furred gown of office upon an M. P., or (and therein the calapash folks do show wisdom) of currying favour with a possessor of a gilded chain and a massive mace, who stood well with the powers that be. Good gracious! and "then, again, out of all whooping" did not the Premier, the great captain of the age, the statesman-soldier, and the hero-politician (and may I never *drop in* upon nobility, and be welcome if I do not hold him as wise as valiant, and as discreet as determined), did not, I say, ARTHUR WELLESLEY DUKE OF WELLINGTON decline an invitation from the heir presumptive, from the royal CLARENCE, in order to dine with his good friend THOMPSON, and to gratify the citizens? Will they ever forget it? Can they ever repay it? Goodsooth, it will be a theme passing excellent for Mayor, Alderman, Sheriff, Recorder, Common Councilman, till the democrats get the upper hand again; which, since Waithman, like his herbersdasher, is given to *trimming*, is not likely soon to occur; and an annual Parliament, "my Lord," sets the city by its ears, abominates the flavour of turtle, rails against barons of beef, because their *title* is

*aristocratic*, and men in armour, because they are part of stage properties (which these dry-as-dust democrats often malign), and

"Boobies with heads like poodle-dogs,  
With curls like clew-lines dangling;  
With limbs like galvanizing frogs,  
And necks stiff-starched and strangling;  
With pigeon-breasts and pigeon-wings,  
And waists like wasps and spiders;  
With whiskers like MACREADY'S kings,  
Mustachios like El Hyder's"

dance after his ninth of November dinner to jacobite tunes, and revolutionary waltzes. Till this happen, (I expect the London University will supersede Oxford and extinguish Cambridge about the time that *it will occur*) Mr. Bleaden may continue to *lay it on heavy* in flattery, as Mr. Nash does in architecture, upon the *Lord ascendant*, and feel quite hope, and heart-satisfied, that he will be paid for his very *disinterested* oratory by orders for more turtle, and commands for new corporation dinners. Of a verity, Mr. Bleaden is a man who, like the immortal Kitchener, has not studied cookery for nothing; the POULTRY has produced him *fair* instead of *fool* living. It is a vile pun, but will do for the neighbourhood that has fattened a Rogers.

How differently will different people argue of the same subjects, and view the same circumstances. That which made the guests of *Macbeth* intoxicated, sobered the ambitious Thane; and so the frost which has disappointed the hopes of your fast galloping Melton Mowbray men has given me very considerable satisfaction, for it has sent them to London again; and thus enabled one to *drop in* at many a worthy gentleman's table, without first riding a steeple chace, or breaking one's own thigh and one's horse's wind. But *by the way*, and not wishing to do an ill turn, for I can admire and applaud their gallant bearing in the field, when

"The fox is before, and 'forward's' the cry."

*By the way* I wish my friends ALVANLEY and CHESTERFIELD, (BOUVERIE and PEYTON are beyond cure,) would throw off their *hunting expressions* with their *hunting habits*; their "long runs," with their *long coats*; their "bursts," with their *boots*; and their "spanking spurts" with their *silver spurs*. It really is'nt pretty—(do you think it is charming Lady Elizabeth L., for you blushed for the "wretch"?) to introduce the language of the *covert* at the card table, as ALVANLEY did the other day; and who positively astonished into dismay, the good old Countess of P. (who was playing her favourite rubber, at her quiet domicile at Richmond,) by exclaiming, as he got what he supposed a winning card trumped, "bad cast by G—! do, your Ladyship allow me to *hark back*!" and then, soon afterwards, upon winning the rubber, making confusion worse confounded by vociferating with the lungs of a *Pole*—"Who-oop! Dead! dead! Victoria!" Really must *drop in* and intreat, ALVANLEY, goodfellow, cleverfellow as he is, (I wish he'd change his tailor, his present one rides too much in his carriage I'm afraid), to change his phraseology, and CHESTERFIELD his boots. The *build* of both may do for Southampton, and the "Quorn," but will not do for the *Earl of Southampton* and the *quality*. With King Alfred the Great, one could even roast cakes in a goat-herd's hut, but should we thence turn bakers when we come to court? *I don't wish to intrude*, but if they don't take a friendly hint kindly, shall really make a



minute of an especial motion for the improvement of my LORD ALVANLEY'S TOWN TONGUE, and my LORD CHESTERFIELD'S TOWN COSTUME, upon the club album; and may I never again hear,

“Joe Hart his fiddle strumming,”

if that will not work the reform we seek!

ENTRE NOUS, as a secret not yet escaped the *penetralia*, it gives me great satisfaction, my fair readers, to inform you that the members of the JUNIOR UNITED SERVICE, (never mind what the *old boys do*,) have unanimously determined upon discarding morning cigars, rough watchmen looking great coats, vulgar oaths slid out of the side of a twisted mouth, and immoderate whiskers; all of which were the fashionable sins and vulgarities of last season. They have been induced to countenance these wholesome and gallant changes; first, from discovering, that puff as they will, the soldiers wives, fish women, and Irish labourers, can smoke them out any morning with *half a pipe*; secondly, that pickpockets, carriers, and coachmen, even upon short stages, have long rivalled their best *over-wrappers* in ferociousness, flaps, capes, and pockets; thirdly, that practice as they will, they never can compete with the full voiced blasphemy of GEORGE HANGER and TOM CALLEY'S day; and lastly, that there was a COUNTESS of SALZBURGH, who in length of moustache, volume of whisker, breadth of beard, and the colour of these, surpassed all that man could fancy, or the most celebrated getter up of nature's imitations could fashion.\* You will now, therefore, gentle ladies, be enabled to “go lightly caracol-ling,” as we shall

“To watch the swan-like grace  
You show in minueting.”

—without apprehending that you fear we shall poison you with a cloud of villainous tobacco breath, or that we have disfigured the human face divine, to the likeness of one of andseer's inimitable monkeys, or a French dancing master, costumed baboon-fashion. These are changes devoutly to be wished, and I shall *drop in*, in turn, during your tea-table chat, and congratulate you upon their completion.

*Between ourselves*, (for I have no great desire to ruin the speculators who get them up,) *between ourselves*, I wish people would cease to pester us with modern *public masquerades*. Such exhibitions, as they are now constituted, conducted, and attended, are mere encouragements to exorbitancy, vulgarity, dissipation, and intrigue. Formerly, (some when about Sir Roger de Coverley's time,) wit and fine women, repartee, and men of respectability and renown went arm in arm, as it were, to these imitations of foreign gaiety; and I am old enough to recollect with pleasure, aye and with pride too, (for I was accounted, when my sword was girded to my loins, my bag-wig in fine curl, my cocked hat worn with an air of *gaitié*, and my frill and ruffles of the best *Flanders*, no inconsiderable beau myself.) I am old enough to remember Renelagh, its stately promenadings and its statelier beauties; but now,

forsooth, as far as masquerading affects us, the age of chivalry is passed, and mimics, third rate actors, shopmen, nay worse characters, usurp the places which the Sheridans, and Brummels, Fitzgeralds and others higher in rank—(those of the *very highest* rank indeed)—made pleasant to approach. No, no! there is nothing, except the *busy body name* which is so *frequently attached to them*, passably right in a modern masquerade.

*By the bye*, I've news, great news, grand news, for you; for it refers to great and grand people! You have heard of the *conservatories* on the continent? Well, upon their plan (only on a more extended and liberal scale) we are to have a national VOCAL and DRAMATIC INSTITUTION, for the cultivation of *native talent*, so as, in time, to save the *hundreds* and *thousands* of pounds we lavish upon *foreigners*, *adventurers*, and *strangers*. If it be true, as I have heard it whispered, that the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, and Somerset, Lords Westmoreland, Fife, and Palmerston, Ladies Londonderry, Salisbury, Tankerville, Mrs. Hope, Mrs. Baring, and others, the flowers of our gayest parterres have commenced their patronage of the institution, we not only have a security rich in promise that it will succeed, but that the instruction afforded to pupils by professors of the first eminence and scientific renown, and such are engaged—Lanza, Hawes, Crevelli, Greatorex, D'Egville,—will, before many more *Valentines'* days shall weary postmen, and waken gentle *Ophelia's*, so far supply our concerts, and dramatic establishments, that we shall cease to be beholden to foreign caterers, and to *submit* to the *avarice of foreign professors and singers*, for our gratification and amusement. If it be true, and I am pretty sure it is, but I will *drop in* and drink claret with JOHN LISTER (if he is not hid under *Miss T's* cloak in *Drury Lane Green-room*) who knows all about it, if this be true. Many thanks are due to the noble patrons of the institution, whose industry, in all matters of taste and *ton* (the words are almost synonymous), completely prevent us from applying to them the words of certain drones of fashion, who talk of giving entertainments, and *talk only*, must take to themselves, in the spirit of one of bonny Queen Bess's poets, who to such says—

“Eschew the idle vein,  
And flee from doing fault!  
For never was there idle brain  
But bred an idle thought.”

But bless me! here am I forgetting letters to be written, letters to be answered, visits to make, visits to receive; coats to be fitted on, and characters to be fashioned off; parties for the first ball to be elected, and places for the new play to be taken; in fact I ought to be “here there and every where;” in “parlour kitchen, and hall;” up stairs, down stairs, in my lady's chamber, “in order to run parallel with the crowding gaieties of the season; and support the very pleasant and garrulous curiosity which so well becomes, Ladies and Gentlemen, your devoted friend

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

Feb. 20th, 1829.

\* A portrait of this wonder of woman-kind is even now in the Museum of Stuttgart; at the age of 50 years she might have laughed to scorn Fulwar Craven's muzzle, and Petersham's lips.—P. P.









W. ALAIS, S.

Costumes of All Nations N<sup>o</sup> 38. *Newest Fashions for April 1829* Evening Dresses.





*Newest Fashions for April, 1820.  
Dinner, and Fashionable Hood Dresses.*

W. ALAIS. Sc.













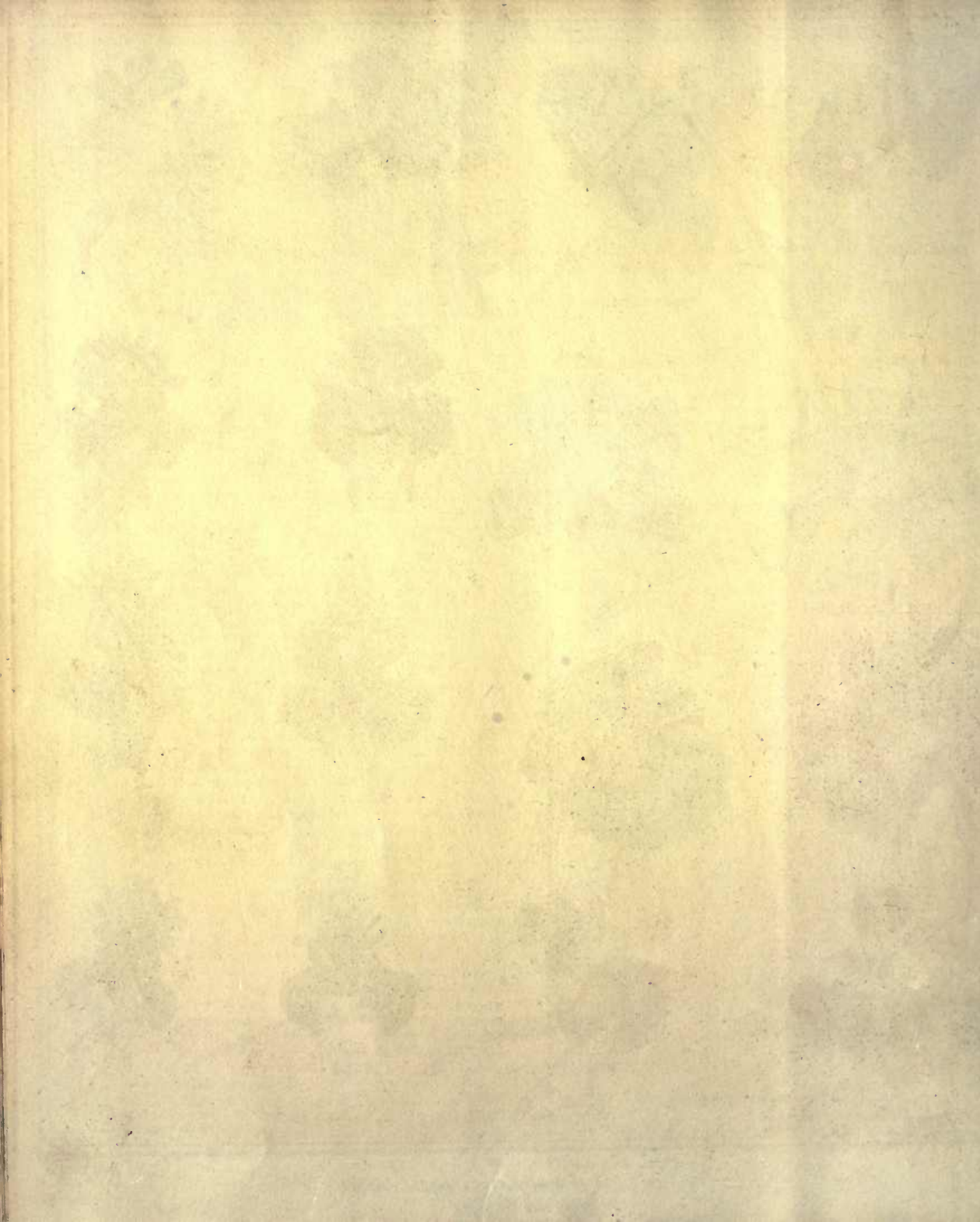
*Newest Fashions for April, 1829.  
Evening Dresses.*





*Newest Fashions for April, 1820.  
Fashionable Head Dresses.*







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 59.

LONDON, APRIL 1, 1829.

VOL. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 38, THE JEWISH REBECCA, AND TWO EVENING DRESSES.—SECOND PLATE, THREE EVENING DRESSES.—THIRD PLATE, A DINNER DRESS, AND NINE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—FOURTH PLATE, SIXTEEN FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES, BUSTS, &c.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

“ Tripping with lighter step there came  
A FOURTH, though shadows seam'd his brow,  
As if oft clouds would sunshine shame  
(As 'tis with human life e'en now ; )  
Yet flowers gave promise of their hue,  
And bud and blossom richer grew.  
Yea 'twas, in truth, a wayward wight,  
Now very dull, now very bright,  
A child, as changing as the hours,  
Now *laughing-smiles*, now *crying-showers* ;  
As 'twere for plaything won or lost,  
For whimsey petted, fancy crost :  
Or sometimes, it was like the maid  
By flattering tempter won, betray'd—  
All full of sighs, that lead to tears  
And storms, that congregate to fears ;  
Anon 'twill change to sunny rays,  
That Maiden owns in happier days,  
When Hope, accomplished, lights the brow,  
And plighted is the marriage vow !

'Tis APRIL, in its pleasant dress,  
And prank'd about with prettiness ;  
(A contrast sweet from wind and snow,  
That shook and swell'd the river's flow ; )  
Which comes upon us to dispense  
The bounties of its affluence,  
Whether in *Country* or in *Town*  
*Life to enjoy*, we set us down.  
We'll welcome, then, his lightsome glee  
Though tears will sometimes follow,  
For if to-day there's misery,  
There may bejoy to-morrow ;  
The *mighty hand* that fashioned well  
All wealth, and pomp, and power ;  
Can bid the sunshine have its spell  
As clouds to weep their shower :  
Give, then, good APRIL smiling skies,  
To FASHION's spring-tide homilies.”

J. F. S.

APRIL has been, for a good many more years than we have time to count their histories, made very free with by poets, painters, essayists, orators, visionaries, and all that class of people, who are of imagination all compact ; or whose eyes catch sometimes the “ fine phrenzy,” which the Prince of Poets identifies as belonging to the makers of rhyme. It has served the *moralist* with themes enough to employ the whole of Winchester-school (we love to instance an old acquaintance) on a prose-task day ; has supplied *philosophers* with images to feed contemplation, and *naturalists* with creations to nourish enquiry : it has furnished *versifiers* with similies quite as industriously and as redundantly as the “ Lady Moon ” herself ; with her whole host of “ fair,” “ paly,” “ brilliant,” “ crescent,” “ full,” “ sailing,” “ careering,” “ virgin,” “ Queen of the Skies,” “ night's floating beacon ” metaphors and appellations. *Painters* have imagined for this same APRIL “ skies,” which nature herself would have hardly owned as her handy work ; and the *Botanist* “ showers,” which prophecied of fragrance, prettinesses, buds, blossoms, fruitfulness, and (the usual *finale*, the old, but pleasant and promising rhyme,) “ May flowers ! ” The *Serious Man* ; he, perchance, who does not “ run,” but *contemplates* as he reads, will sermonize upon the theme, and, from the character of the month, say it is an emblem of human life—“ smiles and tears together ; ” whilst the yet more *sombre* constituted mortal, one who is quite “ melancholic grown ”—a very *Jaques*, who deduces lessons from the baited deer, or finds “ sermons in stones, books in the running brooks,” he will vent a homily upon the fickleness of its morning promises compared with its noontide storms : and he will sighingly exclaim—

“ All that's bright must fade,  
All that's sweet must wither ! ”

On the other hand, the mischievously merry will use its privileges as cloaks of maliciousness, and do homage to the veteran and stultifying quality of its *Advent-day* (a pretty considerable portion of humankind admitting it), inasmuch as

“ APRIL THE FIRST stands, mark'd by custom's rules,  
A day for *making*, or for *being* Fools : ”  
what a pity, however, it is, that the instances are so much fewer, which prove that

“ Ought within this bustling world supplies  
A day for *being*, or for *making* Wise.”



There is yet, however, another class from whom APRIL deserves, and receives, cheering welcomes; it is from that distinguished body of people which forms an exclusive and bounteous, and flowery universe of its own, and of which, indeed, we would fain hope ourselves no luke warm illustrators; viz. the GREAT WORLD OF FASHION; and which, though ever changing, is ever new; being as unequalled in quality as unrivalled in splendour and characteristics. That WORLD, plumed in all the strength of its invincibility, is now again commencing its brilliant career, prepared to parallel, to rival, nay, to surpass the month upon which we are entering, in the beauty, the variety, the animation of its flowers, its creations, and its promises. If there be any so enamoured of leaden-winged hours, and care-weighted pinions, as to be sceptical on these points, we have but to entreat that they will go along with us, that is, peruse the evidences of our cause, which we shall now lay before them, and then, if they forsake not the blindness of their creed, we shall expect to hear them next affirm, that a roll down GREENWICH HILL (at the riot, termed "a fair" there) is more elegant pastime than a ride round the REGENT'S PARK; and the EASTER BALL more select, more quietly conducted and peaceably attended, than an ASSEMBLY at ALMACK'S. And first, for his "NAME is a tower of strength" in itself, to further our cause, first

#### THE LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF MARCH.

*Courtier*—"I marvel not you praise our ancient Keep,  
 'Tis a brave casket, fitting, Sir, to hold  
 A Jewel worth the setting,—“ENGLAND'S KING.”  
 If it will please you hear an honest man,  
 Who loves his country, therefore needs must prize  
 He who doth well uphold its lion-fame:  
 As we do go along unto the Court  
 I will discourse such matters as becomes  
 A loyal subject prate unto the world,  
 Touching his Monarch's life.

*Traveller*——— I thank you much,  
 Mine ear is open, nay 'tis greedy grown,  
 For such a welcome theme."

#### THE TILT YARD, A COMEDY, 1672.

Notwithstanding the vast importance and anxious responsibility of passing events, the KING, we are rejoiced to affirm, continues in the enjoyment of excellent health; a circumstance in these times of strong political excitement, and amidst the agitations of conflicting interests and passions, peculiarly pleasurable to all who think wisely and feel patriotically; and a gratification soothing to the sympathies of every loyal heart.

The regal guard, "the royal banner, and all quality," betokening the presence of MAJESTY, Windsor has still the privilege of claiming; and within the renovated walls of its stately castle does GEORGE THE IVTH, continue to entertain a considerable number of his nobility, and other distinguished personages; independent of being indefatigable in holding those courts, and attending to those duties which belong unto his authority.

Charity, favourite of virtues, has also had its "perfect work" performed by our excellent King. Again learning the distress, again has he come forward with a munificent donation of £1000 towards the relief of the distressed artisans in the district of Spitalfields. Of itself, this is kindness passing excellent, "virtuous, pure and just," but

it will, we trust, work great good by inducing our nobility and gentry to follow such a gracious example, and "out of their much" to distribute alms for the alleviation of a very deserving, but, we fear, unhappily very distressed class of our fellow subjects. This very considerate act of royalty turns us back, however, to the recollection of certain splendid fêtes, (fêtes as magnificent in performance as munificent in intention and idea) given by His MAJESTY for the benefit of the numerous classes of British Artists, who, in consequence of the preference given to Foreign competition, and the discontinuance of the usual splendour of the METROPOLITAN COURT had suffered materially, deeply; and at which banquets every invited guest was expected to attend in habits of ENGLISH MANUFACTURE. Is it too much to hope that as nearly the same causes exist now, the same patriotic mode of relief might be graciously considered and ordered by the same munificent Monarch? LONDON would lift up her myriad tongues and cry "God save him," and all the people would clap their hands and shout aloud "long may he reign!"

#### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

"Sigh no more ladies; sigh no more!  
 The coach for calls is at the door,  
 Put on your morning bonnets:  
 The time's gone by for rural life,  
 And "tea-ing" with the curate's wife,  
 And penning rustic sonnets;  
 And list'ning to the Squire's loud speeches,  
 Of "bow wow" dogs, and "view-cry" screeches.  
 Far prettier pastimes, dears, than these,  
 Now spring to profit, and to please,  
 In FASHION'S capitol;  
 For "now's the time, and now's the hour,"  
 When the dear dame exerts her power,  
 Her vot'ries to recal:  
 Oh then! (you know she's quite divine,)  
 Let's worship at her APRIL shrine."

#### A BLUE-BELLE.

*Blue-bells*, like more gaudy, but not half so pretty flowers, blossom sometimes beyond their season; so, this month, has our fair verse-writer, who is a "belle," as well as a "blue," (and in praise of whose poesies, we are ready to join the talented author of "Shrovetide") favoured us with her garland too late to be entwined entire with our April wreath. This part, however, of her offering, we have now culled as appropriate to the season, and the observations we commence to make upon it, which are, in sincerity, these.

It must be truly gratifying to observe that the tide of gaiety is again flowing back to its ancient channels; we have more particularly cause to say this from noticing the numbers of elegantly dressed, high-bred females, already taking the air, making their calls, or settling about the arrangements for the season. The Regent's Park, and the Zoological Society's garden, have been particularly favoured with the presence of some of the most distinguished patronesses of the HAUT TON:—Ladies

"That to their noble lords prove worthy gems,  
 Richer than those that glitter in a crown,  
 Or lapidaries, spite much cunning skill,  
 -Can hew or mould, or fashion."—



Before, however, we offer our services without-doors, we must survey a little the appearance of promise, which the arrangements of one of VARIETY'S gayest temples wears within; we allude to the KING'S THEATRE HAYMARKET. Of the *stage* and *orchestral* performances, our dramatic article is of itself the appropriate oracle, but we still consider it our province to speak pretty plainly here, of other portions of the *management* which has led to seeming irregularity beneath the roof, much surprize and speculation elsewhere. In fairness to an active, sanguine, and enterprising man, we admit that the rent he is compelled to submit to, is exorbitantly heavy and serious; and yet, as there are suffering creditors concerned, and the worth of anything is, in a certain view, as much money as it will bring, we do not know that the assignees of MESSRS. CHAMBERS act inconsistently or cruelly, in reaping bountifully where that house formerly sowed profusely. To meet this heavy, and not to be evaded, periodical payment, it is natural the manager should set his wits to work how to curtail expenses, and increase receipts. Unfortunately, however, those who have ruined far greater men than he can aspire to be, have injured Mr. LAPORTE; we mean *wrong-headed*, perhaps *crooked-hearted advisers*. Led by the nose by a fellow who has had his own, (*or ought to have had*) pulled for insolence a hundred times, he has, instead of reducing the ridiculously extravagant salaries of the four or five principal singers, (spunges upon the stream of receipts,) to a fair average of remuneration, began his work of reform by impoverishing those who had worked long and arduously at a rate of pay manifestly below, rather than above, the value of their unequalled talents, their acknowledged skill, admitted perseverance, and attested industry. Thus, at best, saving but pennies, when pounds on pounds might have been redeemed, and, (a consummation the reverse of being devoutly wished,) compelling the BEST ORCHESTRA IN EUROPE to *quit the theatre*, thus tyrannically managed, rather than submit to positive injustice, taunts, and degradation.

Then the new arrangements with reference to the company; their rights, conveniences, and comforts. A little, and with sincerity, of them.

In the country, during the training season for hunters, and nags of generous mould, it is *common* to read of "*clean boxes and convenient stalls* to let;" but it has been reserved to LAPORTE, BOCHSA, SEGUIN, and Co. to impregnate the KING'S THEATRE with this language of the stable, for, literally, we read in the bills, and the daily press of the day, "Applications for boxes and stalls to be made to Mr. Seguin, Opera-Office, Haymarket!" A very *uncommon* announcement truly! We should not have been surprized to hear that some simple country gentleman, newly arrived in town, with a promising lot of young horses, had called as per advertisement, asked for *roomy boxes*, and *convenient dry stalls* for a *week's run*, to the discomfiture of the latter, who discovered that *high bred COLTS* was in the Squire's thoughts, and not *high bred COMPANY*, and PHANTOM and WHALEBONE *fillies*, instead of a fine feathered, full dressed, smiling family! The idea of such a *recontre* is droll, but not more ridiculous than the manager's invitation to it.

Then the arrangement curtails the pit of much of its commodiousness, and, consequently, deprives numbers of partaking of an amusement, they might otherwise be tempted to attend. In fine, we are compelled to lament over the changes which, at the dictum of an interfering exile,

have been wrought at the OPERA-HOUSE, and to which Mr. LAPORTE has tamely submitted; and to express apprehension that that which should be the *first theatre in the world*, is yet very far from deserving such appellation. We confess to being melancholy prophets, glad shall we be to be proved *false ones* also.

THE FASHIONABLE WORLD, like the political, is not unfortunately doomed to be agitated by pretenders to popular rights, and candidates for specious applause; beings who seek

" ————— the noisy praise  
Of giddy crowds, as changeable as wind,  
Or swoll'n up vanity!"

This happens to be the case at the present moment; for a fantastic young man, no matter how born, (*for we know him to be exceedingly ill bred*) has been silly enough to imagine that his puny person, and pigmy pretensions, would be raised into an adventitious consequence, by giving breath to monstrous slanders, and cruel inventions against not only honourable and distinguished, but even illustrious personages. Inventions as insolently conceived, as impudently urged; but, fortunately, calculated to overwhelm the inaligner in his own web of sophistry and ambition. Weakness and folly are like the attacks of moths made upon a blazing taper. They may cloud and render unsteady the luminary for awhile, but they invariably fall victims to their own wilful and blind career. So it is with our hero Mr. THOMAS GARTH, *late* of his Majesty's military service, *late* the seducer of LADY ASTLEY, *now* affidavit-maker *extraordinary*, and the maligner of the brother of his King. Why does not this silly youngster, this "Esquire" of MELTON MOWBRAY, recollect that to cast stones, he should *himself* be *free from taint*; he, the reckless one who has violated private friendship, and scoffed at trampled down honour? "We have only to add," says a Sunday paper, (and *mark our statement*, the very paper *conducted by one of the gentlemen* whom GARTH has had the effrontery to call "friend"), we have only to say, that we regard CAPTAIN GARTH as the most contemptible of human beings; and *we know*, and the public *will shortly know* too, that the DUKE OF CUMBERLAND is, with respect to the late insinuations about the said GARTH, the most injured man in his Majesty's dominions." We are not much in the habit of pinning our faith to the *dictum* of the "AGE," but, in this instance, we conceive that it has come to a just judgment. These are not times to encourage caterpillars to become wasps; nor to raise magpies to the air of the eagle. "TOMMY GARTH,"

"Still vehement, and still without a cause,"

must remain TOMMY GARTH still. His hunter may continue to leap ditches, but the *more HE stirs*, the greater the likelihood of his *being left in one*. So we leave him alone in his *story*.

Our suggestions and wishes are happily about to be realized, inasmuch as charity has made its home in noble hearts for a GRAND BALL, under the *patronage of the royal family* and a great portion of the nobility of England, is to take place on Friday, April the 3d, at Willis's Rooms, for the *benefit of the distressed Weavers of Spitalfields*. Sanctioned by such illustrious characters, and supported by such compassionate views, for it is *expressly requested* that the *ladies will appear in the silks manufactured by those weavers*, there can be no doubt but that the entertainment will be most brilliantly attended, and prove productive of the most



spirit-cheering results. We feel, however, that we only aid the cause of humanity by suggesting that (besides interdicting the use, upon the occasion, of all French silk or flimsy flimsy) none but *English dress-makers and milliners be employed in making up the national costumes* which are to apparel out the beautiful and compassionate females of Britain. We do but half of a good work if with one voice we bid English manufacture thrive, and with another we dismiss English talent from fashioning it into form according as taste might desire or fancy approve. The folly of encouraging foreigners to the terrible injury of our own country tradespeople, has too long and too fatally borne the sway, and ought at once to be discontinued. That the rage should at all have existed, is as unaccountable as the infatuation is ridiculous; for *in every point* is the skill of our own milliners, &c. fully equal to that of the best and most boasted of dress-makers, who emigrate from other countries and exist upon the ill-placed patronage and unnatural preference of too many of our English fashionables. Again we repeat, that the present opportunity is one which every feeling of wisdom and compassion demands should be devoted to the benefit, the peculiar benefit of the praiseworthy and industrious of our own people, and to the entire exclusion not alone of *foreign fabricated but foreign-fashioned and made-up dresses*. If ever there was a period when "charity should begin at home," it is now, and we will, therefore, place a full reliance upon the wisdom of the "Ladies Patronesses" of the forthcoming ball to make it as effective as prudence and propriety palpably point out.

Under their appropriate head, certain "parties" of distinction will be found recorded; the *Oratorios*, which are FASHION'S care, will also have received their appropriate commendations; whilst the EXHIBITIONS, having already sounded the note of preparation among the R. A.'s, will equally be measured in the balances as they deserve withal; fair too, would we note the architectural triumphs which are lifting their glories high in every quarter of the metropolis; including improvements and changes at once grand as novel, and rendering us as memorable in arts as we have been in arms; thereby seeming to work out the great Lord Burleigh's saying—not *that* Burleigh who shook his head like Alderman Birch at the Lord Mayor the other day without *much coming of it*; namely, that "A realm gaineth more by one year's peace, than by ten year's war;" though we must never forget that our patriotism, our perseverance, the prowess of our soldiers and sailors, and the skill of our *great Captain*, won for us the glorious peace we now, and heaven grant we may long, very long enjoy;—for

"FASHION, lordly FASHION thrives the best  
When fierce BELLONA war-tired sinks to rest,  
And arms (no more uplifted at her call,  
Are hung in trophies on the chieftain's wall;  
Whilst "good will" reigns, in power almost divine,  
And PEACE oblation makes at PLENTY'S shrine.

### PARTIES AND BALLS.

Although the MARCH MONTH is, for the most part, devoted to political, official, or anniversary banquets, yet have there already been considerable animation in the party-giving world, independent of ministerial or opposition dinners, charitable and institutional feast-boards. The members of our Royal Family have led the way in this triumph of hospitality, so that the noble banqueting halls of Windsor and the less stately and commodious rooms of

that which is *termed* a palace, at St. JAMES'S, have alike responded to the voice of cheerfulness and the pledge of generosity.

Among those who have been peculiarly liberal upon this the dawn of the season's bounteousness, we may mention, in addition to the illustrious personages to whom we have already alluded, the PRINCE and PRINCESS LIEVEN, LORD and LADY DARNLEY, the DUCHESS of ST. ALBAN'S, the EARL of VERULAM, the MARQUIS of LANSDOWNE, and other distinguished leaders of the *Haut Ton*.

We have to report too, that FANCY DRESS BALLS are again likely to resume their influence with the most tasteful in Fashion's temple; and surely no amusement is more elegant, none employs the taste and exercises the ingenuity with greater advantages to skill and industry. We have received an account of a very gaudy and well-arranged entertainment of this kind, given by the HON. MRS. WILKINS, and which was attended by a large party of distinguished and admirable costumed visitors. Of these, the LADY HOSTESS herself, as *Medora*, and her DAUGHTERS, as *Christina*, Queen of Sweden, *Amy Robsart*, and *Joan of France*, were very conspicuous. CAPTAIN STRETTON, of the 23d Fusiliers, was also capital as *Caspar* ("DER FREISCHUTZ,") and Mr. VAN (late of 16th Lancers) an exquisite *Sir Walter Raleigh*. This dress was particularly correct and magnificent. Many other characters were almost equally well assumed and appropriately apparelled, but we must leave *Fancy*, as she robed the guests, to supply the descriptions. Let it suffice, that the whole scene would warrant us to use, with a trivial alteration, another stanza of Mr. CAMPBELL'S pretty song, and to say

"It was the hour, it was the hour,  
To live in pleasure's spell,  
To give the rein to Fashion's power,  
For grief dare not rebel;  
The hour, when all was richest bloom  
Without one threat'ning speck of gloom."

### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

If we are more inclined to dwell at this moment upon the melancholy side of the picture of human life, if our words seem to gush tears, and our expressions to move mournfully, bear with us, feeling-reader, inasmuch as we even now seem to cower beneath the winnowing blast of death's wing, which has flapped over our home, and taken from us one of the props of earthly consolation, which we too fondly believed, too recklessly deemed, stood so firmly rooted as to weather out many a storm, and was anon to blossom in the strength of maturity, even when our limbs began to totter, and our sight to fail. But it behoves us not to mourn as they who are without hope; from the evils experienced in this life of probation not one of us, dwell he in lordly halls, or shiver he in tottering cot, is exempt. It is a chequered scene, wherein the most submissive to their fate endure the less affliction here, and ensure to themselves the greater reward hereafter. For the performance, therefore, of our usual duty we *buckle up our energies*, and will hope to absorb from the atmosphere of joy which *surrounds others*, some smile of comfort for *ourselves*. Let us, then, offer congratulations as sincere as deserved upon the marriage of F. T. WILDE, Esq., the eminent barrister, with the accomplished MARGARET, youngest daughter of PETER MARTINEAU, Esq., of St.



Albans; also to I. W. F. HERSCHEL, Esq., and she whom he has chosen as the fairest flower earth can give him, to be the partner of his days, the participator of his joys, the sharer in his sorrows, his delight in health, his consolation in sickness, namely, the fair MARGARET second daughter of the late REV. ALEXANDER STEWART; and yet again joy hover about the home where *now* dwell the son of the gallant COLONEL WARNER, (and grandson of the late General Sir C. Shipley,) and his newly made bride ISABELLA, eldest daughter of ——— CARMICHAEL, Esq., of Bromwich-hill; nor let it be distant from the dwelling of those whom the venerable Archdeacon Watson, D. D., united by ties as delightful as holy, namely, the Rev. EDWARD BIRCH, M. A., Rector of West Hackney, and chaplain to the Earl of Winterton, and MARY ANN, youngest daughter of WILLIAM LUDINGTON, Esq., of Stoke Newington. With equal satisfaction, place we upon record that on the 19th instant, at the New Church, St. Mary-le-bone; was married by the Rev. Daniel Lysons, SIMON ADAM BECK, Esq., of Allesley Park, in the county of Warwick, to SARAH ANNE, second daughter of RALPH PRICE, Esq., of Sydenham, Kent. To all these be happiness, such as their hopes, constant as the seasons, changeless as the tides; and far off be the hour, when husband shall have to say, with reference to wife, or wife to husband

“Peace to the dead

The soul is fled,

Who struck that harp string last.”

But now “comes our fit again” for the blazonry of death, the banner of the enemy, the escutcheon denoting that inanimation is *apparelled within*, hangs on the mansion of the great; the good Dowager COUNTESS OF STANHOPE is no more; she is gathered to her ancestors, leaving, however, as a consolation to the living, the memory of her many virtues, and the benefit of numerous excellent and, since she cannot hear the song of gratitude, unostentatious charities. Full of years too, has departed the *Right Honourable* LORD VISCOUNT BARRINGTON, Prebendary of Durham, and rector of Sedgfield, in the county Palatine; and at the age of sixty-nine, but alas suddenly missed from the fond familiar faces of the family, the REV. JAMES BASS, (one as firm in friendship as faithful to the sacred office of which he was a member,) thus again teaching how quickly the years which compose the short date of human existence roll away! How true that time is ever on the wing; how certain that often, when we the least expect it, too often when we are the least prepared for it, DEATH pays his chilling visit, and ends the busy scene of life for ever. Let those, however, who like ourselves have suffered warnings that should work together for good, remember that as clouds follow sunshine, so as assuredly will bright hours come after the cope of heaven has been covered by the storm banner; and that, though the grave may hide forms we love, it cannot scarf up remembrance, nor palsy esteem; of those, therefore we most cherished, and who have “allured to brighter worlds and led the way,” we will say

“We cannot deem ye dead—like the perfumes

Arising from Judea’s vanished shrines,  
Your voice still floats around us,—nor can tombs

A thousand, from our memory hide the lines

Of beauty, on your aspect which abode,

Like streaks of sunshine pictured there by God!”

## CITY RELATIVES;

OR AN EASTER HOP AT AN EAST END VILLA.

“I never to a BALL would go,

That poor pretence for prancing,

When Jenkins dislocates a toe,

And Tomkins *thinks* he’s dancing!”

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

All is not gold that glitters! It is no sinecure, no life that admits of a dream upon roses, to have expectations from a rich relation in the city. The perplexing taxations and exactions of the present, almost outweighs the visions of a pleasant perpetuity in the future; so that one is worse off than the publishing tourist, who sticks fast in a sorry lodging with sour company for lack of funds, when an inviting mansion, or a glorious burst of scenery, flashes on him from the distance.

Just to *save appearances* one is forced, for instance, to call once or twice a week upon the Alderman at his *dungeon*, I mean counting house, and to sit upon a high stool, like a writing master, and try to extract *amusement* from the highly interesting columns of the “*Public Ledger*,” (shudder fair readers of the pleasant “*Post*!”) whilst “*Nuncky*” is bustling his way to Garraway’s to attend a “*sale by the candle*”, or button-holding a dry-salter upon Change as to the quality of the last arrival of Indigos and Cochineal; or ascertaining if “*Sugars is as per last*”—if “*Rums is ris*,” or “*Tallows quoted lower* ;” and when (his waistcoat unbuttoned, his handkerchief awry, his forehead steaming, and his cheeks any thing but parsnip-hued) he does, at last, return, is asked to oblige him by ticking an invoice of “*long ells*” to a country customer; or scribbling advices of the proposed journey of Mr. POCKET-LEDGER the house’s traveller!

Then, that which is a matter of absolute necessity, and without which a man is a *heathen*, an *infidel* to the *tenets of ton* at the WEST END, that becomes a very instrument of annoyance when it rolls *Eastward*.—Our STANHOPE (it certainly is a pretty one, and, considering the *credit he gives and I take for it*, cheap at the price *Houlditch* books it at) unites in the conspiracy against us; for COUSIN LETTY (and for a girl “*finished*” at a Turnham Green academy, Letty is *passablement bien*) coaxes us to take “*her dear sentimental friend*” CAROLINA WILHELMINA HICKS and herself “*a shopping*” in Regent Street, “*a bargaining at the Bazaar*”; or to view, as Mrs. Alderman Jones calls it, the “*Jig-antic COLLAR-SEE-HUM!*” Is not this making a *martyr* of a man; destroying his title to taste for ever? Three in a Stanhope! Zounds ’tis like the expedition of a *warm* husbandman with his spouse and “*daa-ter*,” to the county town in a “*one-horse shay*” on a market day! not to mention having one’s near-side stove in with the squared elbows of the romantic Carolina; and the whip-hand forced over the off wheel, in order, like a tight rope dancer, one might ensure an equilibrium! Even my friend HARBOROUGH has the grace to stick his *horse-holder* gentle DURUSET in the basket behind, when the former and his *late* Lady-love take the air; but to be compelled to make the tour of REGENT STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, the Park!—Grant me resignation—think on’t again I dare not.

Again, LETTY has whispered that her relation BAUCHAMP writes verses, and nothing will do but a copy must be furnished for my Lady’s ALBUM, in which compliments must be scattered (“*glossy hair*,” “*complexion fair*,” “*dimpled*”



chin," "smiles that wiu," "eye that kills," "voice that thrills,") as rapidly, and as remorselessly as entries in her papa, Hick's order book, or romantic epithets in a school girl's valentine!

Then, to please the head of the family; to gratify the Alderman, one must go down to his *Willia* at HOXTON, or TOTTENHAM, or BRIXTON (the Tread-mill at the latter place would be almost preferable for a change) and pass Sunday, and see the "*Fish pond*" (in which swims not a fin) and the "*Conservatory*" (about which there is no fragrance); and cool oneself upon the "*Lawn*" (across which one could leap); and admire the live stock (tame rabbits, guinea pigs, a snarling half-bred setter, and some dirty bantams); be compelled to play at cribbage with uncle Saturday night; to be helped to unstrained pea soup *twice* at dinner on Sunday; to take wine with Aunt's *wisiters*, and *mall* with cheese; in fact, to make a "monster of oneself till the welcome cry on Monday morning from Betty the housemaid—"the stage is at the door, sir!" bundles the Alderman to his indigos and invoices again, and relieves me from martyrdom and melancholy!

But worse than all these; worse than sitting upon high stools in a counting-house; three in a stanhope; inventing fibs for albums: nay, much worse than gluttonizing upon peas soup, and "hob-a-nobbing" it with green gooseberry, is the being compelled to *star* it, if not as "first fiddle," yet as *first foot* in an EASTER HOP AT AN EAST END VILLA; that rival in miniature, representation *in petto*, picture in little of

"——— that ball,  
Of balls the most atrocious,  
Held yearly in old Magog's hall,  
The feasting and ferocious."

Graceful *shade* of EMILY of LONDONDERRY! elegant lady that still dost live, and breathe, and smile upon us, thou the present *LADY of that honoured name*; and ye beautiful boasts of ALMACKS! toasted divinities, that make our atmosphere richer than Jove's fabled Olympus, or Juno's bower; readers, indeed, of this, the BOOK OF FASHION'S WORLD! fancy me perched at the top of a set of giggling, over-dressed, pigeon-winged, shuffle-toe, and hopping city exquisites—

Boobies with heads like poodle-dogs,  
With curls like clew-lines dangling;  
With limbs like galvanizing frogs,  
And necks stiff-starched and strangling;

awaiting (and agonizingly comparing my present situation with what it has been, what it might have been in the DELIGHTFUL WEST, where Grace and Fashion indeed unite) the "striking up" (as Miss JONES of Norton Falgate termed it), of "Croppies lie down," "Sir David Hunter Blair," "Buttered Peas" (or some such *modern jig*), from the couple of fiddlers, the cracked clarion, and the violencello (in this instance *base* if not *bass* viol enough), in order to "cross hands, down the middle, up again and swing corners," with Miss Moses of the Minorities, Toilinet the draper, or the half-a-dozen SMITHS, who, like the hangers-on upon a theatre, can always be depended upon to swell the processions;—

"To share the triumph and partake the gale!"

Yet even the country-dance is as Charles Kemble's gestures to Claremont's, compared with the QUADRILLE of my *East-end figurantes*! I cannot bring myself to describe it; I

dare not shock you with a detail of the blunders, the *faux pas* committed by these twirling opponents to that which we call *taste*, these capering "creatures;" these ribbon-flaunting, galvanized "nobody's;" if you have seen the burlesque dance, and the lady lost adown the trap-door in the Drury Lane Pantomime, you might understand somewhat of the absurdity of the exhibition; if not, take my word, and believe with the sufferer who pens this, that—

"A tom-cat shod with walnut shells,  
A pony race in pattens;  
A waggon-horse tricked out with bells,  
A sow in silks and satins;  
A butcher's hair *en papillote*,  
And lounging Piccadilly,  
A clown in an embroidered coat,  
Were not more *gauche* and silly."

At all events, at all hazards, even that of losing all expectations from a rich relation in the city, if you value being considered one of the "Great World;" if you deem it pleasant, as assuredly it is, to follow its *modes* and adopt its features, to watch "whence it cometh and whither it goeth;" to revel in its unequalled visions, and range amidst its unrivalled vicissitudes; if to do and to feel this is to act and to do wisely, then make up your minds, as even I have, (notwithstanding what LETTY or CAROLINA WILHEMINA HICKS may say), individually to exclaim—

"I never to a ball will go,  
That poor pretence for prancing,  
Where Jenkins dislocates a toe,  
And Tomkins *thinks* he's dancing!"

Dover Street, Piccadilly,  
Season of Twenty-Nine.

ALFRED BEAUCHAMP.

## THE DRAMA.

"A young girl comes to town to see "the lions," and with "her cousin," goes to the OPERA; another party are dying to hear BRAHAM sing, or PATON warble her nightingale notes among the canvass groves, and holly-hock gardens of DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN; or to sup from the frowning woes of *tragedy*, the intrigues of an *interlude*, dished up as an *entremet*, or a *melo-drama* for a *ragout*; or the wit and waggery of a *farce*, sweet and soft flowing like a *petit verre*, to finish the repast."—MIRROR, March 14.

And all these dramatic dishes have our theatres given us during the March month; many of them, however, have not been seasoned to our palates, nor has, in every case, good digestion waited on appetite. The ITALIAN OPERA performances, for instance, have been, for the most part, singularly "untoward;" circumstances, accidental, we admit, in part, having arisen to cause disappointment where gratification was promised, and disgust, when amusement was looked for; so that we can hardly now wonder that such an eccentric as Dean Swift should, in his journal to Stella, when speaking of the OPERA, have said, "*In half an hour I was tired of their fine stuff.*" Among the productions which proved *failures*, was the much talked of *Il Conte Ori*; indeed it was seen and heard under such unfavourable circumstances, that it is impossible to form any decided opinion upon its merits, either as a musical, or a popular performance. It has been, for the present, wisely withdrawn;



and, in mean time, other attempts at novelty created *make-weights*. Of these, the appearance of *Mademoiselle Blasis*, in a new opera (if that can be termed new which is selected from the works of some four or five composers) termed *I Messicani* (the Mexicans,) and a rather pretty ballet founded on the *Muette de Portici*, and entitled *Masaniello*, have been the most effective; though symptoms of *ennui* and disappointment were not rare during the performance of much of the music of (for he, with the aid of SIGNOR PISTRUCCI, was the *dovetailer* of the *Mexicans*;) BOCHSA'S joinery. The *future*, however, promises to make us amend for the very dull *past*, for although PASTA does not come amongst us, Milan retaining the wealth of her talents; although CAMPORSE restricts herself to concerts and evening parties, yet SONTAG and MALIBRAN GARCIA, are both for the King's Theatre; and, for the interests of that establishment, we earnestly hope there will be no vexatious delay in their arrival.

The patent theatres—we mean "Old Drury" and the "Garden"—have given us variety, if all that we have seen has not been charming; if every representation has not taught us that the stage is

"— a school from which our rising youth  
Might gather wisdom, constancy, and truth;  
Of independence catch the generous flame,  
And learn to shudder at oppression's name."

It was wittily said by GARRICK to CIBBER that certain of his pieces "were the best ventilators to his Theatre at DRURY LANE; for as soon as any of them were played the audience directly left the house;" the same effect seems to have arisen of late with reference to some three or four first appearances, or rather old acquaintances, in masquerade habits—at either house. The "*Casket*," for instance; "*Peter the Great*," for example; and, as if to illustrate its name literally, "*All at Sixes and Sevens!*" Some revivals, however, (and the effective manner in which their cast has been distributed, was highly creditable to the management), have deserved and received applause; nothing at present on the stage is, in her line, superior to MISS PHILLIPS' *Isabella*, in "*Measure for Measure*;" nor is there an actress that can at all compete with this talented young lady in the arduous character of *Lady Townley*, which she has subsequently assumed. In the same play ("*The Provoked Husband*") YOUNG'S *Lord Townly*, COOPER'S *Manly*, FARREN'S *Sir Francis Wronghead*, LISTON'S *John Moody*, MRS. FAUCIT'S *Lady Grace*, and MRS. C. JONES' *Mrs. Motherly* were all admirable; whilst HARLEY'S *Squire Dick*, and MISS LOVE'S *Miss Jenny*, were hardly equal to those clever performers' general style of play. The "Jollification" song introduced by the latter was about as ill-placed as a speech on the Catholic Question would be amidst a meeting of the ladies patronesses of Almacks, or *foreign finery* impertinently introduced at the approaching ball for the benefit of the Spitalfields' sufferers. This revival was, on the whole, so effectively done, and, to the credit of the town, (which seems still to love genuine old English Comedy) so enthusiastically received, that we will not dwell more upon the *failures* of the theatre, than we have already done; nor halt in our progress to speak disparagingly of the dead, though, truth to tell, the tomb of the Capulets have received more than a single dramatic offering since our last.

Heralded by a flourish of fame from the *New Monthly Magazine*, a Mr. PEMBERTON, who has been playing suc-

cessfully in the provinces, has appeared, first in *Virginius*, and then as *Shylock*, at COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. Hitherto his efforts have been restricted to a single performance of either character; consequently, and, as we understand that he is to remain a member of the green-room, we prefer to watch other efforts (his *Shylock* we did not see, a domestic loss interdicting the sight of theatricals) before deciding upon the niche of honour—for he deserves to be exalted above the "common herd,"—he is calculated to occupy. His VIRGINIUS, we are free to confess, puzzles us; for it is almost ludicrously pompous in its *level* portions of the dialogue, but really fine, nearly original (the *leaven* of KEANISM preventing it from being *quite* so) and very effective in the latter and more impassioned scenes. His look and attitude, after the sacrifice of his child, were admirable and appalling. We shall desire a further acquaintance with this gentleman, although, as yet, we cannot have "an absolute trust in him."

As for their "*Battle of Pultowa*" here, its double drums, sound, fury, fire, and fidgets, it sets as ill with our humour as the *Miller's* marriage dress upon Mr. WARDE, or CHARLES KEMBLE'S cocked hat in *Charles the Twelfth* compared with FARREN'S in the same character. Besides, we have seen the whole affair, *Tired Sentinel*, *Black Chinned Cossacks*, the *Czar* and all, long ago, and much better done at a *minor theatre*. This poor ambition, this dipping up of water from shallow reservoirs, will never cause the stream of success at Covent Garden to overflow with fatness. Sand, and not gold-dust, will be its tide-marks.

The "*Maid of Judah or Knights Templars*," has been, however, the newest managerial reliance here. It purports to be adapted and arranged from *Ivanhoe*, but we may as well dress up a carter or a plough-boy in the uniform of a life-guardsmen, and deem him a *soldier* as call the *bold draft* of Mr. LACY, a likeness of Sir Walter's admirable tale. The musical portion of the romance, LADY LENNOX as *Rebecca*, (by the way did Lord William cheapen her dress in Monmouth Street, it was so tawdry and vulgar?) were the principal attractions. *Rossini's* works supplied the former, and some of it produced a good effect; but, on the whole, it was feeble, ill defined, and occasionally inexpressive. The lady, however, played almost as effectively as she warbled beautifully, so that we shall now be taught to deem her amongst the first of actresses, as she is *quite the first* of English operatic singers. In the trial scene, where she threw down her glove, demanding a champion, she was nobly energetic; and the song, in which she describes the attack made upon her escort by *Bois Guilbert* and his partizans, was a happy and eloquent effort; full of feeling and appropriate action.

EGERTON sustained the character of *Isaac of York*, in a very correct and even powerful style, so as to receive, indeed, the warm plaudits of a unanimous auditory; WOOD and PHILLIPS sung their portions of the music satisfactorily, (the latter is too chaste for "the million;") but of the rest the least said is for the better; the wisest charity is frequently performed under the garb of *silence*.

The ORATORIOS, which, to a considerable class of persons, are highly attractive, although without all the brilliant professional support we could have desired, have commenced with very tolerable success; above all we rejoice to add, that good sense has discarded *sing song* from being intruded upon us when we go to listen to the MESSIAH, and the *serious music* of its holy and impressive character.



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

## PLATE THE FIRST.

## COSTUME OF ALL NATIONS, (NO. 38.)—JEWISH REBECCA.

There are very few, we believe, who have not perused the novel of Ivanhoe, and who have not dwelt with delight, on the charming character there portrayed, of a most lovely and excellent female of Jewish race, the matchless "Rebecca." She is again presented to the public eye, on the stage, in the popular piece of the "*Maid of Judah*;" and we now present her as an embellishment to the "WORLD OF FASHION," in a fancy costume, as splendid as any heretofore worn by the most distinguished daughters of Sion, and particularly becoming as a dress for a *fete*, or a ball.

Over a petticoat of white Indian silk, embroidered with gold, at the border, is a robe, open in front of the skirt, of velvet; the colour of the far famed Tyrian-purple. A deep, and very rich fringe of gold, finishes the border of this robe, which descends only low enough to discover the gold border on the white petticoat. Above this fringe is a row of palm-leaves embroidered in gold, green, and scarlet; and the robe is figured over, in a smaller pattern, embroidered in the same manner. The body fits the shape, and is striped downwards with gold; it discovers a chemisette-tucker of fine linen, worked with different colours, and finished by a narrow gold lace. The sleeves are long, and of white silk, studded over with small precious stones of various colours. From the purple velvet strap on the shoulder, descends a row of gold fringe over the top of the sleeve, *en mancheron*. Over the left shoulder is a sash of oriental gauze, of a saffron colour; this, crossing over the back, hangs carelessly over the right hip, and from thence, ties in a rosette on the left side, the ends finished by a broader, yet lighter kind of fringe than that on the robe. The turban is of white, and very slight Indian silk, and is ornamented in the same manner as the sleeves. It is looped up in front by an ornament of finely wrought gold, with a small rosette tuft at the summit, of Tyrian-purple feathers, from whence waves over the left side, a tail of the bird-of-paradise. The hair curls beautifully over the back and shoulders; and a superb forehead-jewel, splendidly set in gold, which forms the most conspicuous part, is placed across the hair in front. The necklace is composed of the richest jewellery, in two rows, set *à l'antique*, with drop ornaments of wrought gold. The bracelets are entirely of gold; two are worn on the left wrist, and only one on the right. The small Jewish slippers are of *Aurora*, or saffron-colour, with gold rosettes.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *crêpe lisse* over white satin, with a broad hem round the border, headed by *oreilles de lièvres*, of white satin every ear edged, as they lie over each other, by a shaded rouleau of yellow and pomegranate, a rouleau of

which seems to support these ornaments together, and terminates the heading of the hem. The corsage is *à la Circassienne*, and is confined by a girdle with a full rosette of white satin on the left side, from which descend three cordons of yellow and pomegranate, which spread out till they nearly attain the head of the border, where they are each terminated by a bouquet of flowers. The sleeves are short, and very full, and the fullness confined in the middle by a band of white satin. A small bow of white satin is fixed on the outside of the arm on the sleeve, next the shoulder, and a falling tucker of blond surrounds the bust. The hair is arranged in curls on each side of the face, and small bars on the summit of the head. An elegant ornament, in the eastern style, of white gauze, richly figured, is disposed, with much taste, across the tresses, and crowned with a superb bouquet of full blown Provence roses. The ear-rings and necklace are of large pearls; those which compose the latter, are set separately, *à l'antique*. Very broad gold bracelets are worn over the gloves, fastened by a cluster of turquoise stones.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of blush-coloured satin, bordered by two flounces; that next the feet, which is deeper than that above, is beautifully embroidered at the edges, in small branches of delicate foliage in dark olive green floize silk, and the edge, which is in points, is finished by three rows of narrow beading of the same colour. The upper flounce, which is set on fuller, has no embroidery, but the points are edged in the same manner as that next the shoe. Above this is a row of branches, worked in the same manner, and in the same colour as those above described; the seams also in the dress have similar embroidery down each side in front. The corsage is *à la Rozalane*; the sleeves short, and much puffed out, finished at the shoulders by points, edged with dark olive beading; in front of each a damask rose, with green foliage. The head-dress consists of a Spanish toque of blush coloured satin; three short white feathers, taking a spiral direction, grace the right side; on the left are seen playing, three still shorter; and below the left ear are two. The ear-rings and necklace are of various coloured gems, pointed and irradiated. Bracelets are worn over the gloves of light green and gold enamel, fastened by a ruby.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape, bordered by a very broad hem, at the head of which is painted *en Serpentine*, double rows of foliage, consisting of branches of cypress, in light willow-green, yellow, and vermilion. The corsage of white satin,



fitting very tight at the smaller part of the waist, and at the top of the bust, à la *Roxelane*. Down the front of the waist is an ornament of gold chain-work, and the body is finished in a point, at the base, with the same kind of trimming, serving as a girdle. A narrow, falling tucker, of two rows of blond, surrounds the bust. The sleeves short, very full, and ornamented in front of the arm with a branch of painted cypress leaves, to correspond with those on the skirt. A turban of white crape and blond graces the head; its folds confined by ornaments of myrtle-green and gold. On the left side is an *esprit* feather of the same colour, and, from the towering upward to the summit, is a bouquet formed of purple, double lark-spurs, white lark-spurs, stistles, and green corn. The ear-pendants and necklace are formed of rubies and diamonds. The bracelets, which are very broad, are of gold and turquoise stones.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of soft satin, the very lightest shade of celestial-blue, trimmed round the border by two deep flounces, the upper one falling over the other; at the edge of each flounce is a narrow *rouleau* of olive-brown satin, surmounted by a row of yellow butterflies, beautifully embroidered, and over the upper flounce are two rows on the dress, of the same summer insect. This new dress, we are happy to see, is evidently shorter in the waist than has been worn of late; it is made quite plain, and confined round the waist by a simple belt of satin, without any point. Round the tucker part of the corsage is a collar, *en Paladin*, the same as the dress, edged round with narrow blond, headed by an olive brown *rouleau*; over this falls a frill of blond, of the most rich and splendid pattern. The sleeves are plain, short, and full. The hair is elegantly and fashionably arranged, and is crowned by a double, open coronet-wreath of flowers; the lower part of which obliquely crosses the forehead, while the upper part, which is most varied in colours, is placed at the base of the Apollo-knot. On the right side is a large bouquet, consisting of two large full blown Provence roses, and buds, with white double lark-spur, and blue lupins. The necklace, ear-pendants, and bracelets, are of opal; the latter very broad, with chain-work of gold next the wrist.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white crape, with a very broad hem at the border, over which is embroidered a rich Mogul pattern in green and gold. The points of this oriental pattern depend downwards, and to every fourth point hangs a small light chaplet of green and gold. The corsage is à la *Roxelane*, and is confined round the waist by a belt of green satin. The tucker part is surrounded by an ornament in chain-work, of small beads, to which are suspended drops *en girandoles*. The sleeves are short, and very full, surmounted each by a double frill of blond. The hair is dressed very wide on each side of the face, and in full clusters of curls. The summit is wound round and round in stiff plats, till it is formed into a *corbeille*, in the centre of which is a mass of curls. Long branches of heath, with scarlet blossoms, adorn each side of the head. A *bandeau* of white and gold enamel, with three pear-pearls in the centre, *en girandole*, crosses the upper part of the forehead.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## DINNER DRESS.

A dress of white Greek-velvet, painted *en colonnes*, of flowers, in various colours. A border, consisting of scrolls of the same material as the dress, so disposed, as to appear like large leaves pointing downwards; these are bound round with satin; one side of the edge in lilac, the other in yellow. Divided by a narrow *rouleau* of yellow satin, are smaller scrolls, standing erect, and forming a kind of head to the border; between each of these is a puff of white crape or satin. The body is made plain, and round the tucker part is a notched ornament, each notch bound round alternately with lilac or yellow; over this falls a triple tucker of blond, very full. The sleeves are à la *Mameluke*, immensely large, and very full; they are confined at the wrist by a broad gold bracelet, and next the hand is a narrow double ruffle of blond. The head-dress consists of a white gauze Greek turban, enlaced by lemon-coloured satin ribbon, and ornamented by two plumes of white feathers, representing the tails of the bird-of-paradise. The necklace is formed of two rows of pearls, and the ear-pendants are two pear-pearls.

N. B.—A back view of the above costume.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1 and 2.—*Turban-toque*, (back and front view) of lama-gauze, and figured satin; the gauze pink and black, the satin part white, with painted figures of an eastern pattern, in deep Mogul-red and lemon-colour. White plumage, formed of feathers representing the tail of the bird-of-paradise, floats over the left side.

FIG. 3 and 4.—Back and front view of a dress hat, of white satin, ornamented under the left side of the brim, with a small plume of white ostrich feathers, and on the right side with a full rosette of blond; the crown splendidly adorned with white blond, and a full plume of white ostrich feathers.

FIG. 5 and 6.—Back and front view of a blond cap, for half dress, with a very broad border of a Vandyck pattern, turned back, and next the hair a beautiful and delicate wreath, composed of heath in blossom; much blond is displayed in the rest of the ornaments, with pink satin *rouleaux*.

FIG. 7.—*Coiffeure* composed of puffs of ribbon; blue-gauze and silver, mingled with puffs of pink satin.

FIG. 8.—Back view of the same kind of head-dress, entirely in pink ribbon.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES, BUSTS, &amp;c.

FIG. 1.—Oriental toque of Cachemire gauze, figured *en sechal*, and formed, in front, like an eastern diadem-turban; from whence it is wound round to the summit of the head, where the hair is arranged by braids à la *Grecoque*, and much elevated.

FIG. 2.—Back view of the same kind of head-dress, in pink gauze.

FIG. 3.—Back and front view of the hair disposed in the Grecian style, and tastefully ornamented with full-blown roses, and pink and blue double-larkspurs.

FIG. 4.—Hair arranged à la *Chinoise*, and crowned on the summit by bouquets of roses and blue-bells. A *bandeau*, formed of one row of pearls, crosses the fore-



head, where the hair separates. Ear-pendants of pearls, *en girandoles*.

N.B.—A back view of the same *coiffeure*.

FIG. 5.—Head-dress in hair, *à la Naïde*, with a bandeau of pearls across the forehead; the summit of the head is ornamented by plats of hair *en corbeille*, from whence ascend two loops of hair, forming a bow. Above these, on the right side, appears a coronet comb of gold, and the whole is crowned by blue larkspurs and monks'-hood.

N.B.—Back view of a similar head-dress, with full-blown Summer roses and green foliage.

FIG. 6.—A blond cap, with a broad pointed border, turned back, and flowers on each temple, of an exotic kind, pink, with long green foliage. A few puffs of pink ribbon form the additional ornaments, strings of which float over the shoulders.

N.B.—Back view of the same cap, ornamented with steam-yellow gauze ribbon.

FIG. 7.—Moorish turban of *ponçeau* and yellow crape. A back view represents the same kind of turban in Navarin-blue and lemon-colour.

FIG. 8.—Promenade bonnet of emerald-green, lined with white, and trimmed with the same coloured ribbon, with a few puffs of white satin ribbon intermingled.

FIG. 9.—Back view of a bonnet, for walking, of lavender *gros de Naples*, trimmed with the same. Both these bonnets tie under the chin with a *amentonnière* of blond.

FIG. 10.—Back and front view of a cap of black blond, ornamented with pink gauze ribbon, with black satin stripes. The crown *en treillage*, formed of rouleaux of pink satin.

#### NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL, 1829.

Though the evening dress parties have not been many, and the balls, at present, but few, yet those which have taken place have been remarkably select and splendid: from such sources, and from the various elegancies which now continue in preparation, for such circles, according to increased and increasing orders at Mrs. BELL's tasteful *Magazine de Modes*, we are enabled to present our readers with a description of the following novelties in fashionable costume.

From the above-mentioned emporium of fashion, a carriage pelisse of the most elegant kind, has been just completed, to order, for a female of distinction: it is of a peculiarly rich *Gros de Naples*; the colour Navarin-blue; it is faced, and trimmed round the border by a broad ornament of black velvet, in Spanish points; between each of which is a rounded leaf, in velvet, edged by a narrow satin *rouleau*; the body is faced down the front in a correspondent manner. The sleeves are *en jiggôt*, with a broad gauntlet cuff of black velvet, pointed; and at the point three round leaves, forming a kind of tulip-ornament. Another favourite out-door dress, but more adapted for the promenade, is of *Gros de Naples*, and is made high; it is the colour of the marshmallow-blossom; it is bordered by a broad hem, headed by two stripes of black velvet, set at a distance from each other, about half an inch; these stripes are put on *en serpentine*; and from them issue on each side of the serpentine wave, branches of the leaves of Cypress; this foliage is of the same colour and material as the dress, and every leaf is edged round by black velvet. The body is *à la*

*Roxelane*, the sleeves *en jiggôt*, with a pointed cuff, and next the hand is a narrow row of antique English points, edged with black velvet.

Amongst the dresses for the evening, those of velvet are not yet laid aside; we have seen one of much taste and elegance, finished down the front of the skirt in the Bavarian style; the robe, itself, is of black velvet of the softest texture, and hangs beautifully over the form. The apparent petticoat is of black satin crossed by straps formed of *rouleaux* of the same material, each ornamented in the centre as they point downwards, with a gold buckle: the front of the bust is *en guimpe*, and is finished in the same manner as the skirt. Over short sleeves of black velvet are those which are long, consisting of black Japanese gauze, with a very deep gauntlet-cuff, of black satin, and a row of gold buttons in bias, on the outside of the wrist. The poplin coloured silks, and coloured crape dresses for the ball and evening party have experienced no change, at present, worth recording; we generally give all the novelty in costume to our engravings, and when we have but little new to add in these our observations, we trust our indulgent readers will there find their expectations fulfilled of gaining every intelligence concerning the reigning costumes, in the "WORLD OF FASHION."

The bonnets are still in an uncertain state, wavering continually between black velvet and satin, or white satin and coloured *Gros de Naples*; one carriage bonnet has, however, appeared, the form like those the French call hat-bonnets; having, in front, every appearance of a hat. This tasteful bonnet is of Egyptian plaid, pink and yellow; it is trimmed with steam-yellow ribbon chequered with black, and ornamented with exotic flowers, which are yellow and scarlet, with green foliage formed of feathers.

A cap for receiving dinner parties at home, is an elegant novelty in the *coiffeure* department. It is of beautiful blond, the border excessively broad, and pointed at the edge: this border is turned back, with a full clustered wreath of small, and just-opening roses, both red and white, lying on the hair in front: the back of the caul is ornamented by a similar wreath, and bows of pink gauze ribbon, with satin stripes, complete the trimming. Another cap for home costume is of very fine Mechlin lace, and is ornamented with pink gauze, of which material there are long lappets. *Rouleaux* of satin draw up the handsome border *en fers de Cheval*; on each temple is a puff-rossette of pink gauze. A very pretty blond cap for half dress, has also much taste in its composition; it is made of fine *tulle* and narrow blond; there are bars of pink gauze striped ribbon over each temple, a white, double Narcissus with green foliage on the right side, with white jessamine, and its sombre-green leaves. We are happy to find the Opera head-dresses likely to become less annoying than when they consisted so much of large dress hats and capacious *bérets*; charming turbans of oriental shape, and the most becoming size seem to be more in favour with the matronly beauty; these are often ornamented with a yellow plumage of a fancy kind, with very delicate flowers, in which is mingled a small portion of blue, which takes off from the monotony of the yellow plumage. Young ladies of rank are seen at the Opera and at evening full dress parties, with wreaths on their hair, formed of white crape roses, and jagged foliage of gold. Many ladies wear a full head-dress composed of coloured ostrich feathers.

The favourite colours are Navarin-blue, pink, marshmallow-blossom, steam-yellow and bright-rock-geranium.



## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—Hats of black, green, or violet-coloured velvet, are yet very prevalent: very few are ornamented with feathers, but several are trimmed with blond, and puffs of velvet and ribbon.

Bonnets of coloured satin are also worn, lined with white and trimmed with white ribbon; the ribbons spotted with the same colour as the hat.

At the promenades, are seen many hats of rose-coloured satin trimmed with blond.

Instead of the usual round riding hat, many ladies wear with their riding-dresses, beaver bonnets tied close down, which fashion they call à l'Anglaise. Black veils with these bonnets, are universal.

Bonnets of *gros de Naples*, of English-green, have, at the edge, a *rûche* of black blond; very broad, to which is added a demi-veil of blond.

If there is any fashion which has survived the lapse of ages, it is that of wearing blonds; never were they in such favour as at the present day. At the promenade, be the hat or bonnet ever so simple, it is trimmed with the richest blond.

Several black velvet hats have appeared lately, trimmed with flat ostrich feathers. Under the brims are blue or rose-coloured ribbons, cut in leaves. The number of hats and bonnets in rose-coloured satin, with a demi-veil of blond at the edge, increases every day. Those of blue satin, lined with white, are much admired: they are ornamented with ribbon, and white blond. White willow feathers are seen on coloured velvet hats. There is a new kind of *gros de Naples* much in favour for hats and bonnets; the ground is *chamois*-colour, with violet and green stripes, about three finger's breadth distant from each other. The hats made of this silk, have narrow brims, and the sides are as wide as the front: the upper part of the crown is fluted. Green and violet feathers form the favourite ornaments on these hats. The trimming on the bonnets consist of long puffs of ribbon green and violet placed over the crown, and beneath the brim. A hat of lemon-coloured crape, or of English blue, is very fashionable; at the base of the crown is affixed, by a rosette of gauze ribbon, a branch of lilacs, or rather three branches fastened together. The direction of this ornament is vertical; a broad blond surrounds the edge of the brim. Some hats of lilac *gros de Naples*, have the crowns trimmed with eight or ten large puffs of gauze ribbon of English-green, with satin stripes. There are often seen on hats of white crape, trimmed with white gauze ribbon, two bunches of rose-coloured perriwinkles, one on the summit of the crown, towards the right, the other on the same side, at the edge of the brim.

Carriage-hats are what are called à l'Francois I. The brims very large, and turned up in front, where is placed a very long feather, which lies on the hair.

**OUT-DOOR COSTUME.**—Pelisses of steam-yellow satin, or rose-colour, are most fashionable.

Ermine tippets now take the place of the Boas, on the shoulders of women of fashion.

Muffs are still worn, and high dresses trimmed with marten or ermine.

Cloaks of satin, and pelerines of velvet, are now most admired when trimmed with blend.

Satin pelisses fasten down the front of the skirt, by gold

buttons: they are ornamented above the broad hem at the border, by *passenterie*.

**DRESSES.**—A rich dress of blue gauze, is much admired in *grande parure*. Above the broad hem, at the border, is a full ornament of beading. A bunch of marabout feathers is fastened on one side of the dress, by a butterfly, formed of coloured jewels. Some dresses of rose-crape are trimmed with a *rûche* below the hem, next the feet, and which is carried up in a point towards one side of the skirt. On the white crape dresses, the bouquets are painted on the hem, instead of being above it. All the short sleeves are *en bûrets*; the plaits either very large, or remarkably small. Above the blond which surrounds the bust of ball dresses, there is sometimes a narrow *rûche*. Above the hem of a crape dress, the colour, bird-of-paradise, was lately seen five rows of satin points, very close to each other, and forming a most elegant trimming.

Blond canezous are often worn with silk dresses, and those of tulle, with muslin gowns, are fastened in front by half a dozen buttons in gold or jewels, like those worn by gentlemen. One of these canezous in blond, destined to be worn with a dress of blue velvet, formed brandenburghs by its embroidery, which were surrounded by narrow gold braiding, which were joined in front by a double gold tassel, passed through a button-hole.

At dress parties, are seen rose-coloured, or steam-yellow satin dresses, which are trimmed round the tucker part of the corsage, with several rows of pearls, and a friar's belt of pearls incircles the waist. A dress of cherry-coloured velvet, has, above the hem, a broad silver fringe, a sash embroidered with silver, and wide sleeves of tulle, embroidered in silver. Another dress is of Ispahan-velvet, painted in columns of flowers, in different colours. The gowns are made very low at the shoulders and back, and the greater part have drapery on the corsage. Some dresses of black velvet have the sleeves slashed à l'Espagnole, and the slashes filled in by puckerings of tulle. A dress of Russia-satin, of a pearl-grey, has been much admired, with long sleeves; and, at the upper part of the arm, eight or ten regular plaits, very close together, which represented the wings of an English corps of light infantry.

There are some short sleeves that impart the idea of those pavillions formed of great pipes, or shanks of trees, which are used at the portals of a palace to extinguish the flambeaux that are carried before the king and the princes.

Spotted and stamped merinos, in colours, are yet in favour for *deshabille*; all these kind of dresses have one deep flounce, *en rideau*, and a pelerine surrounded by a broad trimming, is worn with them. For half dress, a merino should be embroidered above the hem, or if trimmed with a flounce, that should be embroidered at the edge.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—Marabouts, mingled with six or eight butterflies in precious stones, form a favourite head-dress: the butterflies are of all shades and sizes. Never were the feathers nor the esprits disposed in the hair with so much taste as in this year. The hair is platted or twisted in cordons, separated at intervals by gold and precious stone ornaments.

Caps of blond, which have cauls, have in front, no other trimming than a few puffs of ribbons, with cut ends. Others of pink tulle, have bands of the same, festooned in long pointed plaits, which form a large tuft on one side, and terminate on the other by a *rûche*, which surrounds the whole of the cap, behind.

At the Opera, are seen several *bûrets* of black velvet, in



the Spanish style; they are ornamented with *ponceau*, or white feathers; some are turned up on one side by loops of gold or pearls, and these very much resemble the small hats worn in the reign of Francis I.

Head dresses in hair are numerous. Those are particularly distinguished where the bows of hair behind, unite with those in front, so that they form two *bandeaux* on each side of the forehead. The summit of the head is ornamented with an arrow which crosses the bows, or one single large full blown rose, surrounded by an aureole of small flowers.

The blond dress caps are so disposed as to display the tufts of hair, through those ornaments which serve in lieu of a caul.

Several ladies wear a broad gothic ornament in front of their hair, composed of differently coloured stones, surmounted by a bird-of-paradise, or a heron's plume.

A wreath of small roses, placed obliquely over the left ear, is a favourite ornament on the hair of many ladies.

A cardinal's hat in black velvet, trimmed with gold lace and tufts, which hang two and two, from right to left, are fastened by two gold runners; these are terminated by tassels, descending as low as the shoulders. To the same hat is appended two lappets of *gaze-lisse*, on each side. A toque of cherry-coloured velvet, bordered by a very broad blond, is ornamented with narrow tresses of gold, and half covered by a diadem of flowers with long stalks.

The head-dresses form a perfect museum of jewellery ornaments of every kind; white feathers mingled with diamond ears of corn is a very favourite *coiffeure*. Almost all the ball head-dresses consist of three butterflies placed on very long stalks, which appear hovering over the bows of hair on the summit of the head. Several *bouquets*, or a wreath of foliage with gold flowers, have a very pretty effect on the hair at candle-light. Turbans of gold and silver gauze are ornamented with a bird-of-paradise; and ladies, eminent for their taste in dress, wear the *Moabitish* turban, of white tissue-gauze, surrounded by gold ornaments, or those of *ponceau*.

Ladies of fashion continue to wear their hair *à la Grecque*; the *outré* appearance of which is devoid of all grace, but it is the reigning mode. Gauze, entwined amongst the hair, is the most distinguishing ornament. Black velvet *bérets*, ornamented with white flowers and white feathers, are in high favour.

**JEWELLERY.**—Butterflies, formed of coloured stones, are so fashionable this winter, that we give as a proof a description of a present lately made to one of the most pretty women of fashion in Paris. It was a magnificent casket of jewels, containing an assortment of twelve butterflies, some of which had their wings formed of small diamonds, and the body in enamel; others were of rubies, emeralds, and various other stones. There was one in topazes, spotted with black. All the gold pins, which served to fasten the butterflies, were ranged in symmetrical order in the casket.

Golden arrows, and those of pearls and of diamonds, are much in favour as ornaments on the hair.

Some of the *Châtelaines* are now ornamented with seals.

Narrow bracelets, of wrought gold, are used to keep the gloves tight above the wrists.

Broad bracelets, of tortoise-shell, are a novelty in jewellery; these are ornamented with divisions of gold in open work.

In all the trinket-boxes now, in order to have the head

dressed *à la Psyche*, is a large butterfly, either in gold enamel, or in jewellery of great or small value. Those who have not viewed closely the setting of this *bijou*, cannot form an idea of the manner in which the butterfly is set, and, in particular, of the ingenious process, by aid of which it vibrates constantly over the jewels, or the artificial flowers.

1st, A double stalk, or pin with two branches forked, serves to fix the butterfly in the hair in front of the bows, the comb, or the plats, &c.

2d, A spring serves to bring the insect more or less forward, or to change the direction to higher or lower. This little hinge is of the same kind as those which in diamond wheatshaves, or in aigrettes, allow any one to bend down, or to raise the different ears of the sheaf or the aigrette.

3rd, The body of the butterfly is directly fixed on a spiral stalk; but sometimes this spiral direction is horizontal, like as in the motion of a watch we find the pendulum laid flat. Sometimes the spiral is vertical, and of the form of those spirals which support the heads or balls of the *Glairna* pins.

There are butterflies *à la Psyche*, of the most exquisite workmanship, of very high price.

There are, also, seen at the jewellers, trinket-boxes, which contain a beautiful flower, formed of differently-coloured gems, ornamented with branches of every kind of gold, wrought in the most delicate manner. These flowers are placed on a long pin, and are put in the hair over the front. This is a very fashionable ornament. There are roses in diamonds, the petals of which are formed of small rubies, the leaves by emeralds, and the stalks of gold.

Another jewellery ornament is a comb ornamented with a triple row of diamonds, two diamond butterflies, and single diamonds set in a bandeau, which go twice round the hair.

Golden arrows and cameos are, also, favourite head-ornaments.

The *Sevigné* brooches, worn in the centre of the drapery across the bust, are formed of every kind of jewellery. Combs with a double gallery, each enriched with diamonds, and bouquets of corn, in which there are twenty ears, have been seen on the head of a noble duchess. Several ladies, in full-dress, wear diamond fillets, placed on the hair with a point in front, *à la Marie Stuart*.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—To ornament a ball dress, it is of no use to call in the assistance of the jeweller; the most antique and rare *bijoux* are now in request, and they borrow from those who are in possession of a cabinet of curiosities, decorating themselves with those necklaces and bracelets which have been found on mummies and on skeletons.

We have written before on the whimsical fashion of silk stockings, either black or white, and the half-boots of glaring colours. But at masqued balls it is a different affair. There were seen during the last carnival, on white silk stockings, a harlequin, a punchinello, and a devil climbing up a pine-tree or a yew. In full dress, however, it is now fashionable for a lady to have her silk stockings embroidered with gold, in lozenges, which takes up all the stocking on the instep, and ascends as high as where a *half-boot* generally terminates. The two clocks are richly ornamented.

White gloves, both long and short, have a slight embroidery, in gold, on the back of the hand.

The half-boots worn by the French *élegantes* have heels about half an inch in height.



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND ;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LIX.—English Earls.

## HARLEY, EARL OF OXFORD AND MORTIMER.

The family of Harley took its surname from the lordship of Harley, in the county of Salop. In the third year of the reign of Edward I., Richard de Harley held the manor of Harley in Shropshire; and in the 28th of Edward I. he represented that county in Parliament. He died in 1319. Robert, his son, married the heiress of Bampton Castle, in Herefordshire, the future residence of this family. Sir John de Harley possessed the manor and castle of Harley. He married Alice, daughter of Sir Titus Leighton, by Letitia, niece of William de Valenca, Earl of Pembroke, from whom descended

*Sir Robert Harley*, FIRST EARL OF OXFORD, and *Mortimer*.—He was the son of Sir Edward Harley, Knight of the Bath, and was born in December, 1661. He was successively Speaker of the House of Commons, Secretary of State, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord High Treasurer, and Knight of the Garter. On May 24th, 1711, he was created Baron Harley, of Wigmore Castle, Earl of Oxford, and Earl of Mortimer. His second wife was Sarah, daughter of Thomas Middleton, Esquire. By this lady he had no issue, but, by his first wife, Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Trolley, of Whitley Court, in Herefordshire, Esq., he had Edward, who was his heir, and two daughters, the eldest of whom married the third Duke of Leeds, and the other, the seventh Earl of Kinnoul. This great nobleman and statesman, the first Earl of Oxford, died on the 21st of May, 1724, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was succeeded by his only son, Edward,

THE SECOND EARL.—He married, October 31st, 1713, Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter and heiress of John, Duke of Newcastle, and by her had issue an only daughter, Margaret Cavendish, who married the second Duke of Portland. The Earl died in June, 1741, without issue male, and was succeeded in his honours, according to the limitation of the patent, by his cousin, Edward Harley, Esquire, eldest son of Edward Harley, his father's brother, who became

THIRD EARL.—He married in March, 1725, Martha, eldest daughter of John Morgan, of Tredegar, in Monmouthshire, Esquire, by whom he had issue, male and female. His lordship died on the 11th of April, 1755, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Edward,

THE FOURTH EARL.—He was born on the 2d of September, 1726, and married on the 11th of July, 1752, Susannah, daughter of William Archer, Esquire. The Earl died without issue. VI.

out issue, October the 8th, 1790, and was succeeded by his nephew, Edward,

THE FIFTH AND PRESENT EARL.—His lordship was born on the 20th of February, 1773. On the 3d of March, 1794, he married Miss Scott, daughter of the late Reverend James Scott, A. M. vicar of Itchin, in Hampshire, by whom he has a son and two daughters.

The motto of this illustrious family is, *Virtute et fide*—“By virtue and faith.”

## MOUNTEAGLE CASTLE,

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEAR'S WAR.

*(Continued from page 41.)*

We are taking up the thread of our history, after a lapse of several months, from the lovers' afflicting separation. Adelaide had been received by her aunt, with all the tenderness and affection of a maternal friend. Amidst the profound secrecy observed, both by herself and her domestics, respecting the events at Mounteagle Castle, her melancholy was attributed partly to the loss of her mother, and partly to the gloomy impressions caused by the local terrors she had been exposed to so recently. It was not till some time after her arrival, that Count Ernest succeeded in surmounting the many obstacles that had prevented his hastening to Schweidnitz, to meet his adored betrothed. Adelaide shuddered as she thought of it, and had many a hard struggle with her heart to prepare herself for it. Hence dismay, rather than gratification, predominated in her reception of the Count, whose pride and arrogance chilled every effort of kindness. Now she had an opportunity of ascertaining, by comparison, Nordenskiöld's excellence, and of convincing herself, if that was wanted, of the imperishableness of their mutual love. The Count's impetuous desire to have as early a day as possible fixed for their nuptials, was, therefore, resisted by her with more than ordinary firmness; the unexpired term of mourning for her mother, offering a plausible pretext for the postponement; and how happy she felt, when Ernest was summoned a second time to the theatre of war!

Adelaide spent the summer, and the greatest part of the autumn, in strict seclusion, on the estate of her aunt, who was no less importunate with her than Traunitz, to accelerate the celebration of a solemnity to which she stood pledged; the more so, as the mourning for her mother could now no longer be advanced as a plea for further respite. By this time, too, the Austrian forces had taken up their winter quarters in Bohemia. Perplexed by the relentless urgency of her relatives, and sinking under the struggles with her own heart, she accompanied the Countess to Prague, where both Count Traunitz and Count Ernest had already arrived, and where, she was but too well aware, the detested union must inevitably take place.

As she sat, one day, deeply absorbed in thought at Nordenskiöld's heroic resignation, which had left her to cope, quite alone, with the storms of fate, and compelled her to



think his love was not as fervent as her own. But then, again, he appeared before her mind, as he sank back disconsolately at the moment of their separation—again she felt his parting kiss on her lips, and once more she was obliged to do homage to that exalted virtue which made him the guardian angel of her own. “He acknowledged it an obligation on my part, to fulfil a prior, no matter how thoughtless, a promise; to this sense of rectitude he offered up the happiness of his life, and of mine also, only I, as a weak woman, have not yet been able to equal his energy by fulfilling my engagement. Well, then,” she added, “it shall forthwith be done; I will again become worthy of him, by an eternal separation!” This powerful exertion of her feelings, caused her to almost faint away, as her aunt, attended by Count Ernest, entered the room at the very moment.

However, ere there could be any question of serious matters, the Countess said, “Come, niece, are not you ready yet? I will admit of no apology to day. Away to your toilette, and let your dress be as splendid as possible, for the *fête* which the Prince is about to give to night, will surpass every thing that has been witnessed yet; nor can you refrain from dancing, without giving high offence, and here I present to you a cavalier who craves your hand for the first waltz.”

“My fair cousin, I trust, will not confer that happiness on another, in preference to me,” said Ernest, in a tone, which, notwithstanding its gallantry, left ample room to foresee the ebullition of fury likely to ensue in the event of a denial.

Adelaide made a silent bow, and, desirous of giving a turn to the conversation, led her aunt to her tambour-frame, to show her what progress she had made.

“Think not of escaping me so easily, either, my lovely cousin!” cried Ernest, put into good humour by Adelaide’s implied acquiescence, and snatching up a pearl bracelet that had just slipped off the maiden’s wrist, and the fellow to which she had given to Nordenskiöld, as a keepsake, on the day of parting—“Indeed, you shall not,” continued he; “and as I am determined not, on any account, to part with this chain, behold you are linked to me for ever.”

“You are extremely presumptuous, cousin,” said Adelaide, whose cheeks, hitherto pale, became flushed with indignation, as she reached at the trinket—“indeed you are, and —— however,” added she, in a more collected tone, “you may keep it, for what I care, if a chain steeped in tears be happiness to you.”

On Traunitz’s countenance, too, the quick glow of resentment burst forth. The old lady was disconcerted on perceiving it; she apprehended rather a sharp reply, and, with a view of putting an end to the acrimonious colloquy, quickly interposed the question, “Had the Swedish officer, expected that day at head-quarters, on a diplomatic mission, already arrived?”

“I do not know,” replied Traunitz, while Adelaide’s attention was goaded to the extreme; “but thus much I am convinced of,” added he, doggedly, “that the *fête* which the Duke of Friedland is giving this evening, is so extraordinarily splendid, for the only reason of showing to the hostile officers our power and sense of security. For my own part, I deprecate this stroke of policy, however expedient it may be, as it compels me, seemingly, to be on amicable terms with a Swede.”

“Why, have you been so ill off in your captivity amongst them?” asked Adelaide, rather caustically.

“For God’s sake, my lady, do not touch upon this

subject, lest I should forget that it is *you* who does so,” Ernest replied, his eyes flashing fire, “I should imagine it was quite enough, that heretics like them should brag of having made a Traunitz their prisoner.”

“It is all settled, then, that you will dance the first waltz with your intended, this evening?” once more the old Countess interposed, inwardly regretting her first well-meant query. “I hope you will be more sociable together than you are now; for really Count ——”

“Think no more of it, dearest Adelaide!” said the Count, addressing his betrothed, who had averted her face from him, “think no more of it, and forgive me; but there are two things, the very idea of which is enough to drive me mad—to lose you, and this unavenged disgrace.”

“You need not apologize,” replied Adelaide, and pensively sat down again at the tambour-frame, scarcely taking any notice of the conversation which now ensued between the Countess and Ernest, on indifferent matters.

The mere thought of beholding again a Swede, perhaps in the costume of the beloved one, thrilled through Adelaide’s heart. Hopes, too, of eventually hearing of him, and finding an opportunity of conveying to him intelligence about herself, gradually insinuated themselves into her heart; and she was unconsciously engaged, towards evening in the business of the toilette, with greater anxiety than she had been wont to bestow on it.

The *fête* had begun. Led by her aunt, and followed by the Count, Adelaide, refulgent in grace and beauty, entered the vast Gothic hall. A chaplet of dark green foliage, interspersed with buds of sparkling brilliants, a present from her aunt, entwined her luxuriant chestnut locks; a white satin dress chastely outlined her sylph-like shape, and exquisite proportions; while the lustre of a magnificent carcanet of oriental pearls, was almost lost in the snowy bosom from which it was suspended. Every one was enchanted with her appearance; even the grave Duke of Friedland, to whom she was presented, for the first time, by the Countess, scarcely could withdraw his looks from the fair nymph, who stood before him in the loveliness of maiden embarrassment, and yet so elegantly replied to his highly complimentary observations.

Consonant with the gallantry of that period, the Duke was leading the ladies to their seats, when Adelaide observed an object which engaged her attention. It was a helmet, similarly fashioned with the one Nordenskiöld used to wear. “Doubtless,” argued she, mentally, “it is the Swedish Plenipotentiary’s;” and a twitch of reminiscence, half sweet, half painful, convulsed her heart. Her eyes were absolutely spell-bound by the glittering piece of armour; but how did she feel, when, its owner, taking it up, she recognized in him Colonel Nordenskiöld! All the scruples of conventional propriety, all the intuitive monitors of good faith and moral obligation, vanished away at the recognition. She saw no reason, at that moment, why she should not throw herself on the Colonel’s breast, there assert, at once, the rights of nature, tyrannized on by arbitrary institutions; still, she was absolutely deprived of locomotion, and continued rooted to the spot, long after the Colonel had mixed again with the company; and the Duke graciously came up to her, to request she would afford him the means of conferring a marked distinction on a foreign visitor, by becoming his partner for the first waltz.

“You must be a little accommodating this time, Traunitz!” said the Duke to Ernest, who stood by, pale with wrath, and scarcely able to bring himself to a formal bow.



"How could I do the honours of a ball to a visitor of distinction, better than by giving him the Paragon of the assembly for a partner?" At these words the Duke turned aside, and ere Adelaide could recover her recollection, Nordenskiöld, almost a statue, like herself, stood before her, her hand in his, in the rank of the waltzers.

"Gracious God! Countess, am I to meet with you here?" were the first words which found utterance from Nordenskiöld's lips, after a long pause. "Are you ———?"

"No, I am not Countess Traunitz yet ———"

"Not yet; but soon though, I dare say, my lady," said he, in a tone more of sorrow than bitterness. Adelaide replied with a sigh, the couples in their rear urging them onward.

"I suppose we are neither of us disposed to dancing, Nordenskiöld," said Adelaide, stepping out of the ranks.

"Oh, then, grant me only one moment's conversation," said he, in a subdued voice, gently drawing her towards a vacant room, the door of which stood open. "One moment only! I cannot, I will not, again part, like an utter stranger, with one whom I hold dearer than happiness and life. Human virtue, too, has its limits. Adelaide! dearest love, recollect Mounteagle Castle. Is your love to me still the same as it was then?" added he, with the most impassioned tone, clasping to his breast the trembling Adelaide, who had been hitherto wont to admire his self-control—"Is there no hope within the range of possibility?"

"Good God! how can you ask?" replied she, in a faint voice. "You forget that Traunitz is present, and that he would contest me with half a world."

"His very presence! Now that I may woo thee by fair competition, and not surreptitiously rob him of thy love, as heretofore—even that, it is, which re-animates my desire, and fires me to enterprize."

"For God's sake, what are you meditating, Nordenskiöld? Have you forgotten my engagement—your own heroic resignation? Oh, do not lacerate my heart by a renewed struggle; it is all but broken, already!" But, without making any reply, he clasped her still closer to his breast, and in soft, melting accents of love, asked, "Do you love me still, Adelaide?" My bliss at Mounteagle Castle, was it something more than a mere dream?"

"Thee only, I shall ever love," she breathed out, softly. "But, leave me, I beseech you—just now retire;" and, alarmed at his impetuosity, she disengaged herself from his arms. Nordenskiöld presently struck his forehead with his clenched fist, exclaiming, in a tone of exquisite grief, "Gracious heavens! where were my thoughts? Forgive me, Adelaide!—oh, forgive me! It requires more than human fortitude to wrest myself from thee a second time," cried he, as he threw himself at her feet, and vehemently pressed her hands to his heart: he then precipitately left the room.

Scarcely conscious of her being, her breast torn with love and grief, Adelaide dropped on a chair; and after a considerable time, she perceived an elderly lady stand before her, who thought she had been taken ill, and offered to conduct her to her friends. She passively followed her to the anxious Countess, whom Ernest, too, joined, with wild looks, having been searching for her everywhere, and asked Adelaide, whose remarkably pale countenance he could not behold without fearful surmises, what had become of her partner? "I have dismissed him, feeling myself indisposed," said she, and at the same time requested her aunt to accompany her home.

Here it will be necessary to retrace a short period of our story, as far as regards the Colonel. Ill as he was, he had left Mounteagle Castle for the purpose of finding, in the ranks of his valorous countrymen, either peace of mind, or that consummation which his sense of religion would not allow him to take into his own hands. Both were denied to him; and, not till after a long interval, the consciousness of having acquitted himself of his duty, and facilitated that task also to Adelaide, afforded him, in more lucid moments, a compensation for the great sacrifice he had made. He knew that the Countess Traunitz had left Schweidnitz with her still unmarried niece; but there his intelligence ceased, and he continued totally ignorant as to their subsequent residence, until the commander-in-chief, by whom he was highly esteemed, entrusted to him an important mission to the imperial head-quarters, where, of all places, he least expected to find the Countess and Adelaide, nor yet to meet Traunitz there. How, then, must he have felt, when being obliged, after many apologies, to follow the Duke to a lady, he recognized in the partner intended for him, his adored mistress! Nor was it any longer in sables, or in the dingy chambers of a dilapidated castle, that he beheld her, but in a magnificent hall, surrounded by rank and splendour, herself refulgent with elegance and beauty! And yet she would have been to him a stranger, more than ever, had not her eyes, at the same time, looked love, and filled him both with delight and grief. Here, too, as at Mounteagle Castle, the most singular chance had brought him into contact with her. She was still his own, and more lovely than ever. The temptation was too strong; his passions burst forth in a blaze, and every obstacle seemed to vanish before it. Yet he once more prevailed over himself.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### ON THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

Who will take upon him to deny the influence of women? Whatever they approach becomes embellished with new charms; the mild lustre of their eyes seems to give new life to all that comes within its influence. Literature and the fine arts yield to their taste and judgment; it is at their feet that man, haughty man, so great in himself when absent from them, submissively falls, to hear his doom. Where is the unhappy being, who has not, once in his life, like Socrates, sacrificed to the graces?

The heart of woman is kind and indulgent, and if acrimony or envy should sometimes find a place there, it must be only attributed to education: exceptions are rare, but it is also truth, to say, that when a woman is really wicked, she is more so than ten men put together.

A father pardons a guilty son; a mother does more, she consoles him, she renders him respectable in his own eyes, teaches him to esteem himself, without which he will never act aright, for a virtuous courage is the sure forerunner of virtue. Nothing so gentle as her reproofs, no comfort equal to her advice.

A man is often forsaken by his friends, fortune fails him, misfortunes overwhelm him; but his beloved wife yet remains; he, however, conceals from her those evils which have been the result of his own misconduct; but she can read every thought of his heart, she recalls him tenderly to himself, weeps with him, refuses to listen to his self-accusations, but arms him with courage and hope; and by degrees, the unhappy man snatched from the despairing



resignation of suffering alone, looks smilingly forward with hope.

A young man is disgusted with life at his first entering into the bustle of the world, and if he has any sentiment left in his mind, it is centered in a wish to go and see a sister, before he dies, a mother, or a beloved female friend; returning he will breathe more freely, his gloomy ideas will dissipate; he will no longer see objects through the dark shade of discouragement; no; it is the enchanting prism of hope and happiness, that will now lend its smiling colours.

An old man, one foot in the grave, which must soon close over him, and put an end forever to all his regrets, his sufferings and complaints, throws round him a look of anguish; but a wife, a daughter is there, her eye has met those of the dying man; her mild voice has restored his courage. Death comes—the man dies, but he dies comforted—his last moments are sweetened—a wife has closed his eyes.

Thus, in every period of life, woman is the tutelary genius which watches over man; but in misfortune especially, in discouragement, she is more so than ever. To those who err, she stretches out a helping hand; her affectionate expressions find their way to the heart, and the guilty person already feels repentance when he hearkens unto her. By her, men become happier; through her, more social, more gentle, and better in every sense of the word. In all their wanderings, when drawn aside by the influence of the passions, they may not listen to the voice of friendship; but of a woman! We not only put the question to young men, but to the old; even the secluded hermit will say, it is not possible to be withstood.

#### WOMANKIND.

Nothing sets so wide a mark "between the vulgar and the noble seed" as the *respect and reverential love of womanhood*. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate, or a coarse bigot, no matter which."—MIRROR, No. 350.

Peace, false one, peace! I'll list no more  
To thy deceitful tongue,  
Companion sweeter were the shore,  
When tempest bell has rung;  
And sweeter raven's croak when night  
Enscarfs the traveller round,  
Fairer the swamps deceitful light,  
Firmer the pit-fall ground,  
Than the dark words from bigot-mind,  
That sneers at gentle womankind.

What is thy ruby-wine to me,  
And what thy stately dome;  
Thy mirth and luscious minstrelsy,  
And all thy wealth of home?  
I see a serpent coiling lie  
At bottom of each bowl;  
I hear a hissing tempter's cry  
In every song you troul;  
For these are poisons long entwined,  
'Bout him who slanders womankind.

Oh! when affliction writhes thy brow,  
When terror smites thy heart,  
What will the pride avail, that now  
Makes thee, wretch, that thou art?  
For ah! no woman's gentle voice,  
For ah! no woman's tear,  
Will meekly bid thee yet rejoice,  
Will drop one pearl sincere:  
You'll rave upon the mocking wind,  
As you have rav'd at womankind.

A profligate, you throw away  
The wealth you cannot buy,  
A faith, that knoweth not decay  
In grief or poverty;  
There is no gem like *woman's love*,  
No bond, strong as her truth;  
She is the balsam from above,  
To soothe our age or youth.  
Spenthrift! you shame the mortal mind,  
'To rail at *angel* womankind.

Begone! begone! *become unknown*,  
Join not the world's wide mart;  
Become at once a savage grown,  
*You are so now at heart!*  
Like TIMON hie to some dark cave,  
There grovel with thy wealth,  
Alone, unheard, still, still to rave,  
Till age shall smite thy health!  
But leave to us, thou selfish, blind,  
To bless and love dear *womankind!*

March 5th, 1829.

A. M. TEMPLETON, JUN.

#### THE FRENCH PEASANT GIRL.

A TALE.

"Yes, I have known, have felt the deep intensity  
Of dear *First Love!*"—BYRON.

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer!  
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home still is here;  
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,  
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!"

MOORE.

Shortly after the celebration of the nuptials of the Emperor Napoleon with the Archduchess Maria Louisa, while the festivities and rejoicings which that happy event gave rise to were still indulged in, and nothing was heard of in Paris but the universal happiness which so peculiar an union must occasion,—fashion and folly, amusement and hilarity, spread wide their influence over the intoxicated minds of the people, who, imagining they saw in the dawning prospect, a new era of greatness and of grandeur bursting upon their view, gave themselves up to all the fervour of excited fancy; and, plunging into the universal scene of gaiety and pleasure, revelled in the momentary enjoyment of its illusion. All the actions of the Emperor were blazoned in their most attractive colours, to inspire his people with higher views of his greatness, his power, and his benevolence;—the soldiery were unbanded in their approbation of the free pardon which he had granted



to all deserters from the French arms, on the condition of their immediately rejoining their corps;—the body of the people rejoiced at the remission of all the unpaid fines which had been imposed upon them by the judgment of the police; and, not the least conspicuous were the six thousand girls that had been portioned by the state with from six to twelve thousand francs each, and married to so many retired soldiers of the communes: nor were the poor forgotten in this system of benevolence, for among them were distributed twelve thousand dishes of meat, twelve thousand loaves of bread, and a hundred and forty-four pipes of wine. These magnificent donations served to unite the people in one sentiment of affection, and the rich stream of gratitude and praise burst forth in blessings and thanksgiving, while the name of Napoleon was almost idolized.

The harp still sounded with the joyous nuptial songs, and the lover's mandolin was still tuned to the felicity of their monarch and his bride; the carols of rejoicing were still heard in the halls of splendour, and the songs of joy in the peasant's cot; universal happiness seemed to be diffused among the people, each eye beamed with the lustre of delight, and every lip breathed a spirit of peace, content, and love.

Late one evening, a stranger, muffled in a thick old military cloak, and his features concealed under a broad-brimmed hat, was observed carefully noticing a young female who was walking rather quickly through the *Rue St. Denis*; he had been observed following the girl from the *Tuilleries garden*, and along the *Rue St. Honoré*, to the foot of the *Pont au Change*, where the girl, making a sudden stop, the stranger immediately fell back, and concealed himself in the *Rue St. Gervé*. The young girl here threw aside her veil, and, casting a wandering look over the waters of the Seine, seemed lost in the contemplation of some idea that was struggling in her breast; she at length turned from the *Pont au Change*, and proceeded with a short and indecisive step along the *Quai de l'Ecole*, when the stranger in the cloak came from his hiding-place, and was still observed narrowly watching every action of the female. She had proceeded beyond the *Pont des Arts*, when her manner became apparently so wild and incoherent, that the stranger drew closer towards her, and came so near that the girl, turning sharply round, her eyes fell upon the mysterious being who seemed to take so great an interest in her proceedings: she seemed struck with the figure of the stranger, and hesitated whether to proceed; but the former passed her very unconcernedly, and in a few moments returning, he appeared to be leisurely retracing his steps towards the *Pont des Arts*. This apparent unconcern lulled the suspicions of the young female, who, starting with a determined resolution, hurried rapidly along the water side. The stranger was now more cautious, and followed the girl past the *Pont Royale* and along the *Quai des Tuilleries*; he seemed aware of her destination, either from a previous knowledge of her intentions, or by an inference from her incoherent conduct; and as she drew towards the most solitary part of the *Quai*, he again came closer towards her. The poor girl, overcome by mental and bodily exhaustion, seemed scarcely able to support herself, and, looking narrowly around to observe whether she was watched by any one, at length seated herself upon the ground and remained with her cheek leant upon her arms, looking pensively over the clear and silent waters of the Seine. The stranger now drew closely behind her, and, concealing himself by the

shade of a large tree, appeared ready to interrupt the fatal act which the poor girl now seemed resolved upon.

It was a beautiful night; the moon-beams danced on the blue waters, and the light zephyrs that were wafted upon the shore, came from the South, bearing upon their wings the fragrance of the orange bowers, and the scented trees that spread such balmy odour o'er the sunny vine-cled plains. The distant notes of the festal songs, and the gay trillings of the lover's mandolin, fell gently upon the ear, mingled with the trollings of the boatmen on the farther part of the river, who joined their music in the general festivity, and breathed forth songs of joy in honour of their Emperor's nuptial happiness.

The maiden seemed to listen fondly to the distant music, and glancing listlessly to the spot from whence it came, she burst into tears, and hiding her face in her hands, deep and agonized sighs broke from her o'er-fraught heart: it was, however, but a momentary impulse; she seemed to feel that the joys of life were lost to her for ever, and that regret, as it was unavailing, but increased her wretched moments. She started up in all the wildness of a desperate mind, and glancing her phrensied eyes again round the spot, with a determined energy she tore away her hat and shawl, and with a loud scream was about to precipitate herself into the river, when the stranger, rushing from his concealment, caught her senseless in his arms.

He endeavoured to recover her, but life seemed already to have fled; she laid within his arms apparently a breathless corpse, defying all attempts to recover. The stranger gazed upon her beauties with intense anxiety and eager interest, he wrapped his cloak round her, and, folding her closely in his arms, remained eagerly watching the returning motion of her lips, and soon beheld the flush of life again play upon her white cheek, and feel her pulse throb again beneath his touch. The female appeared to be about eighteen years of age, a period of life when passion controls the mind, and fixes the affections with an intensity of power, beneath whose influence the heart may break, but will not ever bend. She was of excessive loveliness, her dark raven hair hung in clusters down her fair neck, and luxuriated upon a bosom as white as unstained purity: her lips seemed created "but for an angel's kiss," and her dark prophet eyes as they opening fell upon the person of the mysterious being who held her closely folded to his bosom, beamed with a dying holiness, and with an eager and inquiring glance she seemed to feel herself already past this vale of suffering and tears, and emancipated from the thrilling agonies and heart-withering despair that she had painfully experienced here, to think herself among the spirits of the blessed in the eternal land of pure and unmixed happiness, where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!"

It was, however, but a momentary feeling; the surrounding objects soon recalled a recollection of her situation, and she became aware that some interposing power had rescued her from the death she sought; she shrieked, and looking wistfully in the face of the stranger, which was, however, still almost concealed in the collar of his cloak, she hurriedly exclaimed, "Who—what art thou?"

"Patience, fair sufferer," exclaimed the stranger, "this is no time nor place for explanation; let me entreat your silence."

The sufferer was awed by the tone and manner of the stranger, who, without speaking, placed her hat and shawl upon her person, and, requesting her to endeavour to walk



leisurely along, led her by the arm in the same mysterious silence.

They shortly reached the gate which opened into the Tuilleries' gardens, at which the stranger stopped, and the gate unclosing, he was about to lead the girl into the garden. She shrunk back. "Be not alarmed, my poor girl," observed the stranger, "I will not harm thee."

"I dare not go! Oh heaven! the time—the place. Oh no, I dare not."

"You must! I am not used to be denied—Come."

The girl still shrunk back and endeavoured to withdraw herself from the hand of the stranger, but his grasp was firmly fixed upon her arm, and baffled her little efforts; she was forcibly led through the gate, which was immediately closed after them, and the stranger carried her in a hurried manner along the garden. They stopped at a little door leading into the palace, which was immediately opened by the stranger, who at the same time observed to the female, "It is late—I shall be blamed for this long absence; but you must be my apology."

They ascended a flight of stairs into a neatly arranged room, where the stranger placed the young female upon a sofa, and requesting her not to be alarmed, said, that he must leave her for a few moments, but requested her to revive her spirits, and assure herself that she was safe.

A servant shortly afterwards entered the room to say, that the stranger could not possibly see his charge again that night, but that every thing was ordered for her convenience and comfort till he could wait upon her personally.

The rescued girl, unable to comprehend the meaning of this mysterious conduct, sat melancholy upon the sofa, bathed in tears; she at length ventured to enquire who the stranger was?

"An officer belonging to the palace," was the immediate reply, but no farther information could the anxious girl obtain.

On the following day, two pages of the Emperor were strolling in the gardens of the palace: one, light, airy, and full of gaiety and joy; the other, sad, melancholy, and dull.

"On my word, Julien D'Albert," exclaimed the merry page, "we'll have thy picture done, and hang it up in all our shops in town, that folks may see the likeness of the melancholy page."

"Have done, good Louis," replied the other, "you know the nature of my sorrow, and 'tis unkind to triumph in your friend's unhappiness."

"Sorrow! for shame. Sorrow for a black-eyed wench, a little ruby-lipp'd coquette, that smiles to day upon your love, and vows for ever to be true; to-morrow says the same, and swears it too to some new lover. Sorrow for a girl! Shame, shame."

"Speak not so slightly of my Eloise, or I shall forget our kindred friendship, and be tempted to resent the insult."

"Nay, don't be angry, Julien; I meant no harm I do assure you, and though I have no acquaintance (and, thank heaven, never wish to have) with this same master Love, who, to my idea, is the wickedest urchin in the world, I have still a heart to compassionate the villainous little creature's victims. But on my word you must dispel those clouds that lour upon your brow, or you'll become the jest of all the court; the ladies ridicule—their sport—their toy."

"I cannot help it, Louis, my mind is almost maddened with the thoughts of my father's harsh resolve."

"'Tis the first time I ever heard of a man being maddened at the thought of a beautiful girl, with a still more lovely purse."

"What is her wealth to me? If I consent to marry her, I break the heart of my poor Eloise. That I dare not, will not do! Never will I desert the poor girl to whom my solemn vows are pledged—never will I consent to plunge her in misery whom alone my heart can love."

"But she will consent, she says, to your marriage with the heiress whom your father has provided for you."

"Yes, she will sacrifice her happiness to my fortune, but that shall never be. When I last saw her she talked so wild and incoherently, that much I fear her reason yields beneath the maddening thought of parting; and, that in some rash moment she may be tempted to the crime of suicide, in order to remove the barrier that stands between me and my father's will. But it shall never be! No, God forbid!"

The Emperor Napoleon, who had been listening to the conversation of his pages, now entered the walk, and passing into the palace, sent for Julien to his private apartment.

The blue mantled stranger in the course of the following day arrived at the mansion of the Count de L—, a noble farmer, who, having no relish for courtly associations, amused himself by superintending the cultivation of his own lands, shewing no feeling of partiality for the surrounding peasantry, he was universally disliked by them; morose, churlish, and unforgiving, his every idea was absorbed in one great pursuit, that of acquiring riches. His son, Julien D'Albert, was, by the intercession of a relative, enrolled in the list of the Emperor's pages, and by his uniform propriety and rectitude of principle, had gained the favourable opinion of his majesty. The Count was often invited to the Court, but as often apologized and was excused.

The mysterious being who had rescued the ill-fated Eloise from self-destruction, was admitted into the presence of the Count, and, without prefacing his message with any compliments, he bluntly enquired, "You have a son, attending upon his majesty?"

"I have," replied the Count.

"And as I am given to understand, it is your intention to enforce his marriage with a daughter of the house of B—."

"It is my intention."

"You are also aware, I believe, that your son has seduced from her native village and happy home, an innocent and lovely peasant girl, that by the most solemn vows which can possibly bind one human creature to another, he has sworn to marry her. Will you force him to the crime of perjury, for the sole purpose of adding to your accumulated hoards the fortune of the heiress of B—?"

"Who, sir, are you, that dare question me thus? My son, unhappily for himself and me, may have formed a momentary connection with a country harlot, but 'tis a trick of youth, a boyish freak; a few livres thrown into her lap will dry the poor girl's tears."

"Nothing can ever dry them, my lord, but the integrity of your son. Listen to me for a moment and hear the melancholy truth. I saw last night, for the first time, the poor, the heart-broken Eloise; she was wandering in the gardens of the Tuilleries, wholly unconscious of the mirth and revelry of the surrounding people, her every idea being absorbed in the anguish of her own heart, that anguish which your cruel determination had occasioned. She seemed revolving in her mind some desperate deed—her manner grew



wild and incoherent—she left the gardens and wandered through the streets of Paris, a lonely heart-seared isolate. I watched her, saw her make for the banks of the Seine; observed her agony, her madness. She prayed for her seducer, implored blessings upon his head, and wished him everlasting happiness. In the phrenzy of despair she tore away the lighter portion of her dress and leapt towards the river, but I, rushing from my hiding-place, received her in my arms, and rescued her from death, yourself and son from agony unutterable. I carried her to my home, restored her wandering senses, and brought her back to reason. This morning I learnt her melancholy tale, but, anxious for her, Julien's, happiness, my entreaties all were vain to discover who her betrayer was: by accident I learnt it, and thus my lord I tell the sufferer's tale, entreating your protection for the love-lorn Eloise."

"Very romantic, truly, my good man; and really thou art also a most romantic personage; but ere you seek to impose on me with such pathetic tales, first learn to make the lie less palpable."

"Lie! my lord!—but—Well, well, can nothing melt your icy heart?"

"Nothing that you can say."

"That we are to see. You are determined then upon the sacrifice?"

"Aye, by St. Denis am I, and ere the week is out, my boy shall either wed the heiress, or lose my affection. Let him chuse,—the low-born harlot, or the heiress of the house of B—"

"He has decided; and ere the week is out you'll hail a daughter in the victim of your son—the harlot, as your charity has pleased to term her."

"Then I forsake him utterly! And now that I have closed my doors upon him—"

"I will take him into mine. Adieu, old man, adieu. Your proud heart yet shall bend." And so saying, the stranger rushed out of the apartment, and, leaping across his horse, was soon out of sight of the mansion of the worthy Count.

The page Julien attended immediately the summons of the Emperor as mentioned above, and the particulars of the interview may be judged from what follows.

The Count De L— had always declined the invitations of his majesty, but on the day subsequent to the interview between the Emperor and his page, a peremptory demand was conveyed to the Count for his immediate attendance at the palace. The demand could not by any possibility be evaded, and notwithstanding his peculiar reluctance to attend at the palace upon any occasion, much more at such a peculiar time as this, when all his thoughts were intent upon the nuptials of his son, he was compelled to step into his carriage, and order his horses' heads to be turned towards the Tuilleries. During the journey, he was absorbed in reflections upon the motives of the Emperor in thus demanding his attendance; a fearful presentiment of the truth occasionally flashed across his mind, but was as immediately rejected upon considering the mean appearance of the blue-mantled stranger, who very probably might be some relative of the girl whom his son had seduced.

The Count, upon his arrival at the Tuilleries, was immediately ushered into an apartment to await the Emperor's leisure. Upon hearing of his father's unexpected arrival, Julien immediately rushed into the room, fell at his father's feet, embraced his knees, and implored him as he valued

his happiness, his life, not to compel him to sacrifice his love. The father was obdurate, he spurned the youth from him, and imprecated heaven's vengeance upon his head if he refused to join him in his plans, and marry the heiress whom he had provided.

"Never, never will I be guilty of so base an act!" exclaimed the noble youth. "Father, you may desert me, but you shall not despoil me of my honour! You may plunge me into poverty, but never into crime!"

"Then take a father's curses, headstrong boy!" ejaculated the Count in all the bitterness of disappointed hope. "Go beg for daily sustenance; go, cap in hand and with thy harlot wife, beg at each lordling's door for charity: my noble boy, go—go!"

At this moment Eloise burst into the room, followed hastily by the stranger in the blue cloak, who effectually contrived to conceal his features from observation.

"Oh, do not, do not curse him," ejaculated the fainting girl: take him to your forgiveness; I will resign him; I have no claim upon him: do what you will with me, but do not, oh, do not curse your son!"

"Oh, this is the black-eyed wench," exclaimed the malignant father; "you hear, boy, what she says."

"She knows not what she says. Father, dearest father, blight not our fondest hopes—make us not wretched—your harshness will kill my poor dear Eloise. Pity! oh, for heaven's sake pity my situation—pardon me, take us to your paternal arms."

"Pity! pity! pity!" ejaculated the amiable Eloise, and fell senseless at the feet of the father of her seducer.

"Does not this melt thy heart?" enquired the stranger.

"No, no, nor any other scene that thou can'st act."

"Indeed!"

A page now entering, summoned the Count into the chamber of the Emperor. Julien implored his father's forgiveness, caught his knees and sought to detain him, but the old man was obdurate, and, dashing his son forcibly from him, stepped over the lifeless Eloise, and, ordering the page to lead the way to the Emperor, left his victims, unblest and unforgiven. The stranger immediately left the room by another door, observing to the agonized Julien, "Be comforted, your happiness is now complete!"

The audience of the Emperor with the Count de L— was soon over. The love-lorn Eloise was reclining her head upon the bosom of Julien, who hung mournfully over his too-confiding and much-loved victim, both impatiently expecting the return of the mysterious stranger. The heart of the peasant girl beat high with fears, and Julien trembled at his father's wrath, and at the thoughts of the misery to which he had reduced his too-confiding Eloise. The Emperor had indeed listened to his story, but had made no observation thereon, and more than probable he had since forgotten it. He was thus deploring his situation, when the room door opened, and the stranger entered with the Count de L—.

"Rejoice my children, rejoice! exultingly exclaimed the stranger. "Your sufferings are ended—your father takes you to his arms, forgives, and blesses you."

The noble Julien, struck with the voice of the stranger, turned hastily to look upon him, who, immediately throwing aside his cloak, discovered himself to the page; the latter fell at the stranger's feet and exclaimed—



"My love, my Eloise, kneel, kneel, and bless thy sovereign! *It is the Emperor himself!* Heaven bless thee! Heaven bless thee!"

"Blessings! blessings on the father of his people!"

"Rise, rise my children," exclaimed the Emperor. "It is a monarch's duty to protect and comfort all his people."

\* \* \*

APRIL'S ADVENT;

AN ADDRESS BY AN ADMIRER.

"— Bid you good morrow!  
With all my soul, *you're welcome!*"

FORD.

They say thou'rt like a flatterer's tongue,  
Or fawner's false caress;  
Thy notes as those the vale's lord sung,\*  
Their cadence fickleness:  
Thy joy but nurse unto thy sorrow,  
Thy smile to day, a tear to morrow!

They read thy morn, woke without clouds,  
As false lights on the wave,  
That ere 'tis noon shall turn to shrouds  
About the seaman's grave:  
Thy flow'rs thy own swift storms shall wring,  
Like beauty early withering.

They do mistrust thy fairest hour,  
Suspect thy sweetest breath,  
In one dim speck they see a shower,  
In one blast faucy death;  
Thy very name they quote a spell,  
To summon up the *changeable*.

Well be it so! it moves not me  
To hear the screeching owl,  
Nor tale of sinful sorcery,  
When Hecate's "sisters" prowls;  
The *day-light* laughs the woes to scorn,  
Which walk at *midnight*, fancy-born.†

I am content to hail thy beams,  
As presages of peace,  
To hug them e'en as pleasant dreams  
When waking clamours cease:  
As visions that awhile assuage  
The "world's loud laugh," and rival's rage.

\* "Oh weep for the hour,  
When to Evelyn's bower,  
The *Lord of the Valley* with his false vows came.  
MOORE'S BALLADS.

† "How many things are there that the *fancy* makes  
terribly by *night*, which the *day* turns into ridicule!"

SENECA'S MORALS.

Nay, nay, I'll deem thy very tears  
That drop so sudden down,  
Pure pearl-drops gushing, after fears  
Have softened anger's frown:  
As holy manna, sent to bless,  
The teeming earth with plenteousness.

We ne'er should know the bliss of health,  
Did we ne'er suffer pain,  
Nor estimate the strength of wealth,  
Were all our dealings gain:  
The YEAR would seem a vapid thing  
Were it all SUMMER, or all SPRING.‡

And could'st thou, JOSHUA like, command  
The bounteous sun stand still,  
Should we not step on *parch'd-up land*,  
And sigh o'er *dried up rill*?  
And wish, in vain, for winds and showers,  
To procreate MAY's balmy flowers?

Ingrates they are, and such who love  
The "serpent's killing wound,"§  
Who dare forget that *from above*,  
Like life, thy power is found:  
If type of mortal weal or woe,  
HE WHO MADE MORTALS will'd it so!

Then let thy foes rail at thy tear,  
And mock thy pleasant smile,  
They will not shake my faith sincere,  
Nor teach me own thy guile:  
WEEP, if thou must, TO DAY for sorrow,  
So thou wilt LAUGH with me TO-MORROW.

A. M. TEMPLETON, JUN.

Eve of April, 1829.  
*Traveller's Club-house.*

‡ Some writer has exceedingly well said, that "SPRING would be but *gloomy weather* had we nothing else but Spring." Besides, to rail at the SEASONS as they roll, is to be discontented with HIM, (as FAIRFAX beautifully said)

"Under whose feet, subjected to his grace,  
Sit nature, fortune, motion, time and place,"

with the all-wise, all-powerful, omnipotent source of grace and goodness; indeed, who—I quote SANDYS as conveying the full meaning of what I would inculcate—

"— gives the winter's snow her airy birth,  
And bids her virgin fleeces clothe the earth."

§ M. DRAYTON, one of our old poets, for whose bequests we cannot be sufficiently grateful, has helped me here. Gentle reader, read from what a rich mine I have delved!

"Thou hateful monster *base ingratitude*,  
Soul's mortal poison, deadly *killing wound*,  
Deceitful *serpent* seeking to delude,  
Black loathsome ditch, where all desert is drown'd:  
Vile pestilence, which all things dost confound,  
At first created to no other end  
But to grieve those whom nothing could offend."



## SNEEZING.

It is pretended, that the formula of politeness made use of when any one sneezes, of "to your good wishes," or sometimes, "God bless you," first took its origin in the year 590. There was in the air, at that epoch, a very contagious malignity, so that those who were unfortunate enough to sneeze, immediately expired. Pope Pelagius II. was among the number. His successor Gregory I., ordained certain prayers for the faithful, accompanied by vows, to avert the corruption then reigning in the air.

Plydore, Virgil, and Suetonius imagined this to be a fable, against all the rules of probability, since it is certain that this custom subsisted from the remotest period of antiquity, in every part of the known world. It was regarded as very ancient in the time of Aristotle, who was ignorant of its origin, and has endeavoured in his problems, to find out the reason for it. On this head a number of tales have been invented; for men, like children, by their nurses, are often lulled into a belief of tales.

The first sign of life in the man, made by Prometheus, was by sneezing. This *soi-disant* creator had, it is said, stolen a part of the sun's rays, with which he filled a phial, made on purpose, which he sealed hermetically. He hastened immediately to his favourite work, and presented him with the whole phial, opened. The solar rays not having lost any of their power, insinuated themselves into the pores of the statue, and caused it to sneeze. Prometheus, charmed with the success of his machine, prostrated himself in prayer, and put up vows for the preservation of so singular a being. His pupil heard him, he remembered it, and took care, in conclusion, to apply those same wishes to his descendants who, from father to son, have perpetuated them, from generation to generation.

Till now, therefore, we may see that sneezing is a sign of life; let us have patience a little, and we shall find it a sign of death.

We know that it is a sudden and convulsive movement of the muscles, which serves to cause expiration, in which the air, after the commencement of a great inspiration, and rather suspended, is driven away suddenly, and with violence, by the mouth and nose. The cause of sneezing is an irritation on the pituitary membrane, and communicated to the diaphragm and the other muscles of respiration. But excessive sneezing is a distemper, and, taken in that point of view, the Rabins, several of whom were well skilled in medicine, but who were not more exempt from visions than others, did not think that sneezing made a part of the functions of the animal machine. In consequence, they date this convulsive movement of the muscles as an antecedent to death, at least in tracing it back to its origin. They relate, that God made a general law, which ordained that every living man should sneeze but once, and, at that instant, he should resign his soul to his Creator, without any other preparatory illness.

This abrupt manner of going out of the world which dispenses us from calling in a physician, displeased Jacob. He humbled himself before God, wrestled once with him, and immediately asked him the favour of being exempt from the established regulation. He was heard, he sneezed, and did not die.

All the princes of the earth, when they were informed of this fact, ordered, with *one voice*, that, in future, sneezing should be accompanied by thanksgivings and wishes for the preservation and duration of life.

Without doubt, also, they addressed themselves with *one voice*, to the Almighty to request that the privilege of sneezing might not be given exclusively to Jacob. That is what Eliezer forgot to inform us of. His sneezing at death is not more to be recommended than the solar rays of Prometheus; but we find in these reveries, the traces of tradition, which prove that the period when these wishes were uttered in favour of those who sneezed, is of very remote antiquity.

## A DAUGHTER TO BE MARRIED.

The youthful Caroline had just completed her seventeenth year; the charms of her person could receive no addition from time, for her beauty was in all its brilliancy, accompanied by early youth, which alone may almost be, in itself, styled beauty; her understanding, cultivated by an excellent education, was a happy union of sprightliness and instruction. Caroline is of an age to be married. Who, at reading the above description of her, cannot divine that?

Her family have no wish to resort to the indefatigable cares of those enterprising match-makers, who light the torch of Hymen at a fixed price, and keep up their own establishment by the tribute levied on all those whom they thus contrive to settle in the world. But, they yet wish to have Caroline married; a female has not fulfilled her destiny till she has submitted to perform the duties of a wife and mother; besides, Caroline has sisters who must be provided for in their turn, and the eldest should be the first to lay aside the *fichu* suitable to the young girl, for the Cachemere shawl of the mother of a family.

It must be already told in all companies that Caroline has quitted the boarding-school, and that the young Rinaldos who are desirous of obtaining this Armida, will not have to fight against enchantments to gain the prize their love aspires to. Fortune, or a lucrative profession, a tolerably fair character, future expectations,—that is all which is required; the young lady will have eight thousand pounds, and a fit out of wedding clothes from the most eminent *Marchand des Modes*; that is all that is promised.

To arrive at the desired end, the family receives twice a week all the young men who are presented to them; attorneys, solicitors, heirs without estates, every one, in short, who are of age, and have inclination to marry; they are eagerly admitted, received with politeness, and treated with the regard proportioned to their calling, and according to the fortune they may be possessed of.

Amidst the crowd of these who aspire to her hand, either by acknowledgment or secretly, is the young maiden, dressed with taste and simplicity, and seems not to take any part, in which she has the most important character to play. From time to time, her fingers just wander over the keys of her piano; the walls of the apartment are covered with her drawings; sometimes she timidly sings a plaintive air, or, at others, she exercises her needle in the most elegant embroidery; her mother tells her to hold herself upright, not to talk much, to blush when she ought, and not to discover a preference for any one.

The poor child often looks back with regret at the liberty she enjoyed at the boarding-school; she prefers the sports of childhood to the constraint under which she often sighs; she considers with trouble the future they are preparing for her; she knows not what may be her lot to come.



Out of the paternal dwelling, it is not possible for any one to estimate the talents of Caroline; but her parents have made themselves the agents of the important business, which they wish to bring to a conclusion. If the mother meets with a young man, she sets him about talking of himself, speaks to him of marriage, cries out against celibacy, and calling her daughter with affected indifference, she imitates the magnetisers, who put those who walk in their sleep among the diseased, by bringing them to view. The uncles and the aunts take their share in the negotiations, which are to be undertaken, and more than one well-exercised diplomacy might envy the address of their insinuations, the cleverness of their manœuvres, and the talent they employ in finding out a bachelor, enquiring into the state of his fortune, and finding out to a certainty what is to his taste.

If they have, at length, met with the man who appears to suit, and if he has testified some preference, how many means do they not employ to get hold of him! They never let slip an occasion of receiving him, of revealing to him all the merits of their young daughter; they know how to be silent on all her little foibles, the frivolity, perhaps, of her character, and the want of stability in her affections; he will be brought to believe that heaven has formed exactly for him, another Clarissa, and that, a reformed Lovelace, he may, by the help of a good marriage contract, confirm his own happiness, by the care of a wife and the friendship of an amiable female companion for life.

Caroline has distinguished in society a young author, whose rising fame has already obtained much public attention; she delights in his conversation; her heart has fluttered at reading the gallant impromptu, that Love has written under the dictates of Apollo; she would like to bear his name, of which she forebodes the future celebrity; but Apollo has been more prodigal of his gifts to him than Plutus, and in a short time she will be compelled to accompany to the altar, a man possessed of much landed property; a more eligible match could not have happened for her, though a prosing kind of lover, lately invested with the title of a baronet; and all her dreams of wedded happiness must vanish on finding herself the little queen of a spacious country mansion, where a wearisome state of magnificence must take place of love, where wealth is misnamed happiness, and the monotony of village homage must succeed to the factitious pleasures of marriage preparations.

However, the family are delighted at the great success which has crowned their plans; the young sisters envy the lot of the future baronet's lady, and such will be their feelings till the time when they shall be of age to be married, will expose them to the same etiquette, the same chance, and to similar regret.

#### THE TWO SPANIARDS.

As I was travelling in the South of France, I put up at an inn, at which were lodging a great number of Spaniards as well as Frenchmen. One day, as we were dining at the *table d'hôte*, a cavalry officer of superior rank, who had come from the Spanish army, happened to be seated next to me, and gave me some long details of the peninsular war, in which he appeared to have taken a very active part. This officer told me to remark two Spaniards who were seated at the other end of the table, one of whom had for

the other an affectionate kind of deference, and an active obligingness, which both seemed to proceed from the most profound friendship. These two men, he told me, were, but three months ago, the most inveterate enemies. The cause which produced this marked change in their sentiments conferred the highest honour on one of them, and was, briefly, as follows:

Pedro and Valdez, (the names of the two Spaniards) were both inhabitants of a little neighbouring town, on the frontiers of France. At the time when political troubles broke out among the Spaniards, they found themselves enrolled, according to their opinions, under opposite banners, and became irreconcilable enemies. The party which Pedro followed were vanquished. Valdez, only giving himself up to hatred, pursued Pedro with malicious rage, and caused him to be thrown into a dungeon, from whence he was only to be freed by being led to death. Pedro was fortunate enough to effect his escape. Deceiving the vigilance of his guards, he quitted the prison, crossed the frontiers, and came to Perpignan, where he sought an asylum. He inhabited that town for several months, waiting for better times, when he might be permitted to return to his native country, when the face of affairs was changed in the peninsula, which had been aided by a foreign power. The party of Pedro now triumphed; the oppressed became the oppressors, and the victims armed themselves, in their turn, with the swords of their executioners. Valdez was obliged to fly, and to seek refuge in some hospitable land. Pedro went daily to take a walk beyond the walls of Perpignan. The road to Spain was generally the termination of his promenade. He often met some one or other of his countrymen, emigrants, like himself; and he eagerly enquired of them news of his country. One day giving himself up to reflection, and walking through a path near the road, he heard some one groan; he stooped to listen; he again heard the sound repeated. It appeared to come from a ditch, which was on the side of the path. Pedro approached it; he beheld a man lying along, without motion; by his dress, he knew it was one of his countrymen. He immediately descended the ditch; he raised up the head of the man, and his features appeared known to him. His surprise was extreme in discovering amidst their disfigurement by agony and distress, those of Valdez. Valdez, was forced to fly from certain death, and quit his country, and he sunk down there, worn out with misery and fatigue. "Valdez!" said Pedro, to himself, as his hand, mechanically, fell on the handle of his poignard.—At this exclamation, Valdez opened his eyes, and turning them on Pedro with an expression of painful indifference, said, "Pedro; is it you? Ah! satisfy your vengeance; take from me the remains of that life I am willing to give up."—"Me! Valdez! will I be your assassin? No! No! I am but too amply avenged, by the state I find you in." At the same time, he approached the wretched being, and put to his lips a cordial, which he carried about him, that restored him to life. Valdez again opened his eyes, "Ah! Pedro!" said he, "can this be possible? Is it thy hand from whence I receive that succour which restores me to life? Thou, whom I have so much persecuted! Ah! let me die; I am unworthy your care." Pedro made him no answer; but quitting him for a few instants, he hastened to a neighbouring village, procured a conveyance, placed Valdez within it, and conducted him to Perpignan. There he lodged him in his dwelling, and attended him with the most assiduous care. In a few days



the unhappy man had entirely recovered. He unceasingly expressed to Pedro how grateful he felt towards him; who, when he found him restored to perfect health, said, "Valdez, you no longer require my assistance, but you have no home, no means of existence, share with me the half of my purse: it is all I have to offer. You are free, henceforth, to be my enemy." "What!" said Pedro, bursting into tears, "free! no, I am not; gratitude binds me to you, for ever; henceforth, I will live only for you." Since that time these two Spaniards became inseparable.

D.

## THE LAVENDER GIRL'S SONG.

1.

"Buy my sweet lavender, ladies buy,"  
Through the streets I daily cry.—  
I once had parents, home and friends,  
And lover's sought my door;  
My parent's dead,  
My lovers' fled,  
For I, alas! am poor;  
And through the streets compell'd to cry,  
"Buy my sweet lavender! ladies buy."

2.

"Buy my sweet lavender," oft I cry,  
"Buy of poor Julia, ladies buy!"  
My lover flatter'd,—I believ'd  
Whate'er the false one said,  
And now forlorn,  
Am left to mourn  
My innocence betray'd;  
And through the streets compell'd to cry,  
"Buy my sweet lavender! ladies buy!"

\* \* \*

## PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

"Lie hush and ready, *whilst I reconnoitre.*"—JONES.

"Well, if I'm tempted thus to *tell the State*  
Of FASHION'S USE,—pray *hear as I relate.*"—J. E.

## PAUL PRY SOLILOQUISES.

Now, really, I do hope, *fair and gentle readers*, you that have made as many poets as they have spoiled pens (for it is your smiles I court,—the gentlemen must put up with what I say), I do hope that my chronicles, my *droppings in* are, in your influential estimation, like the tales of the Arabian Sultana, whose ready invention, at a "night's entertainment," saved her from the bow-string. I mean that one history, or one visit, *entices another*; for 'pon *honour* be as active as ever I will every month, from January to December, from Spring to Autumn, the upward rising of the pure yellow-slip (emblem of womankind!) to the fall of the sear yellow-leaf (type of man's decay!) every month, brings me fresh occurrences which require notation, and an accumulation of oddity which deserves a longer reign than many of our modern dramas, and most of our *imported* or *foreign-imitated* fashions. Consequently, though mine has already been a pretty long duty in the office of *confessor*, yet,

in the words of a modern poet of promise, again, and without, I trust, playing to *please the time* in APRIL foolship:

"I must recruit the genius of my daring,

Be what I seem, and seem what I would be."

I must begin then with a *great personage*; for who would shoot at sparrows when the eagle's wing invites a barb? Of course, his Royal Highness of Cumberland has left his card and his compliments with you ladies, and promised to patronize plenty of parties, a sufficiency of balls to make us in love with his sojourn, as a man of fashion; the character in which we, you know, ladies, have to estimate him. But did he bring his little GERMAN TAILOR; his quiz of a moustached *builder* to introduce to you also? I would almost wager my court-dress to my friend ALVANLEY'S *every-day suit* (some difference in the two, SCHULZ would tell us) that he did; for the Prince goes no where, comparatively speaking, without him; like DON MIGUELL'S barber, or a creature of a dwarf one used to see at Fonthill, the little consequential being seems actually a part and parcel of the Prince's being; as necessary as his valet, as indispensable as his coachman or cook. Now one must not blame a gentleman of *Ton* for securing to himself a brilliant cutter-out and fitter-on, any more than we durst find fault with you, dear ladies, for employing the first finisher of habiliments for yourselves; but, then, it is very funny, very ridiculous, very unpatriotic, I had almost (without wishing to *intrude*) said *unprincipally*, to bring a sputtering German needle-plier here, when our own shop-boards and measuring-rooms are admirably supplied with "stitchery," as SHAKESPEARE (who understood every thing from a tournament to a tailor's depôt) says, already. Truth to tell, the DUKE appears in most things homely enough in his habits; satisfying himself with his library for a sleeping-room, and which, just now, happens to be about as unpleasant, incomplete a resting-place as LAPORTE'S stalls are unpopular; or a *bivouac*, upon a November night, upon the Surrey-hills, in a Gypsy's encampment. To account for TASTE, however, (sometimes you puzzle me with regard to it, dear ladies!) is to affect perpetual motion, and discover the longitude; but the little GERMAN TAILOR is too ridiculous a *POSSO* in the Duke's establishment, to be passed by without a comment, and I must *drop in* at Cumberland Palace, (fearing all the while the patchwork-pile will *drop upon me*) see his Royal Highness, and convince him of the degradation of such an acquaintance, and the folly of bringing such a performer here, when so many of GENERAL ELLIOTT'S REGIMENT, or their successors, can make or *mend* better for him, who are, as they ought to be, Englishmen born and bred.

*En passant*, ye who are, as Milton termed ye, the "virtuous, discreetest, best," in this most brilliant and best of all possible capitols; do, in charity, whisper to my Lady WILLIAM LENOX (as she has wisely and well at last resolved to be called in public parties by her proper name, her espousal title,

"That which her lord at altar swore,  
To 'love and cherish' evermore"),

whisper to her the absolute propriety of altering her invitation cards to her evening musical parties (when her husband has the spirit to permit of her having any). "Miss PATON AT HOME, Wednesday evening, March 11th. Small musical assembly" reads very strangely and suspiciously, when one is certain to meet that gay officer of the Blues, LORD WILLIAM as *Major-domo*; and in the eye of modesty and decency is not, at least *I hope I don't intrude* in ima-



gining so, is not altogether pretty, nor "quite correct." The poor dear DUCHESS DOWAGER of L. was altogether "frustrated" for the day, as her pert French waiting-maid expressed it, upon receiving one of these said invites, headed "Miss," and actually was about to memorialize his GRACE of RICHMOND to use his influence with his "gallant gay Lothario" of a brother, to stay at once the suspicious document. I should not have much marvelled had the precise and venerable lady sent a copy of Richardson's Pamela to his harmonious sister-in-law!

By the way, ladies, how can you endure that Sir ROGER GRESLEY—a gentleman in whose gallantry you might, one would have thought, put an absolute trust—should have written such a satirically, haughty book against our "great world" and the divinities (meaning you) that beautify it? The rude creature actually says that you wrap yourselves up, whilst the glorious sun shines, in pelisses, shawls, and cloaks, and that your heads are protected by hats, whose umbrageous brims so far exceed the little umbrellas occasionally raised above them, that a stranger is quite at a loss to conjecture the use of the latter. Now, whether this be true or not, which this sin of the camp (he who has flattered himself into favour to sting the more severely, like the little angry pug dogs you pet till you spoil them into biting) has said he should not have promulgated it, but those large, foreign-furbished hats and bonnets are, 'pon honour, vastly absurd and very unbecoming. I wonder really you are not more proud of your flowing tresses, your fair complexions, your dainty faces, than to hide them beneath such mountains of decaying vegetation, (only your carriage and lightsome step suit not the metamorphosis) as if you had taken the fancy into your heads to enact *basket women*, and bear fruits and flowers upon broad vessels for the gratification of customers. Really, really, I do hope, (for it is my pride to be a lady's man) that you will commence the season with *English dresses* as well as *English hearts*, and the employment of *British tradespeople* as well as the enjoyment of British society; for we all know, or ought to know, that

"Albion never will have goodly cause to rue,  
Whilst Albion to herself do prove but true;"

and I know of nothing more likely to maintain that beautiful principle, than for the English females, the unmatched of the world, to combine together for the preference of home manufacture, home-living tradesfolks.

"For, search through the wide world, wherever we roam,  
There's no place like Britain, our sea-shielded home!"

Do this, my countrywomen, and you may laugh to scorn Sir ROGER's definition of your "AT HOME," when he affirms, the libeller! that it is "making your house as little like home as possible, by turning every thing topsy-turvy (what an expression for an elegant man!), removing your furniture, and squeezing as many people into your rooms as can be compressed together;" and you may, also, do without what he terms "A TREASURE," viz.—a French lady's maid, skilful in the mysteries of building up heads and *pulling down characters* (yes, yes, the foreign pert Misses are well schooled for mischief!); ingenious in the construction of caps, capes, and scandal, and judicious in the application of paint and flattery; also a footman who knows, at a single glance, what visitors to admit to the presence of his mistress (impudent Sir ROGER!), and whom to refuse. Yes, you may do without these impertinences by following my prescription. Do, since you are "with grace and

goodness compassed round," have it dispensed immediately.

Although it is young days yet, still one cannot be very much surprized that the present SIR WILLIAM CURTIS should be anxious as early as possible to join the *coteries* of the West End; but if it be true, and I am inclined to give the observation some credit, that *taste* is the art of discerning the precise shades of difference, constituting a bad or well dressed man, woman, or dinner, I do hope that he will consult LLOYD about a *hat that will suit his head*; and some orthodox tailor about a coat that *may seem like what it assumes to be*; for at present the Baronet looks as funny as Mr. DELME RADCLIFFE in the Windsor uniform, and would inevitably create a smile upon the features of LORDS CASTLEREAGH and CHESTERFIELD, even as though they had encountered "the little man in a flaxen wig," and a broad brimmed hat, whose authority is said to extend over ladies and pickpockets of every degree, "and who makes himself of as much consequence as Royalty itself at Courts, Levees, and Races; I mean (the little purse-proud, petted jack in office's frown, has no terror for me) TOWNSEND of Bow Street Notoriety!

"One that doth hold his little head quite high  
To make the most of brief authority."  
Like asses venturing many an awkward bound  
To hear their neck-bells ginglyngly resound  
As if, the music their dogg'd power increas'd  
When 'tis but fixed to *know each stubborn beast*."

Oh! Allow me to congratulate you, Ladies Patronesses of FASHION's rule on the return of her ROYAL HIGHNESS AUGUSTA to her *tenement*, (palace it can hardly be called, for the most diligent upholsterer could not make it such,) at St. James's, I do hope now that we shall be gay at court again, and, having our Princes and Princesses about us, we ought to be; for, and if we have not felt it, the trades of our country have, we have been dull enough in their respect for too long a time already. The cloud upon Royal and courtly shows, has been a long while passing over; but we will hope the good time is coming again; and that although we do not wish very particularly to see his Majesty, as was "good King George's" practice, twice a week, "with all his family, and a considerable bevy of ancient maids of honour and half pay generals" walk through Windsor, or riding at a slow pace in an old fashioned open carriage to the theatre, where Queen Charlotte's apothecary in the lower box might have almost felt her pulse across the pit; but I should like to behold GEORGE THE FOURTH full of the appendages of royalty riding at least once a week, as his sire did, to hold a levee *here*; for be assured whether he had or had not like his sire, "ten dragons before, and ten riding after his carriage" like that sire he would then have the *tradesmen in the streets* through which he passed duly standing at their doors, to make the most profound reverences, as in duty bound, to a monarch who looked "every inch a king!" Let but this be, and who will not say, parodying old George Gascoigne's words,

"From thence will spring and sprout such goodly seeds  
As nothing else but life and pleasure breeds,"

according to the opinion and prophecy of

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.









W Alais. sc.

*Newest Fashion for May, 1829.*  
*Evening Dress.*  
*Fancy Costumes of All Nations*  
*Neapolitan.*





*Newest Fashions for May. 1829.*

*Evening & Dinner Dresses.*













*Newest Fashions for May 1829*





*Newest Fashions for May 1829*  
*Evening Dress. Fashionable Head Dresses.*

W. ALAIS. Sc.





*Newest Fashions for June 1829.*  
*Costumes of All Nations N<sup>o</sup> 39. Evening & Bridal Dresses.*  
*Spanish - Andalusia.*

W Alais S.





*Newest Fashions for June, 1829.  
Walking Dresses.*

W. Alais Sc





*Newest Fashions for June, 1829.  
Walking & Carriage Dresses.*

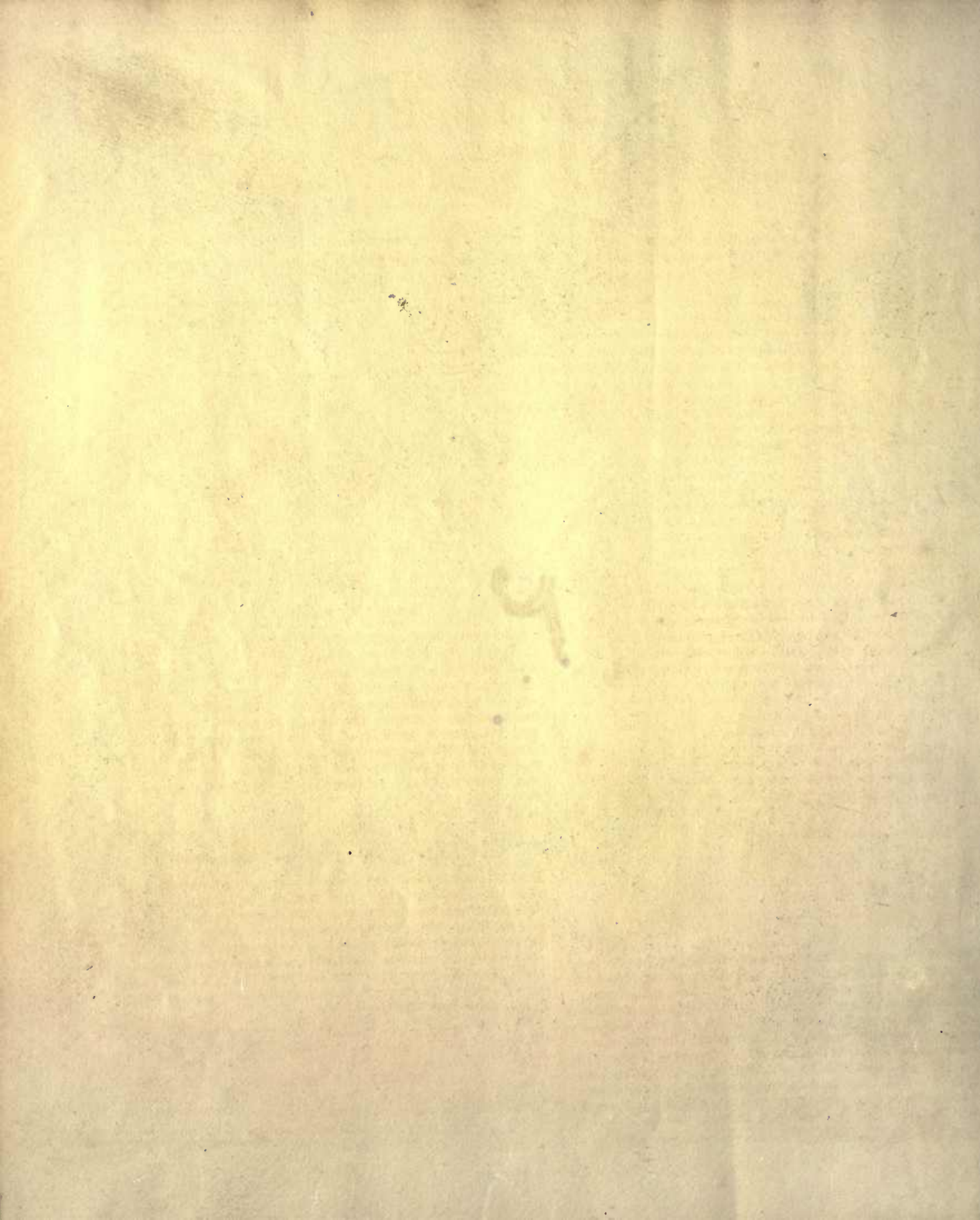




*Newest Fashions for June, 1820.  
Evening & Morning Dresses.*

W. Alais, Sc.







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 61.

LONDON, JUNE 1, 1829.

Vol. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 40, ANDALUSIA; AN EVENING-DRESS, AND A BRIDAL-DRESS, &c.—SECOND PLATE, THREE WALKING DRESSES.—THIRD PLATE, THREE WALKING DRESSES, HALF-LENGTH FIGURES, AND FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—FOURTH PLATE, A MORNING-DRESS, AN EVENING DRESS, AND A MORNING DRESS.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

“ He comes again, stout sun brown'd JUNE,  
Fill'd full of bounteous health,  
He comes to earth, a kindly boon  
That strows her lap with wealth;  
Nature herself doth own the tie,  
And blooms in blushing sympathy.

Mountain and valley, fruit and flower,  
Refresh'd or hue'd by vernal shower,  
And gardens, plants, and forest-trees,  
Impregnated with MAY's fond breeze—  
Now as their ripening month will dawn,  
Do put their gorgeous livery on;  
And 'gin their glories to dispense,  
Fed by the season's influence:  
Alike amidst the CITY's blaze,  
As in the country's stiller ways,  
In crowded hall, on village plain,  
Good humour holds her generous reign;  
There teaching rustic sports to ply,  
Here prince's stately pageantry.

Ye, then, whom fortune bids to swell,  
(As rolls the stream of life,)

Fair fashion's fairy citadel,  
(Impregnable to strife;)

Join our acclaim, and bid hope rise,  
Cheering as JUNE's cerulean skies.”—S. P. C.

We are quite sure we offer in the foregoing, very good advice to our generous readers, for although the *levee* and the *drawing-room*, like MAY DAY, did not altogether accord with good old fashionable ideas of what ought to have been the generosity (so to speak) of the former, and what we had hoped to have been the geniality of the latter, still we hold it not good comfort to bind the forehead of the present, (as one does the brow of the widow) with the mourning coil of the past; nor to cast shadows before coming events, which, like the stage-drums and trumpets on the eve of a battle, foretell danger, though victory is to one party, certain to ensue. We will rather think that what

might have been will be, what *ought to have been*, shall be; and that if patriotic suggestions were somewhat disregarded in high places, relative to the constitution of recent splendid festivals, that they will be permitted to have their influence, and to scatter balm and comfort to those needing it, *in others yet to follow*. We will not believe that in a season when long drooping nature blooms again, and is full of social sympathies; when a glad spirit diffuses itself over all creation, as it were, and the very angel of life seems to hover over river and valley, plain, and hill side, with healing in his wings; we will not believe but that man also shall share in the sunshine, and find

“ ——— generous hope burst through the cloud of care,  
Which past days threw around him;”

that the “populous city” shall again, beneath the influence of the powerful—the rich in purse, the good of heart, (*led onward by the example and influence of majesty*;) find pleasure pouring through a thousand springs; and profit, (the just wages of honest industry, studious art, or genius-endowed-taste) emptying once more from its horn of copiousness, those medicines which infuse themselves into the heart, so that disappointment's sickly hue, and the tears of despair,

“ ——— forsake the pallid cheek  
And half affection's anxious tears grow calm  
At the bright promises those symptoms speak.”

Nor are these mere imaginary emanations of our desires, rather than our beliefs. JUNE doth come among us with relaxation and pleasure attendant upon his flowery and bounteous course. In the *country* he calls those who loved the unobtrusive pastime which a WALTON and a DAVY has immortalized, which a NEWTON and a MANSFIELD practised, to the rippling stream or the broad lake; in the *town* he bids us “hie to high fortune” (or the reverse) upon the course of *Epsom*, where

“ The horses are starting,  
And forward are darting;  
And landau departing,  
Bowls fast down the road;  
Its varnish'd wheels flashing,  
Through dusty roads splashing,  
The steeds onward dashing,  
As if they'd no load;



Spendthrifts, scape-graces,  
 Legs with long faces,  
 All to the races,  
 Now forcing their way ;  
 And King's Bench debtors,  
 Have slipp'd their fetters,  
 To bet with their betters,  
 'This long-look'd-for day ;"

or it commands us to ASCOT, where surrounded by the host of British nobility, and the flowers of British beauty ; where, hailed by his faithful subjects of all classes, the KING gives the powerful, the exhilarating influence of his presence to the assembled multitudes that strow the scene with animation, and the noble old English sport that enlivens it. Than these, other, and even perhaps more elegant, because less boisterous amusements, belong unto this the month, which the fabled Queen of Olympus loved. The *exhibition, the ball, the party, the parks, the theatre, the Court of Majesty, and the Hall of State*, each and all contribute their homage to the season ; and their delights, their benefits to the town. To all and each shall we give our special observance ; and we proceed to our task, hoping (with a fair fellow-labourer of ours in a rich cause) that the coming "joys of June" will indeed be such as will make every one of our countrymen

"—— find their energies restored,  
 The brightness of their spirit which was blinded,  
 The ray which many clouds so long had quench'd,  
 Revive again, so that again appear  
 Substantial joys that storms no more can sear."

#### LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

"In quiet rather doth he bear himself,  
 Hoarding too much—at least so many say—  
 The kingly presence for the favour'd few,  
 That dwell 'neath regal domes. 'Tis natural  
 To wish we felt the sun's beams in our course,  
 As know that it can shine."—OLD DRAMA.

We were led to hope that the *Levee and Drawing Room* which took place at the conclusion of last month, the characteristics of which have been already sufficiently reported, would have been succeeded by a series of court-kindnesses and pageantries, which, whilst they added other glories to the many already attached to the royal name, might have been constituted so as to work the commencement of consistent benefits, and substantial reliefs, to the great body of that class which composes the industrious population of the metropolis. In this natural, and it may be added wise, expectancy, it has been our own and the common grief to have met with disappointment ; our tower of hope was erected rather upon the sea shore sand, than founded upon a rock, for repose appears to have flapped its leaden wings over high places ; so that where we looked for activity, quiet prevails ; where for that which would influence and attract, silence and retirement hold their vigil. In fact, and to speak plainly, because we mean honestly, unless we intruded ourselves into the very privacy of his Majesty, we have hardly a line to trace respecting his "Life," so barren has it been of *public interest or popular exertion*. Near neighbours as we are to him, we may venture to believe that he is *domesticating in St. James's Palace*, but as to *affirming*

it from any extraordinary bustle, any "pomp or circumstance" denoting the head quarters of the ruler of the nation, the depository of the crown and sceptre, we must decline doing. Nay we almost begin to fear that the latter is every whit as anxious for the arrival of the *Ascot Race Week*, that he may escape from a place he appears to dislike—notwithstanding the whole nobility of England is now about it—to one he has on the contrary such an apparent dotation for ; as a schoolboy who counts the number of hours which must be passed ere his holidays arrive, or the shooter who longs for the first of September.

That this *is so* we fear, that it should *not be so* we take leave, yet with all humbleness and loyalty, to feel. The favour and the public countenance of the Sovereign is the source, the fertile spring, the fructifying fountain of plenty and prosperity to his people ; let that be withheld, let the sunshine of his favour, as it were, be only cast on one bright spot, so that the great expanse of the kingdom sickens in shadow, and all classes, from the rich who wear a coronet, to the lowly that crouch unbonnetted, will, either in their pleasures, their professions, or their labours, suffer. Let the contrary be the case ; let the cloud that shuts out the rays of royal munificence be withdrawn, and like the bursting out of the great luminary of day himself upon a chilled and pining land, the heart of every one will be warmed, the hopes of every one be animated, and gladness shall strike her cymbols and go about rejoicing, instead of pining as she does now, discontented in the vale of dullness and disappointment.

Ere now (so did the kindest of feelings lead us to anticipate) we had deemed it probable that we should have joined crowded theatres in gratulatory recognition of our monarch within their walls ; but we have but dreamed of such a thing, and now awake to the provoking certainty, the *reverse* indeed of that which our feelings had visioned forth,

"Dressed in the garb, alas ! of phantasy,  
 To cheat us when the morning's russet smile  
 Light on the opening eye-brow."

To despond, however, is to be ungrateful for the many acts of kindly dispositioned munificence, the numerous examples of humanity-encouraged actions, which our great and good king has, during a glorious reign, set unto his people ; nay, it is from the generosity of the past that we in a considerable measure feel the comparative parsimony or forbearance of the present ; so that we will yet hold up a stout heart within us, and still look to our monarch for a *return* to old fashioned splendour, and public popularity ; that we may continue to exclaim, as indeed we behold that of which we sing,

"Our chieftains will crowd round the greatest of all,  
 The first in the field, and the first in the hall ;  
 To so mighty a master 'tis given to few,  
 So fair and so willing a homage to do."

#### LIFE OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF MAY.

*Anselm*.—"And trust me Rupert, these are gentlemen  
 Sprung of the royal stock ; princes, my boy,  
 That to the commonweal are trusty friends,  
 And thence deserve this greeting."



Rupert.—Shall I Sir,

Throw up my cap for them as they pass by,  
And say 'Long live the Dukes!'

Anselm.—Aye, boy, an' wilt,

'Tis better so than join the curriish herd  
That bark at every passer."

MS. COMEDY.

Some of our preceding observations will bear us out in further stating that the *Royal Family* are, in consequence of the comparative retirement of its august head, deprived of many opportunities they might be anxious to embrace, of uniting in social intercourse with the people; another cause also of their not doing so, we take to be also, the insufficiency of the dwellings allotted to a portion of them, for the purposes of substantial and extended hospitality. The DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, for instance, might just as well think of teaching his high spirited son to make, like the King of Spain, a petticoat for a Catholic image, as to rival the splendours and parties of Devonshire or Holderness-House at his *cabin* in St. James's. We observe, by the way, this prince to have paid frequent visits to Kew of late; why not allow him to occupy the palace, and to live with his Duchess and son as KING GEORGE the THIRD's son ought to do, there? The country thereabouts would be benefited, and Old England not a jot the worse for the change. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is reported also to have made up his determination to reside with his family amongst us, occupying on his arrival, Cholmondeley House. This, too, is as it should be, and will put life again into the court end. We hope the news is not too good to be true.

A severe indisposition has a good deal confined to his chamber his ROYAL HIGHNESS OF CLARENCE of late, so as to prevent him from fulfilling his intentions of presiding at several charitable and praiseworthy annual celebrations; to the cause of which his voice and interest, form generally a "tower of strength;" he is again, however, enabled to "take the air," and will soon, we venture to hope, be gay with the gay, aiding by his presence the march of fashion, and the reign of liberality.

The PRINCE LEOPOLD, thereby falsifying the envious backbitings and assertions of those haters of any thing distinguished, any one born great, beings

"Who seldom smile, or smile in such a sort

As if they mocked themselves—"

the PRINCE has commenced his elegant Monday evening musical parties, and occasional banquets, to the delight of those who love to witness urbanity of manners united with high distinction, and gracefulness of carriage with goodness of heart; and we venture to predict, therefore, that during the season, Marlborough House will be as celebrated for its hospitalities, as its royal possessor is famed for "modest mildness," and generous behaviour;

"And so we do commend him to the world."

#### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

The Royal Academy EXHIBITIONS deserves examination, and other attractions are to be met with in all parts of the town, and Panoramas, Dioramas, and Cosmoramas, "ever varying, often new," put forward enticements it were hardly natural to reject, and allure-

ments the offspring of taste, of talent, or beneficial art. Now, also, is the period selected by the votaries, or, rather, the professors and teachers of harmony, for their annual concerts, so that the fashionable world may enjoy the "concord of sweet sounds," even unto repletion. At the minor concerts, however, we are led to inquire how it comes that the newly arranged room at the King's Theatre, for the performance of such entertainments, is suffered to remain in the very unfinished and slovenly state it at present exhibits; for it now wears more the appearance of the makeshift of a strolling dramatic company, or the pit of Covent Garden Theatre after the "O.P." riots, the benches being but in part covered, its walls cold looking, patched and unfinished, and its floor uncarpeted or even unmatted, than a place of amusement and relaxation for the great world; a spot where elegance and fashion are solicited to take up a temporary abode. These omissions, and this forbidding appearance, casts a damp even upon the performances, and make the concerts themselves to be by no means so well attended, as the talent included in them might, under more auspicious circumstances, naturally lead us to deem they deserved to be. We trust, however, that our notice will be the means of a speedy remedy being applied to the defects; and that an air of gaiety and cleanliness will soon supersede the frown of neglect, and the chill of parsimony.

Since we penned the previous portion of our number, two circumstances, in which the great world is naturally interested, and in themselves of pleasing promise, has fortunately occurred; namely, the arrival of the DUKE OF ORLEANS and his son, and the determination, if common report play us not falsely, of our gracious Sovereign to give at least two festivities within a very short time from this period, the one to tread quickly on the other's heels. For the young nobility, and sons and daughters of "gentle patronage," and to greet MARIA DA GLORIA of Portugal, when in her right as Queen of that country she is to be recognized by his Majesty, the first of these is to be specially conducted; for the general reception of those who constitute the wealth and aristocracy of England the latter is to be instituted.—May both be made as conducive to the benefit of the commonweal as such entertainments are capable of being, and then will that which we state be indeed "tidings of great joy" brought unto thousands. That the sojourn with us of the illustrious visitors from Paris will be also the means of increasing our gaiety, and speeding employment, we will also be sanguine enough to believe. The courtesies of high life will naturally induce the powerful to pay to them attention, and to offer hospitalities; and, from the active and cheerful disposition of the Duke and his son, we argue that these may extend even into the Royal dwellings, and thence again emanating, spread cheerfulness and activity largely abroad.

"For greatness is as sunshine to the flower,  
Or fresh'ning dew that sits on morning's bower;  
It spreads its healing influence around,  
Bids plenty spring, and cheerfulness abound;  
But should a selfish will its strength restrain,  
And parsimony gird it with a chain,  
Then it becomes a planet shut by clouds,  
That e'en the wholesome atmosphere enshrouds,  
And all beneath its chill and blighting skies  
Sick from fond hope deferr'd declines or dies."

But now, also, doth Nature herself smile upon the season, and its concomitants, whilst the glorious luminary of day,



which for awhile did seem refuse to shine, smiles encouragingly, not only only on the flowers of the garden, the fruits of the field, the plants of the meadow, but on the fair faces and fairy forms of our matchless and graceful country-women, as mounted upon their ambling and well managed barbs, they become a captivating addition to the animation of the equestrian circle, or treading softly the crowded mall of the Parks, increase the attractions of those promenades of fashion. Seldom do we see more animated scenes than the commodious circles of the *Regent's*, the much-improved drive of *Hyde*, or the picturesque enclosure of *St. James's Park*, now on a goodly Sunday presents; for the heavy encumberments of Winter's drapery being thrown aside, the airy tints of *Spring* are added to the brilliant budding of *Summer's* costume, and all becomes graceful, light, captivating, and pretty.

"Dear to the eye and grateful to the sense."

Now is it, too, that with the skill of an AMAZON, but the grace of a CAMILLA, that LADY FRANCES LEVISON GOWER witches the world with wondrous skill as one of the loveliest of equestrians; now that the nobly carriaged PAGETS

"Restrain the fiery ardour of their steeds  
Whilst captive eyes are cast upon their form,  
Deeming it wondrous that such gentle dames  
Should be so skill'd in daring exercise."

Now that our LADY EMILY COWPERS, and MARY BEAUCLEERS, and SYLVIA DOYLES, wave the white wonders of their taper hands to admiring friends and noble relatives; now that our RUTLANDS, our JERSEYS, our BRUDENELLS, bright as May mornings, brilliant as stars' light, as they pass onward in their carriages, return "with words of such sweet breath composed," the recognitions of kindness, or the courtesies of ceremony. In fine, this is the period we are bound most to love, for it is bountiful in elegant relaxations; relaxations, indeed, which, like poetry, possess a charm which the cold hearts who have never felt can never imagine. Amusements, too, which touch with so gentle a sweetness, kindle with so keen a fire, animate with so thrilling a rapture, that though we have, thanks to good fortune, again and again enjoyed, our pen would fail us did we attempt further to describe.

Hail, then, to JUNE, as from azure domes,  
Array'd in smiles and sweet he comes,  
And gentle Spring with her train retires  
Of milder lustre and fainter fires.  
Yea, hail *fair month*, from thy heav'nly sphere,  
Thou brightest season of all the year;  
Thou'rt full of goodness and genial hours,  
And fondest hopes, and fost'ring powers;  
Thou paintest the roses—red or white,  
Thou biddeth the train'd parterre be bright,  
And ye do reward the labourer's pain  
In the promise of harvest that gems the plain,  
Vassal and lord alike rejoice  
At thy pretty smiles and thy pleasant voice;  
For in garden and field the former be,  
And the bird speaks thy praises on forest tree.  
Hail, hail, then, dear JUNE, for *here* we'll raise  
A noble trophy beneath thy rays,  
And the rich and great, and good and wise,  
Unite to give thee homilies;  
And *Fancy* teach and *Fashion* tell  
How kindly thou aideth their brilliant spell.

## PARTIES AND BALLS.

"As one scene of rural festivity is pretty sure to be followed by another, so *party produces party*, and *festival brings forth festival* in HIGH-LIFE."—MISS MITFORD.

The commencement of the May month was distinguished by a very splendid and brilliant *fête* given by his GRACE the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, whom few can even rival in magnificence of entertainments, and for the purpose of distinguishing with appropriate honour the *debut* of his two lovely relations (nieces), the LADY BLANCHE HOWARD, and MISS LEVISON GOWER. This extensive banquet was the more cheering to the fashionable world, from the absence of any thing of the same beneficial kind at the Court of St. James's, and it consequently drew together nearly the whole of those who might be said to compose the leading circles of high-life, and who are by birth, accomplishment, and beauty, best calculated to maintain the delightful supremacy of *bon ton*. It has been said that magnificence and splendour is the genuine motto of the nobility of England; if this truth were before doubted, it must cease to be so when the entertainments recently given at Devonshire, Holderness, and other houses of our richest and most influential nobility are remembered. If the favouritism of fortune has been profusely given to the possessors of these mansions, the desire to dispense its benefits has also become a leading principle of their nature; and hence, whilst their equals admire our DEVONSHIRES, our NORTHUMBERLANDS, our LONDONDERRYS for their profuse liberality and munificence of action, their inferiors look up to them as kindly minded nobles and generous benefactors.

None of our readers can have forgotten the *Fancy Ball* given by the MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY last season; following up the progress of hospitality, that lovely Lady and her respected Lord commenced their series of banquets on the 18th, when they entertained the DUKE OF ORLEANS, his son, the DUC DES CHARTRES, their Royal Highnesses the DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, and a large and splendid company of the nobility and leading personages in town at dinner, besides receiving a vast accession of visitors to an evening festival on the same occasion; and this, we understand, to be only the first of a series of liberalities which make the interlude of life, that which fills up the interval between the cradle and the crutch, the dawn and the departure of being, full of pleasant scenes and animated performances. May it be our's long to sustain a part in such, and, truth to tell, when it is such a delightful one, small fear will there be that we shall want a prompter.

Among the others of our nobility who have added to the gaieties of the season by the style of their "parties," or the splendour of their "balls," we are bound in duty to mention LADY BROWNLOW, who gave a very gay affair for the purpose of introducing her newly-made daughter-in-law, LADY SOPHIA CUST, grand-daughter of the venerable Sir ABRAHAM HUME; the Prince LEOPOLD, and the DUKE and DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, have also been distinguished by their royal munificences; nay, neither time nor space would admit of our mentioning half the splendid doings of this, even the commencement, of the season; let it, however, suffice, that the elegance and munificence of the entertainments which have so generally been given, cannot fail, as in the cases mentioned, to elevate the givers in the



estimation of the public, for whom, on these occasions, as has been elsewhere well observed, they may be said to have done the honours of their rank and fortune.

Had it not already been so amply described in the daily and weekly public records of the period, we should herein have deemed it a duty to narrate at length the characteristic delights of the annual Fancy Ball, for the benefit of the Caledonian Asylum, which took place at Willis's Rooms on Friday evening, May 8th. His Royal Highness the DUKE of SUSSEX, and as EARL of INVERNESS, patron of the Society, (most splendidly dressed in the Highland costume) was present, with the DUKE of CUMBERLAND, and nearly seven hundred of the most distinguished personages. The orders of the ladies patronesses, that no person should be admitted in domino or plain dress, were rigidly adhered to; and, in consequence, either the "garb of old Scotia," (which greatly and consistently prevailed) naval or military uniform, (the DUKE of CUMBERLAND wore that of "Windsor,") or fancy ball-dresses, were the costume of the evening; of these latter, that of VISCOUNT RENELAGH, representing the Dauphin of France, in velvet robe, ermine-lined; of the COUNTESS of WEMYSS, in a rich old English costume, of green and gold; and Miss JULIA CAMPBELL, as an ancient chieftain's lady, were particularly *distingué*. The whole entertainment was one of great and satisfactory splendours, and such, when the beauty of the female portion of the visitors is remembered, as no other country could hope to equal, much less to surpass.

The continued stagnation of trade is alarming, and unless the Nobility and Gentry turn their attention to the English tradespeople, the most woeful consequences must follow. The London landlords will soon find, as amongst the agriculturists, that their rents will be in arrears—that bankruptcies and distresses of all kinds will be in every street, unless some share of business is given to the English. It is idle and foolish to assert that the silk weaver and seller are not injured by the introduction of French silks. We can state, for a positive fact, that few ladies will purchase English silks, whether they are equal in quality to the French or not; a decided preference is given to French goods of all sorts—such is the mania for foreigners, and the indifference to the wretched state of trade. We say it boldly and fearlessly, that it is disgraceful to encourage foreigners, when equal, if not superior talents, are to be found amongst the English. It may be supposed, that our researches for fashions must make us acquainted with the real state of milliners and dress-makers—and we can assert, that their business was never in a worse state. The summer is passing away, and the torpor and stagnation in the demand for articles of dress were never more felt. A few principal and well-known houses are somewhat busy; but the generality of milliners and dress-makers have nothing to do. Ladies of influence should therefore direct their efforts to encourage native female talent, and not allow their own country-people to pine in obscurity, whilst the French *Marchandes des Modes* revel in luxury, and heap up riches to squander away in their own demoralized country, where excesses of all kinds constitute the basis of their merriments!!!

We have received "*The Practice of Cookery, adapted to every-day-life*," by Mrs. Dalgaeris, and published by Simpkin and Marshall; it points out, in the clearest manner, the best way of cooking, and is a work we can confidently recommend to the notice of our readers.

We have seen Mr. Daw's Easy Chair,—sat on it,—and found it particularly comfortable. The nobility and gentry will find it worth their inspection.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

It was a custom among the Egyptians to place a mummy or skeleton at the banquet-table, as a silent and ghastly *memento* to the mirthful and luxurious, that whilst they were in life they were in death; a picture, indeed, of what they were to be, mingling itself with the sunniest aspect of what they were. Now, it is not improbable, but that many of our distinguished readers will consider that we, also, mingle too much the sombre with the cheerful, in classing together two such opposites as MARRIAGE and DEATH. We cannot help it: nay, we hold it not unprofitable to do so, recollecting as we must, too well, and having heavy and recent causes to feel it acutely, that *to-morrow* may place in the church-yard cell, cold, dark, and silently, the very beings which the church altar had but *yesterday* hallowed, as it were, with happiness. Well, then, we must be permitted to proceed in our lessons and our likings as we have hitherto, we would fain believe, not unpleasantly done; yet, though we know that life is often a weary interlude, where the woe frequently outruns the joy; though we ought to rank,

"The world, the stage, the prologue tears  
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;"

and shall be taught, we know not how soon, or how severely, that

"The scene shuts up with loss of breath,  
And leaves no epilogue but death;"

We will still hope, that in the case of those of whose marriage we shall now have the gratification of speaking, that their union will not be that flower

"— which buds and grows,  
And withers as the leaves disclose,  
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep  
Like fits of waking before sleep;  
Then shrink into that fatal mould  
Where its first being was unroll'd."

Will not the gallant *Lieutenant Moor* (East India Company's service), and the accomplished *Susannah*, eldest daughter of J. T. GLENDON, Esq., R. N., echo our wish; for they, as the author of *Psyche*, in our motto, beautifully expresses it, have felt the joy of mutual confidence, and have sanctioned, by family and friends, and "Church's holy voice," reaped the charm unspeakable

"Which links in tender bands two faithful hearts."

So, also, will be on our side, E. H. CHAPMAN, Esq., and the "fair *Elizabeth*," daughter of L. HASLOPE, Esq., of Highbury-lodge, Middlesex; a creature

"— gentle as the tones that fall  
From waters wildly musical!"

Then merrily did the bells of Willesden (Middlesex) resound, when, on the 7th of May, were married, JOHN BEASLEY, Esq., of Clipstone House, to LETITIA, only surviving daughter of the REV. JOHN NOBLE, of Tresby, Leicestershire; and cheerily did friends invoke blessings upon another happy pair, who, on the same day, united their fates and their fortunes together thereafter in joy or sorrow, in health or



sickness, in youth or age, to sail down the stream of life, to buffet with its surges, or float on its placid bosom together,—they were JAMES HUNTER HULME, Esq., son of the late JAMES HULME, Esq., of Russell Square, and HARRIET, daughter of the late JOHN GREEN, Esq., of Highbury Park. With the promise of equally propitious results was the union of hearts cemented by the union of hands in the persons of A. M. GEORGE ADOLPHUS OWEN, Esq., third son of the Rev. Henry Butts Owen, D.D., and ANNA MARIA SARAH eldest daughter of CHRISTOPHER ROBERTS WREN, late of Wroxall Abbey, Warwickshire. Title also, as well as distinction, has added its possessors to the votaries of the marriage-god; for, into his rosy temple, has the talented LORD DORMER led the blooming daughter of SIR HENRY TICHBORNE, Bart., thereby conferring upon one well fitted to give honour and joy to a husband, his distinction and his name, being indeed

“————— a beauteous bride

That well deserv'd to go by haughtiest monarch's side.”

But it is now necessary that we should turn—lest we grow vain in the contemplation of joy—to note the march of that mighty enemy who plunders time by hour and hour away, and who,

“When most secure we seem doth love to come.”

If, then, we go to the noble seat of the DERBY'S, we shall hear of his dart having smitten one who, in her public life, delighted thousands, and who was the grace and the ornament of society in her private career. We mean ELIZABETH COUNTESS OF DERBY, a being who, to an elegant person, was possessed of taste, refinement, and many feminine graces. She was, indeed, one to whom the words of a Greek poet upon the virtuous dead would justly apply.—

“Hail, universal mother! Lightly rest

On that dead form,

Which, when with life invested, ne'er opprest  
Its fellow worm.”

Another distinguished family has also been called upon to wear the suits of woe in mournful remembrance for the LADY FORESTER, who, to the acute grief of her beautiful and amiable daughters, who resided with her, departed from this world (at her residence, Belgrave-place,) a few days since, leaving a good name, and the recollection of her virtues for the consolation and benefit of the living. So, also, but after a short illness, thus shewing “how quick our moon be past,” has been called to a holier home the LADY CHARLOTTE ONSLOW, who died at her house at Woodbridge on the 15th instant.

## THE DRAMA.

Although we might regret the feeling which leads first-rate singers and performers to demand exorbitant salaries, and the *fashion* which compels managers to grant them, yet, so rare is an approach to perfection, that we should have felt dissatisfied had the differences which for awhile existed, relative to Mademoiselle SONTAG'S re-engagement, prevented our again hearing and seeing that lady upon the stage of the KING'S THEATRE; especially as, in common with more distinguished individuals (we allude to birth) she has not escaped the shafts of calumny, and the missiles of detraction. Thanks, however, to the undaunted M. LA PORTE, who, whatever he previously thought, now appears to have found out that spirited conduct is the surest road to triumph, aye and the safest too; we have now the grati-

fication of listening to operas splendidly (as to the female parts in particular) performed, and looking at a house filled with the beauties, and arrayed in the *animated* magnificence which compose the *Haut Ton* of what we hope will again be “merry” England.

We have seldom been more gratified than we were with Mademoiselle SONTAG'S performance in *La Cenerentola*, for although she might not have been received with all that enthusiasm which her first efforts among us created, we hesitate not to affirm that the delicacy and precision which characterise her vocal, and the nature and mind with which her theatrical efforts are imbued, deserve, because they were more matured, a higher measure of laudation than those original efforts actually were entitled to. In the first instance, we perhaps paid homage to her appearance, her youth, her vivacity; on the present occasion we are called upon to tender encouragement to the dawn of considerable genius, and the possession of almost the perfectibility of art. Of a different character, but perhaps even superior in its style, is the performance of Madame MALIBRAN GARCIA. Her *Desdemona*, with the exception it may be of PASTA'S *Nina*, which none who saw could any more forget than they could cease to remember our own SIDDONS'S *Lady Macbeth*, or JOHN KEMBLE'S *Coriolanus*, is one of the very finest representations this or any theatre has for a very long while given birth to; it is at once full of affectionate tenderness, yet imbued with the grandeur of truth and innocence; now touchingly pathetic, now fearfully energetic, till in her execution of the “Willow” song, and which she very properly divests of florid roulades, or flowery cadenzas, we reach the climax of genuine pathos, and heart-saddening feeling. Though not to such an extent, yet have we also been greatly pleased with her in *La Gazza Ladra*, and *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, in both of which operas (or parts of operas, for with respect to the latter but one act is usually played), she enacts the heroine, and “tops” the character; so that to mention “*Di Piacere*” and “*Una Voce*” is only to record two of many triumphs. The abilities of ZUCHELLI are undoubted, but, inasmuch as *non omnia possumus omnes*, (which means, good country reader, we cannot at all times do all things), we have seen better “*Figaros*,” more elastic and pleasant representatives of the cunning “barber;” but we have not beheld a “*Dr. Bartolo*” much superior to Signor GRAZIANI, who here played the character, and who was not only humorous in action, but happy in his songs.

*Masaniello* maintains its popularity, and keeps the house full till “Vesuvius having spat its anger out,” the fall of the green curtain gives the signal for the duke's carriage to stop the way, or Sir John's cabriolet to be turned towards the club-house, where its master supps,

“And flies from Fashion's unto Fortune's smile,  
To be beguill'd, or else perchance beguile.”

At the “Winter Theatres,”—so we fancy are DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN designated, though they somewhat voraciously claim *Spring* and *Summer* as their property—a rivalry, beneficial we hope to proprietors and public, of a gaudy character, exists, so that the activity of managers, and the fecundity of habitual authorship, are put in considerable requisition. For instance, at Mr. PRICE'S house has been produced, after long, and, as it proves, able preparation, AUBER'S *Muette di Portici*, here called also the *Dumb Girl of Genoa*, and in a style of such truth and magnificence with regard to the music, costumes, scenery, and action, as



at once to constitute the most splendid spectacle which the English Stage has in our memory ever given a local habitation or a name to. Nor from this general praise is it necessary to descend to particulars, for the history of *Masaniello the Fisherman*, or, *the Revolt of Naples*, has been so frequently before audiences, that had it even not been rendered notorious by the splendid Opera House ballet, there can be no necessity of adding upon the subject a single sentence to preceding records. Mr. BRAHAM is the representative of the hero, and although we could have wished one of more stately carriage had borne the character, and that he had taken a lesson in horsemanship from DUCROW, or his pupil LEICESTER STANHOPE, preparatory to his first appearance on a real charger, that really seemed aware it had no Alexander on its back, yet to no one could the music of the part have been entrusted with any thing like the certainty of a triumphant result. Of our hero's acting therefore, we prefer not to speak, but of his singing—especially the plaintive air in the first act, and its varied pathos in the last—we cannot report too highly. Delicacy, point, and skill were its characteristics. Miss BETTS, who by the way was a little too much in the *Mandane* style, had one very pretty air; but the melodies, whether solos or a duett, in which she had to bear her part, were not by any means equal in effect to the concerted pieces in which the opera abounded. These were executed most admirably, most faithfully; and being of great merit, expressive and graceful withal, they elicited unequivocal tokens of undivided approbation. The dances introduced were also well imagined, and neatly performed; but, for the taste of purely English spectators, they were much too frequent; suspending the action and interest of what little story the opera possessed to a tiresome degree. To curtail these would be to remedy the symptoms of impatience, and indications of restlessness which now pervade during the second act, a considerable portion of the audience. Of the representative of the *Dumb Girl*, *Masaniello's* sister, we would, in courtesy to a first appearance, a foreigner, and a comely girl, wish to speak encouragingly, nay highly, but really, when we know that there are half a dozen females, among our actresses, quite as pretty in appearance, and who could have represented the character very much better (good as some of her action was), we hesitate to applaud the whim—alas! too fashionable—which induced the caterers for the public taste to give a high premium to a professional being of another country, in preference to awarding employment to the natural talent of our own. With FANNY KELLY in the country, and ELLEN TREE in the Theatre, Mr. PRICE has not the shadow of an excuse for the engagement of the fantastically costumed, though we again admit pleasant carriage, Mademoiselle ALEXANDRINE.

A new play will also have been added to the stock of the treasury, or the shops of the waste-paper consumers, ere this notice meets the reader's eye; if it live, we will speak of it as we find it; if it perish, why, in the words of HOME, we will not "rake up the ashes of the dead."\*

At COVENT GARDEN, *Jane Shore* and *Romeo and Juliet*, have given us opportunities to weigh with our own the opinion of Continental critics relative to the theatrical merits of our quondam acquaintance Miss SMITHSON, inasmuch as she has recently appeared in character of the heroine of both

\* It will not only "live," but live long. It has proved one of the most effective historical dramas of the modern day, being conceived as cleverly, as it is played admirably.

tragedies. Candour, alas, compels, us to add that our foreign contemporaries have overrated her powers; for although time has improved her judgment if it has not advantaged her figure, and practice mellowed her performance, yet physical defects, and, we fear, a want of sterling genius, still operate against her becoming excessively popular in her profession. Clever she is, useful she may be, but a decidedly great actress she never can be; still we shall be very glad if future and more frequent opportunities compel us to retract our opinion,

"For 'tis not ours to damp the actor's mind  
By sneers unfeeling, or by words unkind,  
Darkly to stab, and leave the wrangling dart  
To gnaw and fester in his scathed heart;  
No rather we would seek the cause to raise,  
His anxious efforts by true-hearted praise,  
Bind on his brow the chaplet due to worth,  
And turn the mood of fear to marks of mirth."

The beautiful *Masque of Comus* has been revived with a strong cast, in a powerful style of brilliancy, and consequently with commensurate success. Miss HUGHES sustains the character of the *Lady*, C. KEMBLE that of *Comus*; MISSES BYFIELD, FORDE, and GOWARD, make excellent *Bacchantes*, whilst a delicious *Euprosyne* is found in the pretty little person of the talented Miss COVENEY. PHILLIPS and B. TAYLOR take the male vocal parts; and, by the style in which they go through them, increase very materially the effect of the representation.

"*Master's Rival*," after being withdrawn by its Author, PEAKE, (who would not put up with LISTON's being in such very high spirits) from DRURY LANE, has been enacted at this Theatre; with BARTLEY in BENNETT's, and WRENCH and KEELEY in JONES and LISTON's characters: but though this has literally been "Exchange no Robbery" we hardly think it will be a "Hit" here after the "Miss" there; or prove a palpable illustration of "Raising the Wind."

All the other Theatres, with the exception of the French in the Strand, which has lost its tower of strength in the departure of PERLET, (indeed an actor!) are, by dint of revivals and imitations, and broad bills, and shilling-orders, endeavouring to attract their share of the sight-loving people upon town, (the arrival of the DUKE OF ORLEANS and his Son will be a "help in hand" to most of them) and since they are industrious in their calling, we wish them remuneration equal to their deserts; for, after all, liberality and exertion are the true secrets of popularity; and there are few instances where that deference for public opinion, which make managers exert themselves to the utmost, have not been fairly recompensed by their audiences\*.

\* So many "At Homes" have claimed us at our end of the Town that we have not had yet a satisfactory opportunity of attending the invitation of MESSRS MATHEWS and YATES to theirs. We say "satisfactory" because we cannot consider a casual drop in during a portion of their entertainment only, and then being without elbow room, worthy that appellation. From the little, however, that we then saw and heard we made up our minds to repeat the visit; and, as the greater Spring Meetings at New Market are now over, we shall have the earlier leisure to enjoy the sport afforded by the lesser, though still important Spring Meeting of the Adelphi Theatre. In fact, we will exchange the "odds" of the Turf for the "oddities" of the stage; and, in lieu of the "names, weights, and colours of the riders," be content with a pun after LORD NORBURY, a precept according to DR. KITCHNER, or a point of practice from HENRY BROUGHAM.



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

### PLATE THE FIRST.

#### COSTUME OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 40.—ANDALUSIA.

The Spanish dresses we have before presented to our readers, were those worn only occasionally by females of the higher classes; we have an opportunity of presenting them with a costume now, worn by ladies of rank and fashion, in the delightful province of Andalusia.

Much intercourse, in time of peace, has been established between this part of Spain and England, ever since we have been firmly and quietly settled at Gibraltar. The ladies dress in a peculiar style, but not exactly Spanish; their costume resembling very much that of France and England; the well marked out waist, and the beautiful leg and foot, every Spanish woman will take care to make the best of; and when she possesses these attractions in an eminent degree, as the females of Spain certainly do, we must not fall out with them for making rather an unusual display of their taper ancles.

Over a slip of white taffety, is worn a dress of Barbary-gauze, handsomely ornamented at the border by a very broad fringe, formed of blue brocaded ribbon, in *treillage* work; and terminated at the mesh next the shoe by small knots of ribbon. The body is ornamented, downwards, by stripes of narrow blue ribbon, and a narrow black stomacher is worn in front of the waist; from whence depends an apron with a border at the end like that on a scarf, of white brocade, spotted with black. The small pockets, which are usually affixed to our modern aprons, are in this dress on each side of the petticoat; they are ornamented with ruby-coloured ribbons, and the fair Andalusian has a custom, not very graceful, of continually placing her hands on, or in them. The body is made low, and very becomingly so with a full triple falling tucker, in which Spanish points are not forgotten. The sleeves are *en jigôt*, of the same white gauze as the dress, and over them, is the sleeve we call *Seduisante*, of the same *treillage* work and colour as the fringe on the skirt. The bracelets, confining the sleeves at the wrists, are of white and gold enamel, intermixed with rubies. The head-dress consists of a very small Spanish hat of black satin, with a beautiful white plumage of Herons' feathers. Under this hat is worn an elegant cap of blond, *en bouffant*, the lappels kept in shape by narrow bands across, of white satin, with each a small rosette on the outside; these lappels are confined together at the breast by a small rosette of purple ribbon; below which, is one of white, with a loop, from whence depends a bow of black ribbon, with long ends; this is one of those whimsicalities of fashion, of which we cannot see the use or ornament. Round the throat is a plat of dark hair, with a gold *Cœur de Jesus* depending. The shoes are of white satin, with silk stockings, brocaded in buskins.

#### EVENING DRESS.

Over a pink satin slip, a dress of crape of the same colour, finished at the border by a very broad hem, over which are placed, obliquely, wreaths of puffed ribbon, about three shades darker than the dress. The body *à la Sevigné*, with a very splendid, large brooch, formed of aqua-marinas in the centre of the drapery, across the bust. Short, full sleeves, of white blond over white satin, somewhat shorter. The head-dress consists of a *béret* of pink satin, with a superb plume of white feathers, under the right side of the brim, which is much elevated; these feathers take a spiral direction towards the crown. The ear-pendants and necklace are of diamonds.

#### BRIDAL DRESS.

A dress of embroidered tulle over white satin, encircles the pattern stripes of foliage; one very broad flounce ornament finishes the border, headed by cockleshells of white satin, on which is embroidered a *fleur de lis*; the flounce is edged in a correspondent manner, but with the shells dependent, and from the base of the shell, which is uppermost, branches out delicate foliage, formed of white satin: the corsage is *à la Sevigné*; but the plain part fitting the waist is so beautifully disposed in bias, that the stripes on the tulle, have a very charming effect. The sleeves are long, excessively wide, *à la Maneluke*. The *Sevigné* drapery confined in the centre by a brooch, *en girandole*, of diamonds, set *à l'Antique*. The hair is elegantly and becomingly arranged, in curls and bows; or rather one large bow, formed of two light puffs, one near the face, the other approaching the summit of the head. These are divided by an ornamental kind of bandeau of blond, and the head is crowned by orange-flower blossoms on one side, and double garden-poppies, of a lilac colour, on the other. Long lappels of broad blond, depend from each side of the head behind, and fall gracefully over the shoulders. The necklace and ear-rings are of wrought gold and diamonds, with bracelets to suit.

FIG. 1.—New sleeve, *à la Seduisante*, of rich blond; headed next the shoulder by a full rosette of white satin ribbon.

FIG. 2.—Back view of the *coiffure* of the third figure in "Bridal costume."

### SECOND PLATE.

#### WALKING DRESSES.

A dress of white jacobot muslin, with a broad flounce, the flounce headed by a full cordon, formed of celestial-blue braiding; this flounce is slightly scalloped at the edge, where it is finished with a narrow lace. The sleeves are



*à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by a cuff, with one sharp point, which is trimmed round with the same narrow lace as that at the edge of the flounce. A ruff of the same is placed next the hand. A canezou fichu of celestial-blue silk, with a brocaded border of blue and white, is worn with this dress, with its short ends drawn through a belt of the same colour; and the fichu is bound round the edge with straw-coloured satin; a triple ruff of lace encircles the throat. The hat is of celestial-blue *gros de Naples*, trimmed with white gauze ribbon with satin stripes, and ornamented in front of the crown, with a bunch of the aspen-tree. A veil of white blond is worn with this hat. The gloves are of lemon-coloured kid, and the half-boots of celestial blue *gros de Naples*.

#### SECOND WALKING DRESS.

**CENTRE FIGURE.**—A pelisse of spring-green watered *gros de Naples*, fastening down the front of the skirt, under a rouleau; each side of which is ornamented by rosettes of plumb-coloured satin; a rouleau of which colour and material is placed round the border of the skirt, next the shoe. The sleeves are *en jigôt*, and very wide, and are confined at the wrists by broad gold bracelets, splendidly encased, and ornamented also by intaglios, set round by pearls. A canezou fichu of black blond, is worn over the shoulders, left open in front, discovering the body of the pelisse which is made entirely plain, surmounted at the throat by a very full ruff of blond. The bonnet is of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a profusion of lilac ribbon, striped with spring-green; it ties under the chin, with a large bow of the same ribbon. The half-boots are of plumb-coloured kid.

#### THIRD WALKING DRESS.

A high dress of steam-yellow-figured *gros de Naples*, trimmed next the feet, with a simple double rouleau. The body made *à la Circassienne*, fastened by a rich brooch of jewels. The sleeves *à la Mameluke*, with bracelets of white Venetian beads, edged on each sides with gold. The throat encircled by a ruff. Bonnet of pink satin, elegantly trimmed with the same material.

N. B. A bonnet is represented in this plate (a back view) of butter-cup yellow *gros de Naples*, trimmed with lilac ribbon, and branches of lilac. A broad white blond surrounds the edge of the brim.

#### PLATE THE THIRD.

##### WALKING DRESSES.—FIRST DRESS.

A pelisse of apricot-coloured *gros de Naples*; at the head of the broad hem surrounding the skirt, and down the front where it fastens, are lozenge puffings, each puff edged by extremely narrow silk heading, about two or three shades darker than the pelisse. The body is *à la Circassienne*, and is confined at the small of the waist by a belt the same as the dress, fastened in front by a gold buckle. Sleeves *à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by a *Manchette cuff*. Pointed mancherons are placed over the sleeves, on each shoulder. The pelisse is made without cape or collar, and is surmounted by a very full ruff of fine lace. The bonnet is of spring-green *gros de Naples*, trimmed with a variegated ribbon of straw-colour and bright geranium. On the straw-coloured part are clouds of green and geranium; a few puffs of the same colour and material as the bonnet are mingled with the bows of ribbon on the crown. Half-boots of kid, the colour of the pelisse, complete the costume.

##### SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A high dress of celestial-blue Levantine or tabinet, with a broad hem round the border, headed by a rich fringe of silk. The body made plain to fit the shape, with very wide sleeves *à la Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by gold bracelets. A double pelerine is worn with this dress, as an outdoor appendage, finished at each edge by a fringe corresponding with that over the hem on the skirt; this pelerine is surmounted by a ruff of blond. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with blond and the yellow flower called "Soloman's Seal," with green foliage. A veil of white blond is added, and a splendid throat-scarf, with long ends, depending to the feet is worn; it is of the Cachemire white, with the ends richly brocaded in various colours, and finished by a deep fringe the colour of the scarf. This dress is fitted to the morning exhibitions, &c.

##### HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

No. 1.—A dress of striped muslin, the ground, canary-yellow, with stripes of ethereal blue. A canezou of muslin, trimmed with lace, and without sleeves, is worn with this dress, the sleeves of which are *à la Mameluke*. The waist is encircled by a belt of blue ribbon, fastened in front with an oblong buckle of gold. The canezou, which has a pelerine-cape, surmounted by a lace ruff, ties in front, with a rosette of blue ribbon. The hat is of white *gros d'Été*, striped with blue, and is trimmed with bows of white gauze ribbon, and ornamented with bouquets of the leaves of the pine-apple.

No. 2.—A back view of an opera dress of pink crape, with blond full, short sleeves, ornamented at the shoulders with bows of white satin ribbon. Hat of pink crape, or of satin, with a white feather under the brim, taking its direction to the crown, which is slightly trimmed with white gauze ribbon.

##### FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A back view of the hat on the second Walking-Dress, crowned with double pink garden poppies.

FIG. 2.—Back view of the hat on No. 1. Half-length figure. The hat all white, with a full-blown rose added to the pine-leaves.

#### PLATE THE FOURTH.

##### A MORNING DRESS.

A dress of white organdy, with a broad hem round the border, above which are bouquets of variously-coloured flowers embroidered in crewels; a canezou of tulle, worked in a corresponding manner, forms the corsage, which is confined round the waist by a belt of Pomona-green satin, with a Chatelaine chain and key of gold; the belt fastens by a gold buckle in front. The mancherons on the sleeves are formed of points embroidered in colours, and edged with narrow lace, over which is a very narrow rouleau of Pomona-green satin. A cuff confines the sleeve at the wrist, which cuff is pointed, and on it is worked a small bouquet of flowers in different colours. An elegant blond cap is worn with this dress, lightly ornamented with scrolls of white satin and various small flowers; and broad strings of white striped gauze ribbon float over the shoulders.

##### AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of *oiseau de Paradis* satin, ornamented at the border by two rows of white gauze *bouillonés*; over which are placed across, in bias, trimmings of amber-silk, representing foliage: the upper *bouilloné* is headed by silk cordon of



the same colour as the foliage ornaments; and, at equal distances, are seen, dependant from the cordon, two superb tassels. The body is made plain, with a very deep falling tucker of rich blond. The sleeves very short, and a tassel descends from the shoulder to the elbow; two tassels, also, ornament the front of the bust, from a cordon which heads the tucker. The *coiffeure* consists of a dress hat of white crape, with a superb plume of white feathers, playing over it in every direction. A large rosette of white gauze figured ribbon is placed next the hair, under the brim on the right side. The necklace and ear-pendants are of gold. The bracelets of gold and enamel in different colours; two on each wrist. The shoes of white satin, with very small bows.

#### A MORNING DRESS.

A dress of white jaconot muslin, with a very broad hem, headed by a beautiful fringe, with the upper part in open work. Above the fringe is a row of embroidery. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, with an embroidered cuff at the wrist, surmounted by a full ruffle-frill of muslin, with a narrow lace edging. An embroidered fichu-shawl, trimmed round with lace, is worn with this dress; the ends drawn through a belt of white *gros de Naples*, on which is painted a wreath of blue flowers. The hat is of Barbel-blue crape, trimmed with broad ribbon of the same colour, white blond, and bracelets of white lilac.

N. B. A back view of the hat above described.

A fashionable cap of blond,—a back view,—trimmed with Barbel-blue ribbon.

#### NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JUNE, 1829.

Though the Spring has been somewhat backward, we may now venture to pronounce the Winter to have completely passed away: London is, however, a scene of gaiety and splendour. Balls and grand evening parties still continue, though their reign will now be but short; the Royal Academy of Paintings, and the various morning exhibitions are thronged with the most distinguished members of rank and fashion; the taste and elegance of whose dress it has been our task to investigate, as it is now to present the result of our observations to our numerous patronesses.

For these morning lounges, and for the retired home afternoon costume, we have much admired a high dress of lavender-coloured Norwich-crape; it is bordered by one broad flounce, in sharp points, bound by black satin, and headed by three narrow black satin *rouleaux*, and bows the same material and colour as the dress, bound round in bias by black satin. The body fastens in front *en pelisse*, with a falling square collar, partially pointed, and bound with black satin. The sleeves fit almost tight to the arm, and have a *chemisette-sleeve-Mancheron*, and at the wrists a gauntlet-cuff. A belt incircles the waist the same as the dress, and is bound in a manner corresponding with the other trimmings. One of the newest evening dresses is of white *crêpe-Aerophane* over white satin: two very broad bias folds surround the border of the skirt, headed by white satin *rouleaux*: the corsage is ornamented across the top of the bust, *en Chevrans*, by satin *rouleaux*, and pointed at the base of the waist; which, as well as the *Chevrans*, is finished by beautiful blond. The sleeves are *en jégôt*, with a broad gauntlet cuff of white satin, ornamented by a row of very small gold Almeida buttons, set very close together in bias, on the outside of the cuff. For the other

novelties in the gown department we refer our readers to our engravings for June Fashions.

For the out-door costume a very beautiful Summer cloak for the open carriage, has just been completed at Mrs. Bell's tasteful *Magazin de Modes* in Cleveland Row. This cloak is of *gros de Naples* of a bright jonquill, and is lined with white sarcenet; it envelops, while it sets off the shape, and is devoid of all ornament. A pelisse of emerald-green Indian reps silk is equally admired; it is ornamented down each side of the bust, and where it closes in front of the skirt, with green satin, in zig-zag. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, with a gauntlet cuff, terminating in a point towards the upper part of the arm, where there is an ornament representing a *fleur de lis*, in narrow *rouleaux* of green satin. A narrow cape collar, in Castilian points, falls over from the throat.

Among the new hats and bonnets is one of the latter, formed of plaided silk, the ground of which is fawn, with chequers of pink and black satin, formed of very narrow stripes, is trimmed with a rich broad ribbon of dark chocolate brown, edged on one side with a green satin stripe, on the other with blue. Scrolls of the same material as the bonnet ornament the crown, interspersed with the ribbon above mentioned, and tropic birds; feathers, of pink and yellow, complete the embellishments. A rose-coloured satin bonnet, figured in lozenge-diamonds, is of a shape less becoming than the one before described; this is extremely *evasé*; but is filled up by a trimming under the brim, of gauze ribbons striped with black, blue, and yellow. The bows on the bonnet, and the loop-strings are pink with a stripe of yellow, clouded with blue. A small, pink, spiral feather, finishes the trimming. A very elegant bonnet is of white *gros de Naples*, with broad stripes across, the colour of the Parma-violet: it is very tastefully trimmed with ornaments of the same, bound with Canary-yellow: the bows are of gauze ribbon; a Spring green, striped with white and green satin. A very handsome carriage bonnet is of ethereal-blue satin, with a quilling of blond under the brim, next the hair. At the edge are placed, beneath two *Esprits*; that on the right side, rose colour and white, on the left, white and yellow; the bonnet is bound at the edge by a plaid ribbon, the chequers of very lively colours on a white ground; the bows and strings are of straw-coloured ribbon beautifully clouded with bark-brown, rose-colour, and violet. A most superb plume of blue, curled feathers, plays over the crown and brim.

A blue net *béret-turban* is of a novel and truly elegant shape; it is laid in fluted folds, and next the hair, is placed, on one side, an *esprit* feather of straw-colour. On the opposite side, and nearer the summit, is another feather of the same colour, representing the tail of the bird-of-Paradise, which gracefully depends over towards the shoulder. A turban of pink satin and crape, in the turkish form, is elegantly ornamented with white Marabouts, in various directions. *Berets* are of white crape, with a bow of satin ribbon, cut in fringe at the ends, falling over the left side of the hair, under the brim. A superb plume of white flat Ostrich feathers finishes this head-dress. The blond caps have experienced but little alteration since last month; one for half dress is of beautifully figured gauze; black, with pink figures. It is adorned with pink Canterbury-bells; in bouquets, and pink gauze ribbons, striped with black. A favourite cap for home costume, *à la fiancée*, is of rich white blond and *tulle*, and is trimmed with jon-



quille-coloured gauze, and *rouleaux* of satin ribbon of the same tint.

A beautiful article for dresses has just appeared; the ground of some chaste, unobtruding colour, with satin stripes of the same on *gros de Naples*, between the stripes are heart's-eases, of every different colour, brocaded.

The colours most admired are stone-colour, lavender, jonquille, rose-colour, ethereal-blue, and emerald-green.

**GREASE SPOTS.** The following method of removing grease and oil spots from silk and other articles, without injury to the colours, is given in the *Journal des Connaissances Usuelles*: Take the yolk of an egg and put a little of it on the spot, then place over it a piece of white linen, and wet it with boiling water: rub the linen with the hand, and repeat the process three or four times, at each time applying fresh boiling water: the linen is to be then removed, and the part thus treated is to be washed with clean cold water.

## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—The most elegant hats are generally seen finished at the edge of the brims by a very broad blond, as broad as a quarter and half-quarter of an ell, which forms a demi-veil. Several chip hats are so ornamented. Feathers of cherry-colour recline gracefully over the brim. On Leghorn hats, one simple branch of flowers falls on one side, or one large flower, accompanied by a slight portion of foliage. The strings, which tie the hats under the chin, are edged with blond *en ruche*; bonnets of blue or steam-coloured *gros de Naples*, are very shallow in the crown; it is rather round, and the edge is bordered with blond; these bonnets are extremely pretty. There are some of straw-colour, also, lined with pink, and ornamented with roses; others in white crape, with coloured linings, and trimmed with ribbons and flowers of suitable shades to the lining. Two hats have been seen, entirely made of blond, divided by bands of satin. Those of coloured crape are ornamented by branches of lilacs. Some hats, of fine Leghorn or white chip, have no ribbons, but are embellished by two birds of paradise; a simple ribbon fastens these hats, which are exclusively worn by women of the first fashion, under the chin. A branch of white *camelia* is a favourite ornament on a white chip hat; it is placed obliquely, from the summit of the crown on the left side, and is brought to the edge of the brim on the right. Several hats of yellow or of lilac crape have been seen at the *Marchandes des Modes*, ornamented with hyacinths of various colours, fixed at the base of the crown, in front. For white chip hats, the favourite flower is the poppy, either single or double, with three or four buds; at the base of the flower is always a rosette of gauze ribbon. Among other hat-ornaments is the variegated laurel. Another is the canary-bell-flower, the chalice of which blows out like a puff.

In general, both the chip and Leghorn hats, are smaller than they were last summer; but the flowers now that ornament them are voluminous; such, for example, as a large branch of pine, chestnut-tree, and from other large trees. When a poppy is placed on one side of a white chip hat, it is not unusual to add to it a branch of green heath and a large full-blown rose. The ribbon trimming consists of two separate bows; one, very full, is placed on the summit of the crown, on one side, and the other, having only two loops

on the brim, on the opposite side. The inside of the brim is ornamented with bows, blond, and leaves, cut out of ribbons. Some strings are worn fastened to the crown, and are passed through sliders on the brim, and tie under the chin. Several hats are trimmed with blond, which crosses the front of the crown, and is supported by branches of flowers; it terminates on each side of the brim, where the slider is fixed for the strings to pass through. Among some of the most elegant hats, may be cited one of fine straw, lined with blue crape, and ornamented by five feathers, half blue and half straw-colour. Hats of rose-coloured crape are surrounded by a broad blond. One bow of gauze ribbon is added to a branch of heath, which falls like a weeping-willow over the brim. Several hats of crape, or of *Gros de Naples*, of steam-colour, are adorned with flowers and blue ribbons; the flowers are red.

There are two shapes very distinct in the Leghorn hats: those *à la Français*, are short at the ears; those *à l'Anglaise*, are, on the contrary, very long: a poppy, with buds, forms the trimming on the first; on the latter, it is a branch of whitethorn, slightly bent. Instead of flowers, large bows of ribbon are sometimes placed over the brims of some Leghorn hats, spread out at a distance from each other, like a fan. Almost all the hats of *gros de Naples* are edged with a broad blond. Some ladies place on a yellow or a lilac hat, a black blond, and a green blond on a rose-coloured hat.

A new way of ornamenting white chip hats under the brims, consists in taking a ribbon with satin stripes, then twisting it, and afterwards disposing it in puffs; this row of puffing goes from one string to the other.

Some hats, the crowns of which are of spotted gauze, have the brims entirely of blond, or of ribbon and blond. These brims are supported by means of wired ribbon, concealed under narrow *rouleaux* of satin.

Green, either in ribbons or flowers, is the most fashionable colour for Leghorn hats. Poppies, heath, young fir, all are green.

In elegant *deshabille*, the bonnets are of fancy straw, striped or chequered; they are lined with white, or with coloured *gros de Naples*.

**OUT-DOOR-COSTUME.**—Muslin canezous are very universal over silk dresses, or a pelerine the same as the dress.

The riding-habits are made long, especially behind; they are often of violet colour, with the corsage of velvet; the buttons wrought in *or mat*.

Some riding-habits have appeared of lapis-blue cloth, with silver buttons, set on in the hussar style. The collars and lappels of riding-dresses resemble those on a man's coat. The cravat is white, and the shirt collar, also, has the same masculine appearance. The shirt is laid in large plaits, and is fastened by five buttons in gold enamel.

The *Ibis* is now seen to triumph over the *boa* tippets; this bird, so sacred to the Egyptians, is now beautifully imitated in painting and embroidery on summer shawls of slight texture, which bear the title of that bird with which they are ornamented; and we need not doubt but that it will possess, under the empire of beauty, that power which it enjoyed during the time of the Pharaohs. Under the folds of the boas, an allegory easy to comprehend, commanded their admirers to fly from them; the serpent was reposing on flowers; but the shining plumage of the mysterious bird, gives to them an additional charm, and if it inspires for them a respect less profound than heretofore,



it is yet still more capable of establishing their power by affording them that of gaining discretion from a law so inviolable to the initiated of former ages; for, when Cambyes usurped Egypt, Peluse was about to open its gates, but desisted at the sight of some of these birds, which interposed between him and the enemy, and such was the respect and veneration which they inspired, that for fear of wounding them or only terrifying them during the attack, the Egyptians remained inactive and the town was taken.

Several summer shawls have been invented to satisfy Parisian caprice; amongst which are the *Egyptian and Tartarian* shawls. Some of real cachemire have also recently arrived.

Pelerines, the colour of the dress, are trimmed with the same fringe as appears round the border. The richest kind is the corded fringe; they are excessively broad.

A favourite dress for the public walks is one of cambric, with two pelerines, each edged with a narrow meclin lace.

**DRESSES.**—The sleeves à l'*Amadis* are much in vogue, with a short full sleeve underneath, and a narrow ruffle at the wrist. Some of the sleeves yet continue very wide, but this fullness terminates just above the elbow, where it is confined, and the rest sits close to the arm. White sleeves are worn with silk dresses and with coloured muslins. canezous in muslin or tulle prevail much, the former are embroidered in feather-stitch. The trimming of the epaulettes and of the pelerines descends very low over the sleeves, and has the effect of a small sleeve; double ruffles are worn at the wrists; one falls over the hand, the other stands up next the arm. Broad hems are the favourite borders to the skirts, the only novelty is in the narrow heads above the hem. Yet the most eminent dress-makers continue to make gowns with deep founces, especially on those of muslin. The most original mode shews itself in Canezous of Organdy, or white muslin embroidered with coloured crewel. There has also appeared a canezou-fichu of coloured *gros de Naples*; these fichus are worn with white dresses. The number of dresses trimmed with fringe, with the head of the fringe curiously wrought, increases daily.

The corsages are almost all made plain; those with a point are no longer worn. Gowns for dress parties have all drapery across the bust. The white canezous, which are embroidered in coloured crewel, are worn over a petticoat of the same colour as the embroidery. Dresses of *gros de Naples* have often a pelerine the same as the gown, trimmed with a broad fringe, a row of which ornaments the border and ascends as high as the knee. The sleeves à la *Mameluke*, with broad plaited cuffs. The sashes are of very broad ribbon, the same colour as the dress, without ends, and fastened behind by a gold buckle.

The dresses are made so short in front, that the stocking is seen above the half-boot, or the gaiter.

Ball dresses are bordered with one or two founces of Chantilly blond, and with rouleaux of the same colour, but not of the same texture as the dress; they are of satin, when the dresses are tulle, or crape, or gauze. Two or three of these rouleaux, separated from each other, the space between about as wide as the rouleau, or double the breadth, are placed just below the knee, then repeated in an equal number, but near a foot distant from the others.

Instead of these rouleaux, the dress of a lady was seen ornamented with silver lama on Navarin-blue. The belt and the drapery of the corsage were also interwoven with silver. A cherry-coloured ball-dress had a gold ornament

about a hand's breadth, above the knees. White Organdy dresses are trimmed with a broad satin ribbon, in the middle of which is a gold stripe; the sash is the same but narrower. Béret sleeves are covered with blond *en oreilles d'elephant*; or the sleeves are trimmed with puffs of ribbon to answer those of the sash. Several dresses are seen of lilac *gros de Naples*, or of Indian-green, or salmon colour, striped with cordons of flowers. The dress-makers continue to make the gowns very short in front, a little longer at the sides, and long behind. Painted silks are worn in full dress, in bouquets; a glazed *gros de Naples* is of the changeful and beautiful colour of the turtle dove's neck; a dress of mass muslin, with white canezou, promises to be in high favour this summer. Amongst the new materials for summer dresses is Indian long cloth, with gothic patterns, which have a wonderfully pleasing effect. A new material has also been displayed, called *Abureerrage*; but is one of those articles with which we are pleased, we know not why.

Balls have taken place again, a short time ago, at which were remarked some very pretty dresses. One was of white crape, and above the broad hem at the border, were placed ears of green corn, at separate distances; the stalks and beards of the corn were delicately worked in silk, while each grain was formed of a green bead, which being oblong, caused a beautiful effect.

Every lady of fashion now wears white muslin ruffles, beautifully embroidered; sometimes the ruffle is at the edge of the wristband of the long sleeve, and at others, the ruffle is placed above, as a trimming; a kind of weeper, also, is worn, about half a quarter of an ell in breadth.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—Bérets and turbans are of coloured or white crape, spotted with gold or silver.

Under the article of ball-dresses we mentioned a dress ornamented with ears of corn in green beads: the classical *coiffure* adopted with this costume, consisted of emerald ears of corn, intermingled with those of diamonds.

**JEWELLERY.**—Bracelets are declining in favour, Chate-laines are expected to be worn all the summer. The most distinguished are in enamel, and they are made to correspond with the chain worn round the neck.

A ring of tortoise-shell is much in favour, with the following motto: "*Tant qu'il durera.*" These rings are called a *Caprice*.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Half-boots are universally worn. They are of *gros de Naples*, of every colour. The stockings most in favour are of Scotch thread. The shoes are all square-toed, without bows, and sometimes without sandal-strings.

The new parasols are all fringed.

The Boa-tippets seem to be in great danger: it is in vain that Golconda and Brazil have furnished these powerful talismans; in vain Flanders and India, Lyons and England have offered their most beautiful tissues, diamonds, scarfs, blonds and lace; all is now eclipsed, all are obscured under the overwhelming windings of the over-ruling reptile. Sinking under the most painful efforts, fatigued by the long reign of the boas that the approach of summer commands us to annihilate, the genius of fashion has itself furnished the arms which will destroy this too lasting a predilection, in the *Ibis* now so much the rage.

There are no longer seen shoes fastened to the gaiters. The most fashionable ladies wear half-boots, all of the same material; the shoe-part is marked out by a silk cordon.



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LXI.—English Earls.

## LEGGE, EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

*Thomas Legge*, from whom this Earl is descended, was Lord Mayor of London in 1346 and 1358, and was ancestor of Thomas Legge, who settled in Ireland, and whose grandson, William Legge, was appointed groom of the bedchamber to Charles I. He was distinguished for his great fidelity to that unfortunate monarch; and was wounded and taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, but contrived to effect his escape; and, on the restoration of Charles II. was made treasurer of the ordnance. He died in 1672, leaving issue,

**GEORGE**, the first Baron Dartmouth, who went early to sea: in 1673 he was appointed governor of Portsmouth, master of the horse, and gentleman of the bedchamber to the Duke of York. In 1682, he was created Baron Dartmouth, and in 1688, admiral of the fleet. He was committed to the tower in 1691, for his attachment to James II. where he died October 25th, 1691. He was succeeded by his only son,

*William*, the second Lord, who was born October 14th, 1672. On September 5th, 1711, he was created Earl of Dartmouth and Viscount Lewisham; he was married July, 1700, to Anne, daughter of Henage Finch, the first Earl of Aylesford; by this lady he had issue six sons and two daughters. The Earl died in December, 1750, and was succeeded by William, his grandson, who was

*Second Earl*.—His Lordship was born on the 20th of June, 1731; on January 11th, 1755, he married Frances Catharine, sole daughter and heir to Sir Charles Gunter Nicoll, K. B., and by her had issue, George, the third Earl, and other children. The second Earl of Dartmouth died on July 15th, 1801, and was succeeded by his eldest son, George, who was

*Third Earl*.—He was born October 3d, 1755, and was married September 24th, 1782, to Frances Finch, sister to Henage, Earl of Aylesford, and by her had issue, sons and daughters; his eldest son, William, succeeded him, and is

*The fourth, and present Earl*.—His Lordship was born on the 29th of November, 1784, and succeeded to the titles and estates of his father, at his death, which took place on the 2d of November, 1810. He was married on the 5th of April, 1821, to Frances Charlotte, the eldest daughter of Earl Talbot, and by her had issue a son, Viscount Lewisham, born June 10th, 1822, and who died the following year; his Lordship has another son, now Viscount Lewisham, his heir apparent, who was born August 12th, 1823. Lady Dartmouth survived the birth of this second son only two months.

The motto of this family is, *Gaudet tentamine virtus*.—"Virtue rejoices in trial."

## THE FASHION OF HARMONY.

"Fashion, thou queen in motley radiance bright,  
How varied are thy sources of delight;  
Fickle and ever changing, never true,  
Still thou art lovely, for thou still art new!"

FENTON.

"—And ye call this harmony! By my faith, an' this be  
*fashionable* now,  
Ere long we'll have a hurdy-gurdy in my lady's boudoir."

ANON.

Among all the transmutations of fashion, there is nothing more changeable than poetry and song; and an attentive observer may agreeably occupy his time, in noticing the rapid variations which are made in those two branches of polite art. It is not merely fashion in dress that is particularly amusing, for the motley-coloured deity, confines not her empire to a gentleman's coat, or a lady's gown.

Fashion spreads her influence over every scene of her resplendent "World," and affects each of her votaries with her own propensity for change; thus, like the beautiful and variegated kaleidoscope, the splendours which are recognized and esteemed at one moment, give place the next, to others equally bright, and equally alluring.

Painting and Poetry have always been subjected to this disposition for change; and, than *Music*, every body must allow, nothing has more *variations*. One day we are found applauding MOZART, and running half the town over to hear his "Giovanni," or his "*Così Fan Tutte*;" and the next we read of him with as much unconcern as though he were a street fiddler, or a musician of Owbyee! HANDEL and his oratorios then become the rage; but even they are speedily forgotten in the light playfulness, or the elaborate incomprehensibility, of the *sublime* ROSSINI!\* Then again, WEBER and his infernalities, occupy the admiration of the *haut ton*, who forget even him, in the simple prettinesses of BARNETT and HORN, who share the public approbation with BAYLEY'S "Butterflies," and ALEXANDER LEE. At the present moment, this is the prevailing taste; for although it may be fashionable to be seen at the Opera, talk of PISARONI, lament for PASTA, and patronize BLASIS, yet, in the drawing-room, English melodies are preferred to the outrageous monstrosities of foreign style.

This "fashion," however, seems tottering; its death-warrant has been drawn up, and only waits the signature of

\* This vain and pompous man, who was at one period so much the rage here, in writing to his mother abroad, always addressed his letters thus:—"All Illustrissimo Signora Rossini, Madre de celebre maestro, in Pesaro!"—And this a critical enthusiast calls "a very pardonable vanity, if not rather an amiable sentiment."—Out upon such stuff!



the motley goddess, when away it will be dispersed to the winds, and give place to some other peculiarity equally alluring, but equally frail and fragile. English melodies have reached

“—— the full meridian of their greatness,  
And haste now to their setting!”

“the force of *prettiness* can no farther go;” and, satiated with the delectabilities of modern song-writers, Fashion is spreading her wings for another flight, to luxuriate upon some other soil. Every attentive observer must be aware of this, for one glance at the words of some of the most modern songs, will afford a direct evidence of the fact.—Poetry has always been allowed a world of its own, and the effusions of BYRON and MOORE have been justly celebrated, notwithstanding they breathe a purity and holiness *unnatural*, because, in “this world as it is,” such beautiful imaginings can have no realization; yet, from their really happy sentiments, and the amiable spirit which they breathe, we are content to let them pass with the impress of currency upon their leaves; but when we have the most absurd of all absurdities glossed over, and embossed and enwreathed in all the *prettiness* of the diction of a modern song-writer, the most vitiated taste rejects the incomprehensible jargon, and Fashion herself blushes for her votaries.

What is more common than to hear ladies sighing to be *butterflies*, and wishing to “pilfer fairies’ wands,” to have a couple of wings fastened upon their delicate shoulders, to luxuriate in the light ether, to sip honey from every flower “that is pretty and sweet,” and to die at length amid the expiring brilliancy of a summer’s day! How *very* pretty! What an Elysian desire, to be sure! What a delightful exhibition it would be, to behold our belles effect a transformation at once so delicate and so poetical; and then to hear the request buzzed through the opera boxes, for Lady \*\*\*\*\* to fold up her wings, as they obstruct the view of Miss Aurelia Chrysalis! And again, for the Honourable Miss C——, to take in her horns, as they discompose the head decorations of her maiden aunt! Aye, too, and might they not “wing their way” to the opposite side of the house, when they wished to communicate with their friends, and refresh themselves between the acts, by fluttering above the heads of the delighted pittites! What an Elysian realization it would be! How might we Strephons “of the youthful vein” adore our really angels,—how would our thoughts be fired, and our muses inspired; and with what fervour could we poetize about the creatures of light and life, wafted by the floating zephyrs upon the wings of love, and falling like the rich gifts of heaven into our fond arms! Do not be irate, fair reader, for all this is quite, yea, quite in character with your pretty burden of

“I’d be a butterfly, born in a bower,  
Where roses and lilies and violets meet!”

(*What an assemblage!*) that is, “the roses and lilies and violets” have been taking a walk, a pedestrian tour, (probably in imitation of our friend, the Essayist, in the *Gentleman’s Magazine of Fashion*) a rural lounge as far as Hampstead, perhaps, or to Highgate, or very probably out to Hornsey-wood, and by great good luck, chance to meet in a bower, where no less a creature than a *butterfly* is to be born!—What a pretty, interesting idea? Would not this be equally as fine?

I’d be a little pig, born in a shower  
Of pearly rain, ’mong golden straw, and wash like  
nectar sweet!

Now that would be quite in *rhyme* with the foregoing, and I am sure it is quite as *reasonable*. Might it not be sung in duetto? Suppose some of my fair readers were to try, and, in the mean time, I will arrange for them the remainder of the air.

The other evening I was at a private party, and, among the amusements of the evening, a lady favoured us with an air of her own composition, which began with—

“My own, my glorious, pretty sun!”

which first line was decapo’d half-a-dozen times. Now, you must understand, that the aforesaid lady was a spinster, a maiden of strict morality and irreproachable fame; but, nevertheless, when she began to talk—I beg pardon, *sing*, of her “pretty sun,” every gentleman tittered, and every lady blushed; all of us were painfully agitated, and every body seemed distressed but the lady herself, who unblushingly continued to sport her airs, graces, cadences and trills out of number, upon the aforesaid ominous words; but to our blissful relief she shortly began the second line in continuation—

“Great solar, radiant orb of day!”

when an unanimous exclamation of delight burst from the company, in order to stifle the convulsive laugh, which many, however, could not restrain, upon finding the lady’s “dear and pretty son” to be nothing more than the “radiant orb of day!”

This, however, is all of a piece with the present peculiarity; laugh not, reader, at the funniment of my lady friend, for hast thou not vehemently applauded similar monstrosities? Is not Miss LOVE’s newest, an admirable companion to the above? Can any thing more appropriate be appended thereto, than,

“Rise, gentle moon!”

Miss L.’s pretty song, in “Charles the XIIth,” which is nightly encored at Drury-lane,—“My pretty sun,” and “My gentle moon!” Mercy upon us! what shall we have next? Then, again, in the refinement of lyric poetry, have we a pretty ditty, called “My wild Guitar;” which is refined on most enchantingly, by another song-writer, with “My sweet Guitar!”—Sugar-candy and capillaire avant! *guitars* will dispossess us of thy recollections! And, aye, let me not forget another “sweet mid all these sweetnesses”—“*Sweet evening star!*” Dear, dear, how very *sublime!* magnificently sublime it is! Talk of the poets of the olden days—psha! we’ll smother the crabbed fellows in our hive of *sweets*.

“What an harmonious age is this!” says a modern essayist. “Every thing harmonizes now, Moor-ish songs, and country dances by a *Bishop*. Melographicons, harmonicons, street organs, sostenentes, and Bayley songs, putting one in mind of fetter dances and the dying *tones* produced by Jack Ketch—(Mem. we now have “*Bayley butterflies*,” formerly they were Newgate *birds*; but these are improving times,)—then we have violin MORI—horn PUZZI—a boxer (BOCHSA) harping ‘strike up nose,’ catgut-scrapers, violin, and fiddle-de-dee! Singularly strange, is it not? But who cares? Every one, to be *ton-ish*, must be musical; and he who has not music in his soul—why has it not—which is plain enough to a goose, or any other thinking animal.



Still music is a delightful study, and we are all more or less obedient to it. I know a gentleman farmer who found harmony in the squeaking of his pigs; and a carman once told me he knew of no *sounds* equal to the cracking of his whip, or the creaking of his heavy loaded cart; the knife-grinder says there is no music to equal the *sharp*-ening of a cleaver, and my Yorkshire servant tells me there's no one in town can equal him in doing the *flats*; however, I consider him a *natural* for all that. Only listen to the fish-monger, he is praising his own *sounds*, and the postman will have it, that among all the professors, he himself bears the *bell*; but that's a mistake, he has a powerful rival in the dustman, and both are surpassed by the ringers in St. Bride's steeple, who declare that CHARLEY HORN stole "I've been roaming" from their "score." Ask the brazier who's the best musician, and he'll tell you, *himself*, for he makes the trumpets, (isn't a *composer* thereby?)—never mind, its well for people to trumpet their own praise, when nobody else will do it for them; however, to proceed,—a glutton, of the name of Pope, excited by hunger, swore no music likened the rattling of knives and forks; one of the lancers was always talking about the harmony of the *spears*, in a very *pointed* manner; and a *bon vivant* of the first order, told me he could never reach *mellow D* (melody); but I knew he lied—under a mistake of course. But this is the "*fashion of harmony*," every body is a musician in turn, and the motley coloured goddess dispenses her favour in whimsicality and fun. Let her give her fiat for the enthronement of ROSSINI, and behold he reigns the absolute monarch of the world of harmony;—let her but clap her badge upon Kit Sly, the tinker, and the nod of his head, and the wag of his foot, will be especially noted and applauded; the hand of Fashion will smooth his rugged and uncouth appearance, and her votaries will be unanimous in "writing him down—the *ton*."

Such is the *Fashion of Harmony*; trifling as it may seem, it nevertheless affords a vast fund of amusement to all those who are not so splenetic as to refuse enjoyment's cup when it is not proffered by the hands of a philosopher. Life was given us but to enjoy, and we may as well laugh with the world as at it. "*Vive la bagatelle!*" should be the general exclamation; and whether Fashion patronizes English or Hebrew melodies,—whether the rage is for ROSSINI or WEBER, BISHOP, MOZART, or the Bohemian brothers; whether "*taste*" inclines to elephants or butterflies, man-monkeys, rope-dancers, or masquerades, among the leaders will ever be found, "sketching the manners as they rise," fair ladies, your friend and admirer,

#### THE FEMALE DESPOT.

There are women who will not be satisfied with the precepts laid down by the church, and who, paying no regard to the code of civil laws, pretend, in spite of the secondary condition in which nature has placed them, to reign over the conjugal house and govern despotically the husband who is too kind and indulgent; as by those means he appears imbecile in the bosom of his family.

The Chevalier FRANVAL, after twenty-two years' glorious campaigns, tired of glory, and especially of commanding, to which his rank of Colonel compelled him, suddenly applied for leave to retire, and returned to Paris, that in the happiness of social life he might repose from the fatigues of war. But there he soon perceived he was a bachelor, and

an old bachelor; he became weary of his single state, and sought a wife. Several presented themselves to his sight, but their characters did not suit him; however, by dint of searching, a young female, about five-and-twenty, fell in his way: he was much charmed with her; she was well brought up, and belonged to worthy parents; poor, it is true, but he was in easy circumstances, and that was no impediment.

He hastened his marriage, which took place in a few days, to his great satisfaction; but three months had not passed away, before the little woman, imposing on the extreme good nature of FRANVAL, and following the advice of her mother with too much precision, began to take on her the sole authority, with so much address, that the good Chevalier could only laugh at it: he even lent a helping hand. From authority, the little gentle creature proceeded to absolute despotism. Against this the Chevalier exerted his voice; she pouted, he remonstrated; she loaded him with caresses, and he was vanquished; FRANVAL was conquered by a woman,—he whose firmness had rendered him so formidable to the enemy. This was only the prelude to what happened to him in the end, and the year passed away in this state of domestic war, which was preparing for the Chevalier, all that can be humiliating to a master of a family.

The second year commenced by the *accouchement* of Madame FRANVAL; the *accoucheur*, called in by the husband, had been sent away by the wife, who would not employ any other than him who had attended her mother; little JULES, who was to have been nursed by his mother, according to the Chevalier's wish, was to go, in spite of his orders, to receive the lacteal nourishment from a hired nurse, thirty leagues from Paris, and vegetate amongst the squalid dirt of a miserable cottage. At the getting up of Madame, some old friends of FRANVAL were sent away (they might, it was feared, give advice), and the good Chevalier durst not shew any signs of discontent. But this was not the worst: Madame found that her husband was ill-dressed; his tailor was dismissed, under pretence that his work was not strong enough, and the gentle wife of FRANVAL, as she spoke to him on economy, ordered for him pantaloons, waistcoats, and coats, and a hat from a hatter of her own choosing, and FRANVAL was quite delighted; soon after she fixed the days for Monsieur to go out, the hour at which he was to return home was also irrevocable; a servant, who for eighteen years had lived with his master, was discharged, without pity, because he had given him a blue coat to put on, when his mistress had ordered that he should wear a black one.

As the Chevalier could scarce be permitted to stir out of his house, he had a billiard table placed in it. Madame said nothing, but while her good natured husband was in town, she sold the billiard table and all its appurtenances without giving him notice. FRANVAL scolded, but he yielded when he was told that playing at billiards heated him too much. He was very fond of coffee after dinner, but he was given only a glass of sugar and water. If he wished to go to the theatre, he was dragged out to take a walk. Contradicted, and denied all that accorded with his former habits and taste, the Chevalier, who felt that his dignity as a man was compromised, began to shew some opposition; then, the gentle wife, the counselling mother, and the good old father began to scold, and the poor Chevalier had nothing else left to do than to save himself by quitting the house, while he cursed the day in which he was actuated by the desire of marrying; however, he must go home again, the hour he dined at had struck, and the dinner was served up. FRAN-



VAL asked for some claret, Madame made him drink Burgundy, always for economical reasons; and instead of a fowl, which he had looked for, they forced him to eat part of a strong, old goose, which Madame declared to be delicious.

In the mean time, FRANVAL lost all patience, and was determined there should be a thorough change; he made out some new regulations, and Madame demanded a separation of persons and goods; the Chevalier, who was an excellent man, and who felt that he would cause his name to be scandalized, and was besides a tender father, would not consent to this; and sooner than be separated from an insufferable Negera, he bowed under the yoke which she had imposed on his weakness; but grief pressed hard upon him; the death of his little JULES was the first cause of his sorrow; yielding incessantly to what, he a thousand times used to name female despotism, he died, and left, by the arrangement of his property, his widow, without any other fortune than her very moderate pension.

Then it was that the gentle, little woman, began to reflect; but it was too late, the evil could not be remedied; she was obliged to give up pleasure, affluence, and that happiness which is felt by exciting the envy of others. Her fate may serve as a warning to those despotic females who know not how to observe a just and proper medium in their conduct, and who abuse the kindness of an indulgent husband, that they may establish absolute authority over his household, by every member of which they are execrated and detested, while without they are shunned and despised.

### SUMMER STANZAS AND JOYS FOR JUNE;

OR THE PAST AND THE PROMISED:

By *A Blue-belle*.

"The very season of leaves and roses, and pleasure and prettiness; when the days are brightest and the weather at the finest; and the whole GREAT WORLD girdeth itself for enjoyment."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

The LEVEE's past, and very full  
 It was of swords and stars,  
 Of Lordlings young in Fashion's school,  
 Of veterans seamed with scars;  
 The tartan plaid, the falconer's green,  
 The judge's scarlet vest,  
 In state profusion, there were seen,  
 Around of KINGS the best:  
 Then for us, sisters, came the bloom  
 And blushings of the DRAWING-ROOM.  
 Oh! 'twas a beauteous, bounteous sight  
 To see that noble crowd,  
 Of prince, and peer, and peeress bright,  
 The pretty and the proud:  
 On LIEVEN's form the lama dress,  
 The plume on NELSON's hair,  
 And LONDONDERRY's loveliness,  
 And LYNDHURST *debonnaire*;  
 And BRUDENELLE, sweet and good of heart,  
 Array'd by native toil and art.\*

\* At the Drawing-room, the Countess NELSON's headress was composed of the superb diamond chelengk, or

Then who, LAPORTE, shall paint the scene

Thy house that evening wore,  
 When every lady looked a queen,  
 And courtly costume bore?  
 Spot of my home, with pride I trace  
 These proofs of thy pure fame;  
 Show me, ye emigrants, the place  
 Compared, sinks not in shame?  
 Talk as ye will of foreign strand,  
 We'll cling to English taste and land.

Or shall we turn unto the *East*,  
 At charity's soft voice,  
 Not with the citizens to feast,  
 Yet "greatly" to "rejoice?"  
 And then behold the tear-drop steal  
 Down ROSEBERRY's angel-face,  
 As LENNOX 'midst the holy peal  
 Our HANDEL's numbers trace;  
 Or SONTAG's tones exalted high  
 For suffering humanity. †

Joy and reward attend on those  
 Who heard the tradesman's pray'r,  
 Who sooth'd the wretched weavers' woes  
 And *purchas'd peace of care*;  
 To those who 'neath their British robe  
 Bore feeling British hearts,  
 And scorn'd a wrangling wound to probe  
 And not extract the darts:  
 To SIDMOUTH, BEXLEY, DARNLEY, DON,  
 But where were PEEL and WELLINGTON?

Peace to the past! (its ill, its good,  
 Are as a less'ning soil.)  
 'Tis shrouded in the widow's hood—  
 But in the maiden's veil ‡

plume of conquest, presented to the hero of the Nile, the victorious martyr of Trafalgar, by the Grand Signor. Her ladyship might well be proud of exhibiting such an ornament on such an occasion; but I cannot avoid adding, that I wish a good many of our duchesses and marchionesses who appeared so vain of their "Seduisantes" sleeves, and "Alep feathers," had also been wise enough, and charitable enough, to have had them fashioned by English milliners, and fastened on by English ladies' maids.

† The oratorio, on the 2d, at Guildhall, was worthy its charitable occasion. HANDEL's matchless "Messiah" was hardly ever more splendidly executed; and the tears which stole down fair cheeks were honourable testimonies to the thrilling pathos which characterized Lady LENNOX's "Rejoice greatly." It was truly gratifying, also, to observe so many noble and distinguished personages gracing the hall on such an interesting occasion, especially as so many (*but why not all?*) of the ladies were clad appropriately in British manufactured silks. Still regrets arose at the absence of his Majesty's ministers, and some wonder was expressed that no member of the royal family was present. Has Mr. PEEL so soon forgot his gift of a gold box? does he quite scorn to remember that he owes his greatness to a father's activity and honesty *in trade*? He ought, at all events, to have attended, even if the duke, his leader, was compelled to be elsewhere. Taking tickets is but doing charity by halves; making a compromise between compassion and convenience.

‡ "The past and the future are alike concealed from our



The *future* cometh blushing on  
 With promise in it's voice,  
 And birds will carol in its dawn  
 And Nature cry rejoice!  
 And 'ere we reach its sunny noon,  
 Sisters, we'll find much joy in JUNE.

EPSOM—(for citizens the *Court*,  
 For tradesmen the *Levee*.)  
 Shall find us plenteous food for sport  
 Whate'er the race may be;  
 For ther'll be many a Simms and Timms,  
 Thomson and Tomkins too,  
 And all the little Timms and Simms  
 With post-boys, green, red, blue:  
 And they'll return—their cargoes spent  
 Like Gilpin, poorer than they went.

But ASCOT, there, thanks to the King!  
 FASHION her plumes shall wave,  
 Whilst at the sight pale-sickenings  
 Envy shall find its grave;  
 The high, the low, the great, the good,  
 All stations, all degrees,  
 Shall find they sail upon a flood  
 Fann'd by a prosperous breeze;  
 I'm sure 'twould dry up many a tear  
 Were there *more Ascot's in the year*.

For as to sunshine flowers expand,  
 To honey flits the bee,  
 So will the rich of England's land  
 Await on Majesty;  
 His smiles are rays that warm the heart  
 Of every subject true,  
 His presence bids neglect depart,  
 Plants plenty where it grew;  
 Who knows, my sisters,—(speak the boon)  
 Our KING will think so now 'tis JUNE.\*

*Eve of June, 1829.*

#### DETAILS RELATIVE TO DRESS.

There are certain females, who, instead of improving their appearance by their dress, only disguise and disfigure themselves: it is a pretence of following the fashion which leads them into this error.

With a pale, delicate, and melancholy countenance, they should avoid wearing that clothing which is of any very

view; but the former is shrouded in the widow's hood, the latter in the maiden's veil."—J. PAUL.

\* None can, with justice, deny the influence of majesty; and, consequently, few but must feel the pressure of neglect or the rapidity of *ennui*, when the king remains any long time away from those pomps and that courtly splendour which should ever attend the regal state. Ascot will necessarily recall our sovereign to Windsor, but let a woman venture to solicit, in behalf of her labouring countrymen, and the welfare of the metropolis, that the sports of the Heath over, London shall receive the royal presence again; then may all say of him with grateful fervour,

"When he musters his kinsmen the best shall not fail  
 His standard to bow and his bonnet to vail;  
 From a long line of chiefs his dominion began,  
 His vassals a host, and his people a clan."

striking colour; such, for instance, as orange, dark green, scarlet, &c.; these delicate kind of beauties should only inspire delicate sensations; they ought to reject every tint which may destroy this effect.

Green, though it is, in itself, a very attractive colour, makes a female, who is naturally pale, appear yellow; so that she seems as if she was in ill health; those who are of this temperament should only wear dresses of plain materials, and when they put on white dresses, they should relieve them of trimmings or ribbons of celestial blue, lilac, &c., and leave red, orange, and other lively colours to those possessed of brown or florid complexions.

A dress for walking cannot be made too simple; all that may attract notice should be given to evening costume, for assemblies, and visits. This advice is particularly directed to those females, who, without having a carriage of their own, have, however, a right to all the elegancies of the toilet: they ought to adapt a kind of clothing, which, devoid of all pretension, is only remarkable for its elegant simplicity.

It has been said that the love of dress is† natural to the sex, and we see no reason why any female should feel offended at this assertion. Dress, according to a celebrated author, is the finishing hand to beauty; without dress, a beautiful woman is like an unset diamond. Dress, however, must submit to certain rules; it should go hand in hand with nature and the graces; it is by conforming to these rules that we find composed that agreeable exterior which pleases we know not why, and which charms without the help of that all-powerful attraction, beauty.

In all things there is a certain medium, which, if it is not actually virtue, at least it indicates the boundary which separates virtue from mere ostentation; it is this happy medium that we ought to observe in all our actions. If a very young female allows herself a license in her dress, restrained at the same time by decency and modesty, as she advances in age, she yields to the warning which it gives her; the dress of such an one marks out the progressive shades of her life.

If there are any doubts in the choice of colours, as nothing is more common than errors of this kind, always determine on that which will never fail, which is becoming to all, even beyond the term of middle age; determine in favour of white. It is impossible to reckon the number of women, otherwise agreeable, whom the despotism of fashion have not rendered displeasing. It is sufficient for them that a certain duchess, or a certain marchioness, has appeared in a dress of coquelicot, and we see brown, fair, old and young, habited in coquelicot, as if it was the uniform of some corps to which they belonged.

It is not useless to remark, that the materials destined to compose evening dresses, ought to be chosen by candle-light; if they are selected in the morning, without thinking on the effect produced on them by wax-lights, an unpleasant surprise will be the result in seeing the faded, and different‡ looking colours, which appeared bright and shining but a few hours before.

If the arm is finely rounded, and the whiteness and

† One of the most ancient philosophers of Greece used to say—

"A woman was an animal who delighted in finery."

‡ Pink cannot be distinguished from Canary-yellow, nor light blue from light green, by candle-light; there are shades of lavender, also, which appear like green.



smoothness of the skin are sufficient to attract and satisfy the most fastidious regards, then it may be allowed to have the long glove very much below the elbow; if nature has withheld this advantage, the glove should come to the termination of the sleeve, and be fastened there by an armet, which will keep it from falling down.

To affect wearing a dress excessively short, in order to display a well turned ancle or a little foot, discovers a want of modesty, which, with men, will be always an object of censure, and with women a subject for envious criticism. In either case, let the leg or the foot be what they will, the adorning them cannot be of too simple a kind. How ridiculous are stockings when embroidered on the instep! Such coquetry can only find excuse from an opera-dancer, who wishes to fix all the eyes of an audience on her legs and feet.

#### CLEMENCE ISAURE.—A TALE.

“—————”Tis just the time  
For legend of romance, and dearest, now  
I have one framed for thee: it is of love,  
Most perfect love, and of two faithful hearts  
That were a sacrifice upon the shrine  
Themselves had reared—————.”

L. E. L.

“There is no gem like woman’s love,  
No bond strong as her truth!”

A. M. TEMPLETON.

It was formerly a custom in the province of Languedoc, for the admirers of the Provençal poetry to assemble at Toulouse on *May-day*, in order to exhibit, to appointed judges, their poetical effusions, and claim the rewards, which were annually bestowed upon the most worthy.—These prizes consisted, at first, of a golden violet; but when the candidates became more numerous, a silver eglantine and a silver marigold were added to them; and they were publicly distributed in an amphitheatre, hung with garlands of flowers for the purpose, in which was erected the statue of the ill-fated Clemence Isaure, a lady of the noble family of the Isaure of Toulouse, who, shortly before her death, erected the Hotel de Ville, and founded this poetic festival, and in whose commemoration it was continued.

The chief of the Isaure, the illustrious and proud Alphonso, had returned from the battle-field, to the golden halls of his domestic home, covered with glory, amid the prayers and blessings of the people whom he had assisted in rescuing from foreign thralldom, and the heavy yoke of an oppressive tyrant. Along with him came another warrior from the camp, the youthful Marquis D’Egryd, the destined husband of the beauteous Clemence.

His daughter met the haughty warrior at the palace gate, and, rushing into his paternal arms, welcomed him again with tears of joy.

The tables of the banquet-hall were spread with the richest luxuries of the earth, and the sparkling wine-cup went gaily round, as the warriors met at the festive board the congratulations of their noble friends. The minstrels strung their harps, and, pouring forth the volume of their melody, chanted the warlike actions of their master in loud and festive strains; the joke and the song went merrily round, and happiness shone in every eye, but those of one;—one, only, in the gay assemblage, wore the veil of sorrow, and

let the merry tale, and the dulcet song, pass by unheeded. Absorbed in the anguish of her own heart, the lovely Clemence remained a silent spectator of the rejoicings of the festival.

Her sire had asked her heart for his young friend, alas! it was not in her power to bestow; already were her vows exchanged with those of the handsome Cavalier Lautrec; already had she plighted her eternal truth to him alone, and waited only for her sire’s return, to crave his blessing on their loves. How joyful did they feel at the glad intelligence of the termination of the war, and the announcement of Alphonso’s expected return; but, alas! the cup of bliss they fondly thought within their grasp, fate dashed from their pure lips at the very moment when its blissful draught might have been inhaled.

The young Lautrec had first beheld the beauteous Clemence at the church of Toulouse,—

Saw her when bent in meek humility

Before the altar, and gazed upon the face which was  
Thenceforth the world to him!—Awhile he look’d  
Upon the white hands clasp’d gracefully;  
The rose-bud lips, moving in silent prayer,  
The raven hair that hung as a dark cloud  
On the white brow of morning!—As Lautrec knelt,  
It chanc’d her eyes met his, and all his soul  
Madden’d in that slight glance!

From that time, life was one impassioned dream!

He sought an interview with the bright object of his regard, avowed his love, and was as favourably received by the fair girl as the circumstances of her situation would admit; he was allowed to call her friend, and to hope for, at some future period, a more tender title. For six months was this little intimacy continued; Lautrec was blest with the regard of Clemence, and she, fond girl, experiencing for the first time the sweet endearments of that pure feeling “life only once can know,” passed her happy moments in all the train of pleasurable thoughts and fond imaginings, which pure affection gives birth to. Conscious of being the sole object of Lautrec’s esteem, she placed her every hope upon his truth; and, relying upon his constancy, she had no thought that any circumstance could happen to break the sweet enchantment; nor dreamed that when she vowed eternal truth to her adorer, and heard him breathe the same perpetual constancy, that some malicious fate would step between them and their happiness, destroy their fairy prospects, and blight and perish all their dearest hopes.

Soon heard the stern Alphonso of his daughter’s partiality for some other being than the one whom he had provided, and, anxious to ascertain the truth of the report, he summoned instantly the trembling Clemence to his chamber.

“So, girl,” exclaimed the father in an imperious tone, “a slave has been accusing thee of sullyng thy pure fame, and branding the spotless name of the Isaure, the unblemished reputation of our house, by holding secret meetings with some strange and unknown Cavalier. I knew my child unjustly was accused, and spurning the unworthy slave who dared to slander thee I struck him to the earth for his vile falsehood.

“My Lord——!” faltered the terrified girl.

“Well—well—speak on——. What, art thou dumb?—It is not possible thou canst have been so base as to have had a paramour within these walls——?”

“Oh, no, my Lord; ’tis true that I have dared to love, but ’tis on no unworthy object that my fond regard is



fixed; no secret meetings have I ever held; the visits of the generous Lautrec have been as open and as honest as himself; and believe me, Sir, we only waited for your glad return, to give your sanction, and to crown our virtuous loves."

"Headstrong, unthinking girl," cried the proud father, and darest thou meet me with a tale like this? What daughter, that could feel an interest in the honour of her name, or had the least regard for all that woman holds most dear—her reputation,—would dare be guilty of an action so unworthy, so imprudent, at to hold any correspondence with a stranger, in the absence of her parent; the world will scorn thee, girl; thy very minion must despise thee."

"Oh, no, dear father, indeed you are mistaken; Lautrec, himself, has promised to be here this day, to crave your kind acceptance of his offer."

"Let him avoid my sight; I'll have no love-sick sighing boys to worry me with their proposals. Whoever your favourite is, you must forego him, girl; I have a noble husband for thee, the gallant Marquis whom thou saw'st last night."

"Oh, no, you do not, cannot wish me—will not ask me for to sacrifice my love——."

"Out upon this perverseness.—It is my wish that you should marry my young friend; it is your duty to obey—"

"Oh, never! never!" cried the determined Clemence; and a servant entering the apartment, announced the arrival of Lautrec. Alphonso immediately ordered his daughter to her chamber, and sent a verbal message to her lover that his visit would not prove agreeable to the chief of the Isauræ.

The amiable Lautrec, unable to comprehend the meaning of this strange refusal, endeavoured to obtain an interview for a moment with the chieftain; but the order of Alphonso was decisive, and the ill-starred lover was compelled to leave the palace in uncertainty and apprehension.

All the endeavours of Alphonso to wean the affections of his daughter from the young Lautrec proved unavailing; her constancy was firm and steadfast, and remained unshaken by threats, and unmoved by supplication; when, in a paroxysm of rage, Alphonso ordered her to be confined in a close apartment of one of the towers of the castle, and threatened to procure the death of the innocent Lautrec, unless she acceded to his wishes.

"It is impossible," exclaimed the amiable girl, "my solemn vows are registered in heaven; I dare not, will not break them. You may inflict your cruelties upon me; my constancy will prove unshaken; my life is at your disposal, but while I live my heart must be Lautrec's!"

By some means or other Lautrec discovered the place of his beloved Clemence's confinement, and disguised as a minstrel he would often sit beneath the tower, and tuning his mandolin to some well-known air, which often used to please his mistress in the hours of happiness which now seemed gone for ever, he would anxiously hope that she might recollect the strain, and bless him with a sight of her enchanting face. Nor were his efforts fruitless; the lovely prisoner, struck with the sounds of the well-known air, appeared at the grated window of her chamber, and instantly recognized her dear Lautrec. She immediately apprised him of his danger, repeated her vows of unalterable affection, and advised him to withdraw himself from the power of her father, and enter into the service of the French king, where he might distinguish himself, and gain

that monarch to intercede in his behalf. As a pledge of her fidelity, she threw to him three flowers, a violet, an eglantine, and a marigold; the first she gave him as her colour, that he might appear in battle as her knight; the second was her favourite flower; and the third an emblem of the anguish which preyed upon her fond and constant heart. Lautrec promised to comply with the request of his dear Clemence, and gathering up the flowers, pressed them to his lips, and wafting a kiss to his fair mistress, hastened to put his resolution into practice.

Before Lautrec could arrive at the French court, intelligence was received that the English forces, having gained considerable accession, had renewed the war, and were rapidly extending their conquests. The French soldiers, intoxicated with their late successes, were indulging in all manner of pleasure and festivity; and being wholly unprepared for the fresh attack of the enemy, became their easy prey. The inhabitants of the different towns were flying before their pursuers; the ramparts were abandoned, and the English standard waved over their proudest fortresses. In this state of things, the assistance of Lautrec was exceedingly welcome to the French king, who appointed him to a distinguished situation in his army. All the old warriors who had retired to their homes at the termination of the previous contest, were again called out into the field, and disciplining, as well as they could upon such an emergency, all the troops they could collect, they met the English army before the gates of Toulouse. The fight was long and desperate, for the French soldiers seemed to feel that all their hopes were placed upon this encounter; and although opposed to a superior force, fought with great advantage. Lautrec was in the midst of the encounter, and conscious that he was defending not only the rights of his country, but the very town which contained all that in this world was dear to him, by his daring courage he excited the unbounded approbation and applause of the most experienced warriors. Fortune seemed still undetermined as to whom to award the victory, but the English forces gradually gave way, and their numbers were considerably diminished. At length, by a bold and desperate encounter, a body of the French troops completely broke up the English lines, and compelled the whole of the enemy to fly. The French soldiers pursued the fugitives, and in the ardour of pursuit, an old general having outstripped his comrades, was surrounded by a party of the English horsemen, who threatened instant destruction to the heroic warrior. The young Lautrec beheld his comrade's situation, and flew to his assistance; the sabre of the Englishman was already descending upon the head of the old man, when the heroic youth rushed between the parties, and his endeavour to ward off the blow proving ineffectual, it descended upon himself, and he fell a bleeding victim to his own courage, in the arms of the stern Alphonso! It was indeed the father of his Clemence, whose life he had saved by the sacrifice of his own. The French party who had by this time come up, drove off the enemy, and Lautrec was carried from the spot; but life only remained to allow him time to give the three flowers to Alphonso, requesting him to restore them to his daughter, and to assure her that he died with her blessed name upon his lips; when his pure and ardent spirit fled from this earthly vale of suffering, and the youthful, the heroic Lautrec, expired in the arms of him the cause of all his sufferings.

Alphonso relented, but alas! it was too late. The beautiful Clemence heard the news of her lover's death with



deep, but silent agony ; In the retirement of her chamber she passed a long and dreary year of sorrow and regret, and her true, her fond and constant heart, broke under the infliction.—

The evening of her death, a strange sweet sound  
Of music came, delicious as a dream ;  
With that her spirit parted from this earth :  
Many remembered that it was the hour  
Her ill-starr'd lover perished!

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WHERE ARE THEY ?

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“ Now again they die bereaving  
Hope of dreams round which it twined ;  
Gone, and love's wild visions leaving  
Tears and weight of earth behind”

PORTFOLIO.

'Tis JUNE, and azure is the sky,  
Without one envious cloud,  
The summer-birds sing cheerily  
And pipe their joy aloud ;  
The pleasant gale woom hills and dale,  
The flowers expanding rise,  
But I am woe-worn, sad, and pale  
Midst nature's melodies!

I've made in sunny lands my bower,  
Smile in the morning's beam,  
I've seen the noon-tide heav'ns lower,  
Oh ! would it were a dream !  
At eve I've look'd on blighted forms,  
On blasted tower and tree,  
Scath'd victims to the climate-storms,  
Their wild rapacity !

I've watch'd around my fire-side rang'd,  
Wife, friends, and children dear,  
I look again ;—Oh God ! how chang'd,  
That *fire side's cold and drear* ;—  
The forms below'd, I mark no more,  
Night, dark night is my day,  
The wife I priz'd, the child she bore,  
*Death tell me—where are they ?*

I see the heat-adoring rose,  
Unfold its blushing leaves,  
The garden luscious wealth disclose,  
The field foretell of sheaves ;  
But ah ! I cannot see the face  
It was a joy to kiss,  
I cannot find my resting place,  
Where I could sleep in bliss !

What now is pomp, what marble hall,  
And all pride's gorgeous state ?  
I tell thee *Fashion*, that the pall  
Has made me desolate :—  
You bid me hie to courtly show,  
And mix with beauty rare,  
I bid thee to the *churchyard* go,  
And read my *history* there !

The place of graves, doth bear a tomb

That was not there before,  
The sculptur'd lines do tell a doom  
Awaiting many more ;

Her life has gone, his breath has fled,  
They've ceased to dwell with me !

“ Their well known forms, their welcome tread,  
O where are they, and where is he ?”\*

May, 1829.

J. S. Jun.

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BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

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An artist was painting a figure of Hymen for a youthful lover : “ I wish,” said the amorous young man, “ to have him pourtrayed with every grace. Remember, particularly, that Hymen ought to be represented more beautiful than Adonis ; you must place in his hand a torch more brilliant than that carried by Cupid. In a word, exercise all your powers of imagination ; I will pay you for your picture in proportion to the grace you throw into it.” The artist, who knew how liberal he was, left nothing undone to satisfy him, and carried home the painting the evening before his marriage. The young lover was not satisfied. “ There wants,” said he, “ in this figure, a certain lively expression, a certain attraction, a certain charm ; in short, it does not come up to my idea of Hymen. You have given to him a very middling share of beauty, and you must expect I shall not pay for it above mediocrity.”

The artist, who had as much presence of mind as he had skill in painting, resolved how to act from that moment.

“ You shew your judgment,” said he “ in not being pleased with that picture ; it is not yet dry, and to tell you the truth, I use my colours in such a way as to make my paintings scarce worth looking at for the first three or four days. I will bring this same picture back to you in a few months, and then you shall pay me according to its beauty : I am sure you will see it quite in another light. Adieu, Sir, I am not in immediate want of money.”

The painter carried off his work ; the young lover was married the next morning, and some months elapsed before the artist again made his appearance ; at length, he brought home the picture : the bridegroom was quite astonished when he looked at it. “ You promised me faithfully,” said the husband, “ that time would embellish your painting ; what a difference ! I scarcely know it again ; I can but admire the effect which time produces on colours, and I yet more admire your skill. However, I cannot forbear telling you, that the countenance has too much gaiety expressed on it, the eyes are too lively ; for the fire of those belonging to Hymen ought to be less ardent than those of Cupid ; Hymen's flames do not shine so brilliantly as those of Love. Besides, the attitude of the whole figure is too joyous ; improperly so ; and you have given him a certain arch and smiling air which does not quite characterize him. In fact, it is not Hymen ; in a word—” “ Very well, Sir,” said the artist, “ what I foretold has come to pass ; Hymen is less beautiful now in your eyes than my portrait of him ; it was quite the contrary three months ago ; it is not my painting which has changed, it is your ideas ; you were then a lover, now you are a husband.”

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\* From HENRY NEELE'S affecting paraphrase of Job, Chap V.

“ Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he ?”



"I understand you," interrupted the husband; "let us drop that subject, your picture is charming beyond my imagination; it is but just that the payment should be above your's. There is a purse which contains double the sum which you expected to receive, or could hope for. There; leave the picture with me."—"No, Sir," replied the artist, "no, I will not leave it with you; I will give you another, which shall equally please both lovers and husbands, and which shall be a master-piece of painting." In fact, the painter drew another picture, wherein he made use, with much skill, of certain rules relative to optics and perspective, that the portrait of Hymen appeared charming to those who regard it at a distance; but when beheld near, it was no longer the same. He caused it to be placed at the end of a pleasant picture-gallery, on a kind of stage, or steps, which, to ascend, it was requisite to place a foot on one step which was very slippery. From thence the view of it was charming: but, as soon as that step was passed over, farewell to all its attractions. G.

### A SUNDAY AT PARIS.

After having given the first six days of the week to Phœbus, Mars, Juno, Venus, and Saturn, the ancients consecrated the seventh to tears and regrets, as a funeral fête to the manes of the Gods. Time, with his rapid scythe, as he cut down succeeding generations, respected neither the laws of the twelve tables, nor the book graven with an iron pen; he has wrought a total change, and, thanks to his overthrow, we reckon six days of labour to one of joy; very different from the maxim of the ancients, who gave six days to pleasure, and one to mourning. What delightful and original scenes take place in Paris on a Sunday Morning! These are found more especially in those populous quarters in which are collected a kind of wandering industry, and plebeian beauty: there it is we find pleasure darting her temporary beams on those countenances, which expand like the blooming tuberoses, at the first dawn of the day.

Scarce has the Commissary's bell been heard through the streets and given its signal for the opening of the shops, than the shutters are taken down, the gates of the outer courts roll back on their hinges, and the passages are cleared. The smith, black as the soot from his forge, walks forth, his pipe in his mouth, to the hair-dresser's, to get rid of every trace of the marks of Vulcan's fires. The active laundress, perched on the fifth story, extends her hand over the line, which hangs in front, anxiously to certify whether her only gown of cambric-muslin will be dry by noon; the humble clerk, provided with a boot and a brush, supports himself against the bar of his window, and seems to say, as he spreads the shining fluid over the almost worn-out leather; I, too, am at liberty for one day! A story lower, the little sempstress, her head rather loaded than covered by an *India* handkerchief, fabricated at *Rouen*, opens her window to water the only rose-tree she is possessed of, and hangs out the cage of a little Canary-bird, whose singing has often made her lose much time over *fiorellas*; and robes à la *Vierge*.

In the mean time, the milk-women arrive; the church-bells call the faithful to prayer; the porter at the corner goes to the nearest church, and putting on a baldrick, passes himself off for a Swiss.

The merchant's clerk darts forth from his shop, to take

an excursion to *Tivoli*; and the laborious student, abdicating for a few hours his code and *Cujas*, goes like a modern *Joconde*, to seek adventures in the groves of *Romainville*, and among the lilacs of *du pré St. Gervais*.

Happy day! The poor look forward to thee with impatience, the industrious artisan smiles at thy morning as it breaks! It is thou, O, beneficent Sunday, which causes the hard-working classes to forget the toils and burthens of the week: thy enchanting aspect engenders delight in every heart, and gives courage to every mind.

The labouring pair rest from their domestic bickerings, and direct their steps towards those verdant plains where the *Vin de Surène* flows abundantly, and a rural *Terpsychore* calls her votaries by the sound of the pipe, to forget, during a few minutes of gaiety, all the hardship of labour, and the thorns of poverty. A salutary divinity seems to conduct these useful groups under the shady foliage of a new Eden, and appears as if saying to them, dance, sing, and divert yourselves, for this is Sunday.

If the pleasures of the rich are more brilliant, more full of pomp than those of the poor, in revenge they are less lively, less eloquent, and decidedly, less natural. In these charming gardens, blest with a profusion of flowers, and a bright sun, you only behold serious faces, one kind of toilet, and brows on which is seated care; for joy, in those places, seems to invest herself with a purple mantle, which weighs her down; while her sister, at her door, popular pleasure, covered with rags, casts away care, and sitting on a broken half-hogshead of *Vin de Surène*, excites her vulgar admirers to love, to laugh, and to drink. Monotony, conceals herself under the elms of *Tivoli*, and folly shakes her cap and bells under the *Accacias* that overshadow the little country public-house.

Let us also examine well the departure from these places of pleasure of the rich and the poor. It is eleven o'clock; the gates open and shut, and the shouts of the footmen announce the moment of retreat; a thousand light carriages pass over the electrical pavement, and the horses draw after them the elegant *tilbury*, or the graceful *landau*, and eliciting sparks as they drive along, arrive at their owners' magnificent dwellings.

On each side of the road behold a contrast, in those long processions of plebeians; they return from contemplating nature to the walls of Paris; they have been to what they call *the country*, and they are as proud of having visited *Neuilly*, or the *Bois de Boulogne*, as a veteran would be of having encamped under the walls of *Vienna* and *Alexandria*.

Their joy discovers itself openly; it is no pride, for it is the offspring of labour, and the mother of industry. Behold those variegated swarms of original groups, which come down by masses, recollecting confusedly all the pleasures of the day, or in celebrating in chorus the wine they have drank, and the beauties who are following them.

Every person has his characteristic dress. The little man in a nut-brown coat, and nankin pantaloons, who separates himself from the crowd, that he may talk more at his ease with the young girl, who has hold of his arm, is a worthy young man, a clerk, who is paying his court to a little lace-mender. The tall man, farther off, dressed in velvet, is an honest charcoal-merchant; he is looking about, he seems very uneasy, and calls out in his peculiar *patois*, "Jenny! Jenny!" but Jenny, his intended, does not answer; for, though she is a female who takes in work, she is ambitious of raising herself higher, and she has



purposely lost sight of the charcoal merchant, to walk with M. le Franc, who is concerned in the Hydrogen Gas Company, as a messenger or out-door collector to the counting-house of that concern. That fat man, with a yellow coat, has come out to give his niece Javotte a walk; she has arrived from her native village, and she is telling him to remark the tipsy gait of a grocer of the *Barrier du Roule*, and his cocked hat surmounted by field-flowers, and an old clerk belonging to the Barriers, who has returned from the mills at Montmartre, with his wife, his daughter, and his female spaniel. At a distance are seen some jovial bands, defying the dust of those superb carriages, which bowl close to their heels, and singing loudly, all in unison, their bacchanalian hymns; they unite, they divide, they join each other again when they please, and it might be said that some skilful general conducted their manœuvres, and laid out the manner of their salutations. However, the long files arrive by slow paces, without hurry, without jostling, without incumbrance, to the very heart of the city. There, the immense battalions divide and subdivide by sections, as they penetrate into the interior of the streets; and pairs stop before their respective doors.

The mercer, before he opens his shop, casts an eye of care over his silk *indispensables*, to see if they have not received some fracture.

The young maiden quickly draws her arm from that of her lover, for she perceives by the light of the lamp, her mother looking out of the window of the fourth story, waiting for her return. The apothecary's boy, who has stayed out an hour beyond his time, is obliged to ring the night-bell, in order to have his master's door opened. At length, however, every individual has entered his abode, content with the day he has passed, and promising himself similar pleasure the ensuing Sunday.

### THE NOSE.

Physiologists have always made the nose their peculiar study: by the form of the nose, by its dimensions, and its colour, they have passed their judgment on the passions, the character, and the inclinations of its owner; a turned up little nose, like Roxellana's, is celebrated, and there is scarce any pretty woman who has such an one, but what prides herself greatly on that feature; it gives to the countenance an arch and animated appearance, renders it engaging by a peculiar kind of mobility which it imparts to it, making its agreeableness to be universally remarked; but this is far from being anything like a pug-nose; that is the mark of an irascible character, and is, by no means, a charm. There are, also, Roman noses; and when a tall and handsome woman has one of this kind, she may appear to advantage on the stage, as any one of the most celebrated among the ladies of ancient Rome. She has the proper countenance for such a character: the other qualifications, such as intelligence, diction, and energy, are mere trifles, which, in the present day are not worth mentioning: Aquiline noses have also high reputation, and if by chance a little woman hears of any one having eyes well set, a good shaped mouth, and an aquiline nose, she feel an ardent desire to be acquainted with the fortunate possessor of such favourable signs. When an undertaking fails, or any business turns out ill, Oh! the unfortunate person has got a

nose a foot long. In one of our comedies, a waiting maid causes much laughter by saying,  
"Oh! he must have had a good nose to have smelt that out."

There are those who have remarkably fine noses, but that might be the quality even of a flat nose; such as those know which way the wind is, and can veer about with it, the same as the tin weathercocks on our chimnies. From all these circumstances we may conclude, that the nose is one of the most essential of all things for a man of worth; and it would be the greatest of all misfortunes for him to be deprived of it: that may, however, happen, as it is the lot of some to lose an arm, a leg, or an eye, and then they are obliged to resort to art; a nose of pasteboard or of satin is purchased, or else a surgeon is called in, who employs the ingenious method of Doctor Lisfranc. An individual without a nose, went to the doctor, who made him one: he drew the skin from his patient's forehead, formed a nose of it, modelled it, made it aquiline, and stuffed it; this operation perfectly succeeded, and was one which was not the least to the honour of M. Lisfranc's skill; only, whenever the gentleman's nose itched, he scratched his forehead. This belongs to the nervous system, which we shall not undertake to explain; but we see by this we must have a nose, even if we lay the forehead to obtain one.

### PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

"Nay, I must speak with honest loyalty;  
The *vantage of the State*—the *Kingly name*,  
The honour and appliances to boot  
Of England's strength and *true prosperity*,  
*Plead on my side the cause.*"—HEYWOOD.

#### PAUL PRY.—MISS KITTY PRY.

*Paul Pry.*—And the more faulty you to say so, *Miss Pry*. What, is it possible, that you imagine court-day and drawing-rooms,—celebrations intended to form the link between the king and his nobility, and from the latter with the people—are commanded merely for the purpose of benefiting certain shopkeepers; and that those who dwell, as it were, upon sufferance here, the *foreign trader* and *artist* should *alone profit*? Yet you must, forsooth, follow in the crowd of folly, and pay extravagantly for slips, and sleeves, and slippers, merely because it is the fashion to wear them of foreign manufacture and foreign fit. Whereas by clothing yourself in the produce of our own looms and the handy-work of our own people, you pay *less money*, and enjoy more satisfaction; convinced that, whilst you benefit yourselves, you profit your own countrymen, and uphold the prosperity of that which should be deemed the loveliest, the *land of your birth*.

*Kitty Pry.*—La, la! Brother, they do send such pretty things from Paris, and its milliners are so coaxing and so civil, and pay one's shape and complexion such compliments.

*Paul Pry.*—Mere sugar plums, to render palatable the draught of deceit their avarice and their envy prescribe for you. Like the rouge and beauty-specks on their face, my dear, their wares and their workmanship are only made for a day; let the "makeups" fade, and withered hues and and flimsy materials remain.



*Kitty Pry.*—Brother, brother, you are like all the rest of the old folks; you fancy we have no players like those of your day; no dances like the minuet, or antiquated cotillion; no game but backgammon, or "sixpenny-corner'd" whist; and nothing so elegant as hoops, quilted petticoats, buckles and bag-wigs! In fact, *Paul*, you are a perfect VANDAL, a GOTII, a heathen as to the fashions of our time; and, lost in the starch reminiscences of the court of GEORGE and CHARLOTTE, you have not the eye to appreciate the elegancies and "*Les etiquettes de la Cour*" of GEORGE THE FOURTH!

*Paul Pry.*—But I have the heart to know and to feel that, with respect to the benefits accruing, the prolonged series of "high-days and holidays" which the reign of the *Father* gave birth to, were immeasurably superior to the mere "Annual Drawing Room" which the absence of a regular metropolitan court possibly compels the *Son* to be contented in commanding. I know, and feel too, that amidst the distinguished beauties which gave lustre to the recent display of elegance and fashion, and which, as a whole, probably could no where else have been rivalled,—no not even in France, where COLBURN'S new journal, unpatriotically enough, fixes FASHION'S state—I know and feel that our BRUDENELLS, our LONDONDERRYS, and our STEWARTS, who had the good sense to wear the robes of high habitual state *English milliners provided*, were unequalled by the most gaudy, and flamingly-attired of those who

"—— bore

The trappings of far lands upon their form,"

and who had submitted to the familiarity and the extortion of other sempstresses than those who were bred and born amongst us, merely because a Princess from this country, a Peersess here, and my Lady Fantastic there, said it was the *fashion*, because it was *convenient*.

*Kitty Pry.*—Well, brother, you must have your own way, because I begin to think it *is the way*, if followed, which will lead to cheerful hearts and smiling faces again; and when one knows, too, that ninety and nine out of a hundred milliners, all quite as capable of fitting out a "splendid silver lama dress," for the wife of a Russian Ambassador, or a "white satin robe, full-trimmed with blonde," for the Duchess of the First Lord of the Treasury, or a "splendid flounce of deep and costly blonde, looped up with superb diamonds," for the lady of the Grand Falconer of England, as any *Madame*, or *Mademoiselle*, who charges as profusely and as uncompassionately as she chatters; when I say, *Paul*, we know that these ninety and nine industrious arbitresses of taste were benefited, scarcely the amount of making a single dress by this festival, whose

"—— brilliant spell and wand  
Should turn the earth to fairy land,"

one must admit that his Majesty, or the court-advisers, performed but half their duty in not (it might have been done through the Princesses most "correctly," as you would say, *Paul*) expressing an earnest desire that the welfare, the very existence of our own trade and industry, taste and talent, should be considered; and that one of the *first passports* to the kingly presence would be costumes, the produce of, and perfected by,

"Not Parisian trim and will,  
But British tact, and British skill."

*Paul Pry.*—Encore, sister; but now having convinced

you, and, I hope, *without intrusion*, all who think wisely and wish to act justly, that my principles are not so antiquated as to be out of date; let me ask you, as there was much to regret, what there was to gratify in the composition of the affair, for which we are told

"—— ten thousand perruquiers  
Have plied their tongues, and 'plied their sheers;  
For which the tribe of stars and garters  
Have sallied from their country quarters,  
For which the price of *rouge* is raised;  
For which the whole wide world seems enraged."

*Kitty Pry.*—And to finish the doggrell, for which

The columns of the *Post*  
Are in a crowd of dresses lost!

But I tell you what there was to please me. The King looked heartier than I expected to see him; quite strong enough, indeed, to let his humbler subjects participate in the sunshiny influence of his smiles, and to go to the *Theatres*; why should not boxes, pit and gallery, pull off hats, as well as lords kiss hands, and ladies make courtseys to him? Then it was gratifying to behold how graciously he received that charming young beauty LADY AGNES BYNG and her gallant husband, thus at once proclaiming to the world that the winds of scandal should not visit virtue's form roughly, and that innocence can in courts find champions.

*Paul Pry.*—*May I never do an ill turn*, if I am not rejoiced even to hear of such recognitions, to see them is still more pleasant. Human virtue, we know, is a polished steel rusted by a breath. How great must the triumph, therefore be, to this excellent young couple that, despite all the machinations of disappointment, envy, and suspicion, (and these attach themselves with almost equal mischief to the guilty and the innocent, though they be an endless pang to those who harbour them,) they have come out of the trial with a name unblighted, a fame unsullied.

*Kitty Pry.*—Yes, brother, it is the influence of evil that breeds suspicion; the noble spirit of charity that subdues it; those who invented the false tale to which we refer will, to their cost, find the truth of the former; those who, like the king, with a generous magnanimity acted upon the dictates of the latter will, indeed, have their reward

"Where fresher lights shall burst the tomb,  
Unknown are words of tears and gloom."

But now, having withstood your catechism, *Paul*, allow me to gather a few of your "dropping in" opinions of men and manners as they go. Were you at what the *Sunday Times* curiously terms the *Spitalfields Weavers' grand Oratorio at Guildhall*?

*Paul Pry.*—Yes, and a very splendid musical treat it was; and, which is even more satisfactory, it produced a very reputable sum for the charitable purpose which led to its performance. Would, however, that I could say there were few absent who should have been present; but, on the contrary, numbers, as on a holier occasion, seemed to have made an excuse; and amongst them, too, were those (namely, some of the Royal Family and his Majesty's ministers) whose influence would have swelled the stream of charity till the fable of PACTOLUS became a reality, and riches were left upon the banks as a provision for the faint and the weary.

*Kitty Pry.*—Were not the DUKE and MR. PEELE there?

*Paul Pry.*—Neither; though the former, we are told,



can be seen walking arm in arm with a friend at eight o'clock in the morning about London-bridge on a common occasion, and the latter can eat, drink, and be merry at, and depart, a gold box in his pocket the richer, from the very hall to which feeling and charity should now have summoned him, on what some folks thought a very uncommon one.

*Kitty Pry.*—Aye, but then they took tickets you know, good brother.

*Paul Pry.*—Oh! certainly! as people do places on a poor player's benefit, without ever intending to occupy them; making a show and a parade of a thing to gain a name, without one idea of gratifying feeling; merely promise-breakers,

“That palter with us in a double sense,  
That keep the word of flattery to our ear,  
And break it to our hope.”

However, those who did attend deserve all the praise gratuity can bestow, and the names of SIDMOUTH, ROLLE, BEXLEY, CHESTERFIELD, CALTHORPE, RUSSELL, ROSEBERRY, ROTHSCHILD, BANKS, BORRODAILE, BYNG and others shall long, not only in our cups, but to talk of such before ladies is not pretty, but in our hearts be freshly remembered.

*Kitty Pry.*—Did you say CHESTERFIELD? Bless me, I thought the naughty “AGE” told us that he was again turned *nursery-man*, after rusticating in the country with my beau LORD CASTLEREAGH, having the quiet establishment of seventy-two servants; the former finding seventy, the latter two.

*Paul Pry.*—Another mere weak invention of the unfortunate scribblers who are compelled to apologize this week for their exaggerations of the last, exaggerations sometimes as cruel as ridiculous; to eat their words, in fact, as ancient *Pistol* was obliged to swallow his leek; and to cry “*Pecari*” like the pilgrims who journeyed to Loretto, “peas in their shoes, to go and pray.”

*Kitty Pry.*—Well, I rejoice to hear that these stories about the smart, and now portly young EARL are, in truth, *stories*, bred of nothing but the fertile pen of the “puppet” and “showmen” of the paper in question; and, I dare say, both the spirited noblemen, whose names are thus made the note-screed of prating starlings, or pestering poppinnays, will content themselves by replying in the words of an old epigram,

“Lie on, while our revenge shall be  
To speak the very truth of thee!”

*Paul Pry.*—Or, sister, for these people who labour hard to keep poor RICHARDS in prison—the man who really wrote clever leading articles for them, but who, with BERTIE AMBROSE, got tired of *promises*—to make HUGHES BALL appear more ridiculous, and D'EGVILLE more silly and vain than they have themselves already, deserve it; or, as was said of a fellow-who could bark but not wound,

“A mastiff's teeth are justly held in vogue,  
They burnish paper, or they tear a rogue;  
To neither use thy tusks contrive aright,  
Too rough to polish, and too blunt to bite.”

But, to quit unpleasant for pleasant topics:—it is a satisfaction to hear that, independent of the prompt assemblage of the Great World already about us, we are to have FERDINAND, PHILIPPE, LOUIS, CHARLES, HENRY, JOSEPH, DUC DE

CHARTRES, son of the popular DUKE OF ORLEANS, though he does supply his table by contract, and keeps a cash-book, and goes to market to sell his goods, soon among us, and, of course, there must be court-pageants to honour him.

*Kitty Pry.*—But what a name he has, brother; quite puts a shade upon LONG POLE, TYLNEY, LONG WELLESLEY'S, and his is rather, and without intending a pun, of the long metre kind; at all events it served HORACE SMITH for a quotable line.

*Paul Pry.* What's in a name? you know, *Kitty* (perhaps you are sighing to change yours), and if this young man marries in due time the little QUEEN OF PORTUGAL, and thereby extinguishes DON MIGUEL, why legitimacy will be the better pleased.

*Kitty Pry.*—But what will the pretty LEONTINE F—, of the *Theatre de Madame* say, brother?

*Paul Pry.*—Oh! *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, it is not for us to look in the seeds of time as to such matters; but, independent of the *Duc*, there are the DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND and PRINCE GEORGE coming, and the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is coming, and they are determined to make a constant residence with us; and thus place *hors de combat*, the unnatural rage for foreign travel and *absenteeism*, which now in such a frightful degree exists; for who will be weak enough to affirm it *fashionable to exist abroad*, when our PRINCES show they deem it more humane to *live happily and wisely at home*?

*Kitty Pry.*—Aye, and besides all this the great Duke is determined, *on dit*, to tax the self-expatriated travellers, who cannot bear that their purses should pay heavy for their pleasures, so I really begin to think now that there are hopes for old England and the good city of London again, too long shadowed over by neglect and the unnatural estrangement of her children.

*Paul Pry.*—Speed such a change all ye that wish well to one another say I; and, oh! denizens of *High Life*, leaders of *Ton*, ye that compose the splendid circles which are habitually formed for courts and greatness, do ye bear in mind that Neglect is indeed

“Poverty's eldest son, his heir at law,  
Ever a close attendant on his father,  
Hiding the light from hope and industry;”

and remember that it is in your power to neutralize its chilling effects; to warm asunder, by your charitable deeds, the frosty chains it is fond of linking, and to bid prosperity and good humour, energy and invention again to revive, thereby overturning the sway of parsimony and acerbity, listlessness and despair, which, with too many, for want of patronage largely exists. Do this, and we shall instantly cease

“To feel hope, genius, spirit fled,  
Soul sickness, feeling withered.”

Do this, and take the blessings of re-invigorated, regenerated thousands; and, if it be worth any thing, take also, in conjunction with those blessings, the honest commendations of your admirer and adviser, though not *wishing to intrude*,

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.









*Newest Fashions for July, 1829.*  
*Costumes of All Nations. No. 11*





W ALAIS 56

*Newest Fashions for July, 1829.*  
*Morning Dress.* *Fashionable Head Dresses.*













*Newest Fashions for July 1829.  
Walking & Morning Dresses.*

W. Alais. Sc.

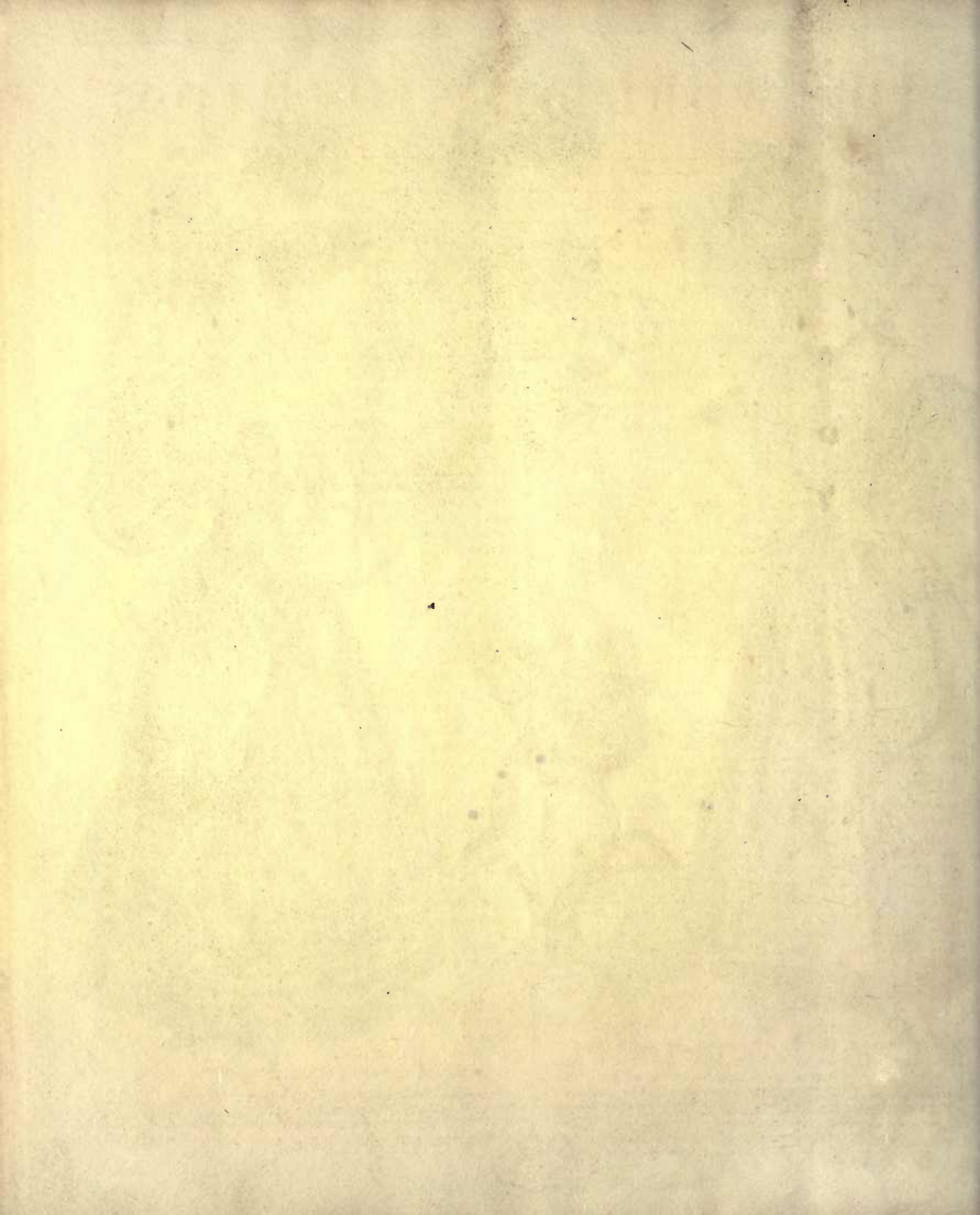




*Newest Fashions for July 1829.  
Evening & Walking Dresses.*

W. Alais Sc.







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 62.

LONDON, JULY 1, 1829.

VOL. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 41. A DRESS OF A FEMALE ON THE BORDERS OF LAC MAGGIORE, AND A WALKING DRESS.—SECOND PLATE, A WALKING DRESS, AND FIVE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—THIRD PLATE, THREE WALKING AND MORNING DRESSES, —FOURTH PLATE, EVENING AND WALKING DRESSES, AND TWO FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHITCHAT, &c.

“ Behold, forth issuing from his azure domes,  
Replendent Summer smiles upon the world,  
Whilst earth's glad offspring, 'neath its fost'ring sway,  
Enjoy the genial season. Wealth-crown'd fields  
Wave with the future harvest; gardens bland,  
Perfume the air with sweets, and pastime's voice  
On village green, or by the river's side  
Answer to birds' glad prattle softly trilled.  
The CITY, too, is gay with moving life;  
Proud equipages line its noisy streets,  
And wakened FASHION sets its pomps abroad  
As offerings to the hour. 'Tis a brave time,  
And 'twill not mar the method of our life  
To hold discourses on't.”—OLD PLAY.

All the incipient prettinesses and promises of June burst into the full strength of perfection now that JULY puts its gladness on, and

“ Mountain and valley, sun and flower, and breeze  
Seem with fresh health impregnated.”

Activity is now abroad, busy in all its various uses; industry clears the fields of their grassy wealth; hardy recreation gives commands to its followers to hic to cheerful and healthful amusements; and pleasure bids her votaries beat time to any measures, whether a carpet of turf, or the pattern-traced floors of nobility own to the pressure of nimble and lightly tripping feet. It is, in truth, a very joyous season, full of charming characteristics and graceful associations, producing each day, almost every hour, something new to gratify the appetite, feed the senses, or amuse the mind. Idleness is left despised and alone in its tattered weed overgrown retreat, and *ennui* is almost tempted to turn suicide from lack of companionship; as

“ ——— glorious from the heav'nly sphere,  
Bursts the bright moments of the rolling year.”

To be sure we may be constrained to admit that the dwellers in dark streets and amidst long rows of warehouses; the packers of bales, the handlers of ban-boxes, the weighers out of petty merchandize, and the measurers of broad-cloths may lament over their holiday passed, their green-gooseberry consumed, the glory of yellow-jacketed postillions eclipsed, the glitter of their annual finery

vanished, and, in short, the *journey to Epsom*, and the rattle back again, the reeling rattle back again, over, for another long, long year: and even those who are not tied to counters, nor set upon high legged stools to indite invoices, may feel regret that the royal pageantry, and courtly animation and regularly ordered sport of Ascot *have* been. But what then? other joys, other reliefs to time, more varied employments will from day to day, and night after night, arise for the gratification, and be put in a course of perpetual activity, for the especial use and at the appropriate suit of the whole fashionable world. Is the well-bred denizen of *high life* enchanted with music's magic voice? it is to be heard not alone where the lark soars high, or when in the still hour of evening the nightingale warbles forth her soothing, yet animated lays, but amidst scenic displays, courtly circles, and congregated greatness. Is it considered a relaxation devoutly to be wished, grace can

“ Trip it featly here and there  
Whilst the rest the burthen bear,”

and walk the graceful mazes of the quadrille, or enjoy the giddy intricacies of the Germanized waltz, in places as far in splendour beyond the periodical finery of an *Assize*, or the casual rivalries of an *Election Ball*, as they are superiorly distinguished for the quality of their company, and the fashion of their behaviour. Are the intellectual delights of the evening *conversations* sought, or the literary advantages of the morning's *coterie* required? the drawing-rooms of the talented great, and the official temples dedicated to useful information, will be found open to those who seek them.

Welcome be, then, the season of luscious fruits, and bounteous vegetation; welcome the hour when

“ ——— the lark is high,  
The bee is on the wing,  
And every flower has oped its eye,  
And balmy perfumes fling;”

we will rejoice, and be glad in it; and go you but pleasantly along with us in our discourses, gentle reader, short time will suffice to convince you that we ought to do so. First, then, listen as we narrate

THE LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

“ Assembled thousands make the air to ring,  
With 'gratulations to a patriot KING;  
Whilst he, rejoiced, returns his subjects' cry  
With kindred smiles, and graceful dignity.”—S. P. C.



His Majesty having been the principal actor, the leading point of attraction at that scene of splendour—Ascot, during its race-meetings, which robs the metropolis for awhile of its most distinguished company, the reader will necessarily find the more material detail of the King's progress, during the June month, under the narrative we have deemed it our duty to furnish of the more interesting occurrences of the influential vortex of sport now so highly favoured by the patronage of our King.

Previously, however, to the departure of his Majesty to his almost too favourite place of occasional residence, the Royal Lodge in Windsor Great Park, it is but justice to say, that he gave some two or three parties at the Palace of St. James's; parties which we hope to witness a repetition of, when the heath of Ascot shall again be disrobed of its gorgeous splendours, and the rich tide of fashion shall flow back to its fountain-head, from which only for a little while the breezes of refreshing change or necessary novelty had diverted it.

Although his Ministers appear to deem a short session desirable, we earnestly implore his MAJESTY not to consider a short session equally beneficial to the constitution of his subjects; the contrary being most assuredly the truth. So that, so powerful must always be the example, so absorbing the influence of a Sovereign, should he refrain to shower the benefits arising from his presence upon his capital, that his nobility also—our LONDONERRIES, our DEVONSHIRES, our LANSDOWNES, &c. &c. &c.—will the sooner leave a spot which Royalty deserts, and which appears to be deemed unworthy of the *Kingly-presence*, as, indeed, it is; and then what hope, what encouragement remains for that numerous body of people, which live by the patronage afforded by the great to their several trades, and by whose ability and industry the resources of our common country are maintained, nurtured, and made powerful?

There is also one other regret, which good feeling towards our neighbours induces the expression of, namely, that those who procured the musical talent hired to add to the gratification of the company attending the Royal-banquets, did not consider it worth their while to obtain the benefit of native talent; but, on the contrary, lavished their favours solely upon the foreigner; a besetting sin fast encroaching on the wholesome fruit of England. There was not, in fact, a single British vocalist permitted to exercise her talents in the Palace; and yet possess we singers equal to any which sunny Italy, gay Naples, or fantastic France produces: PATONS, STEPHENS'S, KNYVETTS, WILKINSONS that can charm the ear, and warm the heart with discourses of so excellent music as fully to compensate for the occasional absence of a MALIBRAN, the silence of a SONTAG, or the departure of a PISARONI. The King we believe to be *English at heart*, let us not hope in vain that he will now become *English in action* also!

#### THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JUNE.

“Vessels of brass oft' handled brightly shine,  
What difference *between the richest mine*  
*And basest earth, but use?* for both not used  
Are of little worth; then treasure is abused  
When misers keep it; *being put to loan*  
*In time it will return us two for one.*”—C. MARLOWE.

This motto, from one of our old poet's, though applied to riches, is also peculiarly applicable to the actions and con-

duct of people in authority, especially of the Princes of a great nation. Unless they let the refulgence of their high station shine abroad, so that those beneath them might be warmed in its ray; unless they use their commanding authority to purposes of activity, and efforts of good; unless, indeed, the means they possess of doing well be, as MARLOWE says,

“—————put to loan  
In time for to return us two for one,”

why, then, there becomes no difference, as it were, between “vessels of brass,” or vessels of silver and gold; between “the richest mine and basest earth.” It is the “use” made both between the one and the other, the potter's clay or the product of Golconda's mine, the peasant or the prince, which make them of great or of “little worth.”

Now the Royal Family of England are for the most part far from hiding their talents under a bushel; they like to look abroad in the world, to join the people; to preside where they can do good,—to lift up their voices for the oppressed; to offer their tributes for the deserving; consequently our regrets become the stronger, our sorrows the more sincere, when indisposition, as is the case, we fear, with the heir-presumptive, keeps a ROYAL DUKE,—“a worthy gentleman,” from aiding, by his presence, the activities of the season, and adding, by his influence, to the grandeur of courts. If, however, we have been gratified little by the appearance in public of his ROYAL HIGHNESS of CLARENCE during this the month dedicated to the fabled Queen of Olympus, his royal brother of CUMBERLAND sets us an example of activity and perseverance in holiday-keeping quite admirable to contemplate in King's houses. We look forward with real satisfaction, in consequence, to the arrival of PRINCE GEORGE, quite satisfied that his Royal Highness will then balance banquets with nobility by keeping open-house: we admit it is impossible he can now do so, for want of elbow-room, for a whole winter together. The Duke was the companion of his Majesty at Ascot, and quite as familiar with the people as Princes ought to be.

The DUKE OF SUSSEX we were also pleased to see looking so undeniably happy, and PRINCE LEOPOLD so undoubtedly well as they did at the *fête* given by the Grand Falconer (a pretty affair enough, albeit a little fantastic,) and his Duchess, on the anniversary of their Wedding, at Holly-Lodge on the commencing day of the Ascot-races; at which, however, regrets were caused, that the PRINCESSES of the royal house were not, one and all, the leaders of the *Kingly cortege*. We can readily forgive this, if they will but condescend to make a cheerful and a busy July for us; if they will but entice their beloved brother, our revered King, to St. James's Palace again; if they will but bid Drawing-Rooms revive, courts be repeated, trade revive, and English dresses and English tradespeople become once more, and at the eleventh hour, fashionable.

#### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT.

“Now gayest pageants crowd the peopled plain,  
While peers and dukes and all their sweeping train  
And garters, stars and coronets appear,  
And shouts for *Kingly welcome greet the ear.*”  
Pope, altered.

Although rich in the graces of the Drawing Room, and the splendid etiquette of the brilliant assembly, June's



most comprehensive triumphs are the race-meetings of *Epsom* and *Ascot*, and which are decidedly unrivalled of their kind; though, to our perceptions, dissimilar in character, inasmuch as we should term the former the muster for an Eastern Almacks, the other the vortex of a Court Circle; in different words, we may fancy, in driving to the one, that we are constraining ourselves to accept an invitation to a soap-boiler's villa on the Kennington road, and in proceeding to the other that we are being honored by a banquet at Devonshire or Holderness House.

But let us particularize for five minutes; paint, as it were, the varied scenes presented to our eyes, and at all events, and out of pure compassion to friendly citizens, immortalize their perseverance and liberality, their once-a-year happy sayings, their Derby-day extravagant doings; a day indeed, as the ballad mongers chime out "full of life and jollity," and

"When cottons are for castle chang'd,  
And water's turn'd to wine,  
And hampers on the coach-box rang'd,  
Foretell the folks will dine:  
As gigging boys and girls, a score,  
Are shut into barouche and four."

To speak truth, the meeting at Epsom this year was somewhat distinguished for a liberal contribution of the best quality of company; for, independent of the royal Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, there was the real Queen of Portugal, and a goodly suite smiling at every body, and clapping hands for every joy at the novel sight before them; and there were the French Princes fighting their way through the crowd with the resolution of pugilists; indeed we believe that some professor of the ruffian trade, and who bears the classical name of "white-headed Bob," was a part and parcel of the *French Court* on the occasion. Then we had the novelty of a new stand that will be handsome, it being at present but half made up, like the celebrated musician who sat down at the Earl of Pembroke's, to play a concerto in a full dressed suit of lower garments, but without neck-handkerchief or his bag wig; and finally the course has been improved, and the order of the racing been improved, and rudeness and riot have yielded to regularity and discipline; so that it is plain Mr. Maberley has taken a leaf out of the Duke of Richmond's book, and we are all benefited accordingly.

But, after all, alas! we are compelled to own that our old acquaintances from Eastcheap, Westcheap, Cheapside, and all the cheap establishments of the city; from court and counter, lanes and ledgers, wharfs and warehouse, did not appear to wear that wonted alacrity which was used to make the day pass away as a pleasant farce. We did not notice so many "fat and greasy citizens," enjoying *as usual* the delights of an afternoon's doze, brim full of viands—during the running of the *Derby-race*; we did not encounter so many perils in the shape of broken bottles or mutilated crockery ware, as ere now it has been our fate: the reports of bursting corks, and the foam of the mantling up sun-heated porter or luke-warm stout were no longer like volleys of artillery, but a mere raged fire as from the awkward squad of a volunteer regiment. Nay even the Mrs. Gilpins of the holiday, laughed less loudly, looked less rosy; as did their spouses, their "dear old men," smoke less lustily, joke less sturdily, and lack less knowingly, of green jacket, red jacket, yellow jacket, or any jacket—no matter for the horse or

his qualities—which seemed pleasant to their fancies. The fact is, the March of Intellect, has ruined Epsom, spoiled its fun, made it too refined, too sophisticated;—there is hardly an incident now to break the even tenor of the day, scarcely an occurrence or a break-down to laugh at. We really believe some one has been reading SIR THOMAS OVERBURY to the citizens, and that they begin to find that, "men are better taught by example than precept," for they don't giggle, and press, and overdress themselves half as much as they were used to do; they begin to be pretty behaved and to go to Epsom and come back again like ladies and gentlemen. But the great day itself will be ruined in consequence; we shall be robbed of our laughter and disrobed of our merriment; nay, shall not again have the joy of smiling at the preposterous attempts of the ladies of the East to imitate the sketch of a fashionable's costume, and to follow the whims of a neighbouring nation, whose character we have despised, but whose habiliments we ridiculously enough follow. The glory of Epsom is passed, the schoolmaster has done the business!

Turn we now from the one place of sport to the other; from scenes of a motley to those of an entirely splendid character; from the Downs of Epsom to the Heath at Ascot, from Mr. Maberley to Lord Maryborough, from Lords and Commons to our good and gracious KING.

Well might the meeting we have just returned from, be deemed magnificent, since the whole of the court circle of England appear at it, with its Monarch at its head arrayed in all the dignity and taste which high birth and behaviour claim as their prerogatives; so that we feel warranted in affirming that the whole world beside is unable to produce a pageant of like character, which even shall approach in interest and effect, this of which as Englishmen we are naturally proud; to which as loyal and affectionate subjects we are devotedly attached. For years we have been among the most constant attendants of the Ascot Races, but we remember no former meeting so fully and so splendidly attended as the present; more especially on the Thursday, when we may indeed have talked of countless multitudes. As usual, and in his usual state, probably with even an augmentation of noble and distinguished courtiers, his Majesty came punctually to the appointed hour upon the course, and as usual he was received with the hearty acclamations of the delighted company, whose homage was not the mere "mouth honour" of custom, but the sincere pouring out of grateful adulation to a considerate and liberal Ruler. The Duke of Cumberland came to the course invariably with his Majesty, besides whom, in a procession of seven or eight carriages and four, and forming the royal cortege, were a numerous party of the nobility of either sex usually attendant upon the court.

As nearly all of our readers must themselves have participated in the delights, or shared in the envious showers of the pageant, it would be impertinent in us to attempt instructing them to events in which they have perfected themselves already. To speak, in fact, of the surmises which the splendid running of *Lord Exeter's Patron* here induced, as his very *inferior performances at Epsom*; to dilate upon the inspiring victory of *Maria* over *Souvenir*, so flattering to Majesty, so pleasant to his people, (allowing naturally some little exception for Lord Sefton and party); to dwell upon the annoying defeat of a *Colonel* and the good fortune of a *CHESTERFIELD*, in possessing himself of a



Zingance; to tell of the untoward torrents of the "grand cup-day," and the long spun out occupations of the Friday;—to speak of, dilate and dwell upon these, would be but a series of repetitions, and therefore not calculated to improve the good understanding which we flatter ourselves to be existing between our readers and ourselves. We consequently conclude our notice of the past, by again asserting it to have been—we do not speak of the running, which was not certainly of the very best character—a meeting splendid in the extreme, and rendered doubly interesting by the gracious good humour, which from its commencement to its conclusion characterised the bearing of him who is its most distinguished and influential patron, and who we trust will be blessed with, that health and strength he now enjoys, long to reign over us, and still to give encouragement to pastimes such as we have just enjoyed, and pageants like those which constitute the *Race Meetings at Ascot*.

Independent of the two great festivals—so to term them—of which we have attempted the notice, the town has been well taken care of as to parties and amusements; many of the former—those of *Marlborough*, *Holderness*, and *Devonshire* house in particular—being of the most liberal, and splendid description; and several of the latter such as

" Take from care its withering frown,  
And place instead the gaysome crown,  
Which pleasure in its happiest hour,  
Flings high in air and mocks the shower ;"

but we have already extended our observations to the utmost allowable limit, and must, consequently, proceed to the after-portion of our labours.

Several young men fancy that it adds much to improve their appearance by their suffering their beards to grow after the manner of the citizens belonging to the ancient republics of Greece and Rome; these gentlemen imagine that it gives them an heroic and martial air; or do they wish to transport us back to those days of chivalry so much dwelt on by our romantic writers and the lovers of the Gothic age? Let us hope that our ladies, who are far superior to those of the middle ages, and whose refined taste will always prefer the smooth and well shaven chin to the bristly beard of a dirty looking Cossack, will cry down this innovation, which can never add any interest whatever to an handsome countenance, and which must render an ugly face yet more repellant than it is by nature; let us hope that they will prevent these pretended fashionables from adopting a mode which will make our young men look like goats, or reverend dervises.

#### THE KING'S DRAWING-ROOM AND BALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "WORLD OF FASHION."

SIR,—Having had the honour of being presented at the drawing-room, &c., lately given by our gracious Sovereign, allow me to claim a page of your fashionable work for the purpose not alone of describing the splendour, but also of pointing out, with a view to their remedy, certain arrangements, or the absence of them, which tended materially to mar the general effect of the royal hospitality.—It is natural that I should have formed very high ideas of the grandeur and magnificence which awaited me at the Royal Palace; but judge my chagrin, when I found myself in a suite of diminutive apartments, the approach to which was by a passage

only partially covered with a coarse red drugget, or a kind of baize, and in which the nobility were huddled, as it were, together, like sheep being driven to a fair, and were compelled to struggle their way to the presence of Majesty in a style as annoying as the crush on a full night to the pit of our patent theatres. My regret at beholding this was considerable, but to that sorrow was added, when I beheld the King himself encased, pent up, in a sort of coop composed of brass rails, and therefore shut from his visitors as securely as though he had been seated in a pew at a parish church. Tasteless indeed must have been the contriver of this unseemly, and very extraordinary barrier; and which must, one would imagine, be as unpleasant to the known excellent taste of his Majesty, as it looked ill complimentary to his courtiers and guests.

Think too of the discomfort of three hundred persons of the first rank being congregated into two or three inferiorized rooms, with floors badly polished, walls sparingly dusted, and altogether in as bad a state as those one is doomed sometimes to encounter in a common French *cabaret*.

Then I am constrained to add, and I do so with the less hesitation, because I am convinced his Majesty has been studiously kept in ignorance of the facts, that with respect to the furniture, the arrangements for the supper (itself excellent,) was in the very worst possible taste. A long table occupying the banquetting room was certainly in part mahogany; but was extended by a common deal board, having legs of the same humble quality, which from the pressure inflicted no very pleasant memorials of their existence upon my shins, &c. Sir M. R. was quite horrified at such things being called into use. There were side-tables also made of coarse deal, and trussels with feet that had not even been smoothed by the plane. These tables might be compared (only they were larger,) to the gambling stools we meet with at Epsom and Ascot. They certainly were covered with red baize, but, as the legs projected, the poverty of the material was immediately ascertained, and became as unsightly as a broken boot, or a soiled silk stocking, appearing from beneath the otherwise gay garments of a fashionable promenader. It is painful to speak of these "make-shifts" in a royal residence, but probably exposing them to the world through the influential instrumentality of a work like this, they may reach the Sovereign's eye, and he may himself resolve no longer to put up with accommodations every way unworthy his commanding station and the character of a King.

I would now crave a paragraph as to the embellishments of the rooms. The entrance chamber is hung with swords, pistols, daggers, military trophies and the armour of King John; but these, though characteristic enough in their way, are all in the worst state of preservation; rust has encrusted, and dust has mantled them over. They cannot have been cleaned for several years.

The splendid full length Portrait of his Majesty by Sir T. Lawrence, hangs the most conspicuous object on the wall; it is a finely finished production, though the feet and legs are manifestly too small and disproportioned to the manly figure of his Majesty. Portraits of Charles X. and Le Duc D'Angouleme were also there, out of compliment more particularly to the presence of the *Duc D'Orleans*; but really I could not help fancying that portraits of more of our own Royal Family would have been quite as appropriate to the Palace of the British King.



It only remains for me to add, that what little dancing it was possible to have was exceedingly good and very graceful; but the confined space allotted to the movements of the "fantastic toe," would admit of little more than the mere figure of the quadrille.

Hoping, Sir, that these observations made with the best possible intentions, may "work together for good,"

I am your constant Subscriber,

June 20th, 1829.

ARTHUR FITZMAURICE.

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

### *Honest wedlock*

Is like a banqueting house built in a garden,  
On which the Spring's chaste flowers take delight  
To cast their modest odours; when base lust  
With all her powders, paintings, and her pride,  
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side."

MIDDLETON, 1657.

"DEATH is a port whereby we reach to joy."

EARL OF SURREY.

These mottoes, borrowed from the rich store-house of our old poets, are so characteristic in themselves of the nature of the double theme which must now, for a brief while, occupy our attention, that there exists no necessity whatever for us to hazard any observations of our own as we herald into notice those who have recently entered into the union of affection together, or been summoned to that bourne from which a return is not permitted to mortal man. To that record, therefore, we at once address ourselves, by stating,—that

"Subdued by the power of a heart-throbbing eye," the then happily rewarded WILLIAM HUNTLEY, Esq. led to the altar, "blushing in beauty's bashfulness," EMILY TERESA VERSTURME, eldest daughter of Sir L. VERSTURME, K. H. O.; and that on the same day the family of a not unknown City Alderman was given to cheerfulness and gratulatory odours, by the union of Wm. WOOD, Esq., youngest son of the City Representative of that name, with SARAH LETITIA, daughter of J. MORRIS, Esq. Again, that passion which has been dignified with the name of "divine," and

"That can with melting pleasure mollify," achieved its holy triumph by the leading to the altar at St. James's, by the Lord WROTHESLEY RUSSELL, fourth son of his Grace of BEDFORD, ELIZABETH LAURA HENRIETTA, youngest daughter of Lord WILLIAM RUSSELL. The wedding was attended by the leading members of these distinguished families, who joyfully lent their countenance to grace and ornament a ceremony which promised, and may the promise not prove a bud of flattery only, long years of honour, distinction, and happiness.

On the previous day we also were called upon to congratulate one that we early knew and dearly honoured, and of whom it might be said,

"Her voice was music, and a magic wile,  
Born in the sweet persuasion of her smile,  
Stole to the heart, like those bright summer-beams  
That fill the bosom with enchanted dreams."

We mean SOPHIA HARRIET, youngest daughter of WILLIAM HANNING, Esq., of Dillington-house, Somersetshire, (and well known in the fashionable circles here,) and who, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, was united on the 22d instant, by the Rev. the Dean of CARLISLE, to the object of her sincere choice, and well and wisely has the

fair creature chosen, JOHN BIRD FULLER, Esq., eldest son of JOHN FULLER, Esq., of Neston Park, in the county of Wilts.

Now, after this consummation of our wishes, and fulfilment of our anticipations, we confess not to be "e the vein" to cloud our sunshine with words of dolour, and histories of grief; and, truth to say, Death has for the most part been sparing of triumphs over great houses during the sunshiny month of June and out-of-door gaieties. Some of eminence and talent, and distinction, and many virtues, have fallen under the darts of the invincible one, and these are honoured in the memory, and stored in the gratitude of the just. Peace be to their ashes! and may the peace of tombs, whenever their virtues are recorded, be a school of improvement to the sorrowing friends, who have still to bustle through the varied difficulties, or bear a part in the pomps and vanities of a chequered world, follow the example they were in the habit of affording, and "go and do likewise."

## THE DRAMA.

"By the mass, Andrew, these comedians give us full measure in return for the merchandize of our presence."

"Marry, yea, Sir; but then, as it appears to my poor fancy, the measure is laden with fruit neither pleasant to the eye nor palatable to the taste. The hedge-row produces its bearers of crab-apples, but what traveller, save your mischievous urchin, would delay his journey to shake a bough for the sake of its falling produce."—OLD COMEDY.

We are pretty much of Andrew's opinion, speaking, as we now do, with reference to the Theatricals at almost all our Theatres, since the appearance of our last publication. The June month is generally the season, at the two patent houses, for the benefits of the performers; of those, we mean, who have the hardihood to pay the manager between two and three hundred pounds for the chance of putting money in their purse from the proceeds of public patronage. Now these performers, with some two or three honourable exceptions, seem to imagine that their friend, the public, as aforesaid, will neither take tickets nor places unless an entertainment, or rather a series of entertainments, is offered, which has had no parallel in preceding times, and which renders itself notorious by combining in its elements something which, like O. SMITH'S *Monster*, in *Frankenstein*, or the lately imported American dwarf, "has no brother, is like no brother;" specially observing all through, that the audience shall have enough for their money, even at the risk of sending their hearers, at two o'clock in the morning, worn out to their beds, having supped full of folly or horrors, instead of enjoying a cold chicken, or a lobster salad, and washing it down with a goblet of diluted old sherry—a fine draught in this hot weather, as the people at Ascot fully proved—in a quiet comfortable way at home. In fact, what with *Tom Tugs*, in the dumpy shape of JOHN BRANHAM'S revivals of stupid parodies, such as *Giovanni on Horseback*, and demoralizing afterpieces, like the vulgar mischief yclept *Tom and Jerry*, a mischief which, at this advanced period of civilization, every mechanic could lift the finger of scorn at, there has been little produced either at *Covent Garden* or *Drury Lane*—if we except the law-interlude, *Kemble v. Farren*, in which those clever barristers, Wilde and Campbell, played the leading characters a *merveille*—deserving one tittle of dilated commendation, or, at



all events, which it would become us to speak of with "ears polite." It is, however, but just to add, that from this general censure we except the performances produced on the several benefits of COOPER, YOUNG, CHARLES KEMBLE, Misses PHILLIPS and SMITHSON, and Lady WILLIAM LENNOX. They were every way worthy of the performers, and were rewarded and attended accordingly.

But some one will possibly enquire if we have not a volume of indignation to pour out upon the enacting of that, at the time of its production clever, but not now understood, satire, the *Beggar's Opera*, with, as the play bills phrased it, "the characters reversed." In other words, with *little ladies* thrust forward to play the parts of *seducers*, *highwaymen*, and *pickpockets*, and huge gentlemen, like JOHN REEVE and MEADOWS, paid highly to disgrace themselves and disgust modesty by wearing the habiliments and burlesquing the gait of those that should be women; and whose performance would perfectly warrant the application *Macbeth* addressed to the weird creatures of the blasted heath, with a slight alteration of a line, viz.

"———What are these  
So monstrous, and so vulgar in attire,  
That seem not like the inhabitants of the stage  
And yet are on't?"

Are we asked this, we reply, that to speak largely of the folly, would be widely to extend it, for human nature is so perverse as to flee after vice itself if novelty recommend it; and, indeed, as long as people will tolerate the obscene dancing at the Italian Opera-house, the particularly light and *degagé* style of dress resorted to by certain ladies of title who frequent its boxes; the practice of putting Madame VESTRIS in male characters, and the constant applause awarded to Miss LOVE, for the sake of her unquestionably fine pantaloons, we hardly think it fair to vent the whole volume of our indignation—great and just as it is—upon a single performance, got up for the benefit of a deserving man, who, in indefatigability of duty, and civility of conduct, is not exceeded by any individual attached to any theatre of our metropolis. We forbear the more, also, from the whole performance, with the single exception of the talented little girl Miss COVENEY, who really played and sang, as *Macheath*, most ably, most effectively, so indeed as to pain us, that such a pearl should be so early placed in such a specious setting—being a complete failure, and one, consequently, that cannot be repeated. Even JOHN REEVE failed to make us laugh, and his "Cease your Funning" was any thing but *funny*; from the very imperfect manner in which he had studied his character, and the time of the music. *Bombastes Furioso* and *Abrahamides* must still be the supporters of JOHN'S escutcheon whenever, like his uncle WAITHMANN, he can shut up shop and set up his carriage. Those who can recollect old JACK BANNISTER playing *Polly* thirty years ago—and that he did so, we feel a pleasure in putting *very particular* people in mind of, though by no means wishing to become disciples of Mr. LEMAN REDE, who argues that *one fool should make many*—will never think it worth while to keep the play-bill which records Mr. REEVE'S first and *last* appearance in that character. Mr. HARLEY, too, has played *Mrs. Malaprop*, and who wrote down Mr. HARLEY? MIN LISTON plays to this day *Moll Flaggon*, and who dares to write down Mr. LISTON? After all, like Walpole's defence of the third Richard of England, stage perpetrations are often paradoxes, and we will e'en leave the *Beggar's Opera*, with the "characters reversed," to be dealt with as our readers shall se-

verally determine. Puritanism is not now so high in its stirrups, and so proud in its bonnet, as it was when one Oliver Cromwell held the Protectorate. Neither has the Opera-house produced any thing peculiarly pleasant or exquisitely brilliant since

Bright broke the sun of swarthy June,  
And hotter breath'd the scorching noon,  
And thereby earth yawned wide for showers,  
To freshen fruits, and sweeten flowers;  
To green the carpet of the mead  
The orchard and the field to feed,

though some excuse might be found in the numerous splendid parties taking the company away from theatres at this warm period of the year, and at the intervention of Ascot, which, during the period of its royalty-honoured glories, was necessarily and indeed the "beheld of all beholders." It afforded us, however, considerable satisfaction, inasmuch as it is always pleasant to know that merit meets with its reward, to witness the patronage bestowed upon Madame MALIBRAN GARCIA, on the occasion of her benefit, which took place Thursday, the 11th, when she took the character, and played it well, of *Susannah*, in the well known *Le Nozze di Figaro* of our favourite MOZART; SONTAG enacting the *Countess* with judicious dignity. The celebrated letter, sent in the second act, was executed by these talented ladies in a style so effective as to elicit a general and unhesitating *encore*, whilst the *voi che saketete* of the *future Princess*, was, as LUMLEY SKEFFINGTON would say, *off*, and JONES on, the stage, "a perfect bit of deliciousness." DONZELLI and PELLEGRINI continue to hold their places in the estimation of applauding audiences, and their employer, LAPORTE, is endeavouring to get up another pretty bit of a quarrel about his singers and fiddlers singing—singing and fiddling for other people, by way, we suppose, of a bass (*Qu. base*) accompaniment to the discordant piece which thinned his orchestra of the finest musical talent the world possesses. Well, be it so, we are ready to back *foreigners* for *fishin* in *troubling waters* against the whole congregated mass of punt and patient anglers that dot the bosom of old Father Thames, with monuments of "hope deferred," or "hope accomplished," from the perch prickers of the London Docks, to the barbel and gudgeon epicures of Kingston or Hampton Court.

Mr. ELLISTON has had the merit to discover and bring out a new *Hamlet*—a personage as rare as a miser's feast, or the blooming of an aloe-tree—and will, if he have fair play, by and bye, astonish the town. He would be an invaluable acquisition to the Garden, now that poor KEAN has sunk prematurely into the sea, the yellow leaf, so that even the ass kicks at the wounded lion.

The *Haymarket* has opened; and the *English Opera*—that pleasant house, where manager and performers and musicians pull together and there is no discord, all being as one family—soon will; and we shall again behold *Nature* and FANNY KELLY; and have our ears pleased and our eyes satisfied; and be able to amuse, we hope, our readers with a faithful report of that which we do see and hear; but there is time enough yet, for all this, and we consequently exchange our pen for our spurs, our dressing-gown for our riding-coat, and our study for our steed, for this is the eve of the gold cup at Ascot, and we would not omit seeing the race, and shouting for the King, to be the *Paul Pry* at the Haymarket Theatre, or, which is a far greater honour, of this Magazine.



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

## PLATE THE FIRST.

## COSTUME OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 41.

## DRESS OF A FEMALE ON THE BORDERS OF LAC MAGGIORE.

The females of these environs are not only remarkable for their Italian beauty, but also for a very peculiar kind of costume, which much sets off their outward attractions; and it is well known that, when they are habited like other European women, their beauty appears less striking.

The figure represented in our engraving may be regarded as a portrait, as it was actually taken from the life, and may be depended on as a classical representation of the most prevailing dress worn by the greater part of the females in the environs of Lac Maggiore.

The petticoat is of white satin, superbly ornamented at the border with rosettes in Chenille of bright crimson: these rosettes depend in rows, forming a very splendid border, and each row is headed by a bow of crimson ribbon, united together by a narrow rouleau of the same colour. The corsage is of black velvet or satin, with a kind of jacket-frill appendage round the waist, forming a sash; this also is crimson. In front of the corsage is a stomacher of yellow satin, checkered in crimson diamonds of ribbon, from whence depends a very narrow and short apron of the same. The sleeves are of Italian tiffany, white, and very full; a plain cuff confines them a little below the elbow; and the mancherons, instead of being loose, as they usually are, tighten the sleeve on the shoulder, and are formed *en treillage*, in crimson ribbon; a bow of which, with long ends, is placed on the top of each shoulder. The hair is arranged *à la Madonna*, and is ornamented with crimson Chenille, in a very unique fashion; it is entwined among the cross braid of hair over that which is divided on the forehead; a full bow of the Chenille is then placed above each ear; and from these bows depend loops, at the termination of which is another bow just touching the shoulder. The other ornaments on the hair consist of a row, *en auréole*, of Glauvina-pins, with very long stalks of silver or gold, headed by ruby hearts. The ear-pendants are *en girandoles*, and are of finely-wrought gold. A black velvet-collar encircles the throat, fastened in front with a Chrysolite set in gold. The bracelets are of black velvet, clasped by a Cameo. Slippers of bronze-coloured satin, are laced *en sandales*.

## WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of white jaconot muslin, *en tunique*, embroidered down the sides, and over the broad hem which surrounds the border, in a delicate pattern of green. The body, *en gerbe*, confined round the waist by a small bow,

with very long and broad ends, embroidered in a correspondent manner with the pelisse; as is a double pelerine cape and falling collar, which finish the corsage. The sleeves are *à l'Imbecille*, and are confined at the wrists by broad gold bracelets. The bonnet is of white chip, ornamented under the brim with stripes and points of white satin. The trimming on the bonnet is of chip and satin, disposed *en fers de Cheval*; among which are placed garden-lillies, and pale-blue larkspurs. The bouquet in front of the bonnet is larger and fuller than that on the left side. The strings are placed under the bonnet, and float loose.

## SECOND PLATE.

## WALKING-DRESS.

A pelisse of muslin embroidered down each side of the front, where it is left open, and also above the hem round the border of the skirt; this latter embroidery is, however, of a slighter pattern than that down the sides. The body is plain, and confined at the waist by a white watered-silk ribbon, fastened in front by a gold buckle. The sleeves are *à l'Orientale*, unconfined at the wrist, and are embroidered next the hand. A double pelerine falls over the shoulders, each bordered with embroidery, and terminated by fringe or lace. A ruff, approaching to the commencement of the throat, finishes the pelerine; this is triple, and of fine lace, fastening in front by a bow of white satin ribbon. The hat is of white chip, trimmed with spring-green ribbon and branches of willow: a coronet of blond is worn underneath.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1. A carriage-hat of white chip; ornamented under the brim with white gauze striped ribbon. Full plume of white Marabout feathers in front; a smaller one drooping over the right side of the brim.

FIG. 2. A back view of the same hat.

FIG. 3. A back and front view of a crape hat, the colour of the Chinese-rose, trimmed with ribbons of the same colour, edged with hair-stripes of black, richly ornamented with white blond, and two esprits of green and fawn-colour.

FIG. 4. Front and back view of a promenade-hat of white gros-de-Naples, trimmed with white striped gauze ribbon: with a very broad blond at the edge of the brim.

FIG. 5. Front and back view of a blond cap; the double borders of which, in a Vandyck pattern, are turned entirely back. A rouleau of Corn-flower-blue ribbon surrounds the hair in front, with bows in three long loops over each temple. Similar bows are placed at the back of the head, with a rouleau separating the caul from the borders.



## PLATE THE THIRD.

## WALKING AND MORNING DRESSES.

## DRESS THE FIRST.

A dress of celestial-blue *gros de Naples*, chequered in diamonds, in a hair stripe of darker blue. Two ornaments, set on flounce-wise, surround the border; they consist of points, waving across in bias; the points are edged by a dark blue rouleau; and each flounce-ornament is headed by a rouleau the same colour as the dress. The corsage is à la *Roxelane*; the front of the bust formed *en chevrons*, by rouleaux of light blue. The body is cut very low from the neck and shoulders, and surrounded by a falling tucker of lace; one row of which forms a mancheron over the short sleeves. A bonnet of white chip is ornamented underneath with celestial blue ribbon; and the crown has a few bows of the same ribbon: in the front are placed two arched wreaths of flowers, one above the other; the lower arch consisting of very small roses, thickly grouped together; the upper, of blue bells. Long, broad strings of blue striped gauze ribbon float loose. Ear-rings and necklace of opal, set in gold à l'*antique*; bracelets of gold clasped with a cameo. Shoes of celestial blue kid, *en sandales*.

## CENTRE FIGURE.

A pelisse of fine jaconot muslin, with a very broad hem round the border, of muslin, embroidered in large, diamond chequers; this ornament is headed by a full *rûche* of clear muslin, and the *rûche* surmounted by scallops, richly embroidered in spots; down the front of the skirt of the pelisse, where it fastens, is a *rûche* that correspond with that round the border, at one side of which are scallops embroidered in spots. The body is *en gerbe*; and is confined round the waist by a ribbon in a Chinese pattern, in the front of which is placed a rainbow fan, spread open, and seeming to form a part of the body *en gerbe*. The ends of the sash, which depend in front, are very broad and long; and are of white ribbon, striped à la *Chinoise*, with canary yellow, blue, and marshmallow blossom, the same colours which form the stripes across the fan. The sleeves are à l'*Imbécille*, with a very broad cuff, tight at the wrist, the upper part only ruffled. A bracelet, consisting of two rows of coral beads, incircles the left wrist. A pelerine of fine India muslin, surrounded by a *rûche* of tulle, covers the neck, and is surmounted by a double ruff of lace, tied in front with a ribbon the same as the sash. The hat is of white *gros de Naples*, turned up slightly on the right side, with notched ends, formed into a rosette, of pink and white ribbon; white gauze ribbons, with pink stripes, form the strings and ornaments on the hat, with beautifully grouped flowers, bent archwise in front, and a bouquet on the left side: they are chiefly red roses with their green foliage.

## THIRD DRESS.

A dress of a light fawn Organdy, with a flounce round the border, embroidered in separate branches of blue and jonquil-coloured foliage, in coloured crewel: above this flounce is a rich border of embroidery, consisting of yellow and blue field flowers; these are surmounted by detached branches of foliage, corresponding with those on the flounce. The body is *en gerbe*, and is finished round the bust by a Paladin cape, embroidered at the edge in blue and yellow: under the dress is worn a fichu, surmounted by a double

ruff of lace. The sleeves are à l'*Imbécille*; embroidered next the shoulder with dependant branches of blue and yellow foliage. At the wrist is a cuff, headed by antique points, which only are perceptible; the rest of the cuff being concealed by a broad bracelet of hair, fastened by an emerald, on the left hand, and a cameo on the right. The sash is embroidered to correspond with the work on the dress. The hat is of fine leghorn; and is ornamented under each side of the brim by a rosette of Cerulean blue ribbon, edged on one side by yellow; the hat ties under the chin by a *mentonnière* of blond, on the right side, with blue and yellow ribbon: three branches of fancy flowers, of the bell kind, wave in front of the crown, in the style of feathers; they are blue and yellow. Black kid half-boots complete the dress.

N. B.—Back view of a Leghorn hat, trimmed with white, and Chinese rose-coloured ribbon: with branches of rose-Canterbury-bells, disposed like feathers.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## EVENING AND WALKING DRESSES.

## DRESS THE FIRST.

A dress of Lavender *gros de Naples*, with two flounces round the border, cut in points at the edges; the upper flounce headed by ornaments in triple points. A canezou Spencer of embroidered tulle is worn over the dress, with the body made tight to the shape, and finished by a fichu-pelerine, with the cape cleft at the shoulders, and trimmed round with lace. A double lace ruff incircles the throat, with a bow of lavender ribbon in front. Sleeves à l'*Imbécille*, with very broad bracelets of white and gold enamel, fastened by a cameo head. A hat of white chip, ornamented with green and white feathers: a bow of green and white ribbon is placed under the brim on the right side. Neapolitan ear-rings in Mosaic. Half-boots of spring-green satin.

## DRESS THE SECOND.

Over a white muslin petticoat, with two broad rows let in across of embroidered muslin, is worn a pelisse of cornflower-blue watered *gros de Naples*. The pelisse is made without sleeves, and the collar turns back *en schal*; under the pelisse is worn a canezou of fine India muslin, laid in small plaits. The sleeves à l'*Imbécille*, with very broad plain cuffs, sitting close to the wrists. A Jeannette collar of black velvet, with its gold ornaments, depends from the throat; but the cross is not à la *Jeannette*: it is of the Maltese kind. The hat is of cornflower blue crape, ornamented under the brim with points of satin, between which are quillings of blond. The crown is adorned with a profusion of blond, and two white esprit feathers on the right side: very long strings of broad blue ribbon, depend from each side of the hat.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES, &amp;c.

FIG. 1.—A half-length back view of the figure above described.

FIG. 2.—Back view of a white chip hat, trimmed with pale pink and white ribbon, with a plume of pink feathers.

## FOURTH DRESS.

A dress of *gros de Naples*, the colour, Egyptian-sand; over two rouleaux of the same, next the shoe, is a very deep flounce, beautifully embroidered at the edge in a



pattern of corn-flowers; elegant bouquets of which are worked on the dress above the flounce. The body is *engerbe*, with a pointed zone, embroidered to suit the flowers on the skirt. The sleeves à la *Mameluke*, of a very moderate fullness, confined at the wrists by gold bracelets fastened by an emerald set in gold. A pelerine of fine muslin, fastens behind, and is surrounded by a superb broad lace, and a very full quadruple ruff of narrow lace surrounds the throat, yet not approaching too near the chin. A hat of white *gros de Naples* is beautifully ornamented with double exotic flowers of a cornflower-blue, with a light green *esprit* on the right side, and a few ears of corn on the left. Beneath the brim, at its edge, on the right side, is a small bouquet of the flower, "Forget-Me-Not," and ears of ripe corn.

#### NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1829.

Very few have, as yet, been the departures for the country; and they have taken place chiefly on account of declining health, or to preserve that of the younger part of a family, who may be at home for the summer recess. The capital, at the present moment, is a scene of splendour, from the numerous members of rank and fashion which grace her public walks, her elegant and scientific morning amusements, and her public spectacles.

True, these glories are arrived at their zenith, and ere another month shall have passed away, they will be fading from the horizon of our now gay metropolis; but the splendid parties given by royalty, and by the nobles of the land, have afforded lately by their brilliancy, an unrivalled scene of taste and magnificence, and have, also, it is hoped, been beneficial to native talent and industry.

A very beautiful bonnet for the carriage morning visiting dress, is of white crape, finished about the crown by ornaments of the same material, and with blond; under the brim are inlacings of white satin; and on the crown the puffs and ornaments are relieved by very light *aigrettes* of real marabout white feathers, being placed between, one of which appears beneath the left side of the brim. Another elegant carriage bonnet is of striped blond gauze, pink on white, and on the white space between the pink stripes, is a narrow variegated stripe of various colours, in brocade. This bonnet is ornamented by folds and *en bateau* of pink satin, and of the same gauze-blond as the bonnet; the bows and strings, which latter are in a loop, are of steam-yellow satin, and plain pink doubled gauze, sewn together.

Among the new head-dresses is a cap for *demi-parure*, of tulle, the borders doubled in bias, and crowned by straw-coloured ribbons, long strings of which, in striped gauze, float loose. A cap, fitted for the theatre, is of rich blond, trimmed with *Jaune-vapeur*, striped gauze ribbon, and ornamented under the broad border, which turns back, over each temple, with bouquets of white, purple, and yellow narcissusses; these flowers are all double. A dress hat for the opera or for an evening party is of white clear net, lined with blue *crêpe-aerophone*, and trimmed with the same, and with white tulle: two very long strings or lappets depend from the right side; they are formed of long puffings of white and blue *crêpe-aerophone*; under the brim is a bandeau of the same, which crossing the forehead, terminates by a bar on the right side. A plume of blue ostrich feathers finishes the hat. A most superb dress-hat for a grand evening party, or for the opera, is of pink crape,

bound with a bias edge of pink satin; an ornament of broad white blond appears, slightly full under the right side of the brim, with a loop of pink gauze ribbon; and a most splendid willow plumage of pink and white feathers, in stripes crosswise, covers the crown, and plays with grace and elegance over the brim. A dress hat for dinner parties, in rural excursions, is of white stiffened net, trimmed with white satin ribbon: under the right side of the brim is a small, full bouquet of white and crimson stocks, and a light plume of white marabouts waves over the crown. This hat is without strings, and the brim is very shallow behind, giving to the hat somewhat the appearance of a dress bonnet. A pink crape *béret*, with striped gauze pink ribbons, and worn either with or without feathers, according to the style of dress, is a very favourite *coiffeure*.

Except what we have represented in our engravings in the out-door department, there is scarce any change since last month, except the pelerine-mantelet of fine Indian muslin, richly embroidered, with long ends depending to the feet, the ends rounded. They are extremely elegant, as is the oriental pelisse of muslin, fringed and embroidered, and left open in front of the skirt; very loose sleeves of the true Persian kind, are left unconfined at the wrists.

The ball dresses consist of coloured crape, over white satin, and have nothing decisive as to the form of the corages, or to their style of trimming, in which little alteration or novelty can be looked for, as they will now be so soon laid aside, except for the *Fête Champêtre*, when, most probably, white tulle dresses will supersede every other.

The colours most admired are pink, ethereal-blue, straw-colour, spring-green, violet, and jonquil.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Chesnut-blossoms, and those of the marshmallow, are favourite flowers on hats of every kind. Some white crape bonnets are ornamented with a wreath of blue-bells, with a wreath of the same flowers embroidered at the edge of the brim, and another underneath; in front of these bonnets is placed two bouquets of coquelicots, blue-bells, and ears of corn, disposed in a V.

Even in *deshabille*, a lady ought to have a superb demi-veil of blond round her hat. Bonnets, lined with rose-colour, prevail much in the country. All the fowers now worn on hats are placed in the style of feathers. Many bonnets are seen of green *gros de Naples*, tied down very close over the ears; there are also some bonnets, the fronts of which are of straw, and the crown of white *gros de Naples*.

There are some very charming bonnets made of ribbons sewn together; those of gauze are white and rose-colour, or blue and white; they are placed alternately, and are surrounded by a broad blond; they are truly elegant. On white chip hats, are placed *aigrettes* of small feathers, half rose-colour and half white, or *Jaune-vapeur* and white; these are much admired. White hats of *gros de Naples* are sometimes ornamented with a rosette, the two ends of which are finished by blue-feather fringe. A hat of white chip has been seen with six green feathers, placed one above the other.

Eight or ten tulips, with their green foliage, and feathers besides, often compose the ornaments on a leghorn hat;



these flowers are placed in front of the crown. A Leghorn hat has been seen ornamented with gauze ribbon, appearing like blond; the colours ponceau and Chinese green: a branch of the winter-cherry, with its green leaves and scarlet fruit, surrounded the crown; the branch, by being bent, took a direction whereby it was lost under the brim. At the other part of the branch, at the summit of the crown, was perched a tom-tit, pecking at one of the cherries.

The way of trimming hats of *gros de Naples*, consists in placing at the front of the crown, a bias, in the form of an empty horn, and then filling this semblance of a horn with an abundance of flowers, thus rendering it a cornucopia. The horn is edged round with blond and a rouleau.

For the promenade in the fields or gardens, young persons wear straw bonnets; the brim is very large, and ties close down over the cheeks, they are lined with coloured *gros de Naples*; these bonnets have no other trimming than a band of ribbon, which encircles the crown, and of which the strings are formed.

Hats of straw, or white chip, are ornamented with branches of blue heath, placed in the manner of a bird-of-paradise plume; they are lined with blue crape, and a white blond veil is worn with them. There are some very charming bonnets of painted *gros de Naples*, which are trimmed at the edge of the brim with white blond: sometimes these bonnets have only the crown painted, and the brim is of white chip. The English hats are much worn in the morning walks, for shopping, and at coming from the baths. They are often of figured straw, and are lined with rose-coloured satin; they tie down with strings of the same, which constitute all their ornament. The riding-hats are of black beaver. Hats of white watered *gros de Naples* are bound and trimmed, with rose-coloured striped gauze ribbons. Under the brim is a bandeau with rosettes; above, bows and strings. Japanese roses are favourite flowers on hats, and a demi-veil of blond is in universal esteem. Leghorn hats are lined with coloured *gros de Naples*. Green and white ribbons, with a double bouquet of lilies of the valley, are favourite ornaments on white chip hats; the ribbons cross the crown, in bias, and the bouquets are placed one on each side.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Cashmere shawls are worn when the weather is chill; when warm, scarfs of white lace are seen in the public walks.

Jaconot muslin pelisses are much worn in the morning walks; they are open before, and discover the petticoat; they are called pelisses à la *Maitresse*; on account of a favourite actress wearing such a dress in the dramatic piece "*La Maitresse*."

Beneath the ruffs, worn round the neck, are collars, named à la *fiancée*; they consist of two points of taffety, or *gros de Naples*, of two different colours, which cross under a runner.

There are some new shawls, named *Moresca-Cachemère*; they are of two or three colours, and are ornamented at the corners by bouquets of flowers.

There are some pelisses of jaconot muslin, which are bordered by a very broad hem, separated from the other part of the skirt by letting in stripes of muslin, richly embroidered in feather-stitch. Almost all the shawls of Chinese crape have borders of different colours imprinted on them; but the most elegant are those which are worked in flat embroidery. In the country, a favourite out-door costume for young persons, consists of a plaited canezou with a petticoat of plain gingham. The canezou fastens by

five or six buttons of gold, mother-o'-pearl, or tortoise-shell.

DRESSES.—Dresses of white muslin, or of Organdy, are very general; as are those of muslin, with very large patterns printed on them. Dresses of rose-coloured crape, with the corsage in drapery, have, above the broad hem at the border, which ascends as high as the knee, a full *rûche*, plucked, of rose crape.

Much care has been bestowed in giving firmness to the broad hems at the borders of dresses, in order that the skirt, which is still very short, may have that roundness which is now so particularly admired in ball-dresses. It has, indeed, been said, that some fashionable ladies have had whalebone introduced into the borders of their petticoats. One step more, and hoops may again become fashionable!

White canezous are so numerous, that to be distinguished in this way, they ought to be covered with embroidery, or trimmed with a profusion of lace, costing more than four or five times the price of the dress, over which they are worn. A young lady, recently married, having ingenuously expressed her partiality for this accessory to the toilet, found in her *corbeille* one so extremely beautiful, that for the space of a fortnight, it was an object of curiosity to all her female friends and acquaintance; it is estimated at six hundred francs.

It is not pleasant to be compelled to give always the true reason why fashions often bear a ludicrous though appropriate name; but the long and loose sleeves now worn without any support from the shoulder to the wrists, are styled sleeves à l'*imbécille*.\*

At a *fête* extraordinary at Tivoli, a beautiful Italian wore a clear dress of printed muslin; the ground, a Nankin colour, figured *en colonnes*, in Chinese designs; the sleeves were à l'*imbécille*, with broad ruffles of embroidered tulle, and a pelerine to correspond. A very deep founce bordered the dress; and a scarf, called a *printanière*, with flowers embroidered in coloured silks on a white ground.

Four very pretty young females wore dresses very tastefully trimmed; one was of slate-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with tufted fringe; the second had a striped muslin dress, of a Persian pattern; the third a dress of Organdy, embroidered in oak-leaves, and acorns in green chervel; the fourth a dress of steam-yellow poplin.

High dresses are worn, and likely so to be during the sojournment in the country; they are made with a stomacher, and buttoned or laced behind. Some are of plain materials, and the front is cut in bias; others are plaited and stitched below the throat. The epaulettes descend very low, and the sleeves are kept in shape by a runner, and stitched at the opening at the wrists. With the above corsages a ruff only is worn, round the neck, and is of tulle. The bodies, which are made as canezous, are separate from the skirt. The cuffs come very low over the hands, and are ruffled.

A new kind of bias have appeared to embellish the summer evening costume, the charming shades of which seem to have been "dipt in the woof of Iris." They are simple, graceful, and elegant. The tissue is of a transparent

\* And they are justly so named; for they are exactly like those worn by the fool or clown in a pantomime, and the Chinese drolls, which perform such characters in their excellent plays.—Ed.



kind, and of a variety of colours; these are named *rain-bows*.

At the rural balls many ladies wear muslin dresses, the ground white, with a pattern over it of various colours, large green foliage with yellow and rose-coloured flowers, disposed in stripes; these dresses are made with a stomacher, and have sleeves à *l'imbecille*. The body is covered with a fichu of tulle, plain, with two stripes of embroidery let in. This fichu is in the form of a pelcrine, and is edged round with narrow lace; its long ends are crossed over in front, and tie in a bow behind.

Perhaps it is to put an end, as soon as possible, to the large sleeves, that they have been named à *l'imbecille*. It must be confessed that they are universally adopted; however, a new form begins to appear; it is à *l'amadis*, very tight from the elbow to the wrist, while the upper part of the sleeve, which is extremely wide, falls above the elbow, like a kind of ruffle.

Fringes are universally used in trimmings. Above a broad hem have been seen points dependant, trimmed round the edges with fringe. Batistes are worn in every style of dress; they are often embroidered in colours, especially on white, and form a very pretty dress for the summer.

Dresses of straw-coloured Organdy are embroidered in wreaths of blue flowers; these represent heath, and are formed in stripes down the shirt, where they terminate above the hem by bunches of detached heath. The sleeves are of plain tulle, and are confined at the wrist by a cuff formed of a double row of pleated Alençon point lace, which lace trims the edge of the pelcrine worn with this dress.

There is no change in the make of the riding-habits. Several have been seen of Swedish, the Merino, or of English green. At the promenades, and at the *fêtes-champêtres*, there are many dresses seen of muslin figured over in very large Persian patterns; while others have very small sprigs. In carriages are seen Egyptian patterns of every kind.

The most fashionable gingham are those with very narrow and close stripes of rose-colour; the sleeves of such dresses are à *l'imbecille*, with the epaulettes formed like a half-moon. Two full, fluted flounces, finish the border of the skirt: the back and shoulders are much exposed.—Most dresses are, however, bordered by a broad hem, over which are often three rows of flat braiding, placed apart from each other; over them a broad bias fold, surmounted also by three rows of braiding; this same kind of braiding is placed on the corsage, where it is out, away at the back and shoulders, and the front is *en gerbe*: this braiding, on coloured dresses, is white. The sashes are of bright jonquil, figured with brown, and these are named Chinese ribbons.

Every lady who goes to the nicety of fashion wears ruffles; they are of jacanot or embroidered muslin, and are only full next the wrist. Others have a frill at the wrist and also at the upper part. The ruffles are of fine muslin, laid in small plaits, and edged with Valenciennes lace.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—The summer fashion of wearing the hair in evening dress, without any ornament, has commenced even among the members of royalty. The tresses are arranged in a bandeau over each temple, three bows on the summit of the head, and at their base a plat, which is wound round, to form the elevation. The dress hats are of white chip, with two tails of the bird-of-paradise,

placed end to end at the summit of the crown. A rosette of saffron-coloured ribbon fastens these feathers in front. Another rosette is placed at the base of the crown behind; and a third, more full, is seen on the left side, almost at the edge of the brim. The ends of a ribbon, which, at the top, goes round the crown, are spread out, and are united to the last mentioned rosette. The strings of the hat are trimmed.

Caps, à *la fiancée*, are ornamented with blue flowers, they are placed very backward; and the hair is in full clusters over each temple. *Bérets* of white crape, in full dress, are encircled by silver lace bands, placed at equal distances. A *béret-togue à l'Italienne*, in rose-coloured crape, is trimmed with a very full plume of rose-coloured feathers. Some head-dresses, in hair, are simply ornamented with a large full-blown rose, or a piony, placed behind, and quite at the summit of the head. At the last performances at the German theatre, the ladies had all head-dresses in hair, or blond caps. The favourite head-dress for balls in the country, is a fine Leghorn hat placed quite at the back of the head, and ornamented with two long branches of white-thorn in blossom, placed arch-wise, one above the other; white gauze ribbons, with broad satin stripes, and a small cornette of blond, tying under the chin; two broad strings of gauze ribbon stream behind, one descending from the summit of the crown, the other at its base. The hair, arranged à *la Judith*, that is to say, brought near on the forehead to its centre; then falling, in very full curls, one over the other to the throat. A picture of Judith, by Paul Veronese, represents her with her hair arranged in this manner. Some dress hats are of white chip, and are ornamented with flowers, which vibrate on their stalks.

At the theatres are seen many small caps, the crowns of which are in treillage work, formed of pink and satin rouleaux, and the front of gauze ribbons, cut into leaves; there is no blond introduced in these caps.

In the country have been seen several female dancers, whose heads were ornamented with natural flowers; poppy, blue-bells, laurel-roses, pinks, and pomegranate-blossoms. These flowers had long stalks, and were placed behind the bows of hair which formed the summit of the head-dress. Some fashionable ladies have essayed at the Opera, and at the Theatre Favart, to adorn their hair also with natural flowers; but the heat of these places soon faded them, before the performance was half over.

**JEWELLERY.**—Jewels begin to decline in favour.—There are but few bracelets worn, unless in full dress. The *Chatelaines* seem not to accord with summer costumes; a key of gold, fastened to a neck-chain, seems most in vogue. A new fashion, however, which is as original as genteel, is that of small enamelled smelling-bottle, in the form of a watch, fastened by a very pretty chain to a ring, which is placed on the finger over the glove; this little smelling-bottle, which escapes from it, is taken back again, falls again, and yet remains always suspended to the finger: this is a species of *bijou*, that may serve to replace in summer, the fans which are so much played with during the winter.

The newest bracelets are of tortoise-shell, some dark, some light. The round of the bracelet is ornamented with subjects in gold, stamped in relief; in the centre of the bracelets are antique heads in Cameos, or paintings in colours on china, called enamel. Sometimes portraits on ivory, or birds formed of feathers by a metallic process.



These bracelets open and shut, in the manner of the old necklaces named *carcans*.

Smelling-bottles of crystal, which ladies now wear suspended from their necks, or to their sash, are covered with gold net-work, through which is seen the colour of the crystal.

A large chain of gold is usually thrown over the neck, to which is fastened a gold key; the head of which is surrounded by turquoises.

In the room of the *vinaigrettes* which the ladies wore suspended to their neck-chains, there is now a rose of gold, enamelled, or of valuable gems, which opens by a spring. In it is contained some drops of the *Otto of Roses*, which scent is predicted by the emblem.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Instead of carrying the bouquet in the hand, the ladies now pass it through the sash.

High-heeled shoes are about to be introduced; there have already appeared some shoes, with the heel raised in the interior part of the sole, which raises the instep, and is supposed to give grace to the gait. At all events, if the heels continue to be made only in this way, they will not have the ridicule attached to them like those worn by our great grandmothers.

There have been various opinions concerning the colour of *Jaune-Vapeur*; some affirm, and we think justly, that it takes its name from that lurid kind of smoke, which oftentimes issues from *steam-machines*; and *steam* being so much in vogue, our linguists have not hesitated in pronouncing it to be *steam-yellow*. The Parisians, however, affect to have found out, that a celebrated actress, whenever she had the *vapours*, turned that (now fashionable) colour!

Formerly mourning was laid aside on account of a marriage, or any other important event taking place in a family; it is now suspended for a ball, a concert, or any extraordinary performance at the theatre.

Half-boots, of a dark colour, generally brown, and very square-toed, are very much in favour; some of these boots button up the front.

There is a goblet, now termed a family-glass, which contains about nine or ten of a moderate size; these are used in \*rambling dinners about the country.

Gaiters, of grey *gros-de-Naples*, are worn with almost every kind of shoe.

For some time pincushions have been made of the most varied and curious forms. They represent small dolls of a grotesque kind, which, stuffed with bran, receive the puncture of a thousand pins. This invention is also seen in portable bells. They are in bronze, in gilding, and of every kind of composition; and which are truly of a very original kind.

Scotch marriages are very fashionable among parties in the country, and in all those meetings which are likely to last a certain time. As many different flowers are collected as there are ladies in the assembly, and they are inclosed in a basket. The same ceremony takes place among the gentlemen. When each of these draws a flower, by chance, it is united to a flower of the same kind.

During all the time of the marriage, the husband submits to all the caprice and will of his wife. "Sir, order the carriage; hold the bridle of my *borriko*; teach me to waltz, dance very fast, *engalop*; please to bring me my shawl, give me a glass of *Orgeat*, &c. &c." When the party breaks up, every one regains his liberty.

#### REQUISITES FOR A FRENCH YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

A gothic kind of coffer is in better taste than what is styled a *corbeille*. Either *corbeille* or coffer have a lock which is made secure by a key which the bride has suspended to her *chatelaine*, or her chain, which is a part of the presents made her on the day her contract is signed.

The *trousseau* (paraphernalia of the bride,) must not be confounded with the *corbeille*, (or coffer containing the presents made her) both are separately destined to the personal use of the bride; but the *trousseau* is furnished by the parents, generally the grandfather and grandmother; the *corbeille* is offered in homage by the future husband.

The *trousseau*, by its abundant utility, ought to be estimated above the objects of fashion contained in the *corbeille*.

As for the *trousseau*, which is a requisite affair, the father, the mother, the uncles or aunts, and the guardians ought to provide for all that may be wanting; in regard to the *corbeille*, nothing is required from the future bridegroom, but taste and gallantry.

Whatever dimensions the *corbeille* may be of, it will not contain all the offerings made; but it will accompany them.

Among the articles surrounding the *corbeille* of a young bride belonging to one of the higher classes, we remarked: A white dress of Chantilly lace, in a pattern, forming stripes, it had two flounces! and was to be worn over white satin, another dress was of rose-coloured satin.

A cachemire dress, the colour Chinese-green, embroidered in silk of the same colour, shaded: it had a flounce cut in sharp points. The pattern was slight, and of a running kind.

A dress of Navarin-blue satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of white Chantilly blond, in a very rich pattern.

The dress to be worn at the altar was of English-point-lace.

A hat of Leghorn, extremely fine, surmounted by two magnificent willow-feathers, of the new kind, appearing like united tassels; they were white, and hung in different stages, one above the other.

A hat of bright rose-coloured crape, overshadowed by a willow-feather of the same colour, very large.

A Grenada-toque with an open crown, ornamented with white ostrich feathers. A cardinal's hat of *Jaune vapour*, adorned in the same manner.

A cap of white blond, *à la fiancée*, with bows of blond-gauze ribbon, rouleaux of satin and flowers, all blue: the lappets of blond.

A toque of cherry-coloured gauze, interwoven with gold. A turban of rose-coloured crape, spotted with silver. A *béret* of Lyonese silk of a fancy kind.

Three Indian shawls of Cachemire; one *en noir arlequin*. A scarf of Meeklin-lace.

Jewels in coloured stones, some engraven, others plain; a set of Scotch pebbles; a comb, necklace and ear-rings, with twelve ears of corn, all in brilliants; with a buckle of the same for a sash.

A fan of mother-of-pearl. A white purse, embroidered with pearls and polished steel; this should contain some valuable pieces of gold coin: in the purse given to the young French lady recently married, were gold pieces of twenty and forty francs, with which it was filled.

When a young lady is married, she receives from her husband, a basket filled with flowers, bijouterie, feathers, and other articles of fancy: such is the custom in France. In China, when a young female is betrothed, she finds, at night, in the bridal chamber, thread, cotton, needles, a thimble, and a pair of scissors.

\* What the English call "gipsying."



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LXII.—English Earls.

## BENNET, EARL OF TANKERVILLE.

In the forty-third year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, Sir John Bennet, knight, was member for York, and was ambassador to Brussels, in 1617; he died in 1627: and his eldest son, Sir John Bennet, knight, had issue six sons, of whom Henry, the second son, the celebrated statesman, was created Earl of Arlington, 1672; and was father of Isabella, Duchess of Grafton: Sir John Bennet, knight of the Bath, the eldest son, was created Baron Ossulton, in 1632. He married first, Elizabeth, Countess of Mulgrave, daughter of Lionel Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, but by that lady had no issue. His second wife was Bridget, daughter of John Hare, of Langar Notts, Esq., and sister to Scroop, Viscount Howe, by whom he had Charles, his heir, and who succeeded his father, who died in 1688.

Charles Bennet, the above mentioned son, was, on October 19, 1714; created

*First Earl of Tankerville.*—His lordship was born in the year 1674, and in 1695, he married Mary, only daughter of Ford, Lord Grey of Werk, and Earl of Tankerville, and by her had issue, sons and daughters. The first Earl dying on the 21st of May, 1722, was succeeded by his son Charles,

*The second Earl.*—He married Camilla, daughter of Edward Colville, of Whitehouse, in the bishopric of Durham, Esq. and by her, (who died October 8, 1775, at the advanced age of an hundred and five years) he had two sons and a daughter. The Earl died on the 14th of March, 1753, and was succeeded by his eldest son Charles,

*The third Earl.*—He was married on the 23d of September, 1742, to Alicia, the third daughter and co-heir to Sir John Astley, Bart, of Staffordshire, and by her had two sons and a daughter: his lordship's eldest son, at his father's demise, which took place on October the 6th, 1767, became

*Fourth Earl.*—He was born on the 15th of November, 1745, and married October 7th, 1771, Emma, daughter and co-heiress of Sir James Colebrooke, bart., by whom he had issue, sons and daughters; both marrying into families of high distinction, native and foreign.

His lordship died in December, 1822, and was succeeded by his son Charles,

*The Fifth and present Earl.*—He was born on the 28th of April, 1776, and was married July 28th, 1806, to Mademoiselle Corise de Grammont, daughter of the Duke de Grammont, and grand-daughter of the Duke de Polignac; and has issue Charles, Lord Ossulton, his lordship's heir apparent, born January 10th, 1810, and other children.

The motto of this family is *De bon vouloir servira le Roi*—  
"To have good will to serve the King."

VOL. VI.

## LOVE'S SACRIFICE;

OR, THE WITCH OF LAUSANNE.—A TALE.

"Oh love! what is it in this world of ours,  
That makes it fatal to be loved?"—BYRON.

"All that's bright must fade,  
The brightest still the fleetest;  
All that's sweet was made  
But to be lost when sweetest!"—MOORE.

— I was aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by a loud and confused noise in the direction in which we were proceeding; and, ordering the postillion to stop, I descended from the voiture, for the purpose of ascertaining the nature of the disturbance. We were in a narrow part of the road leading directly to Lausanne, and as the noise seemed to draw nearer to us, I directed Antoine to take the carriage closer to the edge of the road, that a free passage might be given to the rabble. My servant had but just obeyed my instructions, when the party from whom the noise proceeded, emerged from a winding in the road, and appeared coming towards the place in which I had halted. At first I could distinguish nothing but a confused mass of people, making the most tumultuous outcries; but, in a few moments, I perceived, that they were in pursuit of a female, who appeared almost exhausted by the persecutions of the mob. She was attired in loose and flowing robes of white, that were strongly contrasted by the dark raven hair which hung in luxuriant curls over her bosom,

"— like a dark cloud  
On the white brow of morning,"

and bound across her brow by a wreath of roses. She appeared above the common class of people, and my admiration, in consequence, was strongly excited to ascertain the cause of her being pursued by so mean and coarse a rabble, who, from their outrageous gesticulations, seemed to threaten her with the most fatal vengeance. At any time the sight of a female in distress would have excited my sympathy, but upon this occasion my feelings were aroused with double energy, and I determined upon protecting the fugitive from the fury of her assailants, whatever might be her crime. I had but just formed my resolution, when the poor creature, beholding in my presence some slight gleam of hope for protection, increased her speed, and rushing impetuously along the road, just gained the spot where I stood, when, overcome by exhaustion, she tremulously exclaimed, "Protect me, for the love of heaven!" and fell senseless in my arms.

I felt myself placed in a very embarrassing situation; a young and beautiful female lay inanimate in my arms, and I without the least knowledge of restoring her to life. In this dilemma I called the postillion from the voiture, and by his help laid the fugitive upon a moss-covered bank that was shaded from the burning rays of the sun by the thick

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entwining foliage of a groupe of larch trees, which grew along the road. I transferred to Antoine the task of restoring the young female, whilst I prepared to shield her from the fury of the incensed mob. By this time the rabble had come up to the spot, when in an authoritative tone I desired them to halt. The peremptory manner in which I spoke had its effect, for the mob instantly retreated two or three paces, and began conferring among themselves; the immediate obedience to my command, doubtless proceeded from that power which the appearance of respectability always has over the minds of the vulgar; and the sight of my travelling equipage probably led them to conjecture me belonging to the highest class of society. I don't know whether this idea would have been of any service to me long, for although my unexpected appearance startled them at first, the fact of my being attended only by Antoine, recalled them to a recollection of their superior force, and they once more seemed determined upon seizing the fugitive. I endeavoured with every argument to restrain their fury, and also essayed to learn the nature of the female's crime, but they were too strongly bent upon their purpose to listen to my arguments, or to satisfy my doubts upon the subject. "Revenge!" was the general exclamation, and in that horrid sentiment every feeling of pity seemed absorbed; the fountains of humanity were dried up in their bosoms, and nature mourned over the expiring embers of her own pure flame! I observed one young man who seemed to be less outrageous in his conduct than his companions, and from him I endeavoured to discover the nature of the female's crime, when I learnt, that the young and beautiful being who laid senseless and inanimate upon the moss-bank, was, "*The Witch of Lausanne!*"

I could now form some idea of the scene before me: the superstitious peasantry had conceived the poor fugitive, from the superior qualities of her mind, to be endowed with a superhuman nature, and in sacrificing her to their blind prejudices, conceived themselves rendering a service both to heaven and to human nature!

"This is absurd," exclaimed I, "to suppose this young and beautiful being possessed of any evil principle: had she the qualities which you ascribe to her, what hinders her from escaping your violence, and scattering her pursuers in a whirlwind?"

"That's neither here nor there," cried a spruce, dapper little being, clad in a suit of sables, and with a face as long and as rueful as that of the Manchean hero; "that's neither here nor there, we know very well that the creature is a witch; why, we've caught her in the very fact, with all her charms and spells about her, waving her toils to entrap all we poor *innocentes* of Lausanne!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed I.

"Yes sir," rejoined the spokesman, pleased with my apparent credulity, and eager to make me acquainted with all the witcheries of my protégée; "yes sir, she has been in league with a fiend ever since the death of her lover, and by reason of her loss of him, she determined upon torturing all her neighbours."

"And in what manner?" enquired I.

"Lord bless you, sir," said the serious little man whom I afterwards found to be the parish clerk of a neighbouring village, "why she turned all our heads with the same terrible passion that raged in her own heart, and our quiet and happy little village soon became a scene of the most unrighteous and evil doings; and in the place of quietness and sobriety, we had nothing but music and serenades

infesting our streets, the squeaking of the guitar was ever heard issuing from every house, and the amatory trollings of the young people were continually falling with most irreverend sounds upon our ears. And would you believe it, sir, the vile wretch had even the wickedness to cast her spells upon me, upon me, the most upright and sober man in the whole village, who never ventured to look a young woman in the face, not even when I said "Amen" to the bridal benediction; and lo, sir, she so spell-bound me, that I forsooth must be eternally clucketting after a wicked little soubrette at *Vevay!* Oh the terrible idea!"

"Dreadful, dreadful!" responded the whole of the village *innocentes*, and the remembrance of the sufferings of the poor parish clerk excited them to farther acts of violence. "But we'll have her now!" was the universal exclamation. The attentions of Antoine had effected in restoring the fugitive, and as the last words of the rabble fell upon her ears, she raised herself upon the bank, and glancing her dark eyes wildly around, she exclaimed in a tone which plainly indicated her mind to have been wreck'd upon some fatal event. "No, no! I have a guardian angel spreading her wings above my bower,—stand thee far off—stand thee far off!"

"And we've a guardian angel too," exclaimed a coarse, rough-looking fellow, "and while they are fighting our battle, we'll just make sure of the prize!" at the same time chuckling to himself at the supposed wit of his observation.

"Ay, ay," rejoined another *innocente*, "we'll have no more love-doings in our quiet village, no more love-wickedness,—no more love!"

The right chord was touched! the beautiful girl who had again sunk into a state of apathy, upon hearing the last words of her pursuer, started from the bank, and, with a sweet and thrilling melody, sang a wild snatch of song.—

"Who talks of love? cried the lady bright;

He is fall'n, he is fall'n, is my heart's true knight,  
Dead, dead lies the warrior, whom no arm could save,  
And the blue lightnings flash o'er his cold dark grave!"

"Yes, yes," continued she, "he lies on the pillow of eternity, but the harmony of heaven lulls him to repose! Yes, yes, I behold him now in the bowers of the blessed; the train of seraphs bend over his couch, and murmur dreams of bliss,—he dreams of earth, of earthly ones, he dreams of her whom he loved on earth, and whom he loves in heaven! Yes, yes, though the cold grave parts us, he thinks, he dreams but of his poor Fidele!"

"Let him dream of you as long as he pleases," cried the fellow, "we'll have you for all that."

"'Tis false!" shrieked the maid. "Away, away! You say that I've a superhuman power; yes, you shall find it so; that I have strength, that I have power to elude your grasp!"

"An open confession! bear witness, an open confession!" ejaculated the parish clerk, whose face elongated most ruefully as he gazed upon the girl, expecting no doubt every moment to behold her wing her flight in the air.

"Your pursuit is vain; you may follow the ruffian to his den, you may chase the murderer to his lair, you may fix your grasp upon his arm and drag him to his fate; but the wreck'd isolate, the broken-hearted child of sorrow, darts from your pursuit, for angels still protect the sacrifice of love! Aye, you may pursue the wild birds over the mountain tops, and chase the chamois upon the hills, but your



attempt is futile here,—I fly from you, murderers, I cast you backwards in the hunt, laugh at, and despise you!

Over the hills and the valleys I fly,  
Through the light ether, and through the blue sky;  
In vain seek the murderers their heart-broken prey,  
For on light fairy clouds she will dash far away!

Again overcome by exhaustion, the poor creature fell fainting upon the bank, and as the mob seemed eager to seize upon the opportunity that offered itself, I instantly directed Antoine to mount into his seat, while I caught the girl in my arms, and placing her in the voiture, ordered my servant to drive on with all possible speed towards Lausanne. The carriage soon distanced the rabble, who gave vent to their fury in divers imprecations; but as we got out of hearing, I bade Antoine drive somewhat slower, that I might observe more particularly my broken-hearted protégée, whom chance had thus thrown so strangely upon my protection.

She appeared to be about eighteen years of age, probably she might have been younger, but sorrow had traced its chilling fingers over her brow, and imprinted furrows there which left no doubt of its effects upon her warm and tender heart; once, no doubt, she was a being of excessive loveliness, but the roses which had played so fondly upon her delicate cheeks, had perished beneath the breath of sorrow, and the white lily tint alone characterized her beautiful face; her dark glossy hair, which fell over her brow, hung in natural curls along her neck, and luxuriated upon a bosom as white as unstained purity.

She shortly recovered from her trance, and returning life brought also a momentary return of reason; but alas! it was but a transient gleam; an instantaneous flash that only served to render the succeeding darkness more terribly apparent. The poor girl seemed to have some sort of recollection of the scene from which I had rescued her; for, upon her waking, she looked wistfully in my face, and the tears of gratitude sparkled in her full black eyes, which even in the wreck of beauty, still maintained their proudest lustre, as if in mockery of care and sorrow!

"May the God of heaven," murmured she in accents of the most fervent gratitude, "shower down its blessings upon your head, for this great kindness!"

"My poor girl," exclaimed I, "what I have done is merely a common act of humanity——"

"You will not let them seize me, then?" hastily interrupted she.

"No, God forbid that I should again consign you to the fury of such wretches."

"You do not believe their accusations?"

"Oh no, they are ridiculous."

"Thank heaven, I have at last found one unprejudiced fellow creature! No, no, I am not guilty of such crimes; my only fault was too much love! Ah! Ah!"

The chord of her heart again vibrated, and as the recollection of her affection flashed across her mind, the transient gleam of reason fled, and left the poor girl again a prey to the same wild agony that had before pervaded her mind.

"Now if you'll listen," murmured she, "I'll tell you such a tale of broken-hearted love, as you e'er heard; nay, if your tears were never shed at the sufferings of two fond creatures, my tale will sure demand them now."—She paused, and for some moments seemed absorbed in intense reflection; at length, raising her head from her bosom, she

glanced upon the sunny road, and appeared impatient and distressed.

"What troubles you, my fair one?" enquired I.

She raised her eyes to my face, but alas! how different was that glance from that which but a few moments before was directed at me; they seemed fixed with an agonizing wildness, and a deadly glare had usurped the place of that pure brightness that had characterized her beautiful orbs; she sighed deeply, and catching my hand, hastily exclaimed, "Dearest Florian, you know this is our wedding-day; I am impatient to join the merry groupes assembled in your father's halls to welcome us; my dearest, best of friends; nay, be not angry with me, Florian, for still the thoughts of them are secondary to those of you!"

She uttered these words in such a chaste and affectionate tone, and with such simplicity and artless truth, that I must have been more or less than man to have remained unmoved. In her incoherency she imagined me to be her lover, in the confidence of whose integrity and truth, she gave full vent to the feelings of her soul, in the most refined and delicate endearments. I was unwilling to break the spell, or to disturb the few happy moments fate had destined her, by explaining the error into which she had fallen: it was to her a gleam of joy, a momentary brightening of happiness, too soon to be dispelled. A tear fell from my eyes upon her hand, and she started——

"What's this?—a tear! nay Florian 'tis woman's task to weep, and yet my eyes are dry! Upon my word, I'll shame you love, for all the bridal maids shall jest thee for this weakness. Nay why so silent, you were not wont to be so—you were the happiest of the happy, but on your wedding day so cold, so sad—'tis affectation now I'm sure, you want to cheat me into fondness. Ah! is it so?"—and the beautiful girl threw her fair arms around my neck, and laying her head upon my shoulder, gazed fondly upon my face; her hand still was grasped in mine, and I felt her heart throb violently at my breast; her pure breath floated gently upon my cheek, and a deep drawn sigh murmured from her pale and delicate lips;—in the impulse of the moment, my head mechanically bent over that of the fair fugitive, her hand thrilled in mine,—she held me to her bosom, and I ventured to press my lips to hers!—The spell was broken,—she uttered a piercing cry, and recoiled from my arms.

"Away—away—thou art not he! 'tis very mean to impose upon an unprotected girl!"—and for the first time she burst into tears.

"Believe me —!" exclaimed I.

"Yes,—yes,—'tis all very true, I know that he is dead: he went to the battle field, and they placed him in the hottest of the fight, and there was no one to dash down the sword that pierced the heart of my beloved! Yet he is happy now!—Oh that I were as happy!"—

They tell me he's gone to the land of the blest,  
Where the joyless, the weary, the lone one's at rest;  
They tell me he floats in the liquid blue sky,  
And still fondly lists to his true love's sigh!—  
Oh come to me, come, from thy bowers on high,  
And, with thine, my spirit shall float in the sky!—"

The poor girl again fell into a state of insensibility, and the carriage having by this time reached Lausanne, I consigned her to the care of the mistress of the inn, while I endeavoured to learn some particulars relative to her situation.—She was well known in Lausanne, and from



the landlord of the inn, I learnt that her friends were of the highest respectability in the adjoining village, and that she fell a sacrifice to the most distressing affliction that could possibly invade the human mind, shortly after the battle of *Quatre bras*, in which terrible conflict, the young and heroic Florian, to whom she had been betrothed, received his mortal wound: he survived only to return home, when he died in the arms of his beloved; nothing could persuade the afflicted girl from the lifeless corpse of her adorer, and after he was interred in the church-yard of Lausanne, she planted his grave with the choicest flowers, and her melancholy task it was to cultivate the blossoms that sprung from the mossy grave! It was in this employment that she past the greatest part of her time, but alas! reason that had long trembled upon its throne, fell at length a sacrifice at the altar of love. The afflicted mourner was then forcibly detained in her apartment, but with that inconceivable cunning that characterizes every species of insanity, she would frequently elude the vigilance of her friends, and fly to her lover's grave. The ignorant villagers beholding so wild a creature in so superstitious a place, formed the most absurd notions respecting her, and she was by them universally denounced as "*The Witch of Lausanne!*"

I was lamenting the unhappy fate of the poor girl, when a venerable old gentleman, accompanied by two young and beautiful females, entered the room; it was the father and sisters of the fugitive, who had been sent for immediately upon my arrival. The old gentleman grasped my hand affectionately, for he had heard of my protecting his daughter from the brutality of the mob; and though his thoughts were too great for words, the tears that fell from his aged eyes spoke more gratitude than the most studied oration. It was thought proper not to disturb the young sufferer, as she had fallen into a calm and serene repose; and we were engaged in consoling her venerable father, when a noise was heard to issue from the room in which the poor girl lay;—we immediately proceeded cautiously towards the apartment, when the soft tones of a harp were distinctly heard, and as the chords of the instrument vibrated, the voice of the victim accompanied in beautiful melody, the delicious harmony which she inspired,—

"Yes, yes, I hear thy spirit voice,  
From the blissful land of the blest;  
It bids my wearied heart rejoice,  
And my languid soul to rest:  
It calls me from this world of fears,  
To thy bright and blessed home,  
It calls me from this vale of tears;  
Dearest, I come—I come!"—

We silently entered the apartment, and the fair girl was seated at the window, with her fingers still resting upon the harp-strings, and her gaze directed across the beautiful lake, which the departing sun irradiated with its proudest beauty; it was a scene of the greatest sublimity, and calculated to give that tone to the mourners thoughts, which produced the wild stanza she had been singing. She did not recognize one of us, but hastily snatching up a bouquet of flowers, she passionately exclaimed,—“See, see what I have culled from Florian's grave, they have told me that the plants would perish there, but behold the sweets that emanate therefrom; sweets that are as pure as he was;—here—here is a flower for each of you, but you must prize it beyond all other things; it is a small re-

membrance of him for whom my poor heart is breaking. They kept me from him, they secluded me here,—ah, but I found means to fly to my beloved—they would separate us, but no—not even in death my Florian shall we be dis-united! Here, here is hearts-ease for you, alas, I need it much myself, but my poor heart has been cold—dead—dead this many a day,—no hearts-ease now for poor Fidele;—take it, nay take it poor old man, (addressing her father) you seem to need it most:—this—this—“passionately,” continued she, “*this alone keep I, it is a young Forget-me-not, it has sprung from the heart of Florian, I planted all the other flowers, but this has sprung spontaneous;—this, this will I keep*”—fondly pressing it to her lips, “no dearest, dearest Florian, I will forget thee not!”

The poor girl sunk insensible upon the couch, but in a moment she wildly started up, and frantically exclaimed.

Ah, he calls!—my Florian calls for his Fidele!—I hear him from the mansions of the blessed,—Florian, I come—I come!

“Yes, I come—yes, I come, over mountains and waves,  
Over rocks which the silvery ocean laves;  
I dash through the tempest, I dash through the flood,  
To meet my belov'd in his blessed abode!  
Yes, joyous I fly through the balmy air,  
And zephyrs my lithesome pinions bear!”—

A physician who had been sent for, now entered the apartment, but alas! it was soon evident by his looks, that every effort to save her from dissolution would be of no avail. The mourning father and his daughters hung over the couch of the departing spirit in the direst agony. In a few moments her wild vacant stare, gave place to a calm look of resignation, and her bright eyes beamed with a spirit of dying holiness; she awakened to an idea of her situation, and her reason once more returned, it was but however, the last effort of nature; she fondly embraced her father and her sisters, and joined in their prayers to the eternal deity;—by her own direction she was borne to the window that she might for the last time behold the beautiful scene, in which she had passed so many happy hours; she reclined on the bosom of her parent gazing on the fading beams of the sun that sunk rapidly in the horizon, and cast its last broad ray across the lake. She murmured gently an exclamation of devotion, pressed her lips to the pale cheek of her parent, and as the last sun-beam faded upon the waters, her pure and ardent spirit fled from this vale of tears, to “another and a better world,” where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!”

#### MANNERS AND CUSTOMS AT SEVILLE, IN SPAIN.

At Seville, when the Carnival is celebrated, the diversion does not consist in disguising the person; but the people content themselves with singing. In every house is affixed to two strong beams in a lower room, a thick rope, and there during the whole of the day, and even at night, till eleven o'clock, they are swinging. Every one takes his turn to place himself on the swing or rather the rope, and the other persons belonging to the company assembled together, swings him, by pushing him backwards and forwards, to the two extremities of the apartment. The dances are reserved for another season and the disguises for the *veladas*, (eves of festivals.) The *velada* takes place the evening before a holiday. All the confectioners, the



fruiterers, those who sell cakes, lemonade, wafers, crack-nells, scaramouches, and other toys for children, meet together at a stated place. This is generally before a church dedicated to the saint whose festival is to be celebrated on the following day. As soon as night commences, all the prettiest females of Seville, go to walk in procession on the *velada*; their presence draws together a crowd of amateurs and gallants. The *velada* extends to the termination of the street where the image of the saint is placed, and sometimes through the whole parish. They make ten turns of the *velada*, and drink, with great gravity a glass of water, dipping into it a *penale*, which is a kind of cake made of puff-paste. The ladies accept the little presents which are offered them. The promenade is lighted by the lamps of the different shops. They are disguised in various characters; but are not masked.

The spaniards keep but poor tables. They eat from the dish, and all drink out of the same glass. A frying-pan, a gridiron, and a porridge-pot comprise the whole of their cooking utensils. From Irun to Seville, there is not a spit to be seen. Many people dine on slices of bread fried in oil, or, perhaps, on a *gaspacho*. The recipe for preparing this dish may give an idea of the delicacy of a Spaniard's palate. Take two onions, a few of the *Tomattos*, (commonly called love apples,) a handful of allspice, gathered green, a cucumber, a clove of garlick, some parsley, and chervil. Cut all these articles in very small pieces into a salad-dish. Add to all this a quantity of crumbled bread, forming double that of the other ingredients found in the dish. Season them all with salt, pepper, oil and vinegar, as you would any other salad, and complete your *gaspacho* with a pint of water to form a broth. The *gaspacho* is eaten with a spoon, but it is soup unboiled.

#### MORE STANZAS FOR SUMMER ;

OR, JULY DAYS.

By a Bluebelle.

“——— *To-day*

Nature seems full of social sympathies,  
Twining around the heart a thousand ties,  
And chacing all its loneliness away.”

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Let hermits preach in shrouded dale,  
And exiles on the billow,  
And lovers sigh 'till cheeks are pale,  
Or moisten'd is night's pillow ;  
But, sisters, we'll have smiles and mirth,  
Now fruits and flowers blush into birth.

We're of the gay, though gentle, mood,  
And love the busy world ;  
'Tis not a time for solitude

When *Fashions' flag's unfurl'd* ;  
'Tis not the hour abroad to roam  
When even *KINGS* should be “ *at home*.”

What though the sport, the toil, the dust,  
Of *ERSON* are gone by ;  
And citizens no longer must  
In crammed barouches fly ;  
And talk of “ odds,” and “ seven to five,”  
Themselves the *oddest* folks alive.

What though the pomp, pursuit, parade,  
Grace, grandeur, gallop, glee,  
The courtly-cantering cavalcade,  
And march of majesty,  
Are pass'd at *ASCOT*'s meetings-twain,  
Till next year *ask* the like again ?\*

What though St. Stephen's chapel's clos'd  
The *WINTER-HOUSES* bush'd,  
By politics no one is pos'd,  
By pit doors no one crush'd :  
What though the steam-ship rivers plows,  
Freighted to *Ramsgate* and to *Cowes* ;

And all the *Jenkins's* and *Jones's*,  
And deputies of Wards,  
Begin to use their highest tones  
And play their deepest cards ;  
And pickle-vendors leave their shelves  
To make *sad pickles* of themselves.

We have, my dears, of joys a store,  
Gay as the month's own flowers,  
Sweet as the fruits (and lasting more)  
In ripen'd wealth it showers :  
'Tis but the dross that floats from town,  
The gold remains *JULY* to crown.

Oh ! we'll have happy hours and light  
From morn till dewy eve,  
One ceaseless round of bland delight  
The hours for us shall weave ;  
Ball, Opera, concert, evening party,  
Perchance *Cassino*, perhaps *Ecarte*.

And *LADY SALISBURY* constant call,  
The learned *blues* about her,  
And *LADY LONDONERRY*'s ball  
Shall not have one deserter :  
And *Marlborough-house* must all convince  
It has a very liberal *PRINCE*.†

\* It is charming to gaze on beauty arrayed in unaffected smiles, and grace and high birth mingling unauusterely amidst delighted thousands ; but I almost am inclined to rank as the most interesting feature which the meeting at Ascot at any period presents, that which is constituted by the King's entry upon and approach up the course. There is something sylvan, yet at the same time noble about it. There is, first of all, putting you in mind of the olden time my Lord Maryborough arrayed in his simple dress of office and bearing the gilded couples ; then come the green-frocked velvet-capped yeoman prickers, then the scarlet huntsman and his merry men all, and then “ every inch a King,” and graciously answering the congratulations of his subjects, the hero of the beautiful pageant himself. Oh ! why, why does he not give us more opportunities gracious as this to evince our attachment and proclaim our love ? And why, too, by the way, should not the grand falconer of England in his splendid dress of office, which he is mighty fond of shewing, join in the procession ; “ swell the triumph and partake the gale.” His presence and costume would be quite in keeping with the character of the monarchical pageant.

† Prince Leopold's parties have been not only splendid, but in quick succession ; the contrary of supposed “ Angels visits.” Detraction has been compelled beneath their



And DEVONSHIRE he still shall lead  
The *Bon Ton* to his table,  
I wish he'd put something instead  
Of that unmeaning stable,  
Which now stands 'fore his mansion's face  
Like saucy servant out of place.

And young BUCCLEUGH shall head the dance,  
Now ETON MONTEM's o'er,  
For wisely he prefers to France  
His own dear native shore;  
And since no more to play he'll yield,  
I'll waltz myself with CHESTERFIELD.

LORD ANDOVER to HOWARD fair,  
On *Dit*, shall be united,  
And BINGHAM, valour's happy heir,  
To LADY ANNE is pledged;  
And hours of fadeless joy I wish  
When Hymen waits on CAVENDISH.\*

Then, sisters, wear your sweetest smiles  
Array your softest tresses,  
Advance your prettiest maiden guiles,  
Arrange your newest dresses:  
JULY is here;—and claims his part  
Of mirthful foot, and merry heart.

*Eve of July, 1829.*

*A Bluebelle.*

### HOPE.

May the prophet be with the celebrated Assad! For these are the words of Assad in his old age. "Heaven has blessed the course of my life: if my country has become the prey of the children of Omar, and if, retiring into Persia, I have no longer a country, I have yet sought to be useful to mankind, and to inspire men with the truth of those sentiments which are conducive to their happiness: the King of Kings has showered his favours on me, and my wife and children have been benefited by my wealth and the entire possession of my heart. Time, which has bowed me down and ploughed my face with wrinkles, has not taken from me the sweet recollections of my past life, but has withheld from me the future. I feel, that I am bereft of hope.

"The loss of hope is the torment of old age.

glitter to hide its ugly countenance, and scandal to remove its unseemly form. I dare say—I wish he'd tell his little foreign barber to use the razor more effectually—the Duke of Cumberland if he'd room in his hovel would give us a party or two; he dines, and dances, and sups, and sings at every body's house but we dont find him merry at his own. "Wherefore, why is this?"

\* Some worse than GOTH, more than VANDAL, has said that a wedding is a tragic-comic meeting, compounded of favours, footmen, faintings, farewells, prayers, parsons, plumcakes, kings, refreshments, bottles, blubberings, God-bless-ye's, and galloppings away in a post chaise and four; but such marriages as the *fashionable world* have recently seen, or are about to see, must surely be something superior to all this; for who would not feel a pride to dance at the wedding of LORD BINGHAM and LADY ANNE BRUDENELL, or that of the heir of the CAVENDISH with LADY BLANCHE HOWARD? "What sorrow is not light, what perils is not dared" to substantiate such unions as these?

"Spring renovates, through the environs of Schiraz, the most delicious perfumes, and brilliant colours. I wandered into the country, and the delightful sensations, which these beauties excited, this charming diversity in nature, made my heart feel young again.

"I often walked towards a farm, situated on the margin of a small lake, crowned with wood and hillocks. I was charmed with the landscape, and I purchased this farm.

"I hastened to occupy myself with the produce of these fields and gardens, which had so gladdened my sight. There I caused to be planted trees, which, in a short time, would yield me their delicious fruit; here I sowed grain which would yield me an hundred-fold, for the seed I had intrusted to the earth. At the foot of this hillock, I beheld a vine in blossom, which promised to yield the nectar of its juice worthy to be drunk by the \*King of Kings. In a piece of ground, close to my house, I had vegetables for the use of my table, and a second crop planted to succeed them.

"The God of Heaven added not one day to the chain of my existence; but one season did not succeed another, without his bestowing on me some added good, or without a promise of more.

"I found hope again; I found again that source of thought, that soul of sentiment, that charm of every age. At the foot of my trees, in my walks, I met her every day. Those fruits which I gather, tell me she has not deceived me.

"These flowers she presents me with, they, too, do not deceive me. Live, ye young ones, in the heart of great cities: they are the scene of instruction and pleasure. Enjoy the delights your early age allows you; gain a knowledge of mankind, and with it the art of becoming useful to your fellow creatures.

"Ye, who are arrived at maturity, dwell ye in camps and courts, fill the tribunals of justice, brave the dangers of the seas, serve and protect that society whose benefits you enjoy.

"And ye, whose course is slackened, and who have arrived at the end of your career, oh! ye old men, retire into the country. There, in calm repose, interrupted only by quiet occupations, you will enjoy the past, you will seize the present time, and the illusions of hope will amuse you, even at that period when the grave is opened ready to receive you.

E.

### THE TOWER.

There were two, and the sky was unclouded, the trees in full leaf, and their looks were full of tenderness: it was not to gather the humble violet, or to hunt the wild roe, that they climbed the lofty hills, and winded the intricacies of the extensive forest; it was not to discuss the cold theories of the egotists's philosophy, that they sat down together on the trunk of a fallen tree, or on a moss-grown stone: there were two, that desired nothing from the whole universe besides! The arm of one leant on that of the other; they mutually pressed each other's hand, the same verdant shade was their shelter, the same flowers, which sprang up beneath their feet, the same air that they breathed, their accents so tender, their silence yet more eloquent, all delighted their hearts, and sweetly agitated their feelings.

\*This expression is not used in the same divine sense in which Christians apply it, but means the *King of Persia*.



How delicious is the picture which causes the young heart to beat, when life is yet full of hope! which can give one moment of real happiness to those who sincerely love, and can bring back even to age the tender remembrance of youth, though passion is no more!

They both arrived at a Gothic and lonely tower, the abode of melancholy and reflection. The trees which surrounded it were clad in thick and gloomy-looking foliage; the sun seemed to respect their shade, and the flowers which grew beneath them appeared as if they bent their stalks in silent homage; scarcely could a breath be heard in this secluded situation, and the silence, which was surrounded by a kind of mysterious charin, seemed waiting only to be broken by the vows and professions of love.

This delightful vow was pronounced by each; and the most tender expressions, the most fond and admiring glances, with the most bewitching smiles were the earnest for the sincerity of a promise, witnessed only by Heaven.

In the midst of that trouble which succeeded to their impassioned expressions, and the softness of their looks, they were recalled with sensations of rapture; but, soon, alas! they were doomed to separate. However, before they quitted this scene, they had sanctified their vows by another, which was to return thither at some future time; and every year, at the same day and hour, they each promised to be at the foot of the same tower. They vowed that no law should oppose their intention; they swore to surmount every obstacle, to accomplish it; every barrier that the whole universe might place against it; to brave all the storms of heaven, if falling on their heads, to traverse the most immense distance that could be placed between them and love; they swore to carry with them the same tenderness, the same desires, and, comforted by this last protestation, they abandoned, at length, this fortunate asylum, leaving with it the same farewell, and turning back again to take a last look of gratitude and hope.

One year past away; the day fixed for the vows, sacred to love, arrived. The tower stood yet aloft, surrounded by the same mysterious solitude; but more dark, more gloomy than before, it seemed as if watching with melancholy for the promised rendezvous. In the mean time the hours succeeded each other; there was no tender conversation heard to disturb the whispering of the passing zephyr, no gentle caress to cause the trembling of the blushing rose, and when night was about to cast her dark mantle over the mournful scene, one only sigh was repeated by the plaintive echo! Ah! at least, one of the lovers was not perjured. Was it *him* or *her*? Would this solitary spot keep that secret, for ever? The sigh became lost in air, the print of footsteps was soon effaced from the wild grass; in vain might the bark of the trees be searched, for the imprinting on them any trace of complaint or regret. The tears of love will be for ever lost in oblivion; and the ancient monument which presided over the delightful intoxication of tender passion, now forgotten, alone witnessed the last emotions of affection betrayed to abandonment, and to the remorse of the perjured.

#### THE GALLEY-SLAVE'S DAUGHTER.

A traveller, who was making a short sojournment at Rochefort, as he was walking on the terrace of a public garden, from whence was a view of the port, he regarded the different couples of galley-slaves, who were bearing

heavy burthens, and were gaining by the sweat of their brow the exemption of a few hours from the pestilential air of the place where the slaves are confined. He remarked, at the same time, a young girl, passing and repassing continually before him, whom the traveller regarded with an additional degree of curiosity, while his eyes wandered eagerly over the building of La Corderle.

The young girl was clad in the Vendean costume; she sat down on a bench, which was placed against some elms, and remained there as if in a reverie. Our traveller ventured to approach her, and found that he had seen her the evening before, at the dwelling of the man who had the care of the garden, and he heard the reason of her going thither. The poor young creature was going to be married, and her father was sentenced to the gallees.

Eutrope was the intended husband of this female villain; he was conscious of the crime of his future father-in-law. Inhabiting the same village, he knew well how much respect and consideration he must give up, by marrying the daughter of one thus convicted. But he really loved Tiennetta, and love concealed from Eutrope all the results which must attend such a marriage; he was desirous to marry her, but he requested that never her father might be mentioned; he was dead in the eyes of the law, which had no longer any right over his daughter, and the remembrance of him ought to be banished.

Tiennetta loved her father, and her affection for him was redoubled by the contempt cast by others on the author of her being; she wished that he might sign his consent to her marriage, and that he might give her his blessing.

Eutrope had long combated this desire of Tiennetta's; he continued to oppose the step she was about to take, and it was with much regret that he had undertaken the journey to Rochefort. Eutrope was a young man of very engaging appearance, his manners were frank, and his address prejudiced every one in his favour; he soon joined the party at the gardener's, he having gone out only to make some purchases. The traveller took on himself to be the interpreter of Tiennetta's sentiments. He told Eutrope that a father is never guilty in the eyes of his daughter; that there are no laws, no judge, no jury, no court of law that can rend asunder the ties of nature, and that the filial piety of Tiennetta ought to be to him the most precious security of a wife's virtue.

Tiennetta said not a word, but her eyes were fixed on the countenance of Eutrope; she watched all his movements, to seize, if she could, his acquiescence with her wishes.

Eutrope listened with downcast eyes: as soon as the stranger had finished speaking, without making any answer, without offering the smallest objection, he took hold of Tiennetta's arm, and the two lovers walked to the place where the slaves are chained together. The traveller followed, and the young girl, who seemed to regard his presence as a support against any hesitation which might yet recur in the conduct of Eutrope, seemed to supplicate him by a look not to quit them.

However, the old galley-slave had been ill for several days; he was no longer among the others, but was at the hospital. The party crossed in silence the long court—they ascended the staircase; at entering the rooms, her violent agitation caused an universal trembling in the frame of the young maiden; her cheeks were pale, her heart seemed cruelly oppressed. Eutrope and his beloved were led to the couch of the slave. The guard belonging to a



galley's crew pushed the stranger away, and he could not follow near enough to detail all that was to be seen in this sad picture. At the foot of the convict's bed stood Eutrope; his daughter drew near with a movement of terror that she could not repress. The condemned man raised feebly his head, turned towards her a dying look, and a faint smile discovered his teeth, the whiteness of which formed a striking contrast to his sun-burnt skin. The guard before mentioned had conducted the young people, and had remained as a witness of what might pass. A good lay sister of the Beguine nuns supported the patient. He took the pen which was presented to him, looked over the contract, which had been before prepared, and thus upheld, he signed at the bottom his dishonoured name. Stretching towards Tiennetta his withered arms, he drew her to his heart, and the motion caused a clanking of his chains, from whence Eutrope had taken a link, which he looked at with a heavy eye; one of the smaller chains caught the dress of the daughter, who dropped a tear over the rusty iron. The head of the dying man fell back on the hard bolster. Tiennetta seized this moment to slip her trembling hand under the sheet. One long look that she hent on the guard, who turned round, and fortunately it was the traveller, alone, who perceived the gift which the young maiden had left with her parent. Eutrope seemed uneasy, and made a sign to Tiennetta; both went out with downcast looks. When near the door, Tiennetta took a last look on that bed of suffering, and, perhaps, at that moment, she prayed to heaven to abridge the sufferings of her father, in calling him from this world of sorrow, into that where infinite mercy pardons all.

When the two lovers had descended the steps which led to the wards, Tiennetta threw her arms round Eutrope's neck: "This step," said she, "will bring to us happiness." The young people then entered immediately the chapel of the hospital belonging to the civil power; they offered up a short prayer, saluted the stranger with gratitude, and getting into a cariole, they returned to their native village.

Yes! God will bless thee, dutiful child, who would not abandon the author of thy being—who would not believe that all ties of duty were broken between thee and him, because he was guilty; thy children, hereafter, will render to thy virtue that homage which thou wast not deterred from offering to a criminal father.

#### NEW BUILDINGS.

How many people there are who are fond of visiting ruins! and are quite in ecstasies at the sight of a tower almost demolished by time; they are enthusiasts at seeing the remains of a Roman encampment, and visit every place in search of what they may find there, but which is *not* to be found. I love the idea of Marius meditating over the ruins of Carthage, Volney interrogating the last vestiges of mighty empires; I am amused by our romantic poets, seated on a broken column, with only themselves between that and the moon; but methinks they ought to seek to assimilate themselves with their own climate, and that tombs, spectres, and ancient monuments now begin to be threadbare subjects. Is not it better for us to be occupied with the present, having always the future in view, pre-saging its history, as we discover in the first foundations of our edifices, the germ of new cities and empires; are not these sufficient to furnish our imaginations with the most agreeable musings?

It is in the south we ought to go to admire ruins: Nismes eternally presents its square houses, Arles its sepulchral ruins, and Provence the remains of ancient camps, its pieces of Roman architecture, the sight of which is, certainly, not uninteresting. But, it must be confessed, the figs of Provence are better, the pretty women of Arles, and the fine unclouded skies over the shores of the Mediterranean, than all the relics of Greece and Rome.

Besides, why need we go so far? The people of London and Paris are singular creatures; there is nothing, they seem to think, to be seen in those fine cities: they scarcely know anything of the magnificent structure of Westminster Abbey, or the dome of St. Paul's, of Notre Dame and Sainte Genevieve. Do not attempt to speak to them of a thousand curious objects which offer themselves to their sight at every step they take, they have not seen any of them. We shall have time, they say, for that to-morrow; and to-morrow, perhaps, they will have ceased to exist; leaving to their successors their heedlessness, and their own little taste for the arts. They visit Nismes; they will even go to Egypt to hunt up antiquities, and they do not know anything of the ancient ruins which may be found in their own cities.

There are now in the environs of London, some delightful promenades, whence may be seen the finest prospects, and the most elegant structures; every thing, in a word, which may be found in the country. Why not wander over these; why must we travel so far to obtain pleasure? we only perceive what is difficult to observe; and why should we prefer the darkness of our apartments to the fine and pure air of the environs?

These reflections took place in my mind as I was, on a late ride through the country a few miles from London, looking at some new buildings, which the speculations of some monied men have erected, as if by enchantment, almost close to our extensive metropolis.

It was late in the evening; the moon shed her bright and chaste rays over the picturesque scene; it was not that pale, cadaverous, and terrifying kind of moonlight, which the Apollos of the present day describe in their love-sick poetry, but it was that bright, silver bow, which, shedding its equal reflections over every roof, imparts to night something serious and imposing.

After having crossed a space where a few houses, thinly scattered, were the sole indications of the presence of man, as I fancied I was about to be in absolute solitude, I found myself, all on a sudden, amongst a number of very elegant houses, where gardens were laid out with taste, and I saw before me a long street which appeared, by the splendour of its buildings, to be a kind of supplement to Grosvenor-place.

A man, of a certain age, seemed to follow my steps, and I thought, perhaps, he could give me some information on a place which I had never before beheld, and on which I had stumbled, as might be said, by chance. I approached him to ask him a few questions. "You are," said he "in that part of Chelsea, belonging to the wealthy and munificent Earl of Grosvenor, who is rendering this one of the most delightful neighbourhoods near London. Here, the rich banker, men of business, and architects may be enabled to breathe a pure air, and, from the short distance to the metropolis, attend every day to their occupations; they can every day enjoy a few hours from the cares of business, and from all the agitations attendant on such avocations,



which require not only a temporary, but some certain portion of leisure for settled repose."

This man was, assuredly, in the right. At present, the great improvements made on this estate of the Earl of Grosvenor are but thinly peopled, but the houses will soon be ready to receive an ample population. Sooner or later, we shall find numerous inhabitants in this charming situation.

Two principal monuments give grandeur to the scene—a new church, and an episcopal chapel; the latter, we believe is a Chapel-of-Ease to St. George's, Hanover-square.

Imagination is forcibly struck as, in its rapid career, it presages all that may take place in a quarter, the chief part of which is, at present, unoccupied. Of what events may this splendid spot be the theatre! One thing we are certain of, that the illustrious nobleman who has planned it, will far extend the glory of his name. That evangelical pulpit, now erecting, may contain the preacher renowned for his eloquence and his piety. These buildings may contain those members which constitute the best society in London, now shut up in the walls of the capital; this neighbourhood may, perhaps, triumph over that of St. James: it will certainly be inhabited by the wealthy. Who can foresee what the future may produce? When London collected her noble and rich in that *city*, which is now totally abandoned by them, especially by the former class, who could have foreseen the extent to which that unrivalled metropolis has now attained? Her limits long continued to be very closely confined, and will they not now, in their extensive progression, take in all those little towns, which will become the prettiest quarters of our justly-renowned capital?

A LOVER OF IMPROVEMENT.

### THE SONG OF THE FUGITIVE.

—“The fugitives fled from the proud Baron's halls, and the youthful hero, in the garb of a boatman, succeeded in attaining the gondola that lay floating upon the waters in the moonlight; they fled from the shores of Italy, and the sorrow of the lady was dispelled by the songs of her adorer.”—ITALIAN ROMANCE.

Lightly, lightly, I strike the oar  
On the coils of the silv'ry wave,  
That gently flow by the moonlit shore,  
And the blossoming flow'rs'etn lave;  
'Tis the hour, 'tis the hour, when each gondolier  
On the bosom of rest is reposing,  
And we alone are floating here,  
Our mutual hopes disclosing:  
Yes love we roam,  
And our pilgrimage make,  
Alone, alone,  
O'er the moonlit lake!

Swiftly, swiftly I ply the oar,  
And strike the sparkling waters;  
I waft, I waft from the moonlit shore  
The fairest of Italy's daughters!—  
We are pursu'd,—the alarm bells chime,  
Yet shall no ills attend thee:  
Thy vow at the altar shall make thee mine,  
And I'll swear love, I'll ever defend thee!

Let thy father frown,  
Still our journey we make,  
Alone, alone,  
On the moonlit lake!

Fairest, fairest, thus we fly  
From thy home, where sorrow  
Dimm'd with tears thy bright eye,  
Yet we'll return to-morrow;  
Their tears will yield to pleasure's smile,  
And beams of joy chase sadness,  
Flushing mirth shall care beguile,  
And all thy heart be gladness!—  
Yes, again we'll come  
O'er the silv'ry tide,  
And I'll hear thee home,  
*My bride,—my bride!*

### ORIGIN OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

About the year, 1494, three young gentlemen of Florence, firmly connected by a similarity of taste, and occupied with the same studies, particularly devoted to poetry and music, conceived the idea of reviving declamation by singing or the melopeo of the Greeks. They caused to be composed, by the poet Rinuaini, a drama founded on the story of *Daphne*, which was set to music by Pesi, the most celebrated composer of that epoch. The Conti I. Corsi who, although he was merely an amateur, was nevertheless a good musician for those times, helped to forward the work. Like the *Masque of Comus*, the piece was privately performed in the palace of the Conti Corsi. The actors or singers were the author and his friends, and the orchestra of this first opera was composed of only four instruments, namely: a piano, (then called a *virginal*,) a harp, a violin-cello, and a lute. There were no airs in this opera, and the recitative if so it might be called, was only a species of intonation, in one measure, which seemed excessively monotonous and tiresome.

It is curious to look back on this opera in embryo, and to compare it with one of those master-pieces of Mozart, of Cimerasa, or Rossini, executed by numerous voices and the orchestra of our days; but strange as a performance of this kind may seem to modern ears, accustomed to the most delightful harmony, it produced in its time an extraordinary sensation and was frequently repeated. Fourteen years after, the opera of *Eurydice*, written by the same poet, and set to music by the same composer, was represented on the theatre at Florence, in honour of the marriage of Mary de Medcis with Henry IV. of France. On this account, there were introduced some Anacreontic stanzas, set to music, and a chorus at the end of every act: these were the first presages, however imperfect, of the airs and choruses of our modern opera. Monteverde, a Milanese musician, brought the recitative to some perfection in giving it more mobility of expression. He composed the music of *Ariadne*, an opera of Rinuccini, for the court of Mantua; and we find in the opera of *Jason*, composed by Caralli and Cicognini, for the Venetians, the first airs wherein sentiment and tone coincide with the dialogue. The commencement of the serious opera, at Rome, was remarkable and naturally brought to recollection the car of Thespis and its troop taken from the dross of the people. The first performance of this kind composed of re-



citative scenes followed by airs, was given during the carnival of 1606, on a cart, by the musician Quagliata and four or five of his friends. It was in 1646, that, for the first time, at Naples, the performance of a regular serious opera took place; it was intitled, *Amor non ha legge*, and the music had been composed by various masters, whose names have remained unknown. During the time wherein half a century has elapsed, the opera has not only not improved, it has degenerated. The opera became in Italy what it has been in France, a grand spectacle to please the eye, in which poetry and music have been but little employed; while the changes of the scenery, the illusions of decoration and pantomime, are brought forward in a manner the most splendid and expensive.

The money now devoted to the payment of appointments for the first singers, was then lavished on the painter and on the machinist. As Golgani said of the grand opera-house at Paris, "It was the paradise of the eyes, and the hell of the ears."

#### WHAT ARE THEY LAUGHING AT ?

The old Marchioness de Rochambeau, a virtuous and accomplished lady, was, at seventy-five years of age, one of the most agreeable *story-tellers* ever heard. She used to relate a droll anecdote of the late Duchess of Orleans. A. M. Etréhan, then about fifty years of age, of a strange kind of countenance, and ridiculously aping the manners of five-and-twenty, one day, after dining at the Palais Royale, fell fast asleep in the drawing-room, by the fire-side: this caused no sensation among the company, on account of a vast number of persons being there, and because, according to custom, he had taken no part in the conversation, and he was only waiting there till it was time to go to the Opera. The company all went away; and there remained no one with Madame D'Orleans but Madame de B——, who began to laugh at the sleeping figure. They sought to play him some trick, and they took it in their heads to ornament his head with a little cap with wings, they called a *fly-cap*, and very fashionable at that time: they added to this a very pretty artificial rose, which they placed coquettishly over the ear; the Duchess of Orleans and Madame De B—— together, fastened all this very neatly but very firmly to his wig, without waking him; they then put rouge on his cheeks, and half a dozen patches, then called *assassins*. During all the time this toilet was preparing, he snored without intermission; and when it was finished orders were given to the servants in the antichamber and to those in the hall, not to testify any surpris when M. d'Etréhan should pass by them as he went out. They then waked him and told him the Opera had began. He went immediately, passing through the avenues of the palace. His box was in the first row, very near the theatre, and in sight of all the audience; when he entered it, he did not fail to lean forward to see if there was a full house, and to spy with his glass into the private boxes of his acquaintance. As soon as this singular-looking figure appeared, a general laugh took place in the theatre. Etréhan, in order to discover the cause of this merriment, shewed himself yet plainer by leaning half his body out of the box, and looking earnestly around him; the laughter increased, and shouts of applause were mingled with it; in fact, there was such an uproar, that the performance

could not go on. Etréhan kept repeating, "What is the matter? What are they laughing at? Mademoiselle Fel, one of the singers, entered his box, and presenting to him a pocket looking-glass, informed him of the cause.

#### ON READING IRVING'S LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

Lament frail world thy ineffectual aim  
To add one trophy to the hero's name;  
Virtue that bade his infant steps incline  
In true progression into worth divine;  
Who, in each instance which life's fortune gave,  
Beheld him duteous, tender, just, yet brave.  
Virtue which led him where he last drew breath,  
And weeping triumph'd at his peaceful death,  
*She* shall through all the wrecks of time proclaim  
How weak, poor world! thy ineffectual aim,  
To add one trophy to COLUMBUS' name!

FERONIA.

#### THOUGHTS AND MAXIMS BY A POOR DEVIL.

The study of metaphysics is the science of learned fools. He who dies young has only known man by halves. We must pass through the ordinary term of life to have an idea of our singular kind of species. The four ages of man produce four different kinds, each as foreign the one to the other as the inhabitants of the two poles. They have only two things in common between them, birth and death.

Let us suppose (the thing is impossible,) that there exists in this world a being who has not one single wish to form. He would willingly give all that he is worth to have something to desire after.

An old bachelor, after ten years of assiduous courtship, at length, determined to marry his Dulcinea. He was curd, the same as they cure a startlish horse, in being obliged to stop and contemplate for a long time the object that frightened him.

Yesterday I lived in hope of what to day might bring, to day, I live on that of to-morrow. To-morrow I may die, but if I lose the capital, I shall at least have touched the interest.

There is no better pay than that which is borrowed on education. The debt is always acquitted before failure, and at the moment when we are most in want of it.

In knowledge, as in politics, the weakness of many strengthens that of one.

#### THE FADED ROSE.

There was a rose of nature's choicest growth  
Such as the night-bird seeks, and makes her bower;  
The breeze would sigh around it, as 'twere loth  
To bear the perfume from so sweet a flower.  
The dew of heaven lov'd it; and the ray  
Of evening linger'd for its latest smile,  
You would have deem'd that it could not decay,  
So loved, so sweetly nurtur'd;—but the guile  
Of autumn-night winds stole its bloom away:  
It died!—And morning found a dewy gem,  
Hung, as in mockery on the wither'd stem!

FERONIA.



## BLUE DEVILS.

These spirits will very often intrude themselves, even at a grand music meeting, the first night of a new tragedy, and at a ministerial dinner; nay, they are daring enough to glide in where a pretty woman is seated at her toilet, and into the study of an author: there are, however, two sorts of these demons; one regarding the French as their property, the other, (and we must say, they are more numerous) the English. The *English blue devils* are irritable, very violent, and often drive their victims into the Thames. The *French blue devils*, are frivolous, not very obstinate, and the moment that any one seems to pity them, they vanish, and begin to *build castles in the air*.

## POETICAL CHARADE.

Come hither ladies, dark and fair,  
Come hither cold or free,  
And tell what 'tis I'd like to share  
With one or all of ye.  
It is not vegetable born,  
Nor animal procur'd,  
From mineral it is not torn,  
But still pray be assur'd  
Though 'tis not female, nay nor male,  
It is compos'd of both  
And either, so runs cunning tale,  
To give it up is loth;—  
'Tis us'd from two to six feet high,  
In novels has much fame,  
Precept allows it, ask for why?  
Example does the same:—  
Nay sacred writ the rite commends  
In many a solemn page,  
And holy men have proved it's friends  
When on truth's pilgrimage.  
It seems indeed a gift of bliss,  
And, dearest ladies is—A Kiss.

## PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

“Nay, prithee do not think, because my tongue  
Seems somewhat free to vent its longings out  
That I am crabbed grown. In simple truth  
I speak but to amend. The honest leach  
Raises the patient from his couch of pain,  
Perchance by cutting practice, knowing well  
He must have lain 'till Death clos'd up his acts  
Had flattery felt his pulse.”—MS. COMEDY.

Just dropped in again upon you friends and fair readers; anxious to inquire how you escaped the mixed society of *Epsom*, and how you enjoyed the more elegant crush and company of *Ascot*. By the way there were many droll things occurred, as usual, at both places, independent of the imitative gentility of the giggling contributions the City supplies, their droll apings of good manners, and ludicrous imitations of fashionable carriage. There were, for instance, foreign Dukes—how can he of *Chartres* sanction, nay, participate in that lowest of all low practices,

glove-sparring?—being hustled by pickpockets. Royal Dukes, dressed in cream-coloured slippers—'pon honour, I'm sorry so hearty a person as the DUKE OF SUSSEX should be guilty of such fantastic tricks—and “bearded like the pard;” and there were “play-acting men” giving themselves the airs of thorough unmitigated dictatorship. As for *Charles Matthews*, he hustled about, unclasped his book, bowed, betted, and bore himself pleasantly enough, especially at refreshment time, when his friend, B——p, of Lincoln's Inn, and De Crespigny—notoriety, unbasketed a store of viands, that an *Hellogabulus* might be proud of; but his namesake, CHARLES YOUNG, (who, upon his spotted horse, is as well known to the Row, termed “Rotten,” as Mr. *Ducrow* in the ring at Astley's, or the Stanhopes in the Menage of Harrington-House,) was really a little upon the high ropes as if he were coming out as *Il Diavolo Antonio*, instead of *Oronooko*. Charles must needs wrap himself up in all the stage affectation and dignity he could muster—and John Kemble was not, at times, in this respect, more absurd—and absolutely call us a parcel of simpletons, because a natural curiosity and a general feeling led us to pay particular attention and notice to the little *DaGloria*, the legitimate monarch of benighted and tyrant-trod Portugal. Yes, when the anxious populace crowded about the blue-eyed, good-natured foreigner, and were ready to shout aloud their faith in her cause, this Sir Oracle of the green-room, who, by the way, lost a sovereign at rehearsal the other morning to manager COOPER, by obstinately contesting a point of costume, which WILMOT, the prompter, set him right about, so that he now owns he did used to wear powder when playing the *Stranger*—this Sir Oracle must needs exclaim, “My God! what a pack of fools!” It would have been as well had he, instead, have recollected, that, for sixpence, the meanest of those he maligned was as good a man as himself, and, seated among the *Gods*, could award him praise, or the contrary, as he fretted his hour upon the stage, with as much impunity as even CHARLES YOUNG's great patron, the Earl of Essex. But enough of one, who, though a classic, seems sadly to have forgotten the maxim of the Grecian sage, to “know himself!”

It is very well we do not live in “gunpowder treason-plot” times, or people would be apt to say, that his very postillions were in a conspiracy against his Majesty, for these rogues were actually nearly upsetting the Royal person as they drove, as though Jove's eagle lent them wings, over Kew-bridge, a very short time since. So reckless of the Royal ease and comfort seemed the spur-armed directors of the racing-steeds, that Majesty itself was compelled to thrust the Royal head out of the carriage-window, and use, in no very gentle tones, the Royal tongue,

“To rate the rebels once more into peace,  
Which strangely they had broken.”

Like myself, our good King is not so young as he was; the blood flows more temperately at our time of life than in the heyday of strength and manhood; and a quiet ride in a low phaeton, or a gentle loll in a padded chariot, driven by a steady well-fed coachman, suit both of us better than being shaken or frightened to death in a rattle over Kew-bridge, by the intemperate haste of spur and whip gluttons, who are always, one would think, imagining that they are driving against time, or to Greta Green. 'Pon honour,



must repeal the Relief-bill, if his Majesty is frightened in this way any more.

So, then, after all, scandal, as usual, has immensely exaggerated a certain "untoward" event, which has parted a talented, graceful young nobleman from a beautiful and fashion-distinguished wife. However, we may

" — weep for the hour,  
When to —'s bower  
The *Prince of a far land*, with false vows, came,"

it is some sort of relief to know, that the violences attributed to one party, and the open forgetfulness of honour and decency in the other, have only their being in the inventive malice, and false asseverations of interested journalists, and those whose bread is procured by the pen which is dipped in venom, the heart of malevolence, and the hand of audacity. Wisely, tenderly, and well, has the noble husband acted in a distressing dilemma; the gratitude, the approval of those to whom he confided a lost, let us not say tarnished, jewel, seem fully to have been awarded him; and whilst, therefore, he receives the commiseration, he also is soothed by feeling that he possesses the respect of the world.

As for the malice-mongers, let us leave them to the thorns of remorse, which must by and bye grow up to prick and sting them; but I don't think *I shall intrude* by giving you a little epigram, which my friend Luttrell penned the other evening, on a certain vituperative war which lately took place between two very notorious Sunday newspapers, both of which are tolerably clever in those kind of inventive faculties, which, if they had more point, would be more dangerous in the world.

" The measure of shame to our country is full,  
Our times, too,—enlightened and sage,—  
Since the AGE is, alas! a disgrace to JOHN BULL,  
And JOHN BULL a disgrace to the AGE."

*Entre nous*, were you—of course a great many of you were present—at the King's evening party of the 8th? Very splendid affair, very pleasant, you will admit, as far as it goes; but then one's gratification was very considerably diminished by having it so rapidly recurring to our memory that such a banquet was, though rich, so very rare, and given, like a whole holiday to schoolboys, so very sparingly. One could not avoid asking oneself why, if all this can be done so well here, here at the Palace of St. James's, why his Majesty should make his visits to it mere angel ones—few and far between—and why, above all things, he should the very first, to him, favorable moment, drive off to Windsor again, there to feast, make cheerful and be cheerful, leaving the metropolis without a monarch to lead its gaities, sanction its industry, give a spur to its ambition, or a movement to its trade. '*Pon honour*, must claim my privileges and drop in some morning at the Royal Lodge, Windsor Park, and, with suppliant breath, (and "pliant knee on duty bent,") plead in my country's and its people's cause; and, in such a cause, I warrant me, good, gracious, and fair readers, that my reception will, at all events, be more satisfactory than was that given to the ever-memorable procession of HALCOMB & Co., from Hyde-Park corner to the gates of the seat of Majesty, and which, like a certain King of France and his twenty thousand men, marched up the hill, and then marched down again.

*By the bye*, the battle is not always to the strong, nor the race to the knowing, though "go forth and conquer" has this year come true, inasmuch as Mr. FORTA has won to a tune as sprightly as ever

" The nymph, so fair and free,  
In Heaven 'yclept Euphrosyne,"

danced to, and of the cunning-man too, our old acquaintance, CROCKFORD called by men. But this is not the worst of it, this is not the only sign that there is a deserted hall, where before glad crowds did

" Muster round the glittering board  
To sip its sweets, or sweep its hoard."

Positively the dinners, 'spite of M. UDE's exquisite manipulations, do not go down just now. In vain does he essay his art upon his 105 sorts of soup, his 115 methods of dressing fish. In vain does he tempt the town with 263 kinds of pudding, pie, and tart; in vain are creams and custards, to the extent of 182 varieties, crowded upon the unguested table. Positively, nobody dines there now, that is, nobody, compared with the company that praised the professor's cookery, and paid the proprietor's prices last year. LORD SEFTON's laugh now sounds quite awful in the echoing halls, the MARQUESS OF QUEENSBURY's story is doled out to at most half a dozen scarcely attentive visitors, Mr. GREVILLE's conundrums are given up, for lack of a RAIKES to cry "capital!" and even LORD ALVANLEY finds that he can tell a tale of a fox-hunt, or grow enthusiastically eloquent upon the hair-breadth escapes of a steeple-chase once too often. The beaux, too, have turned their back upon the deep play and late suppers. LORD CHESTERFIELD is becoming prudent, and his friend CASTLEREAGH, *on dit*, parsimonious; whilst his noble relatives are astonishing foreign princes by banquets, surpassing even those of Majesty, and admirably convincing of the potency and taste of British nobility. Indeed, indeed, but I *hope I don't intrude* in mentioning it, I fear we must say of the great good looking building in St. James's-street,

" It was a pleasant place in days of yore,  
But something ails it now."

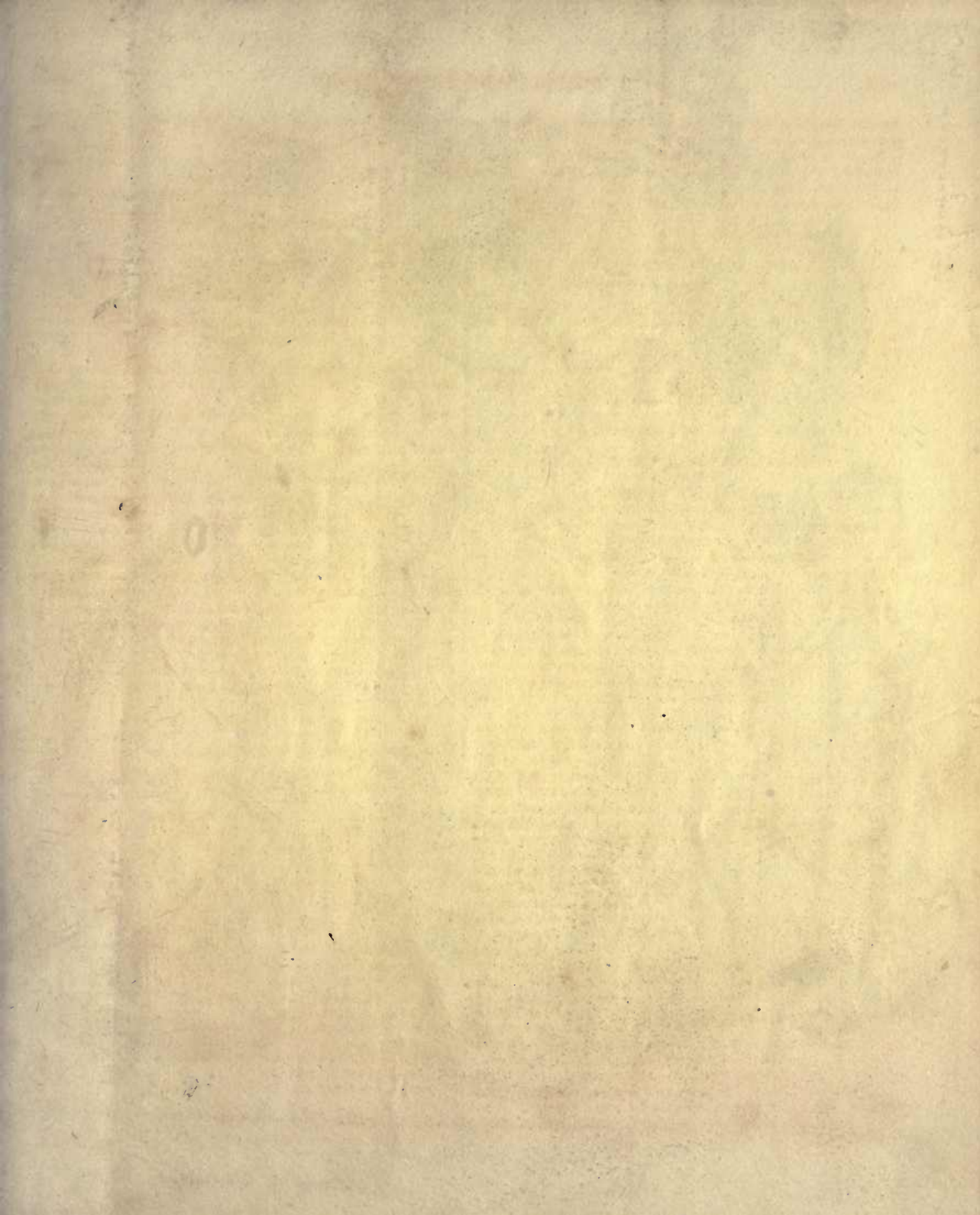
Well, well, there is a time for all things, a season when some shall blossom, some shall fade, some prosper, some decay; some enjoy victory, some sustain defeat, and, trust me, gentlefolks, as Geoffray Crayon would say, we who live in the fashionable world, know, that come what will, and come what may, flow the tide fast, or creep it lazily along, that here we shall always find something to employ, something to gratify, something to amuse; and, that

" In this vast world, for London is a world,  
Where Commerce' flag is constantly unfurl'd,  
Where industry exalts her various voice,  
Where pleasure, laughing, bids her friends rejoice,  
And change of scenes, as change of forms we view,  
For ever varying, yet for ever new,"

there never will be wanting subjects to employ in a good-natured manner

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.









W. Alais. Sc

Newest Fashions for August, 1829.  
Costumes of All Nations. N. 41. Walking & Carriage Dresses.





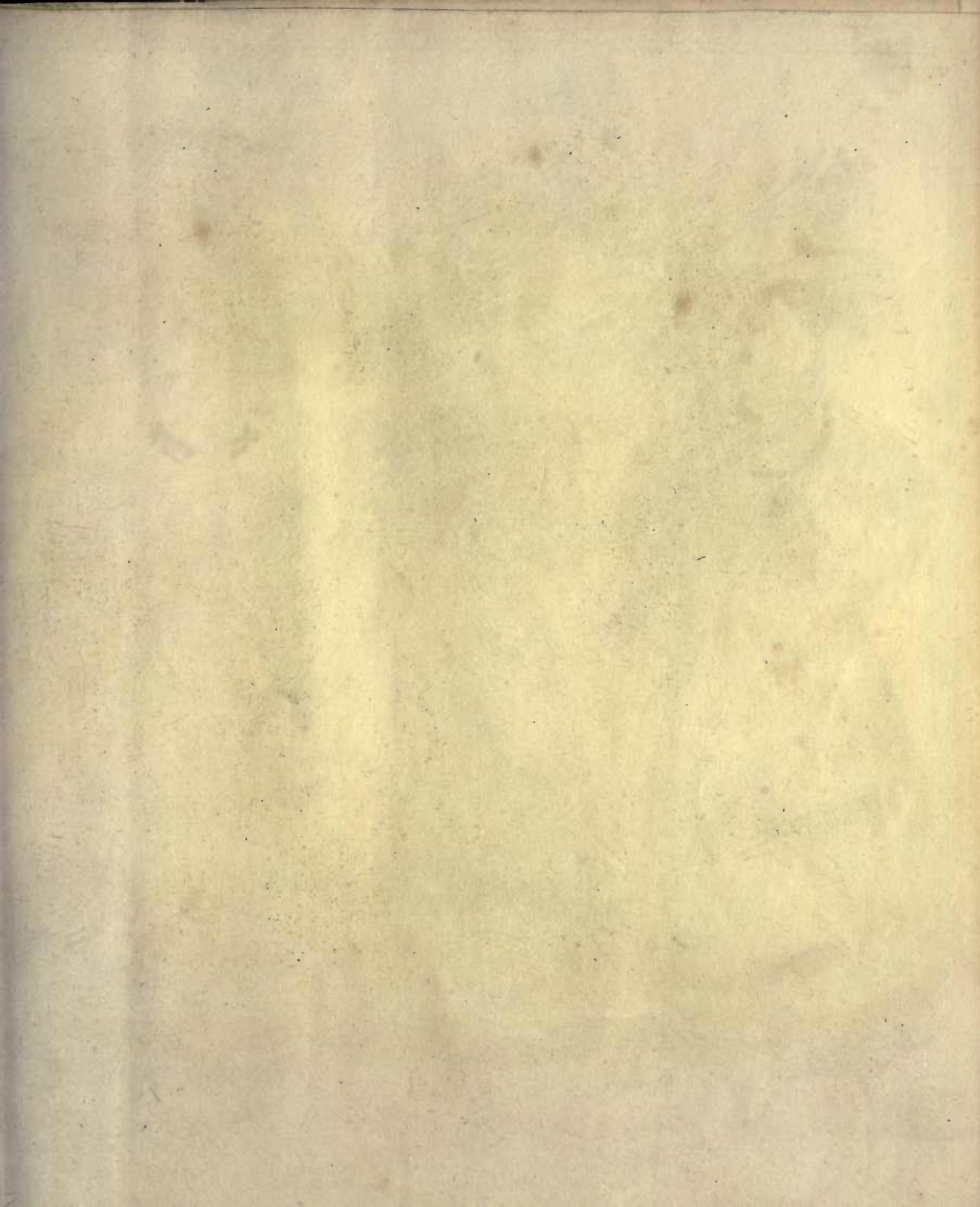
*Newest Fashions for August, 1890.  
Walking Dresses.*

W. Alais. Sc.













Newest Fashions for August, 1829.  
See also Dinner Dresses.



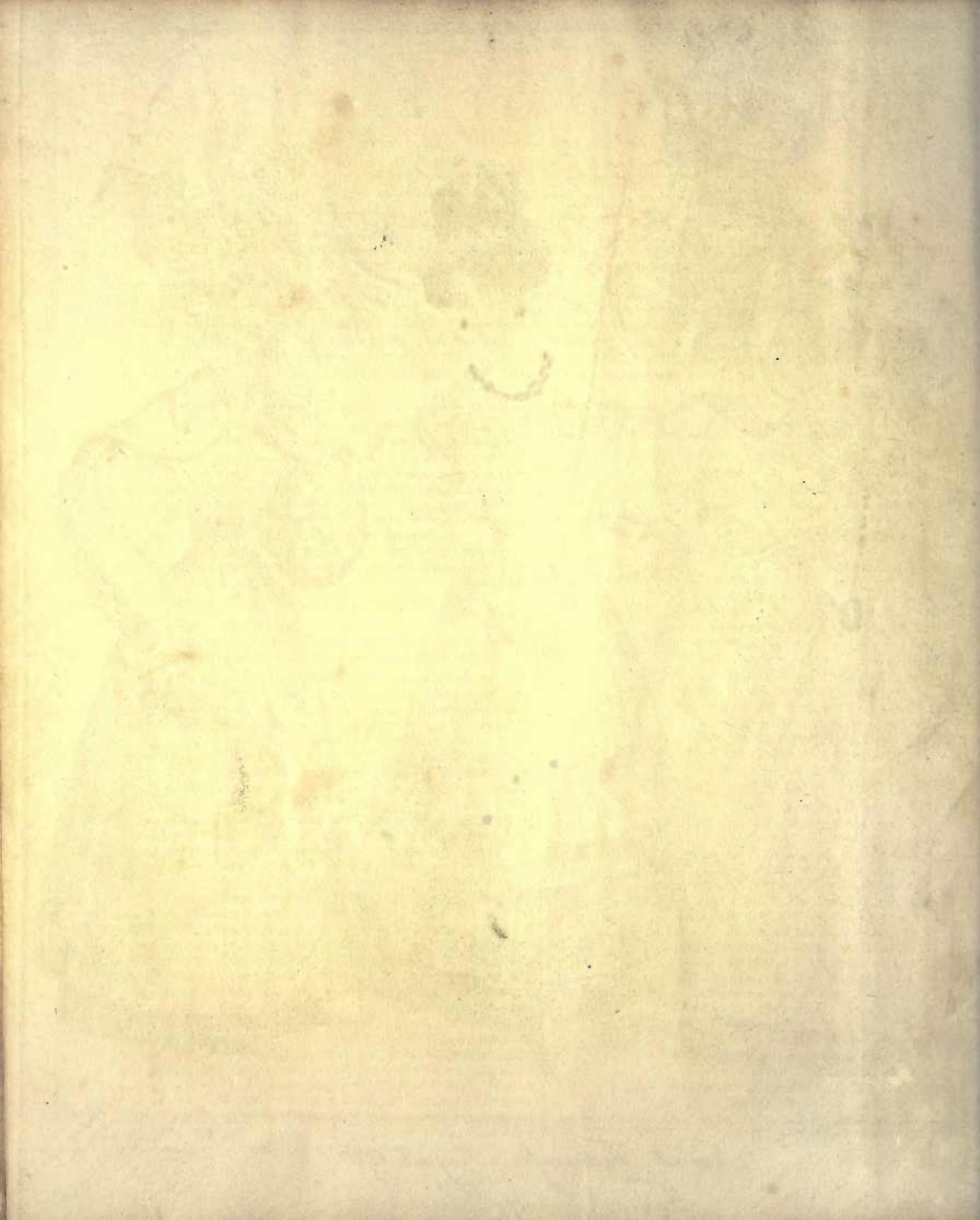


*Newest Fashions for August, 1829.*

*Walking & Evening Dresses*

W. Alais S.c.







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 63.

LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1829.

VOL. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 42, RUSSIAN (MOSCOW) COURT, OR GALA DRESS, A WALKING DRESS, AND A CARRIAGE DRESS.—SECOND PLATE, THREE WALKING AND CARRIAGE DRESSES.—THIRD PLATE, SEA-SIDE AND DINNER DRESSES.—FOURTH PLATE, WALKING AND EVENING DRESSES.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

The corn-field, "promise crammed" with sheaves  
Floats gently 'neath the kissing-breeze ;  
Like the young waves of Summer's sea,  
Just woke from their placidity ;  
Whilst pleasant shadows o'er them pass  
As 'twere cross nature's looking-glass.  
The vine, too, wears its luscious dress,  
And clammers in rich lustiness  
O'er the supports that shield its form  
'Gainst biting-blast, or thunder-storm ;  
And now displays to general view  
Its cluster'd berries, pale or blue,  
That hang in rich luxurious pride,  
Like pendant gems on courtly bride.  
'Tis a sweet season ! Earth and sky  
Combine to give a victory  
To human kind, to home and soil,  
To virtue and industrious toil :  
And woe the sad and sullen mood  
That bows not to the *source of good !*  
*We, too ;*—though *here* no corn-field wave,  
No shores, the water, tide-whipp'd, lave,  
Or by the beach's bulwark-rock  
Foaming roll back their routed shock ;  
Though here the reaper's rustling brand  
That leaves the field a stubble land  
Is never heard, nor gleaner's call,  
As they pick scatter'd ears that fall :  
Though we must to the country roam  
To hear the song of " Harvest home,"  
And join the unaffected mirth  
Which dances 'bout the farmer's hearth ;  
Yet here we still enjoy the wealth  
That's foster'd by these sons of health,  
And feel a comfort to repay  
The labours of their heated day.  
And *here* for aye in glory dwells  
All that can work the richest spells :  
Here wealth and power, and pomp and state  
Do most delight to congregate,  
And pour as from a fount of good  
The industry-rewarding flood.  
Here ———

But were we to tax our rhyming powers, and give the rein, using the spur too if it were necessary, to our rhyming propensities until we had written a volume of verse as long, and perhaps as tedious, as many of modern day, (if not constitutionally good-natured, we could mention ; ) the lines would not suffice to speak half the good we know, all the worth we esteem, all the pleasure we feel, and must for awhile, yet to come, feel, in LONDON ; though by its sovereign too early deserted, by its nobility and giddy young people of fortune, (fortune showered upon them ere wisdom had made its hold,) too recklessly left, neglected, or bartered for foreign climes ; bartered, neglected, and left by those who

" Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,  
Spend wealth, learn nothing, and come home content."

Yes, city of *Augusta*, thou art indeed the Queen of Capitols ; the high mart of *Life* and *Fashion*, and consequently of society : the home of the stranger ; the lodging of the foreigner ; the fosterer and munificent rewarder of taste, ability, genius, talent, be the birth-place of either where it will, its origin what it will ; the refuge of the oppressed, the shield of the exile, the wanderer's home !

And shall we, then, take to ourselves wings, and flee away, like certain restless birds of passage, because the time is fast approaching when the corn-reaper's song shall be heard, as he returns, sunburnt and freckled, from the toil of a hard-pressed day, to his cottage and its expecting inmates ? Must we give up the delights of parties that can no where else be equalled,—balls for which we in vain search the country to find a parallel, because it suits LORDS YARBOROUGH and BELFAST to hoist the broad pennant, and call their fleet of gaily-rigged yachts about them in the harbour of Cowes ? Are we compelled to give up our drives in the delicious, unequalled Regent's Park,—our rides amidst the matchless gardens, redolent with fruits, fragrant with flowers, that in almost every direction fringe, as it were, with beauty, encircle, as we say, with wealth, the mighty heart of our home, because Sporting Lords rattle to Cheltenham, and Bath, and Liverpool, to bet upon a horse-race, or make an addition to their stock of cups, by winning such baubles as the Turf,—we believe, ladies, that is the technical term—supplies ? No, gentle, kind, graceful, and beautiful readers, we shall not, we must not, we are not compelled, because some of our fashionables do these things, to follow their example. We are yet content with the goodly joys, and the gracious society that is thrown around



us; we yet see before us amusements and relaxations which shall make the Month of AUGUST seem a light-hearted friend, ever at hand, prepared with some antidote against the casual arrows of care, which spleen, in ambush, might shoot at our peace,—always fitted with a defence to ward off the effects of any sudden cloud, maliciously, conjured up at the call of envy, and which might otherwise rain its spite, or pour out its inveteracy upon us.

Month of the ripening harvest, we hail thee, then, with cordiality; patron of the coming vintage; employer of the hardy and industrious husbandman, we welcome thee with sincerity! Thou shalt be *our champion*, as thou art *their benefactor*. Thy sun shall extract smiles, not tears; produce pleasures, not pain; recreate joy, but bury sorrow.

To cheerful deeds set on the general Town,  
And shake from care each furrow of a frown.

#### LIFE OF THE KING AND ROYAL FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

We have classed, this month, under one head, the Lives of the Sovereign and the other members of the royal house, since their public procedure has been so confined to their own exclusive and private circles, that the people can hardly be said to have had much benefit, or felt a great deal of the influences of the royal countenance.

HIS MAJESTY certainly attended the Second Race-Meeting at Ascot, but more from his love of an ancient, and from time long antecedent king-honoured pastime, than for the purposes of display or the dispensation of bounties. Since that period he has confined his rides to his favourite park of Windsor, and Virginia Water, and his parties to the favoured few that usually constitute them.

We must not, however, omit expressing our gratification at having had more than one opportunity to see his Royal Highness the DUKE of CLARENCE, apparently restored to perfect health, again mingling at the feast-board, and advancing, by his advocacy, the claims of the afflicted, and the cause of charity. His Royal Highness and the amiable Duchess gave also a very splendid dinner, at their residence, King's Palace, St. James's, to celebrate the anniversary of their wedding-day. Among the party were the PRINCESS AUGUSTA, the DUCHESS of KENT, the DUKES of SUSSEX and GLOUCESTER, and the DUCHESS of the latter royal personage.

The DUKE of CUMBERLAND—we conclude him to be cheerful company—has been generally with his Majesty at the Royal Lodge; the PRINCESSES AUGUSTA and SOPHIA have been a good deal occupied in showing the wonders of this most wonderful of towns to their visiters from Saxe Weimar; but have now fled from the heat of a July sojourn in London, to the shaded retreats of Frogmore.

#### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT.

"Yes, yes, they dream who blindly say  
Our "*season*" now "*has had its day*,"  
And, like the players' *acted scene*,  
Is not what *is*, but what *has been*;  
That horse's head, and willing spouse,  
Must both be turned to *country house*,  
And the "*young ladies*" vent their woes  
'Neath rural shades, *without their beaux*!  
No, no! there still is brightness *here*,  
The centre of dear FASHION's sphere,

Still are there hearts that make us gay,  
And faces rich in beauty's ray:  
And all things that are form'd to drown  
Grim Care, should he attack the *Town*.—S.

Some people, and certain writers, have been in a wondrous hurry to make us believe, were we so credulous as to take their words as very laws of the Medes and Persians which alter not, that "the London season may now be considered as closed," and that, satiated with its varieties, and wearied by its fatigues, the country gentleman, his lady, and disappointed daughters, are rolling along the dusty roads (for fine weather has happily made them so again) in the family carriage behind four jaded poststers, to his tree-shaded mansion, there to ruminate upon the late hours, and the severe expenses of a London life; or to prepare his pointers and his gun for the, to him, most important dawn of the month of September. This are *we told*; but from pretty close observation in high places, we can confidently assert, that at this very time there are more distinguished characters, more leaders of the *Ton* remaining among, yet to gladden, us with their influence, than it has happened at any former similar period of the year to record grateful circumstances of, or even to remember.

Why, since we were gravely informed that we possessed "nothing new, nothing gay or striking," that all we had were "things of mere ceremony, and of course" not such that give a character to the season; since then, have we not been delighted with the munificent hospitalities of a LONDONDERRY and his amiable Lady, at a villa which even the tales of enchantment could hardly imagine a parallel to? and has not a HERTFORD congregated to his splendid dwelling in that park which has no superior, the very "head and front" of the fashionable world? Has the elegant Prince LEOPOLD ceased to make our evenings delightful? and is not he of CUMBERLAND about to satisfy us with the splendours of his bounty? Are the Dukes of DEVONSHIRE and GLOUCESTER, DORSET and NEWCASTLE nobody? Are the Marquisses of LANSDOWNE and WELLESLEY considered as not known? Are Earls GREY and JERSEY, and HERTFORD and DURHAM, &c. &c. &c. deemed as of as little consequence as the late-named nobleman deemed Mr. Alderman WOOD? or the Duke of WELLINGTON accounts every little petty "Sir Oracle" of a newspaper or club-room that barks at him? Yet did we ourselves behold, only a few days since, these distinguished leaders of the march of high life together, enjoying one of the manly pastimes for which England is famous, without apparently giving a thought that the Grouse season would soon be here, and that the July Meeting was over. Let then our readers not give ear to the notes of melancholy some would dole out, or rather let them attend to us, and suffer those who are so early tired of a London life, and so prematurely fatigued in endeavouring to encounter its varieties,

"— to post away disconsolate,  
Exiled from human sympathies:  
Oblivion mantles o'er their fate,  
And nature mocks their tiny cries."

Having thus endeavoured to vindicate the yet active gaieties of this the most delightful of all delightful cities; we must now refer our kind and graceful patrons and patronesses to the record we have penned upon "Parties



and Balls" for many convincing and highly gratifying proofs of the truths we have uttered; we would here, however, observe, that we rarely remember brighter displays of beauty, and more satisfactory musters of distinction, than have added to the natural allurements of our parks for the few last sunshiny days. This gratifying appearance has been heightened also by the evident return, on the part of our *most elegant females*, to the simple summer costumes of *our own country*:

"This dear, dear England, this  
Precious jewel set in the silver sea,"

as simply fashioned also; in preference to the more flaunting, inconsistent, showy, and less prettily made up and arranged costumes of other climates. Perhaps, too, we should add that the park promenades received an addition of gaiety from the number of distinguished foreigners that happen at present to be sojourning in town, many of whom, the Duchesses de CAYTOR and de CAZES, or instances (to whom his Grace of WELLINGTON has shown hospitalities), &c. &c. are not only of the highest rank but of considerable celebrity. All these causes and characters still render "our dream of life" redolent with sunshiny visions, and undesparring anticipations, still make us feel that

"Summer's breath  
Again luxurious by us floats,"

and that those argue not wisely nor well, who assert that "the next week will probably form the utmost limit of the extent of the season; a season which has been fertile in nothing but complaints."

Then will these disaffectionates attempt to make themselves witty, and their papers just endurable, by talking of "great complaints," arising from "the untoward state of the weather, the horrible poverty of bride cake, and the general grumbling throughout club-rooms of a deficiency of matches concerning which to indulge in evil prognostication." But these are but "weak inventions" if not of "the enemy," at least of those who have come into the harvest-field, or vineyard of Fashion at the "eleventh hour," and who, consequently, must make up for what they want in knowledge by the assumption of knowing every thing. Let the reader, however, turn back to our pages, to our record of "parties," our detail of "marriages in High Life," and they will instantly perceive, and as readily admit that the divinities of profusion and liberality, as also the God of the wedding torch, have been all equally and mutually propitiously employed in "weaving peace, and pleasant spells," for all who have sought them out, yielding to their influences, admitting their potency, and rejoicing in their fetters; our subscribers will, we repeat, not only admit this but unite with us in deeming it ridiculous to affirm, that "a new bill is announced for the better regulation of these affairs next session; for families with three daughters out, and as many in green veils, looking for a vacancy for promotions, begin to anticipate evil riots."

If it be required of us still to prove more to be believed before these "poppinjays," these scarcely fledged creations that, on the *strength of a name*, talk as if they wore the pinion of Dædalus, instead of the fragile wing of his vain and soon stricken down pupil, and who even link us in for a share of their puny malice; if this be required shall we not, and thereby find our defence strong, our shield unperforated, ourselves invulnerable even unto the heel; refer

them to the splendid assemblages which, *since their prognostications*, have attended the King's Theatre to reward deserving talent, enjoy the graces of song, the wonders of the ballet; or to convince sceptics that,

Untried still by *London joys*,  
Few yet will court the country's noise,  
Few, at short bidding, early flee  
From graces of society;  
To pour, like Socrates, o'er books,  
Their commentators but the rooks;  
And stead of sweet airs midst *our throng*,  
At best but milkmaid's matiu song;  
To talk of travellers to the moors,  
(Their best guides there but Scottish boors.)  
Large packs of *August Grouse* to kill  
On Highland plain or Heather-hill;  
To prate of pointers newly broke,  
Or hunters taught to own the yoke;  
Of hounds to enter when the rub  
Shall be against sly Renard's cub;  
Of Greyhound puppies to be tried,  
(And *puppies after them who ride*.)  
Not yet for these all boisterous sports,  
Will *Fashion* quit our goodly courts;  
Nor leave us for sea-side or shore  
Till we have filled up pleasure's store;  
And made our *August Month* as gay  
As those we've witness'd pass away.

The Duke of BUCCLEUGH is to be united, in the course of the Autumn, to Lady CHARLOTTE THYNNE, a daughter of Lord BATH.

The high alliances of the house of Cavendish are about to be renewed by the marriage of Miss CAVENDISH, its heir presumptive, sister to the member for Cambridge, with Lord TITCHFIELD, son to the Duke of PORTLAND.

A younger daughter of the Dowager Lady ELLENBOROUGH, Miss FREDERICA LAW, is to be married to the son of Sir JOHN RAMSDEN; and the daughter of Lady ELIZABETH TALBOT to Mr. ABBOTT.

A marriage is talked of between Lady EMMA BENNET and Lord ST. MAUR, son of the Duke of SOMERSET.

#### ROMANCING.

"'Tis a disease, a wisdom-blinding trance,  
Say, shall we say 'tis *thine* thou *fickle* FRANCE?"—S.

Yes, EMMA, yes, full well I know,  
It is (as you would have it) so;  
That all the world, I mean *our world*,  
(Not that which to the Eastward's twirl'd)  
Whether it occupies itself  
In spending Ancestral pelf,  
Of scores of oaks, and squares of acres,  
(The *gambling board supplies the takers*.)  
In squaring elbows, buckling traces,  
In rowing boats, or riding races;  
In courts, in courting, or at cards,  
Or *imitating bearded pards*;  
In acting plays, in writing books,  
In stylish dress, or studied looks;  
In evening parties, morning calls,  
In public breakfasts, private balls;



In dining, dunning, or in dancing,  
That FASHION dotes upon ROMANCING.

*Hey presto*; it is *à propos*,  
Look EMMA at that made up beau,  
He who seems blind to all around,  
And almost spurns the yieldless ground,  
*Upon himself* so closely bent,  
So wrapp'd in "measureless content;"—  
That all he gives at meeting you,  
Is a stiff nod, or *addy—do?*"  
With him his hair, and cut of dress,  
Is first of human happiness,  
And his best friend—his man of merit,  
Is he who gives him clothes, and *credit*:  
And thus about the town he's prancing,  
And this *his system* of ROMANCING.

Again mark him with studious air,  
And costum'd somewhat *debonair*:  
The careless curls aside the face,  
Like those, our *Laurence* love's to trace,  
The open'd vest, the tight'ned waist,  
*A la Byronian* in its taste,  
Upon the brow the *caste* of thought  
(Yet somewhat, too, with satire fraught)  
The goodly speech, the gracious smile  
(Cunning perchance 'neath the while)  
The ready answer, repartee,  
And lashing of frivolity;—  
These mark the man in *upper-life*,  
Who mocks the world's wild, angry strife,  
By *turning author*, very scribe  
Midst *Colburn's* well fed bookworm tribe,  
Hoping to head the numerous lists  
Of *fashionable Novelists*,  
And rise to literary fame,  
By the *free use of each friend's name*,  
And thus, again, my song enhancing  
*Our scribbler* prove that he's ROMANCING.

Now stroll we out, see, EMMA, see,  
Rides forth our *Sunday* chivalry,  
Our *peace-establish'd* cavalry.  
Perchance too, Emma, we may gain  
From pomp's long drawn, slow rolling train,  
Themes that may suit the hour and time,  
And vindicate my simple rhyme.  
There capering on that ambling roan,  
(The spur, he'd better leave alone,)  
See PAGET sidle through the ranks,  
Astonish'd at his boyish pranks:  
And here, as if from battle-press,  
He rode its history to express,  
Determin'd first the news to yield,  
*Races along*, young CHESTERFIELD!  
Yonder, in chaise fantastic turn'd,  
SIR FRANCIS BURDETT seems *inturn'd*:  
Next him behold the *knight of Kerry*,  
And in low cab, LORD LONDONDERRY;  
Whilst CHARLES YOUNG, to show that play'rs  
Can keep a horse, and sport their airs,  
With livery-servant by his side,  
Drives, and looks wise, along the ride,  
Turning away, as if to shun  
Fair ELLEN TREE's *green chaise* and one;

Here WELLESLEY comes with pair of bays,  
Here STANHOPE with his four blood greys,  
And hundred others, rolling, prancing,  
To prove this *Sunday-work*;—ROMANCING.

Then, EMMA, what a mighty stir,  
Some make in *private Theatre*!  
Now NORMANBY we cannot blame,  
To try to earn an actor's fame;  
*Across the seas* to make a *hit*,  
And gain applauses from the pit,  
Since *here* he did not *strike* at all,  
Though clever, as the times befall;  
But when we see our lords, and sirs,  
Our lawyers, warriors, ministers,  
Standing like *strolling Thespians* fore  
Some *Hamlet*, new from Elsinore,  
To know in what way to mouthe speeches,  
And regulate their stamps and screeches,  
According to the wise, report  
Of the *King's Theatre—Laporte*:—  
Why *intellect* must be advancing;—  
The "*Schoolmaster*" is sure ROMANCING!

More would I say to prove my theme  
Is stronger than mere poet's dream;  
But EMMA, you already say  
I've writ enough to *prove* my lay.  
Farewell, then; yet in parting take  
A friendly hint for friendship's sake,  
When, in my eyes, you're all in all,  
At quadrille party, fancy-ball,  
Do not, pray do not, listen dear,  
Though ANSON, SPENCER, catch your ear,  
And on their knees, entreat you'll wade  
Through the *new folly—Galopade*.  
Enough of *foreign whims, and faces*,  
*Outlandish boldness, and grimaces*,  
Already *do possess the town*,  
*And run its wholesome produce down*:  
So, EMMA, scorn to make a stir,  
By acting of a *galloper*.  
Cleave to the *graceful* movements still,  
That will with admiration fill,  
Nor stump about the echoing room,  
Like silly romp, or saucy groom,  
Still love, but don't run off with "lancers,"  
But scorn GALOPADEAN ROMANCERS.

July, 1829.

A. M. TEMPLETON, JUN.

## PARTIES AND BALLS.

"— you might have witnessed here  
Music and mirth, and all the charms they gave."  
THE BRUNSWICK, A POEM.

Leaving out of the question the truth or the contrary of the assertion which some people have made, that "there has been in the proportion of one ball or concert this year to the three of 1828," and that "there has been a great default in Evening parties." We shall continue to insist that several of the *fêtes* given by our leading fashionables in the course of the season in profusion of good things, in ability of arrangement, and elegance of company have never



been surpassed. Are we opposed? we meet the sceptic with evidence strong as the following.

On Tuesday the 7th *ult.* a *fête* of no trivial importance was given by Lord and Lady LONDONDERRY, at her Ladyship's beautiful villa, "a dwelling such as fairy elves may love," Rose Bank, and which was a Husband's gratifying and affectionate gift on the anniversary of his wedding day. The weather, envious of mortal's happiness, was so unpropitious that it was nearly eight before the distinguished characters assembled could sit down to the sumptuous banquet laid out for them in the splendidly illuminated and richly decorated tents and marquees. The feast despatched, however, the drawing-room of this Summer retreat, which in fitting up and decoration realizes all that we have been taught to believe of Eastern magnificence, Arabian or Turkish pomp, was thrown open, and the delighted guests felt themselves almost in a palace of enchantment. The band of the Tenth Hussars, of which gallant regiment the Marquis of LONDONDERRY is Colonel, playing lively measures during the evening; whilst in the temporary ball room, around which clustered illuminated evergreens the beauties of our day, the *Lady of the bower herself*, in particular Mrs. PEEL, the JERSEYS, the BAILLIES,—the MACDONALDS, the HARDYS, moved gracefully through the mazy dance; as in the words of our motto,

"Music and mirth, and all the charms they gave  
Assembled in one home."

Not of an inferior character were the parties given to the fashionable world by Ladies HERTFORD and KEITH, both were as brilliant as taste, liberality, and elegant society could make them; whilst the *djéané dansant* at Percy's Cross of Lady RAVENSWORTH was voted on all hands exquisitely delightful, and of a character as novel as interesting. Nor must we forget to laud as it deserves the extended entertainment, combining as rare a *nouvelle* of the Marquis of HERTFORD, held beneath his glittering and gilded dome-surmounted Palace, for such it might be called, which forms so striking an object in that circle of verdure and prettiness, the Regent's Park. The entertainment was given to the Duke and Duchess of GLOUCESTER and a very large assemblage of the HAUT TON; it did as much honour to the known taste and liberality of the distinguished host, as it gave satisfaction to the gratified and numerous guests.

It were easy for us to extend our list of gaieties even to the utmost limits of this number of our magazine; we could talk of "parties" given by the Princess AUGUSTA at her residence in the King's Palace, St. James's, to her royal relatives and her visitors from SAXE WEIMAR, and of "balls" at the mansions of most of our nobility; but enough has been narrated to convince the reader that in *high life*, at all events, there has been no parsimonious dealing out of hospitalities; no miserly withholding of the means of enjoyment from those who wisely seek

"The thoughts which care would conjure up to drown  
Not in the cloister but the crowded town."

#### A FEW MORE CONUNDRUMS,

*Hastily sketched for the Fair Readers of the World of Fashion, by their honoured servant, WILLIAM (alias BILLY) BLACK.*

#### GENTLE LADIES,

I have just got a little bit of time to myself (it is the very first, I assure you, since I last had the pleasure of address-

ing you), and seize the opportunity of paying my profound respects to such a magnificent combination of elegance, beauty, and good nature, and for your innocent amusement, beg to offer a few more of those merry scraps, which have heretofore (I hope) given you an infinite degree of gratification:—

Pray tell me,—Why is a covetous man like a man with a bad memory? Now, I know that's a puzzler, ladies fair. I say,—will you give it up?—Because he is always *for-getting*.

Why is a very elderly gentleman like a well-bred horse? If you were to ask any of your elderly friends, very likely, they would feel offended; but there is a striking resemblance, notwithstanding.—Because he is *man-aged*.

Why is a delirious man like a burning wax taper? Will you give it up?—Because he is *light-headed*.

What should a man never take from the woman he sincerely loves? Ladies, ladies, consult your own hearts, and you must agree with me that it is—a *denial*.

Why is an excellent story like the bell of a village church? Will you give it up?—Because it is often *toll'd*.

Why is a pretty flower like the proof of a lover's suspected sincerity? This is another, ladies, for which you must consult your own hearts; methinks I see your roguish eyes prettily smiling at the conceit. Do you give it up?—Because it is *heart's-ease*.

Why is Hume's History of England like the present wet summer? This is a rather doleful affair, ladies, but I have a history to back me, d'ye see?—Because it is *full of reigns* (rains).

Why is a good fish-pond like the neck of an officer of the guards, in full regimentals? Will you give it up?—Because it is *stocked*.

What is that which is neither man, beast, fish, bird, insect, nor reptile, yet which lives and breathes, and is admired, though originating merely from a peculiar bone? What say you, ladies, to that? D'ye give it up?—*Woman*.

With which I must for the present conclude, for I really have so much to attend to, that I cannot possibly spare another moment, and will only subscribe myself,

Dear ladies, your most obedient, most obsequious,  
And much honoured servant and mirth-monger,  
WILLIAM BLACK, † his mark.

#### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

"Our dream of love, heaven's sunshine forms."—ANON.

"Death was above them, round them, and beneath,

And all we felt, and heard, and saw, was death."

We were last month congratulating ourselves upon the forbearance of that grim tyrant, who at one time or another, we know not how soon, and how awfully! will bow the stoutest of us to dust, to a narrow coffin, and a clay-cold bed; we must now, alas, change our joy into sorrow, our smiles into mourning, for he has been busy with the strength of man, and stricken into silence many of the distinguished in life; thus, if they were wanting, giving us more undeniable proofs that there is but one step from pleasure to the tomb.

If we go to the mansion of the *Beaumonts*, we shall behold the escutcheon over its portals, and the trappings of woe in its halls and chambers; we shall search in vain for the *Lady* of that goodly house; and if we enquire in the



words of holy writ, "where is she!" echo shall reply—"the wind hath passed over her, and she is gone!" If we seek the home of the gallant soldier, the generous Sir WILLIAM COCKBURN, she who was his amiable partner will not be there to give us her wonted and ever ready welcome, and to make our sojourn pleasant by her talents, delightful by her smiles. Alas, alas! after a long and severe illness, borne with the faith of a christian, this excellent lady has been eased from her sufferings, by death. Of her indeed, it may be truly said, that she united to loveliness of person, exalted qualities of mind and heart, rarely to be found; and that she crowned the whole with that ardent piety to God, and good will to man, which made her, during a long life, the admiration of all who knew her. Her loss, therefore, must ever be acutely felt, and deeply deplored, not alone by an afflicted family but by a numerous circle of lamenting friends.

Nor has the young been spared, the beautiful been unassailed; here read we of the blow having fallen upon the accomplished daughter of Sir JOHN TAYLOR, the Rev. E. RICE, the Rev. Dr. POVAH, and the amiable, and early-snatched-away wife of a soldier—"a right good one"—Captain WILLIAM EATWELL; but, for we have not heart to dilate ourselves farther on the victories of the strong one over us,

"So fares it with the projects of the earth;  
Years bring to pass, an instant may destroy,  
With trembling anxious hearts we watch their birth,  
And while hope glittering, gilds the beauteous toy,  
E'en in the moment when we court its worth,  
Comes the dread fiend that mocks at human joy;  
And stamps at once his sport as well as spoil,  
Man and his work, the toiler and the toil."

But Joy and Gladness have had their successes, too; their hours of propitious triumph, and promise of victory. As a confirmation, gladly we record the union of Sir THOMAS PACKENHAM, G.C.B., (son of the Admiral of that honoured name, and worthy of his birth and the noble service of which he is no trivial ornament,) with HARRIET MARIA, youngest daughter of the late Right Honourable DENIS BROWNE, M. P.; and also that of Captain EDWIN RICH, R. N. (son of the late Sir CHARLES RICH, bart., of Shirley House, Hants) and SOPHIA, youngest daughter of the respected Captain F. J. ANGELO, of Hill, near Southampton. Is more evidence required, further proof demanded by those who assert "that the junior influence has not been as much felt as formerly, in the dispensation of amusements? and that weddings have been few, because evening parties have been seldom? in other words, "marriages have been uncommonly scarce, which is not extraordinary, as such casualties, like the fall of men in battle, depend much on the number of balls."—is, we repeat, more evidence required, let us call the *Lord Primate of Ireland* into court, and bid him say that at St. Marylebone, he united his young friend, SHEFFIELD GRACE, Esq., second son of the late Richard Grace, Esq., M. P., to the object of his anxious love, HARRIET GEORGINA, second daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir JOHN HAMILTON, bart.,

"One formed by love, and finest sympathies  
To make a husband happy."

Nay even when about to conclude our narrative of "hope accomplished," a brilliant union takes place highly calculated to add strength to our arguments, and make our

assurance doubly sure. Need it be added that we allude to the marriage of that well-known and spirited gentleman of the North, the Honourable EDWARD PETRE, youngest son of the late Robert Edward Lord Petre, with LAURIA MARIA, fourth daughter of the LORD and LADY STAFFORD, a family as respected as ancient, as amiable as distinguished, and which was fully proved by the attendance of noble relatives on the happy occasion.

"Sunshine be their's without a cloud,  
The atmosphere of love to shroud;  
Without a storm of worldly hate  
Affection's home to desolate:  
Without a rock, with danger rife,  
To wreck their passage through this life."

This roll of joy it were also a task of no difficulty greatly to extend. Time, however, which, like the tides, obeys no mortal voice, warns us to conclude, which we do with the wish that many, many years may pass over the head of every one of our readers,

"——— ere the thin veil  
That keeps the soul from seeing Israel's God,  
Shall drop—"

## THE DRAMA.

"Again with honest truth and justest mien,  
We trace the various *cunning of the scene*;  
To merit give—as rule the critic's laws,  
Its just deserts and all unbrib'd applause:  
But where mere folly swoll'n pretensions swells,  
There we affix its native *cap and bells*."

J. F. STUART.

It has been the fashion, or the fancy, of recent seasons, to charge us as a people not delighting very particularly in Theatrical representations; as wanting the taste and generosity, indeed, to advance dramatic merit and encourage even praiseworthy stage productions: but when we find even in the sultry nights of July, that crowded audiences are congregated in comparatively small play-houses, and when we hear them, despite the pressure of confined atmospheres, laugh and applaud to the very echo, till it does applaud again, why, surely, then are we warranted in considering the charges of apathy which have been levelled against us as bred of nothing but ill nature, or vain phantasy. To be sure there is no denying but that the treasury-reports for the just expired season at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden, that from the latter in particular, speak "trumpet tongued" of a great falling off in the wanted and devoutly to be desired receipts; but then we must look for the cause of this ominous defalcation in the "player Kings'" revenues, to other causes, such as late dinners, enormously high salaries given to particular performers, the little care observed in the classification of audiences (of which more at another and early opportunity) &c. &c. &c., rather than to an apathy on the part of the people towards "well graced" actors, or commendable theatricals. For instance, although Mr. Manager Price has ceased for awhile to exclaim that he cannot get up to his own stage-door for the throng of his performers' carriages, (a literal fact by the way,) and the coffee houses



and hotels in the neighbourhood of "the Garden," are as solitary as the high street of Oxford, when the gownsmen are emancipated for their terms; yet have we observed the *English Opera House* overflowing with "troops of friends," and been compelled to wish that the "little" Theatre in the Haymarket could, as from a stroke of Harlequin's wand suddenly extend its proportions so that we might find not only more elbow but more breathing room also.

Saying thus much, it will appear that the productions, both with respect to performers and performances, have been praiseworthy and attractive at these Summer houses of the Drama; indeed we hardly remember upon any former occasion when (to use a sporting phrase, "for which fair ladies pardon grant") more energetic play was made at starting, or greater speed displayed at the first turn of the race; whether like the hare in the fable the pace will prove to have been too killing at the onset, time and the treasury will show; but we should imagine and most sincerely hope not; for let fabulists say what they will we never, in any thing, (save probably in a walk with our lady-love, when one might wish time not to gallop withal,) were partial to *tortoise* movements.

Led by the high character of her inimitable performance we dare to say that almost all our readers have gone to witness the "Sister of Charity," from Planche's translation of a foreign piece bearing that title, of FANNY KELLY; if they have not, let them send to the box-office of the theatre and ensure places immediately, for it were equally unpardonable to forget SIDDONS in *Lady Randolph* or *Lady Macbeth*, and PASTA in *Desdemona* or *Medea*, as not to carry with us to the very last, "'till that hour when blighted memory seeks her tomb," recollections of this wonderful woman's performance of *Ursula*, the *Sister of Charity*. The production is otherwise worthy of approbation, as are those who perform it deserving of encouragement.

Determined to maintain the character he has gained for the production of sterling musical dramas, such as *Freischütz*, *Oberon*, &c. &c., Mr. ARNOLD has now produced the *Die Rauberbraut* of the German, under the title of the *Robber's Bride*, and the able direction of Mr. HAWES, with the whole of the music as composed by FERDINAND RIES. The attempt has proved the skill and judgment of every individual concerned, we had almost said down to the lowest of the chorus-singers. All went well and glibly, and every performer seemed animated with a desire to serve the author, do justice to the proprietor, confer amusement and gratification on the audience, thereby forwarding his own fame and advancing his ultimate interests. Yet fine and even lofty in style, à la *Beethoven*, as is the music of this opera, we are yet sufficiently English and unsophisticated in our tastes, to wish that it had contained more solos of a simple character, and less concerted pieces than it does, fine as we are bound to concede the latter to be. Miss BETTS has a song "Ere distraction quite o'ercloud me," which is, however, all that we could desire, both as composed and performed; and few things are better, can be better, than H. PHILLIPS'S "My daughter, yes, my daughter!" It is equal to BRAHAM'S "My sister, dear!" in *Masaniello*, and who that has ever heard can ever forget that exquisite and pathetic effort? Mr. SAPIO is too fine and finikin in his manner, and Mr. THORNE too fond of himself to be very lasting favourites with us; still they are singers far above the "million" that commit murder upon time and tune for a consideration, and upon

the present occasion they executed—we mean the contrary of *destroying*—their duct, "Alas! what painful duty," in an exceedingly praiseworthy manner. There is, also, a banditti glee of a wondrously characteristic grade; it is, in fact, what such a piece of music ought to be, bold and animated, without being, like many of its predecessors, open to the charge of holsterous vulgarity.

THE HAYMARKET has revived the comedy of *Secrets Worth Knowing* with adequate success; it is judiciously cast, and attentively played throughout. The *Two Friends* continue to make many, thanks to FARREN and COOPER; *Paul Pry* in his original character of one Mr. LISTON, a "strolling gentleman" well known about town, has again *dropped in*, and not *intruded*; whilst the Manager, by the help of *Maneuvering* (a positively agreeable little comedy, but not English we are sorry to say in its origin), and the aid of *Finesse* (VINING) has won the ear of the public, and may venture to say,

"Now I sail forward through the course I court,  
Your smiles the gale, and your applause the port;  
And though no glittering prow my ship bedeck,  
Still shall its freightage float devoid of wreck;  
You guard from envy's blast and cynic's ken,  
(The Scylla and Charybdis of the pen.)"

At the KING'S THEATRE, which, (considering the eagerness with which some folks have quitted London, to restore constitutions and refit fortunes, we suppose) we are glad to observe has been well attended, the principal novelty has been the reproduction, after a rest of some years, of CIMAROSO'S celebrated and amusing opera, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, for the benefit (thereby evincing that he possesses sound judgment as well as great talent) of SIGNOR DONZELLI. The cast was strong and wisely apportioned; and, in consequence, the piece was honoured with a goodly reception, from an audience as apparently delighted, as it was undoubtedly brilliant. SONTAG and her SISTER were the *Carolina* and *Lisetta* of the Opera; MADAME MALIBRAN the *Fidalma*. SIGNOR ZUCHELLI personated the antiquated *Geronimo*, GALLI was the *Count*, whilst the secret husband, *Paolino*, was cleverly sustained by the hero of the evening, DONZELLI himself. One of the most effective pieces was the trio sung by SONTAG, with *Lisetta* and *Fidalma*, *Lei faccio un inchino*; it was beautifully performed, and enthusiastically encored. The manner, too, in which GALLI and ZUCHELLI gave *Si fiato in Corpo* was irresistibly droll, and laughter might be seen holding both its sides, in the person of many a plumed beauty, and jewelled dowager. DONZELLI'S *Pria che spunti* was also excellent. In fact we should say of the opera, as we hope thousands of readers do of our humble but faithful exertions to gratify them, *Encore! Encore!! ENCORE!!!*

The Grand Model of the Cathedral Church of York, now exhibiting at the Western Exchange, Old Bond-street, is carved in wood. It is a real curiosity, and gives a correct representation of a venerable pile of singular beauty and antiquity. Recent events render it additionally interesting.

We have used LOPRESTI'S Piquante Seasoning for game, poultry, and meat, and found it superior to that produced by the usual method of seasoning. His Anchovy Sauce is excellent—his Flavoring Essence imparts a zest to fish sauces and gravies—and the Duke of GLOUCESTER'S sauce for cutlets, boiled chickens, and wild fowl, is very flattering to the palate.



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR AUGUST, 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

## PLATE THE FIRST.

## RUSSIAN (MOSCOW) COURT, OR GALA DRESS.

When we presented our readers with the costume of a lady of Moscow, in a preceding number, it was one adopted to general wear, and a little more in unison, by some alteration in the corset, &c., with courts which have long been accustomed to the ease and grace of polished life, to be gained only by intercourse with other nations, continually in search of improvement.

The costume now represented in our engraving, is truly Russian, in all its ancient grandeur, as may be seen by the unsowed waist, and the native richness and magnificence of the whole attire. It is such as is worn on high court festivals, or on some splendid celebration of a great anniversary.

The robe is of the richest Genoa velvet, of a bright crimson, the border ornamented with a broad gold lace; from the tucker, down the front of the bust and the skirt, is another gold lace, still broader, and this is richly ornamented with rubies, set round with pearls. The train is lined throughout with ermine, and is adorned also with precious stones, and the black eagle of Russia, worked in embossed embroidery. The easy and unconfined waist is inclosed in a *corsage*, with a twisted oriental shawl, forming a cordon round the waist, carelessly tied in a knot in front, and the ends superbly fringed with gold: this shawl is of a thin and very light texture, being of Japanese-gauze and gold. The sleeves are long, and of white Japanese-gauze; they are confined at the wrists by very broad gold bracelets, set with pearls and rubies. On each shoulder are epaulettes of gold bullion, in fringe. The hair is arranged à la *Madonna*, with a plat depending on each side, braided in the same manner as the hair of the Moorish ladies, with ribbon; this ribbon is of gold-colour. We should pronounce the head-dress singular, was it not very much in the *béret* style. It is of gold and crimson tissue, in antique kind of figures, and is enriched with oriental pearls: a long, white veil depends from the back of this *coiffure*. The car-pendants are magnificent; large, and of exquisitely fine pearls, in shape and fashion not unlike those of wrought gold, so much admired by the English females of the present day. The necklace, which is of inestimable value, from the scarcity of pear-pearls, is formed of one row of them, with drops exactly matching each other, and which are procured with extreme difficulty. Two gold chains, *en cordon*, fall over the bust; from the lower one is suspended the order of St. Anne; and beneath this hangs a collar, belonging to the order, of white and gold enamel. The shoes are of gold tissue. It is needless to observe that this superb costume, is that of a lady of the highest rank.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of *Batiste de Laine*, the colour of Nankin: the border of the skirt trimmed with two flounces, each edged by a fringe. The sleeves à l'*Imbecille*, the fulness confined at the wrist by a band; large fichu-pelerine of tulle, trimmed with a double full ornament of lace, and finished just below the throat by a double ruff, fastened in front by a bow of pink ribbon. A hat of white chip, ornamented by a pink exotic flower, with branches of its green foliage. The brim of the hat is trimmed underneath with a bandeau and bows of pink ribbon; the strings are placed under the brim, and float loose. The half-boots are of the same colour as the dress.

N. B.—A back view of the same figure, in a dress of celestial-blue, of which colour are also the flowers, and ribbons on the hat.

## A CARRIAGE DRESS.

A dress of fine India muslin, with a very broad hem, finished at the top in points, trimmed at the edges with a full *rûche* of lace. Upon the hem, which forms the border beneath these points, is a beautiful pattern in embroidery, forming diamond-chequers, in every one of which is a bouquet, exquisitely wrought in feather-stitch. The body is à la *Roxelane*, and the sleeves à la *Mameluke*, which terminate by a broad cuff with a point, and are trimmed round by a *rûche* of lace; the mancherons correspond, in being pointed and finished by the same trimming. A narrow tucker formed of a full *rûche* of lace surrounds the bust. The hat is of straw-coloured *gros de Naples*; ornamented under the brim with points of straw-coloured satin, edged round with narrow blond; the crown is adorned with very full bouquets of the blue flower, "Forget me not;" and a white blond veil is generally added: the hat ties down with a lemon-coloured ribbon, striped with dark brown. A sash of pearl-grey ribbon incircles the waist; fastened in front with a gold buckle. On the wrist of the right arm, is a bracelet of black velvet, fastened with a cameo, set à l'*Antique*, in gold. On the left wrist is a bracelet of wrought gold.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A printed muslin dress, the ground a pale buff, with large diamond chequers of white; these diamonds, by the disposition of the broad hem at the border of the skirt, become square; on the part which crosses, or points the chequer, is a beautifully coloured sprig. The broad hem is headed by a magnificent fringe, with a surmounting of open work. The body is partially high, and *en gerbe*,



over which is a falling collar of the same material as the dress, and finished round by the same kind of fringe which is at the border. The sleeves are *à la Marie*, and are confined in the middle of the arm by a ribbon to match the colour of the dress, which is finished by a rosette on the outside of the arm, just below the elbow. A French ruff of fine lace in three rows, surmounts a *fichu* at the throat. The bonnet is of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with striped gauze ribbon, the colour of the marshmallow-blossom, and ornamented with damask, and yellow roses. The brim underneath has three points of yellow and marshmallow-blossom satin on the left side. The half-boots are of buff kid, and the parasol of hermit-brown.

## A CARRIAGE DRESS.

A pelisse of white striped *gros de Naples*, blue and straw-colour, on a white ground. The pelisse fastens down the front of the skirt by blue buttons, with long worked button-holes, in blue silk. The body is made with *fichu* robings, the under one of which, is blue, in flutings, the other the same as the dress: the sleeves are full but not quite *à l'Imbecille*, neither are they so wide as the Mameluke sleeves. The bonnet is the colour of the pomegranate rind, and is bound at the edge with celestial-blue. The crown is trimmed with full puffings of gauze the same colour as the bonnet, which is carelessly tied by a fold of this soft and gossamer-like gauze, *en schal*.

## A CARRIAGE DRESS.

A dress of celestial blue *gros de Naples*, finished at the border by a broad hem, headed by a rouleau of blue, four shades darker; under this rouleau are ornaments *en fer de Cheval*, edged with a narrow frill trimming, the same colour and material as the dress, but the trimming headed by a narrow rouleau, the same colour as that which surmounts the broad hem. The corsage is made to fit the shape, but is rendered very wide in front by quadruple *fichu*-robings; there are, in fact, five of these, but the fifth turns over only like a small lapel: they are all edged by a very narrow blond, headed by a dark blue rouleau. The back of the corsage is finished in the same manner, and just below the throat is a double ruff of blond. The sleeves are *à l'Imbecille*, with an embroidered cuff of white muslin ruffled on each side by rather narrow lace. Above the cuff are embossed ornaments in white silk embroidery. Over a very becoming corsette of blond is worn a leghorn hat, trimmed with white ribbon edged on each side with blue, and a blond ornament, with a rosette of ribbon in the centre, is placed under the brim on the right side. The hat is decorated with blue ostrich feathers. The half boots are of Nankin, and the gloves are of a very light colour beautifully embroidered at the back of the hand.

N.B.—A back view of the same dress in pink; with the hat ornamented with white ribbons and plumage.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of cream-coloured taffety, bordered by a broad hem, headed by a green satin rouleau, placed slightly *en serpentine*. Over this is a beautiful embroidery of green fern, in floize silk, of Pomona-green. The body is *en gerbe*, with a belt round the waist, embroidered to correspond with the work at the border of the skirt. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, but only of a very moderate fulness. The mancherons

are pointed, and finished round by green silk embroidery, and a broad cuff at the wrist is ornamented in the same manner, divided in the centre, on the right wrist, by a gold bracelet, fastened by a white cornelian, set in gold. The body of the dress is made square across the front, rather low on the shoulders, and the tucker part surrounded with green silk embroidery. A hat of white *gros de Naples*, with very broad strings of white gauze ribbon, striped with sage-green; these ornaments of the same ribbon, doubled, is placed under the brim on the right side. The summit of the crown is slightly trimmed with white *gros de Naples, en bateau*, and adorned by a full bouquet of white and red roses: on the left side, at the base of the crown, is another bouquet of the same kind of flowers, fastened by a bow of gauze ribbon, the same as the strings. The half-boots are of kid, the same colour as the dress, with marshmallow-blossom kid at the point of the foot.

## A DINNER-PARTY DRESS.

A dress of white muslin, with a border of the rose-geranium in silk embroidery. The body quite plain, trimmed round the bust with two narrow pink satin rouleaux. The sleeves *à l'Imbecille*, with a narrow ruffled cuff at the wrist. A dress hat of white crape adorned with pink aigrettes, and pink and white gauze ribbon. Ear-pendants of gold. A scarf of pink *barege*, with a delicate fringe at the ends, is thrown over this dress, which is completed by lavender-coloured shoes of *gros de Naples*, tied *en sandales*.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of fawn-coloured jaconot muslin, with two broad flounces, set on rather scanty; at the edges of which are embroidered branches of fancy foliage, in scarlet, and myrtle-green. Over the head of the upper flounce, is an ornament worked in both colours. The body is *à la Circassienne*, and is confined by a belt, embroidered in the same manner as the ornament above the upper flounce. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, and very full: they are confined at the wrists by a band of embroidery, corresponding with the belt, &c. The bonnet is of Leghorn, with bows and strings of straw-coloured ribbon. A double gold chain, with large links, ornaments the neck. The parasol is of milk-chocolate colour, lined with sea-green. The half-boots of Nankin, the same colour as the dress.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of white *gros de Naples*, with two flounces at the border, finished at each edge with a flat rouleau of white satin, over which is a delicate painting in wreaths of various coloured flowers, the head of the upper flounce ornamented in the same manner. Body *en gerbe*, with a plain belt of white satin. The front of the bust made square across, and elegantly finished by painting and quilled blond. Sleeves *à l'Imbecille*, confined at the wrists by white and gold enamelled bracelets, fastened by a ruby. The hair arranged in full curls, on each side of the face, and bows on the summit, ornamented with green foliage. Girandole ear-pendants and Greek necklace of gold.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the colour dust-of-ruins, made *en tunisque*, with a delicate pencil-work on white silk.



The skirt fastens down the front with buttons. Body *en gerbe*, with sleeves more in the *jigôl* form than à l'*Imbecille*, though properly neither. A black velvet bracelet confines the sleeve at the wrist, fastened with a white agate set in gold. A pelerine cape with a falling collar finishes the corsage; each edged round by the same trimming which borders the tunique. Transparent capote bonnet of white crape trimmed at the edge with a *riche* of blond. Long puffs of crape, edged with blond, complete the trimming on the crown. Half-boots of *gros de Naples*, the same colour as the pelisse.

#### A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of lavender-coloured muslin with a broad hem at the border, headed by a double zig-zag ornament of grass-green in satin rouleaux. Sleeves à l'*Imbecille*. *Fichu-canezou* of white Batiste, painted with flowers of different colours. Bonnet formed of white and green ribbons, and trimmed with full bows of the same. Strings floating loose.

N.B. Back view of the same figure in white, with a bonnet formed of blue and fawn-coloured ribbons.

#### NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS, FOR AUGUST, 1829.

Our splendid drawing rooms, so lately thronged with beauty, rank, and fashion, are now about to be entirely deserted; the latter end of July witnessed many departures from London, and in the short space of ten days, we may expect a total cessation to that *cortège* of coroneted carriages, which we have been accustomed to view in the fashionable morning drive; many of these carriages, we have since seen, with their four post-horses, carrying off their noble owners to their country-seats; or on visits previous to such retirement, to Cheltenham, and other salubrious situations.

The last meeting at Almack's, and two or three splendid dinner and evening parties, given by the few nobility remaining in town, just after the sojourning of parliament, were distinguished by the elegant and superb dresses of the ladies. At Almack's were observed more young ladies than have been seen there some time; but when well chaperoned, this is as it should be. With such the dresses were, of course, more simply elegant than rich.

There were not many dress hats among the matrons; what there were, offered a new kind of shape, and were very transparent; they had very much the appearance, in front, of a summer *béret*, being placed very backward. Nothing can be more charming than the present arrangement of the hair for young persons; simplicity, grace, and elegance, are so admirably united, that there is scarce any countenance but what is embellished by the easy flow of the ringlets, and the light transparency of the clustered curls. Flowers of very beautiful workmanship are often added, but for very young ladies, the summer season makes them generally satisfied with the attractive ornament, which bounteous nature may have bestowed on them. We have seen one young married lady, with a toque of pink crape; and next the hair was a chain-bandeau of the most valuable pearls. One of the newest and most elegant *coiffures* for half dress, is a turban cap of white tulle, cut in bias, and doubled; it is trimmed and lapetted with coloured crape sewn together; lilac and yellow, and ornamented with two branches of that lovely shrub, in flower, the *Hypericum fuetrix*. Caps of broad, and richly figured blond, tastefully trimmed with striped gauze ribbons, of light summer colours, are much worn in *deshabille* by our

matrons, who, in morning costume, tie them under the chin, with a bow on the left side. For the breakfast table, when ladies make three different toilets in the day, the caps are of thread lace, of a very fine quality; and the rosettes are chiefly composed of lace, with a very small quantity of white satin ribbon.

Much variety and taste is now observable in the summer hats and bonnets; and England may boast of being gifted with the powers of invention, in an equal degree with her neighbours on the continent: one of these new English head-coverings is of watered *gros de Naples*, the colour bird-of-paradise yellow. It is trimmed with gauze ribbon, with satin stripes, and this ribbon is disposed in long puffings; a conspicuous ornament, *en aile de Moulin*, appears on the right side, in front of the crown, and is trimmed round with black blond. A beautiful ribbon of white gauze is fluted under the brim. An elegant hat, of a novel kind in shape, and extremely becoming, is of a French-white figured silk, with bows of striped gauze ribbon, and ornamented by three *plumes boîteuses*, set round the crown at equal distances from each other; the colours in each feather are green and lilac. A very beautiful bonnet is of Spring-green, lined with white, and trimmed with green and white ribbons, sewn together, and ornamented by a wreath of pink and white Dahlias; a puffed bandeau, of green and white ribbons, crosses the forehead under the brim; and a *mentonnière* of blond fastens the bonnet under the chin. A yellow crape summer hat for the carriage, is trimmed with yellow ribbon of striped gauze, and crape, disposed about the crown, *enfers de Cheval*: small bows of the ribbon are placed in each interstice. Another transparent carriage hat is of white *crêpe Aerophane*, trimmed with pink crape, and narrow pink satin rouleaux; a bow is placed on each side, at the edge of the brim, from whence float lappets of pink crape, doubled in bias. Two esprit feathers of pink and white, adorn the crown. Matronly ladies wear bonnets for the promenade of fine leghorn or chip, with bows of grass-green ribbon, and a full *riche* of the same colour at the edge of the brim; these are of a charming and most becoming shape; but are reckoned most genteel when of straw coloured *gros de Naples*, or of some other light summer tint, in preference to those bonnets, however close, and retiring, of straw or Leghorn; the most distinguished females always preferring a hat or bonnet of silk or satin; the colours of the ribbons and *riche*, are made to suit and correspond with that of the bonnet. One of the most elegant hats for carriage-airings, or morning visits, is of white *gros de Naples*, richly damasked over with satin flowers; it is very lightly trimmed about the crown, with white gauze ribbon; but the broad blond at the edge of the brim, is of the most exquisite beauty; a sufficient ornament in itself; it excites universal admiration.

From the observations we are enabled to make, and from the authority, aided by the kind intelligence imparted to us by Mrs. Bell, whose taste and science, insure the patronage and support of the most distinguished class of females, we have long maintained the truth of an opinion we have seldom been deceived in, that women of real rank and fashion never to go to the extremes of a mode, which is especially, in itself, ridiculous or awkward. We have had a proof of this in a pelisse very recently made for a lady of high rank and known elegance of taste, who gave charge to have the sleeves made only of a very moderate fullness; as this beautiful pelisse is to be worn during a



sojournment in the North, where the mornings and evenings are often chill, it is of merino, but of the finest and softest texture; the colour, a celestial-blue. It is made *en tunique*, which part of the skirt is trimmed with *riches*; the body is plain, and made without a collar; a tippet of embroidered muslin, or clear lawn, or a scarf, supplying the place of a cape. From the waist to the feet it is fastened down the front with small tulipleaf-rosettes, with a silver buckle, in the centre of each. Another pelisse calculated for the cool, early morning walk, or for making short journies in the surrounding country, is of a bright light shade of cinnamon-brown in *gros de Naples*. It is finished by a very broad border, at the bottom of the skirt, of ethereal-blue plush-silk, with a collar and broad cuffs of the same; in other respects the pelisse is made extremely plain. Both the above out-door dresses prove the judgment of the English ladies, in being thus prepared for rural rambles in this our uncertain climate. Pelerines of fine muslin, splendidly embroidered, with those of blond for the carriage, and for coverings on the shoulders at the theatre, are now the order of the day, when the weather is sufficiently mild to dispense with any warmer envelope. The embroidery, or those of muslin over every part, and down the long ends, which descend lower than the knees, is superb; and the manner in which those of blond are trimmed, is exquisitely beautiful; the bordering, which is set on full, is generally of a Vandyck pattern. They are, certainly, rather too large, but not to such excess as they were.

White dresses are not so prevalent as they were in the month of June, at the latter part; the continual rains, during so great a part of July, considerably decreased their favour; and dresses of *gros de Naples*, even of dark or retired colours were preferred, particularly those of slate-colour, milk-chocolate, and cinnamon-brown; they were trimmed in various ways, broad bias tucks, one flounce headed in the most ingenious manner, and *en riches*. The boddice either *en gerbe*, or fitting tight to the shape, according as is most suited to it; though the Circassian drapery is becoming to almost every bust, and is much in favour.

Among the most beautiful of the new printed muslins, we have seen one with a delicate buff, or light Nankin-coloured ground, with detached bouquets of elegantly-varied flowers, of the most brilliant, though not gaudy, tints, scattered over it; one also of a light, yet bright blue, has a delicate chintz pattern of a running kind, and is greatly admired for morning home costume. Coloured crape dresses, with very short sleeves, constitute the most favourite rural, ball, and evening attire for young ladies. Indian taffeties, also, worked in flat embroidery, form an elegant costume for the evening or the dress dinner-party; these truly splendid robes have a very broad hem at the border, over which is a wreath of flowers, in the most exquisite embroidery.

We have lately seen a very charming dress of richly embroidered tulle, and another of French white *gros de Naples*, with a very deep flounce of blond; these dresses were completed for a full dress evening party.

The colours now most in favour, are, ethereal-blue, buff, milk-chocolate, slate-colour, cinnamon-brown, yellow, and lilac.

## NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—Some bonnets have been seen formed of ribbons and blond, alternately sewn together. A few puffs of gauze ribbons placed very sparingly, constitute their sole ornament. Almost every hat, not excepting those of Leghorn, is fastened under the chin by a *mentonniere* of blond.

The French begin to be reconciled to the physiognomies of their countrywomen under what they name *English* bonnets, which are now becoming universally the mode. In a few days' time they will, without doubt, pronounce those hats *enchanteing*, which for so many years they pronounced *horrible*. But such are the effects of fashion. They are now so habituated in seeing a narrow brimmed bonnet tied close over the cheeks, that they are ready to pronounce every one charming so accoutred. The fact is, that these bonnets, by the simplicity and convenience of their form, have great advantages, which appear to have been better appreciated by the ladies in the country than in Paris. The Leghorn hats are becoming larger in the brim all round. Trefoil is a favourite ornament on these hats. Bonnets of open straw are very general; they are lined with bright rose-colour, and the crowns are large. Some fashionists have produced a hat called *Marsellais*; the crown is low and flat; the brim is also flat and quite round; it is about six inches in breadth; it is edged with blond, with which also the crown is trimmed.

**OUT-DOOR COSTUME.**—The canezou-spencers are of embroidered muslin, and over white dresses they form a favourite costume for the promenade: pelerines also, the same as the dress are much worn; they are larger than usual, and descend very low over the shoulders.

A white canezou-spencer has lately been remarked at a public promenade, with a broad jacket-flap behind.

During the unpropitious weather through a great part of July, Cachemere shawls formed a favourite out-door envelope.

On white dresses are often seen small pelerines of coloured silk, elegantly embroidered. For morning walks the pelerines are of white jaconot muslin, trimmed round with the same; the collar is square and falls over. Some pelerines of muslin are laid in small separate plaits; four and four together, with a space between.

**DRESSES.**—At a ball lately given by the English ambassador, Organdy dresses embroidered in different colours, and India muslins beautifully worked in feather stitch, were among the most elegant costumes; the sashes were superb: some might be admitted as master-pieces of embroidery.

When a lady goes on a fishing excursion, she wears a jaconot pelisse with a pelerine, a straw hat à la *Panola*, ornamented with a green ribbon round the crown; cambric pantaloons, finished at the ancles by two hems, leather shoes, and grey gaiters.

Pockets are very much in use, worn as usual under the dress, but they are of the same material, colour, and pattern, as the gown.

At balls and at *fêtes-champêtres*, short sleeves are much in favour.

The sashes and belts are almost all embroidered.

A dress of cherry-coloured muslin is much admired; the shoulders are still exposed. Several dresses of white mus-



lIn striped with red, are trimmed with fringes of red and white.

With dresses of *gros de Naples* half-boots are generally worn of the same colour and material as the dress.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—Many young and pretty ladies adopt the English fashion of having their hair arranged in cork-screw ringlets, yet, perhaps, the next day the capricious Parisian will have her hair *à la Chinoise*.

*Bérets* for evening parties are of crape, ornamented with flowers of a very beautiful kind; they are as light and delicate as marabout feathers.

Small caps of muslin are worn in *déjeuner costume*; they have long lappets of lace, which tying under the chin, the ends are brought up to the summit of the caul, where they form a bow.

When a lady's head-dress consists only of hair, the curls, &c. instead of being fastened with pins, are confined by small tridents, like three-pronged forks, composed of tortoiseshell.

Small morning caps are of embroidered tulle, with a band trimmed with lace, which ties in front of the cap, where it forms a bow, and another bow of lace is placed on the curls of hair over the temples.

Dress-hats are transparent, of rose-coloured crape or of blond: four bands, two of crape and two of blond, form the brim; the crown is high and *en calotte*; the base of it is of crape *bouillonné*; the middle part of blond: upon this is placed a cluster of white flowers, or three feathers, two white and one pink: a demi-veil of blond surrounds the brim.

The fashionable morning caps are small, and many of them are trimmed with plain tulle, festooned in cocks-combs, and tied by scalloped tulle bands.

**JEWELLERY.**—Collars, fastening close round the throat, called *colliers de chien*, *Galic* rings, the most massive and Gothic, are much in fashion; but the newest style is to wear on the little finger a ring to which is suspended by a delicate little chain, a small perfume case, a smelling-bottle, or any other fancy *bijou*.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—It is the fashion in the country to spread over the breakfast-table a very fine tissue, formed of platted straw; to which is given the appellation of a *Russian table-cloth*.

They have also window-blinds, formed of rushes, cut in strips, which do not unite, in order that the air may circulate more freely; but these interstices are almost imperceptible, so much so, that the flowers which are painted on these blinds, appear perfectly correct.

• Card-racks, named *mirrors à la Psyche*, consist of a long tablet, rather narrow, and representing a branch of flowers, in different sprays; on each of these sprays is fixed a butterfly, with its four wings expanded, and the back displayed. The initials of the name of every butterfly corresponds with the day of the week, which is made to contain letters, notes, invitations, &c.

**D. Dimanche.**—A rose-coloured butterfly, called *La Belle Dame*.

**Lundi, LAERTA.**—A large pearl-coloured butterfly, the wings of which are lightly spotted with black.

**Mardi, MARS CHANGEANT.**—A butterfly so named, by reason of its colours reflecting a mixture of violet and crimson.

**Mercredi, MENELAUS.**—A magnificent blue butterfly.

**Jeudi, JASON.**—A large butterfly, with two tails very distinctly marked out, and beautifully ornamented.

**Vendredi, VULCAN.**—The wings presenting a black ground, striped with fire-colour, and spotted with the same, mixed with white.

**Samedi, SYLVAN.**—So named from this species being found in woods; it is never seen on flowers; it is of black, appearing like velvet, shaded with brown and white.

The card-racks are of white wood, from Spa, and are delicately painted; though sometimes they are embroidered on white satin.

At one side of the first D. for *Dimanche*, is often represented a butterfly of Chinese green and black, named *Dido*.

The speculators on public carriages begin now to encumber Paris with oblong *voitures*. To the *Omnibus*, carriages drawn by three horses, were soon added *les Dames Blanches*, the *Tricycles*, the *Favourites*, *Les Ecosaises*, the *Carolines*, and the *Béarnaises*. In some certain streets the carriages formed compact files. Vainly was it asserted that the pedestrian might find safety on the footway. The populace, in spite of all the vigilance of the police, rendered this as narrow as possible, and sometimes their shops took it entirely up; for example, to display the draperies to advantage over the *Magasins de Nouveautés*, two shopmen would often take possession of the footpath, one carrying a roll of stuff, the other bearing a pole, with a hook at the end. To stretch out the material, as they unroll it, the pole must be eight or ten feet long, and before it is hooked up, must be kept in a horizontal direction.

Ladies of fashion have borrowed from the Duchess of Guise, the heroine of the drama, entitled *Henry III.*, the mode of carrying a pocket-handkerchief, surrounded by gold lace.

Besides the balustrade belonging to the staircase of a well furnished mansion, there are heads of lions in gilt bronze, placed at equal distances, and through the mouths is drawn a thick cordon of silk.

The terraces in the country are ornamented with *Dahlias*. These flowers take their name from *Dahl*, a Swedish botanist.

The confectioners now ice cherries in the same manner they iced the oranges last winter; these cherries are served up like ice, in saucers.

*Gûêtres* and half-boots are made of spotted and striped materials; violet is a favourite colour for these articles of female attire; some half-boots of leather are made to lace up the front.

The following is another remarkable instance of the wonderful effects of OLDRIE's Balm of Colombia, in restoring the hair.

Cambridge, April 17, 1829.

Gentlemen.—Having fully experienced the salutary effects of your far famed Balm of Colombia, I hasten now to return you my most sincere thanks for the great benefit which I have derived from your Balm. I shall now proceed to state the particulars of the case, which, if you think proper, you are perfectly at liberty to make public. About December last my hair fell off my head very rapidly, and by the end of January, I had hardly any hair left, when a friend happening to mention your Balm to me, I resolved to purchase a bottle and try it, which I did, and found that it answered admirably, and that my hair began to grow very fast, and by the time I had used two six-shilling bottles I had a fine head of hair, which I continue to have.

I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

JAMES MACPHERSON.

(Signed)

To Messrs. C. and A. Oldridge.

The Public are requested to observe, that, in consequence of the improvements, C. and A. OLDRIE have removed from 361, Strand, to No. 1, WELLINGTON-STREET, Waterloo-bridge, Strand, where the Balm is sold wholesale and retail; and by most of the respectable Perfumers and Medicine Venders in London, and throughout the United Kingdom. Price 3s. 6d., 6s., and 11s. per bottle. Additional references will be given by the Venders, C. and A. Oldridge.



## LITERATURE.

GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED  
KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELE-  
VATION.

## LXIII.—English Earls.

## FINCH, EARL OF AYLESFORD.

Heneage Finch, the second son of Heneage, first Earl of Nottingham, was, on the 15th of March, 1702, created Lord Guernsey, and in 1714 advanced to the dignity of Earl of Aylesford. Dying on the 22d of July, 1719, he was succeeded by his son Heneage,

*The Second Earl of Aylesford:* His Lordship married Mary, the daughter and heir of Sir Clement Fisher, of Packington, in Warwickshire, Bart., and by her had issue one son and several daughters; the son succeeded his father, as

*Third Earl;* he was also christened Heneage, and was born November 6, 1715. He married October 5, 1750, Charlotte Seymour, youngest daughter of Charles, the sixth Duke of Somerset, by Charlotte Finch, daughter of Daniel, Earl of Winchelsea. By this lady the Earl of Aylesford had issue, sons and daughters, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Heneage, who was

*Fourth Earl;* he was born the 4th of July, 1751, and on November 18th, 1781, he was married to Louisa Thynne, eldest daughter of Thomas, first Earl of Bath, by whom he had a child, which died an infant, and, after a daughter, Charles, Lord Guernsey was born, who died the 18th of July, 1784; the next was a daughter, to whom their late Majesties, George III. and Charlotte, stood sponsors, and gave her the name of Charlotte-Finch-Guernsey. Another son was born on the 23d of February, 1789, the present Earl, and

*Fifth Earl of Aylesford;* his Lordship was married October 3d, 1721, to Augusta-Sophia-Greville, daughter of George, second Earl Brooke and Warwick, and has issue.

The motto of this noble family is *Aperto vivere voto*. "To live without guile."

## THE WEDDING RING.

Hail! little simple circlet of plain gold,  
Whose strong magnetic powers for ever hold:—  
What though you seem so very small and slight,  
No power can sever those whom you unite;  
There sure was nothing ever formed by fate,  
At once so little, and so very great!  
The dearest wish of youth, and manhood's pride,  
The heartfelt joy of every blushing bride,  
Who often yields up every hope in life,  
For that plain circlet, and the name of—*wife!*

\* \* \*

## THE MONK AND THE MENDICANT;

OR, WOMAN'S LOVE.

*A Tale of the Persecution in 1534.*

"It was a bitter sight!  
The father torn from his fond child, the lover  
From his soul's best hope, both yielded up  
To persecution's terrors!"

"For ever thine; whate'er this heart betide  
For ever mine, where'er our lot be cast  
Fate that may rob us of all wealth beside,  
Shall leave us love, till life itself be past!"

ALARIC A. WATTS.

"Now, by my holiday!" cried Master Hewit the scrivener to some of his neighbours, as they were journeying homeward towards Lombard Street, from the sermon at St. Paul's Cross, "these be perilous times for an honest pains-taking Londoner, there be clouds gathering in the sky, that we can scant form any knowledge of the nature of: Heaven send we be all well come Martinmas again."

"I had lever be pight upon some outlandish region than live amongst such contention as now pervades the whole of merry England," exclaimed a stout, fine-looking man of the party, "they tell us from the Cross, to let the sacred bands of peace entwine our hearts in brotherly affection; they preach to us of kindness, temperance, and charity, but still disgrace the Christian name they vaunt of, by such inhuman persecution."

"Ah, Master Merton, Master Merton," rejoined a lank meagre-looking personage, "we all well know thou art a favourer of the new-fangled party, the Reformers as they call themselves, that would subvert the holiness of our religion, and make a mockery of all its mysteries. Well, well, we shall soon see what will become of meddlers."

"I tell thee, Master Mercer," replied the other, "whate'er my faith may be, I still adhere to the great doctrines of the Christian faith."

"Aye, but contemn the power of his holiness the Pope, despise the church of Rome, and lend thy sanction to the faith that Cranmer, the infidel archbishop, now upholds; but look to it, Master Merton, the good Sir Thomas More directs his engines 'gainst the springalge propagators of the new system, and though thou'rt now the wealthy, honoured goldsmith, ere long thy greatness may have fled, and the bare walls of Ludgate in pure mercy hold thee."

"You talk it well, sir," exclaimed the goldsmith, "but since I bear a true and firm allegiance to my king, it matters not what creed I may maintain."

"It matters not!" exclaimed a voice behind him, when immediately turning to perceive from whence came the voice, the eyes of the goldsmith fell upon the well-known figure of the *Monk of the Chartreuse*."

R



"Well met, good Father Mathew," exclaimed the goldsmith, as he held out his hand to the monk, which was immediately grasped with much cordiality; "it glads me to behold a man so dispossessed of all blind prejudice in favor of his own faith, and willing to extend to others the pure feeling of Christian charity."

"His habit speaks him of the Chartreuse," exclaimed Master Hewit to his companions, who had been conferring together since the arrival of the monk; "but in all my frequent visits at the monastery, to the good old Prior Howghton, I ne'er beheld that face."

The monk, perceiving that he was so minutely observed by the companions of the goldsmith, drew him aside, and whispering some words in his ear, they both immediately separated from the party, and hurried hastily through some of the bye-lanes in Westcheap, towards Merton's house.

Master Walter Merton was one of the wealthiest traders in Lombard Street, at that period the great resort of the London goldsmiths; the jewels and the massive plate that stored his many coffers, were not, however, all accumulated by his own industry, but had descended to him from his father, who by distinguishing himself in the service of the Earl of Richmond, was, by that warrior, after he attained the sovereignty, established among the traders in Lombard Street, and through the interest of the king obtained employment from the principal nobility: his son upheld the reputation of his father's house; and, by his integrity and skilful workmanship, retained the service of the court, and was held in high estimation by the eighth Harry. Walter Merton was a widower, but not childless; he had one fair daughter, at the period of our tale, just bursting into womanhood:—

"Delicate as a creature that but breathes  
The perfumed air of palaces!  
Her eyes, blue as a June sky, when stars light up  
Its deep clear midnight,—languishing as love,  
Were all their language!  
The dark black hair, which pearls so well become,  
And added to young beauty's natural grace  
That courtly air, which tells of gentle blood,  
And gentle nurture!"

Walter was not insensible of the loveliness and virtue of his child, and often as he reclined upon the thick velvet cushions of his curiously-carved oak chairs, after the labours of the day, he would fondly embrace the only creature left upon earth to comfort him in his declining years, and silently tracing every feature of that beautiful face, memory would call back the blissful hours, when he thus pressed to his then youthful bosom the being of whom his child was but the semblance; tears then would bedew the old man's cheeks, and as he wept over the white neck of his fair daughter, the beautiful girl would gently strike the keys of her glitter, and murmur such a thrilling strain of melody that the enraptured parent would bend his knees in the fervour of devotion, and upraising his arms towards Heaven, implore its choicest blessings on his virtuous and much-loved child!

The profession of Walter Merton necessarily often led many of the nobility to his residence in Lombard Street, but although he always paid the utmost deference to their rank, he still maintained his own dignity, nor ever suffered the independence of the English yeoman to yield to the subserviency of the trader. Merton, however, was not the less esteemed for his bluntness and open dealing, and the

most distinguished courtiers would often condescend familiarly to converse with him on the various topics of the time. The circumstance of his having a young and lovely daughter, was of course pretty generally known, and although many people fully believed that the familiar converse of the courtiers was entirely owing to the superior acquisitions of Walter Merton, there were others *illiberal* enough to suppose the main attraction to be the beauty of the blooming Barbara. The goldsmith himself was rather inclined to accede to the opinion of the latter class of his neighbours, and not unmindful of the temptations to which his child was exposed from the visits of the noble gallants, he beheld with pleasure the impatience of her lover, Edmund Thwaites, for their proposed union.

About this period the vices and impositions of the clergy had become so apparent, that all their mysterious jugglery but ill glossed over their meretricious purposes,—people began to doubt the truth of the priestly oracles, and the infallibility of the Pope; and as Luther and his disciples began to spread the doctrine of a purer and a simpler faith, numbers of the English people adopted the more enlightened views of religion, and the *Reformation* made its silent, but steady progress—Walter Merton was secretly an upholder of the reformed religion; but, as the spies of St Thomas More (who, notwithstanding the liberality of his early opinions, now was entirely bigotted to the church of Rome), the Chancellor, who, under the sacred garb of religious fervour, persecuted to death all those who dared to differ in opinion from himself, were continually watching over the actions of the Londoners, he made no open profession of his conversion. But notwithstanding this wise precaution of the goldsmith, Edmund Thwaites the stationer, looked upon such secrecy as alike dishonourable to himself, and the cause under whose banner he had enrolled his name; and in all the youthful heroism of a warm and ardent mind, he openly professed his adoption of the Lutheran creed, and strenuously exerted his endeavours to disseminate it among his countrymen. Tonstall, the bishop of London, had been over to Flanders, and procuring, as he thought, every copy of Tindale's translation of the New Testament, he had the whole burnt by the common hangman in London. Tindale, however, had printed another edition, which obtained a more rapid sale; and for the purpose of obtaining a certain number of which, Edmund Thwaites had himself gone over to Flanders.

One beautiful Autumn evening, the goldsmith and his daughter had rambled across the fields from the city, as far as the humble village of Charing,\* and as they were returning homewards, they halted to hear two mendicants that were carolling the "Golden Legend of *St. Vincent and the Angels*." The song was just ended, when the lovely Barbara perceived the eyes of a richly-clad gallant intently fixed upon her; the fair maiden instantly cast down her eyes abashed, but the stranger immediately accosting her father, enquired whether he was not the celebrated Walter Merton, the goldsmith of Lombard Street.

"I am the man you speak of," replied the goldsmith.

"Well met, friend," rejoined the other; "I have a trifling occasion for your services, an' you will pleasure me."

"I shall be happy to exert my poor endeavours," said the goldsmith, when the stranger immediately informed him that he wanted a ring made of a particular pattern,

\* Now Charing Cross.



and set with pearls and emeralds; and entering into conversation, he seemed mightily pleased with the trader and his daughter, and notwithstanding the distance, continued talking with them till they arrived in Lombard Street. The stranger was of course invited into the house, where they found the supper table already spread with a repast, at which the stranger, notwithstanding his courtly demeanour, seemed surprised.

"By St. Mary!" exclaimed the gallant, "thou'st a noble almsy, good Master Merton, we courtiers can scarce surpass it."

"For which, thank Heaven!" rejoined the goldsmith, and inviting the stranger to partake of his hospitality, the latter drew an oaken chair by the side of Barbara, and, while he assisted the maiden to the luxuries of the board, whispered such affectionate ejaculations, as could not be mistaken; the maiden was agitated, and directed an expressive look towards her father, who was seated at the opposite end of the table, too intent upon conjecturing the cost of so magnificent a ring as the one which the stranger had ordered, to observe the embarrassment of his daughter.

"The ring will be expensive," at length he exclaimed aloud.

"Well, master goldsmith, and I have wherewithal to cover thy demand," the stranger good humouredly replied, at the same time throwing a purse of gold towards the trader; "that I suppose will pay you."

The goldsmith seemed surprised with the sum which the purse contained, and holding it forth to the stranger, he exclaimed, "Know you the sum it holds?"

"No matter, friend; what gold remains when thou art satisfied will buy a trifle for the beautiful Barbara,"—at the same time warmly pressing the hand of the maiden which he held grasped in his. The old man unable to comprehend the stranger's meaning, glanced enquiringly at his daughter, when her expressive looks awakened him to her embarrassment.

"Look you, sir," exclaimed he hastily, "Walter Merton is an independent trader, and has wherewithal to support his child. I thank you for your kind offer, but which I cannot accept; take back your purse, and when the ring is made, pay me but my due. But it is wearing late, my child, these hours are breaking on thy rest; you may retire;—excuse her, sir." The fair girl immediately rose from her seat, gracefully curtsied to the stranger, and fondly reclining upon the bosom of her parent, he imprinted a kiss upon her delicate cheek, and after commending her to the protection of Heaven, led her to the door.

"Master goldsmith," said the stranger, after the maiden had departed, "I confess myself enraptured with the perfection I have this night, for the first time, beheld; the charms of your fair daughter indeed exceed report: I had heard that she was lovely, but that is too mean a word to express such merit as her's: may I not," continued he, "be permitted to be a suitor for her favour?"

The goldsmith was astonished, but when the stranger made his final request, Merton at once met it with a peremptory denial. He explained the nature of Barbara's situation with Edmund Thwaites, and that immediately upon the latter's return they were to be united. The stranger was evidently disconcerted by the decision of the goldsmith, which he in vain essayed to disturb; and, at length, finding that all his attempts were fruitless, he carelessly exclaimed that he should send a person for the ring in the

course of a few days, and after a rather ambiguous expression respecting his daughter's happiness, wished the goldsmith a good evening.

"She shall yet be mine!" cried the Earl, as he turned out of Lombard Street into Westcheap.

"*She shall not!*" exclaimed a voice immediately behind him.

The Earl turned upon the instant to perceive from whence came the mysterious ejaculation, but to his surprise he could not observe a single individual near him. It was a dark gloomy night, and the heavy projecting stories of the houses threw a deeper shade across the road; the gallant, imagining that the person from whom the words came, had concealed himself in some nook of the arched door-ways, did not trouble himself farther upon the subject, but proceeded leisurely to his palace.

This gallant was the Earl of Surrey, the most celebrated wit and poet of the Court of Henry the Eighth, a man, certainly not of the most depraved appetites, but yet too strongly imbued with a spirit of licentiousness, which was readily pandered to by the numerous train of creatures that attended him; he was rather led into criminality than willingly pursued it, and often mourned over the ruins which his own unbridled passions had created.

In the course of the ensuing week, an apparently Carthusian monk was sent by the Earl, to the goldsmith of Lombard Street, for the ring which had been ordered. Walter Merton received the religious man with much courtesy and civility, and invited him to partake of his hospitality. The monk loved the realities of life, and indulged his admiration to the cost of the goldsmith, though not to his displeasure: the monk was social and liberal, and seemed willing to extend his charitable consideration to all parties; this it was that heightened the esteem which the goldsmith felt for his character. To a minute observer, however, this liberality would have been observed to have been a disguise for some artful purpose, but Walter was too liberal himself to suspect the professions of others. The monk seemed pleased with the society of the goldsmith, and the goldsmith was enraptured with the monk: the result was an invitation from Walter, for his guest to spend the ensuing evening at his house.

Father Mathew, as he was called, was much gratified at the success of his first visit to Lombard Street, and he was deeply intent upon considering his future plans, when a loud contemptuous voice rung in his ears, "*A Carthusian monk!*"—Ha! Ha! Ha!"

The moon shone brightly in the Heavens, and revealed to the glance of the monk, a poor jester, with cap and bells that was tripping hastily through the street. Father Mathew exclaimed against the fool, and hastened to the Earl with the ring.

The succeeding evening found the monk and the goldsmith enjoying each other's society, a closer intimacy ensued between them, and the visits of Matthew were frequent in Lombard Street. The lovely Barbara, however, could never be persuaded to join their company: at the monk's first visit, his strongly marked features, and the malicious glances of his small grey eyes, which the smile he endeavoured to wear could not entirely conceal, had made him her aversion, and immediately upon his entrance she was always wont to retire. This conduct evidently disconcerted the monk, but every endeavour was fruitless to obtain the company of the maiden.

The period was now arrived for the return of Edmund



Thwaites; a letter had been received by Barbara, apprising her of his departure from Flanders, and requesting her to prepare herself for the nuptials that were to be solemnized immediately upon his arrival; his letter also spoke of the progress he had made in disseminating the doctrines of the reformed religion, and that he fully expected it would soon triumph over the errors of the Church of Rome. On the evening immediately preceding the day of Edmund's return, an order was received by the goldsmith, purporting to be from the king who was then sojourning at Greenwich, demanding his immediate attendance respecting some articles of gold that were required. Walter instantly left his house to the care of his child, and, taking water at the Tower Stairs, proceeded towards the palace of *Placentia* at Greenwich. He had not been gone long, ere a mendicant appeared at his door soliciting charity; the amiable Barbara bestowed her mite upon the miserable being that bent before her in thanksgiving, and who holding the silver coin in his hands, exclaimed, "Lady, by this token you shall know me in the day of sorrow,—when friends fly from thee, and thy foes oppress thee hard, yet shall thy innocence and virtue prove thy rescue! Lady beware, the danger is at hand!" Thus saying, the mendicant pursued his way, almost unheeded by Barbara, who considered his ejaculation merely as the customary benediction of the relieved; but as she was about to retire from the entrance archway, the figure of the monk met her glance, coming directly towards the house; immediately the parting words of the mendicant recurred to her, and she inwardly shuddered at the appearance of a man, to whom she had such an aversion, and to whom the mysterious words of the mendicant seemed to apply. The monk did not seem surprised at the absence of Master Merton, but merely requested a little refreshment, and, without staying for an answer, entered the house. The mendicant, who it seemed had been narrowly watching the monk, now made his appearance again at the door, and catching hastily the sleeve of Barbara as she was about to follow, drew her into the street, exclaiming, "*Lady the danger is at hand!* enter not the house again, for the confederates of the monk are near, and only wait his signal; this is no time for explanation,—here—here, enter Master Hewit's, he is thy father's friend,"—and he hastily hurried her through the porch of the scrivener's house. "Be calm poor girl," continued the mendicant, "thy greatest trouble is to come, yet shall thy virtue rescue thee!"

The monk impatient at the delay of Barbara, returned towards the door in search of her, when the mendicant glancing wildly at him, exclaimed in the same voice that had once before startled him.

"One victim has escaped,—*Carthusian monk!* Ha! Ha! Ha!"—and the form of the mendicant was lost in the dimness of the night.

"But I've another here!" demoniacally exclaimed the monk, holding in his hands the letter of Edmund Thwaites,—"Spirit, devil or whate'er thou art, canst thou cross me in this?"

"Aye! even in this!" exclaimed the same voice, to the horror of the monk, who, throwing his arms across his breast, hurried from a place, which to his fevered imagination seemed haunted by a fearful spirit.

Late on the ensuing day, Merton and Thwaites stood arraigned before the tribunal of Sir Thomas More, charged with heresy and blasphemy. It was a mournful

sight, to behold the meeting of the destined husband of Barbara, with her father, in a manner so different to which each had expected. Merton had been seized at Greenwich by the order of the Chancellor, through the evidence of one Dr. Bonner, who in aftertime became so justly infamous, for his blood-thirsty persecution of the protestants; this man, who could not possibly make pretensions to any religion at all, at this period gave symptoms of that undying spirit of torture, which was so soon afterwards to become so terrible; and now, whilst only a creature of the Earl of Surrey's, had ample opportunities of indulging in his sanguinary schemes; he had become acquainted with Merton's partiality for the reformed religion, and also had attained possession of the letter of Edmund Thwaites to his destined bride, which alone contained evidence, upon less clear than which, many unfortunate reformers had been massacred: the proof was too clear against the prisoners, who had they been allowed to speak in defence of themselves, could have urged nothing satisfactory, and they were therefore both found guilty, and condemned to death. The awful sentence soon spread among the multitude, who were eagerly waiting in suspense as to the fate of the honoured goldsmith and his worthy friend; and, as the dreadful word of "death," murmured through the multitude, a light female form was seen wildly darting through the mob, and, hurrying into the court, the beautiful Barbara fell shrieking at the feet of the merciless judges of her husband and her father!—"My lords, my lords, as you in heaven hope for mercy, recal your fatal sentence!—Behold at your feet, a young and guileless maiden, whose whole existence until now, has been one beauteous day of summer's sun, without one cloud to throw its shadow o'er her radiant path; behold her now, without one gleam of joy to cheer her dreary solitude, whose only ray of hope beams but from you!—Pity, you that are fathers,—husbands!—let the soft dew of melting charity, warm your cold hearts, compassionate the sufferings of a heart-broken girl,—make her not mad,—not lost for ever, but compassionate,—forgive her husband and her father!"—The afflicted maiden overcome by the violent efforts which she had made, fell lifeless at the feet of the Chancellor, with the exclamation of "Pity" upon her lips! but the undying spirit of persecution too fully pervaded the minds of the judges, to allow them to have one solitary gleam of pity for the opposers of their supposed infallible creed. 'Tis true, the Chancellor, who of all the creatures by whom he was surrounded, alone possessed some feeling of humanity, felt a throbbing of compassion as his thoughts recurred to the beings by whom his own home was endeared, and in whose embraces were passed his happiest hours, and his glance directed first at the beautiful girl that laid senseless at his feet, and then at the weeping parent and the afflicted lover, who hung mournfully over the innocent child of sorrow, and endearingly essayed to bring her once more to animation, was trembling and indecisive, but that determined bigot Gardener, caught the wavering looks of the chancellor, and fearful lest the scene might lead him to recal his sentence, exclaimed aloud, "The Heretic's—Away with them—Away!"—"Away with them to death!" echo'd the whole of the council, and Sir Thomas waved his hand in token of submission to their will. Edmund raised the lifeless form of Barbara in his arms, and her long dark hair fell over his shoulders; he pressed her to his bosom, but his feelings were too intense for speech, a tear was



trembling on the eyelids of the beautiful girl; he pressed his lips upon the spot, and kissed away the gem; then pressing his own lips to hers, one kiss, one long, intense and heart-drawn kiss, was the last parting token of his pure and ardent affection; he then resigned her to her father and rushed out of court, attended by the guard; but the goldsmith's agony was deeper still; he held his daughter in his arms, he gazed upon her face, he traced his fingers over every feature, but not a sigh escaped him—not a tear glistened in his eyes, they were pale, and glazed and ghastly; his lips were parched, and his mouth distended; his brain was burning, but his heart was already broken! "Murderers—murderers!" he murmured almost inaudibly, "your vengeance is complete!" when he staggered and fell fainting in the arms of the attendants!

The next day was appointed for the execution of the prisoners; the Londoners sorrowed unfeignedly for the fate of Merton, and even Master Mercer himself, shed a tear. In the dead of the night, the door of the prisoners' dungeon was cautiously opened, and some one appeared entering; the goldsmith raised himself upon his pallet, and, turning his lamp full in the face of the visitor, to his surprise he beheld the Monk of the Chartreuse!—"Father Matthew!" exclaimed the goldsmith, "how cam'st thou here? our judges have denied us parting with our friends."

"This is no time, nor place for explanation, hark the bell is now striking one, twelve hours more decides your fate, your life is in your own power."

"How? By what means good Father Matthew?"

"Listen, but first, away with Father Mathew, and the Chartreuse!" exclaimed he, throwing aside the grey scalp that covered his head, "the monk has served me well, and now 'tis proper Dr. Bonner should appear."

"Bonner!—Villain, abhorred Villain!"

"Ere now I was your much lov'd friend, so would I e'en be still. The Earl my master, loves your daughter; give her to his arms, promise but that, and you escape with me this moment."

"Horrid, horrid villain!—Away, fly from my presence, lest I be tempted to rush upon thy throat, and tear forth the tongue that dare insult me with so base a proposition! Away!—Away, and let me die!"

"Take then thy wish thou headstrong fool," cried the priest, and hurrying from the cell, left the prisoner to prayer and solitude.

The bells of the neighbouring church were tolling the hour of eight, when the suffering Barbara awakened once more to life; she was in Master Hewit's house, the good hearted scrivener having volunteered its service. The first object that met her glance as she cast her eyes around the room, was the figure of the mendicant, who seemed in close conversation with the scrivener; she instantly caught the last gleam of hope that seemed to offer, and extending her arms towards the mendicant, passionately exclaimed, "They will yet be saved? give me that promise once again, and bless me!" "Be comforted my child, there yet is one hope left for us, but then the task remains with thee," exclaimed the mendicant.

"Tell me—let me know what I shall do."

"To plead to any of the judges would be useless, but there's a higher tribunal still left, at which to offer your petition; a power that will protect, redress and succour

you,—*the King!*" and thus saying, he hastily quitted the apartment.

Master Hewit informed the maiden, that in the course of the night it had been agreed, that she should petition the king himself at Westminster; that through the intercession of a nobleman who had bestowed some favours upon the mendicant, she would be introduced to his majesty, and that it remained with herself alone to plead as she thought proper for the pardon of her husband and her father.

The girl seized the idea with intense eagerness, and with the sole idea of rescuing the two beings who alone made life endurable, she hurried with the scrivener to Westminster. Henry, surrounded by his courtiers, was listening earnestly to some interesting tale, which his then principal favourite, Sir Henry Guildford, was relating to him; the Chancellor was there, Gardiner and Tonstall, and the many others busily engaged in their plans of resisting the progress of the Reformation; opposed to these were Cromwell and the amiable Cranmer, who could only lament the victims of religious persecution, without the power to save them, whilst not a few were glancing enviously at the influence which the favourite Guildford seemed to have over the king; the Earl of Surrey entered the presence chamber with a page, who after whispering to Sir Henry, the king was informed that the goldsmith's daughter was in waiting.

"Now by my holidame!" exclaimed the monarch, "we'll see the fair petitioner. Admit the blue-eyed wench,"—and instantly Barbara was ushered into the royal presence. The girl, much as she had been accustomed to gold and splendour, was overcome by the magnificence of the court, and much as she wished to say in favour of her father and her lover, her tongue refused to give utterance to her o'er-fraught heart, and falling with upraised arms at the feet of Henry, her tears alone bespoke her anguish and despair. "Poor girl, poor girl!" exclaimed the monarch "thou'rt a brave wench indeed," and then gazing upon her for a few moments, with tears starting from his large eyes,—he hastily rejoined, "What man could view this poor girl, and not feel pity for her sufferings? Shame on you my lord Chancellor, I thought you were a better man!" Then, raising the timid Barbara from his footstool,—"get thee home sweet wench," he exclaimed. "thy sweetheart waits thee there, thy father too, to bless thee!—Now go my girl,"—and casting a stern look at the astonished Chancellor, he continued as he departed, "This Romish persecution shall be stopped!"

"My liege —!" exclaimed the Bishop of Winchester.

"It shall, it shall!" cried the enraged monarch, and hastily quitted the apartment.

The persecution was stopped. Barbara was united to her lover, and her father blest their nuptials; the Earl of Surrey who had beheld with sorrow the share which he had in causing their sufferings, did his utmost to repair his error, and though a Romanist himself, befriended the family whom he had been so instrumental in persecuting, nor did he give Sir Henry Guildford another opportunity to frustrate his designs upon any of the beautiful daughters of the Londoners.

"Thy innocence and virtue has its just reward," exclaimed Sir Henry to the fair Barbara, on the evening of her nuptial day, repeating the words of the mendicant—



"You know this token lady—" at the same time exhibiting the silver groat which she had bestowed in charity.

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed the youthful bride—"It is—"

"Heavens benison be with you lady!" interrupted Sir Henry, "May your lot through life, be blissful and as happy as your virtues deserve!" \* \* \*

#### ARRIVALS AND ANTICIPATIONS,

OR, AUGUST AMUSEMENTS,

By a *Blue-Belle*.

"———The boasted joys  
Which *country dwellers* breathe in list'ning cars,  
Were discord to the speaking novelty  
That wraps this joyous scene."—SHELLEY adapted.

Oh, "flee not yet,—'tis not the hour,"  
To seek, my sisters, Autumn's bower,  
To cull a wreath of sun-brown'd leaves,  
Or pluck it's tie from harvest sheaves,  
Or rustic "curtles" wear;  
Rather, if your gay minds are fraught  
With whimsical, romantic thought,  
Look round the town, each minute brings  
Some novelty, on eagle-wings:  
Then, pray, turn *gleaners here*.

Nay do not pout because the rain  
Of *Ascot* soil'd both tress and train,  
And provoking "Cup-day" weather  
Destroy'd each ribbon, droop'd each feather,  
Like warrior's smitten crest;  
Vex not that the *Second Meeting*  
Was little worth a cheerful greeting,  
Nay, scarcely added a new dress  
To FASHION'S stock of prettiness,  
Or made up one choice vest.\*

The King—I'm glad n't 's had his way,  
Been, in his manner, somewhat gay,  
Cheerful and gracious, full of glee,  
(With his accustom'd *cortège*.)  
Where Sol on Windsor glances;  
Nay, as if *old times* must come back,  
(*Exclusives* be not on the rack)  
His Majesty and Royal Court  
Have patronized our Fathers' sport,  
Term'd *Reels and Country Dances*!†

\* It really will be in vain, even for his Majesty, to endeavour to uphold a *second meeting* at *Ascot*, unless some means can be devised, to entice the Ladies to give it the sunshine of their smiles. Nothing could be more chilling than the appearance of the down. Poor fidgetty LORD MARYBOROUGH looked as if he had lost his way, or the stag on a hunting-day; and Mr. JENNER, of Windsor, as though the hundred-pound-plate had been thrown away upon a thriftless object. The fact is, his Majesty must give us more breathing time between the two meetings; one, really, now has not an opportunity of even consulting our English Milliner about new "trappings" for the Second.

† And, *pon honour*, I think the King and Court "quite correct," when we are compelled to endure the sight of the

Well, Sisters, then the turn is our's,  
(Since fled are July joys and showers,)  
To make the minutes blithely pass,  
(As *Bon-vivants* their banquet glass,  
'Neath pleasure's leading star;  
And, lo! how kind our heroes are,  
CLANWILLIAM, SPENCER, STANLEY, CARR,  
To bring, determined we sha'n't die  
For need of *foreign levity*,  
A new dance from afar.

"THE GALOPADE!" Heavens! what a name  
To lift an *Exquisite* to fame!  
It's sponsors, one may fairly rule,  
Learn'd letters in the *riding-school*,  
And manners in the *stable*;  
*Coulon* no more will be divine,  
Nor *Weippart's* band be deem'd the "Nine:"  
"Gallop on gaily" is the tune  
That makes us skip like Pantaloon,  
And jump high as we're able.

But, to my thought, the thing, though new,  
Nay, 'patroniz'd by many a "blue,"  
By Lords, by Lancers, and by Guards,  
E'en sung of, too, by perfum'd bards,  
Is any thing but pretty;  
Our *Country Cousins* it may suit,  
Who *thump* the time with paw and foot,  
Yea, and may answer, should the call  
Restore next year the *Easter-ball*,  
The Shopmen of the City.

If *romping* is to be the passion  
Onward to lead the troops of Fashion,  
This "*Galopade*" may prove our tact,  
And show how boldly we can act,  
How dauntless step and stride;  
Nay, and to teach our dandy sirs  
To clank and rattle in their spurs,  
And make the very floor to feel  
The indent of their armed heel,  
When changing side for side.\*  
Then, send it back o'er ship-rode seas,  
With other *foreign wares*, that freeze

*canaille* imitating our very dress, and aping our very manners; when we hear the wretches affecting to despise the once, to them, mysterious and yet not understood *L'Ete* and *Chaine Anglaise*, and talking largely of the last "new set," and the *Quadrille à la Massaniello*; it is really time to "put an antic disposition on" ourselves, and retrograde, in order to shame the rogues to the "good old days," not of Adam and Eve, but our great Grandmothers. If we were to take to hoops again, and head-dresses like the peak of Tenerife, and persuade our husbands and beaux to restore buckles, bagwigs, and King-of-Prussia-tails, perhaps the imitators could not afford to copy us. Say, sisters, shall we try?

\* It really would answer very well as a *war-dance* for Astley's, or a *divertissement* at a private theatre; but for Almack's, or the Drawing-room, it will never do, being the very reverse of the poet's description of true elegance, for "grace" is not "in all its steps," nor is its "every gesture dignity and love."



The rights which *native produce* ought  
To gain from all, whose mind is fraught  
With wish for *England's weal*;  
To *Germany* repay this dance,  
It's *Milliners* restore to *France*,  
And all those to their *native strand*  
Who live upon our *British land*,  
To work, alas! its ill.\*

But, truce unto this trifling theme,  
For see the blaze of Fashion's beam  
Allures us, (like a friendly ray  
To travellers pacing on their way,)  
To where Grace moves her wand  
To join, indeed, the Jewell'd press  
That throng the house of *Holdernes*,  
Or, wrapped in pleasure, to admire  
The proud display of *Devonshire*  
Marshall'd at his command.

The pretty *Parks* in all their pride,  
Gayer, with gems, than gayest bride,  
Allure us too, their lawn and glade,  
Unrival'd for a promenade,  
Command an *August* stay;  
Nay, to delight us, *STANHOPE* brings  
His friends to act *Theatric kings*,  
And *ROGER GRESLEY*, gallant knight,  
For our amusement, deigns to write  
"Sir Philip Gasteney."†

More could I tell, but, as 'tis wise  
For author not to ope' the eyes  
Of all his readers at the stage,  
Which furnishes his early page,  
I'll let you guess the rest;  
Assur'd, that *here* delights exist,  
(Unlike the fickle will-o'-wisp,)  
Such as, let time speed e'er so fast,  
Will make each sister, to the last,  
A most contented guest.

A BLUE-BELLE.

\* I shall possibly be told, that the number of individuals of our own country, who leave it to sojourn in others, fully compensate for any evil that may emanate from the influx of foreigners into England. But the contrary of this assertion is the true reading; for those who quit a British home, leaving their hearths cold, and their family mansions tenanted, so that not even the thin film of a miser's fire is seen to issue from the house-top, are people of property, and who consequently spend their substance upon strangers when their neighbours faint for it. On the other hand, the foreign emigrant is, for the most part, without "worldly goods," and flies hither to enrich himself by the gullibility of our good-natured dispositions. By the way, it has been well said, touching voluntary travel, "A man, who leaves home to mind himself and others, is a *philosopher*; but he who goes from country to country, guided only by pleasure, or the blind impulse of curiosity, is *only a vagabond*." How many, alas! *will the cap fit?*

† "Sir Philip Gasteneys, a minor, by Sir Roger Gresley." Such is the title of the Baronet's new novel, published by little Colburn. Well, such employment is far more praiseworthy than the patronage of vulgar amusements at home,

## THE GOOD QUALITIES OF THE CAT.

Poor little puss, it is my duty to pay you that tribute of praise which you deserve. Many persons are spoken of who have less merit, and why should I blush at giving publicity to your perfections?

You are very pretty; the most beautiful shades may be traced in your coat of the tiger-kind; your eyes are quick, but they are mild; your velvet fur, and your tail are of a beauty to excite envy; your agility, and your supple graces are admirable! Your moral qualities are no less so; they shall be recapitulated.

You are very fond of me; at least you caress me very much, which, according to many, is one and the same thing. I know very well that you love me less than a slice of mutton, or the leg of a fowl, but that is all very natural. I am your master, and a roast leg of mutton is better than a master, aye, than two or three masters.

You have a great deal of good sense; and the best of all sense, since it is precisely that which is useful to yourself; all other sense would appear to you like foolishness.

Nature has bestowed on you nails, which we very impolitely term claws; and they are of a most admirable construction; sheathed in a membrane from which they draw in and out like a glove, so that, at will, puss presents a threatening claw, or a velvet foot.

We know that a cat has not claws, that she may make use of them; but she uses them, because she has them; and if a cat tears another cat to pieces, that is not worse than one man destroying another.

You, my cat, forget what is past, you think not of the future, you only profit by the present moment. Time does not fly for you; it is stationary, and all its seconds for you are comprised in one: you know that your members are actuated by your muscles, and you know not any cause of your existence, but that you do exist.—The cat is a profound materialist.

You flatter the master who caresses you; you caress the cook-maid who dresses your dinner; you fly from the sight of some more large and powerful beast, and you audaciously attack those which are small.—The cat is, therefore, a deep politician.

You live amicably with the dog, who is brought up in the same house with yourself; and, in gratitude to me, you are kind to all those animals which I am fond of: you give a pat with your claw to those whom you think ill-inclined towards you, and you often swell your tail at my friends.—The cat is a great moralist.

When you gracefully walk along the roof of a house, the edge of a window frame, or any other perilous place, you very cleverly lean the weight of your body against that side which is the least exposed to danger; your muscles are stretched or relaxed with discernment, and you find yourself in security where other animals would be transfixed with fear.—How perfectly is the cat acquainted with the statistical position of the body.

If, through inadvertency, awkwardness, or haste, you

or fantastic companions abroad. The "Love's of the Poets" is another book we must look into. Rely on it, sisters, I will condescend to glance at both shortly, and report truly of their contents in my "September Stanzas." Till then, adieu!



fail in finding support, it is then that you are most admirable; you bend, and set up your back, you attain the centre of gravity, and by these means you always fall on your feet.

If you travel in the dark, you spread out the pupil of your eye, making it perfectly round, to present a greater surface, and draw together the larger portion of those rays of light which are spread through the atmosphere. In the midst of noonday, this pupil takes an elliptic form, is narrowed, and receives only a part of the sun's rays, too great a glare from which would injure the sight.—The cat, therefore, is a perfect optician.

When you wish to leap from a precipice, you calculate the distance with wonderful exactitude. At first you dangle your legs, as if to measure the space which you divide by your own reasoning, by the motion of your paws, then you leap exactly on the place you marked out, the distance from which you have compared with the effect of your muscles.—The cat here, is a skilful geometrician.

If you lose your way in the country, you examine every plant with the most judicious care, you distinguish the valerian that pleases you, and you roll over it, testifying your delight by a thousand gambols; you are acquainted also with the medicinal properties of all those kind of grasses which are for you an universal panacea.—The cat is, therefore, an excellent botanist.

Neither is your voice unworthy of praise; very few animals have it so modulated. The purring of satisfaction, the flattering accent of appeal, the piercing cry of impatience or anger, the threatening growl, all these different intonations you possess, and use as nature directs you.—My cat, you are quite a dramatic musician.

In your eyes pantomime is preferable to dialogue; you neglect style to present pictures. But what activity, what dancing, what capers! difficulty takes nothing from your graces.—O, my cat, you are a fine dancer.

My dear puss, if I could find a man of such general knowledge, I would pronounce him a living encyclopædia—an epitome of all human knowledge. But, what is this? While I am praising you, you are fast asleep.—Ah! then, you are a philosopher. F.

## WALKS IN THE TUILLERIES.

### No. I.

Is there one amongst my lovely readers who will refuse to accompany me in imagination to the Gardens of the Tuilleries? those gardens where no doubt ninety-nine out of a hundred of them have often in reality enjoyed the pleasure of outshining the Gallic fair. Yes, spite of the disadvantage under which English *belles* in general labour, from being attired by their French milliners in a style calculated to disfigure rather than embellish the charms which nature has so profusely bestowed upon them, English beauty rarely fails to bear away the palm. I have often puzzled myself, but always in vain, to divine the reason that my dear country-women do so eagerly adopt, even in the most exaggerated style, every fashion, however preposterous or unbecoming it may be, that has the stamp of Paris. Does this proceed from vanity or humility? Do they think their loveliness so transcendent that nothing can obscure it? or do they really imagine that their rivals surpass them in taste and invention? both opinions are erroneous.

“But how is it then,” exclaims one of my lovely readers with a dissentient shake of the head, “that French women are allowed to be unrivalled in the art of setting off their persons by dress?”

Would you use your own excellent judgment, my fair querist, you would soon discover their secret. Fashion (I mean as regards dress,) is the handmaid, and not the mistress of the French fair. She never wears any thing that is positively unbecoming to her. Is a fashion invented to display a charm, or disguise a defect which she has not, she either does not adopt it, or else she modifies it in such a manner as to prevent its disfiguring her. The late fashion, so generally unbecoming, of having the skirts of gowns arranged in large gathers all round the waist, was never adopted by several of the most distinguished leaders of fashion; its duration was consequently short-lived.

A Frenchwoman considers whether a dress will suit her figure, features, and complexion. An English-woman thinks only of appearing in a costume exactly similar to that of the most fashionable woman of her acquaintance, no matter how dissimilar their persons may be. *Apropos* here comes an illustration.

An illustration indeed, said I, as I threw myself again into the chair from which I had started, as Madame la Duchesse de B—— and Mrs. S—— appeared. Let me try, my fair reader, to bring before thy mind's eye the two *belles*, from whom I parted after taking with them half-a-dozen turns on the terrace, where all those who either are fashionable, or aspire to be thought so, shew themselves every fine day between the hours of two and four.

The Duchess was dressed in a gown of *mousseline Orientale* of a plaid pattern, very large and showy. The Duchess is excessively tall and thin, but these defects were rendered less conspicuous by the make of her dress; it was trimmed higher than the knee by a deep flounce, surmounted by a *bouillonné*, as I believe the ladies call it, the fulness of which was separated by large bows of painted satin. The body of the dress had just fulness enough to give that appearance of roundness to the shape which nature had denied. The long and excessively wide sleeve, with a narrow wristband, completely concealed the meagreness of the arm, while the bracelet *à la Grecque* drew, by its glittering appearance and the singularity of its form, the gaze of the passer by to the exquisitely shaped hand, set off by a white glove, which fitted it *à merveille*. Her head-dress was a bonnet, or rather hat of white silk; its low crown, and the short plumes of white feathers with which it was trimmed added nothing to the Duchess's height, while the broad blond lace which was laid full on the inside of the brim, gave to her regular, but rather masculine features, a softness of which they stood much in need. The deep rose-colour strings of the hat, and the scarf of a corresponding colour twisted round the throat, threw a faint glow on her pale and rather sallow cheek.

Mrs. S—— was attired exactly like the Duchess; and when I say that she is very short, extremely plump, and that though her face is *préty*, it is rather too short and broad, my reader, will I am sure, agree with me that the costume of her friend, was any thing but becoming to her. I really was vexed to see the poor little woman so terribly disfigured. In natural charms she very far surpasses the Duchess. Her figure, though small, is exquisitely



proportioned; her complexion good though rather too deep, and had she been less loaded with trimmings, ribands and plumes,—had her face not been rendered still shorter by the scarf that incircled her throat, (the colour of which by the bye heightened her complexion into coarseness,) and the clusters of heavy curls which shaded her forehead,—she would have proved a formidable rival, instead of a complete foil, to her friend.

But, my fair readers will say, there are few women so foolish as Mrs. S——. Here, again, I must dissent, for every day's experience shews me, that among my dear countrywomen there are many Mrs. S——'s. We will return to this, perhaps, another day. Let us now regard the scene before us.

How delightful is it to a lover of happy human faces, to contemplate the gay groups scattered around; the terrace is still full of promenaders. Ha! there goes the Marquise de P——, the lovely young bride of a *millionaire*. If he continues to give way to her extravagancies, he will not be a *millionaire* long. What a strange, fantastical, and yet becoming dress is her's! A *redingote* of white *gros-de-Naples*, made to set close to the shape, and ornamented down the front, *en treillage*, with ribands of five different hues; but, what those hues are, I defy any body to tell. They are colours which she has just introduced, by and bye we shall know what names to give them. The *treillage*, arranged in the form of a pyramid, is bordered by a deep rich fringe of a tawny-yellow, which also goes round the bust and shoulders in festoons. A similar fringe borders the sleeves, which are of the oriental form; one of them is caught up by a button, the head of which is a portrait—of whom do you think? Her husband? No, but an animal, almost as ugly, and certainly ill-tempered, as her favourite pug-dog. The miniature is not certainly a flattering one, and, small as it is, the likeness can be easily perceived. The other button is an antique gem, on which,

“Severe, in youthful beauty,”

appears a head of Pallas, A chapeau of blond lace, united by wreaths of roses, so delicate that they seem to have been formed by fairy hands, is placed very far back upon her head, so as to allow her beautiful tresses to be seen to the greatest advantage. A drapery of blond lace, which passes over the crown, partly shades the garland of Provence roses with which it is decorated.

What grace in her motions, what fascination in her smiles, and what wretchedness in her heart! Fair, forlorn one! How dearly hast thou bought, by the sacrifice of thy young heart's best affections, the splendour and dissipation which a vain and frivolous mother taught thee was necessary to thy happiness! How often, in thy girlish-days, hast thou repined at the simple dress, to which fashion confines the *Jeune demoiselle*, and longed for the moment in which thou mightest dazzle all eyes as a *merveilleuse*! Oh! could the wealth of worlds free thee from the galling chain to which thou hast submitted to buy that title, how gladly would'st thou give it.

But, let us turn from the tonish promenaders to the humbler, perhaps happier, groups, seated under the trees. Some are reading, some conversing, and not a few of the ladies apparently busy in needle work. I say apparently, for some how, with all the quickness with which they ply their needles, their work does not seem, as our American friends would say, to “progress much.” I observe, that the thread breaks very often, or the scissors fall, and I

think, that that very pretty girl, at whom the young *Garde du Corps* is looking so intently, has just taken her green worsted, instead of dark blue, to finish the violet, which she is shading. Yes, I was right. How quickly she unpicks those few stitches! How lovely does that blush, and that air of ingenuous confusion, make her! It would be cruel to look at her, and I can look at nothing else, so I'll e'en go home. E.

#### STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

Oh! think not the love-smile so blooming and bright,  
On beauty's soft cheek shall for ever be seen,  
For time will dispel every hue of delight,  
That now fondly plays over youth's buoyant scene.

And the roses that wreath round thy forehead so fair,  
With all their bright blossoms, shall wither and die;  
And the traces of anguish, and sorrow, and care,  
Shall deep on those blushing and blooming cheeks lie.

And the ringlets that float o'er thy eloquent brow,  
So proudly and darkly, so beauteous and bright,  
Shall change to the thin locks of silvery snow,  
And those prophet-eyes sleep in the dimness of night.

Yet thy virtue, below'd one, shall never decay,  
But rise o'er Time's ruin on triumphant wing:  
And e'en from thine ashes Fame's lucid, pure ray,  
Like the bird in the fable, with lustre shall spring!

\* \* \*

#### STROLLS IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.—No. I.

##### *Messrs. Bonceur and Caustic meeting.*

*Bonceur*.—Heyday! you here, my dear *Caustic*! Why I thought you were half way to Paris by this time?

*Caustic*.—And so I should have been, had not I, for once in my life, done a very foolish thing.

*Bon*.—(Ironically.)—For once in your life?

*Caustic*.—Well, granting that I may have done some scores of foolish things, hang me if I ever before fell into such an egregious absurdity. Why, can you credit it? I actually believed that a woman would continue in the same mind for twenty-four hours together.

*Bon*.—Really! And you have been disappointed?

*Caustic*.—Of course. So I remain in London, and being completely out of humour, and not well knowing what to do with myself, I came here to kill the time till dinner.

*Bon*.—Why, I suppose you thought that a stroll in Kensington Gardens, was the next best thing to a promenade in the Tuilleries, or on the Boulevards?

*Caustic*.—The next best thing! Zounds! man, do you want to put me in a rage? Why, I tell you all France put together can shew nothing to equal Kensington Gardens. What are their Tuilleries, or their Luxembourg Gardens?—fine things in their way, I grant you; and if people would not call them gardens, I might be tempted to admire them; but when you find grounds laid out with the most scrupulous attention to annihilate every trace of nature; when you see, in short, every thing in a garden but what ought to be there, how dare you affront a man, that all the world acknowledges has common sense, by telling him you suppose he prefers it to a scene like this?

*Bon*.—And yet I'll swear that I have heard you say you rarely missed a daily stroll in the Tuilleries, and that you liked it of all things?



*Caus.*—And so I did, and so I certainly should if I were to go back; but it was not the garden that I cared a straw about, it was the pleasure of seeing what fools people could make of themselves. However, heaven be praised! that is a satisfaction that one can enjoy in perfection here.

*Bon.*—That I deny. You may meet fools, I grant you, but you don't see them make fools of themselves.

*Caus.*—Don't I? If I did not know the amount of your losses at Ascot Races, I should have a cool hundred from you in a moment. Look at those girls that are just turning into that walk opposite, and that duenna that accompanies them.

*Bon.*—Well!

*Caus.*—Well, what do you think of them?

*Bon.*—Why, that they are the greatest dowdies I ever saw, except their *gouvernante*, who would make an admirable duenna, if one may judge from the malignant expression of her countenance.

*Caus.*—Bravo! I knew you would say so, and yet they are pretty and even elegant girls, and the *gouvernante*, who, by-the-bye, is their mother, is one of the best-hearted women in existence.

*Bon.*—The last part of the story I am willing to take your word for, but as far as regards the girls, I say, seeing is believing; and, therefore, my dear fellow, you must excuse my crediting my own eyes, rather than your testimony.

*Caus.*—Nay, you shall credit both, for we will stop and speak to them. (*They walk forward, and meet the ladies—how d'ye do's are exchanged—Causitic presents his friend, and after a little chat the ladies wish them good morning.*)

*Caus.*—Well, what do you say now?

*Bon.*—Egad, I begin to be staggered; the girls are pretty. What graceful curtsies the gypsies make, not a jot of the stiffness of the mother; and yet ———

*Caus.*—And yet at the first glance a man may be forgiven for calling them dowdies, for which they may thank their mamma.

*Bon.*—Prithee explain.

*Caus.*—Why the Countess is, as I have already told you, one of the best women in the world; mind I say good, not amiable, not even amiable, though by the bye I don't know, after all, whether I don't like her better even with her touch-me-not air, and occasional bitterness of manner, than most of those milk-and-water beings whom you thorough-bred English call amiable. Well, she is so thoroughly old-fashioned, that she thinks she was sent into this world to do all the good she can, and as she considers, and in that respect justly, that you benefit people more by giving them employment than alms, she makes a point of encouraging all respectable females who are obliged through misfortune to exert their talents for a livelihood. Nothing, you will say, can be more commendable; but even benevolence has its limits, and certainly Lady Goodformuch exceeds them, in having her own clothes, and those of her daughters, made by women who know nothing at all of the business they profess, and who have no more notion of the science of dress (which, thanks to the march of intellect, is now more highly cultivated than all the rest of the sciences put together) than a French friseur has of the Greek grammar. Thus from their bonnets to their shoes, the poor ladies Goodformuch are victims to her bad taste and mistaken notions of charity.

*Bon.*—Poor girls! it is a thousand pities that some sensible friend does not open her eyes to the absurdity she is guilty of.

*Caus.*—Oh, you may be sure the attempt has been often made, but always ineffectually. Having no taste herself, and having too all a mother's partiality (for with all her coldness and austerity she really is an affectionate mother) she thinks her girls look quite handsome enough. "Besides," said she once to a friend of mine who spoke to her on the subject, "it is better that their vanity should be a little mortified than that poor Miss Littletaste or Mrs. Spoilshape's children should want a dinner, which possibly might be the case if we did not employ them." A short time ago, her eldest daughter, Lady Eudocia, was out of favour for a week, for having thoughtlessly said, "Oh dear mamma, do let me have a bonnet from Mrs. B—and I will give Miss Littletaste my whole quarter's pocket-money to make up for not taking my Spring bonnet from her." "Girl," said the Countess in her sternest tone, "what compensation could your money make to a respectable and industrious woman, whose feelings you had outraged by treating her as a beggar?"

*Bon.*—What a thousand pities that with such a heart—

*Caus.*—That's very true, as you were going to observe. But instead of moralizing, let me shew you, among the gay groups who surround us, some more of my acquaintance who do come here to make fools of themselves. Do you see that tall, slight, elegant looking woman, with those gawkey girls, who are so dressed out?

*Bon.*—Yes, it is Mrs. Overdo and her daughters-in-law. I was introduced to them the other night, at the Duchess of ———'s ball.

*Caus.*—And what impression did the lady make upon you?

*Bon.*—Why she seemed one of your amiable women, a little mawkish or so, and rather too solicitous to shew off her daughters-in-law.

*Caus.*—And you really gave her credit for sincerity? But I forget, you never were in her company before. You would very soon have found her out. Her pretty face induced Overdo to form a *mes alliance* which his family have not forgiven to this day. As he was very rich, he brought her forward with the greatest *éclat*, and for three years she was "the glass of fashion." One unlucky morning her husband entered her boudoir unexpectedly, and found her in a fainting fit, with an open letter by her side. Alarmed as he was at her situation, he was perhaps more so at the sight of the letter, which he rightly conjectured was the cause, and the vehemence with which she demanded it when she came to herself convinced him that he was right.

*Bon.*—The devil!

*Caus.*—The devil indeed, but not a horned one. The letter was not from a perfidious lover, but from a false-hearted shoemaker, who had broke parole by threatening to play the deuce for his money, simply because he had been ruined by the honour of Mrs. Overdo's custom. It seems he had been foreman to the shoemaker whom she employed when she was first married. She had turned the man off because he was such a brute as to insist on being paid; and she induced the foreman to establish himself in opposition to his master, by a promise of speedily getting him a greater number of customers. Either she did not try, or at least did not succeed, and the man was on the eve of becoming a bankrupt. Had this been all, Overdo would probably have pardoned it, but he found she was in debt to all her tradespeople. Being a man of strict probity, he resolved to pay all demands upon her immediately, but to prevent her involving him in future. All her debts



were immediately liquidated, even including those of the *marchande lingère*, who sent her a fresh supply of new-fashioned night-clothes once a month from Paris. To be sure Overdo did swear a little I have been told, at the enormous prices of the *corsets* and *camisoles de nuit*, bordered with Brussels laces, and they do say that he actually flung the *chef d'œuvre* of Mademoiselle Featherstitch's taste, called, I believe, the *bonnet à la Venus*, into the fire. But in fine all was paid, and immediately afterwards the lady's health required the air of Devonshire; from whence, after a two years' sojourn, she has just contrived to release herself.

*Bon.*—And pray how did she manage it?

*Caus.*—Why she suddenly became extremely attached to her sweet daughters, and as Overdo is passionately fond of his children, he could not resist her supplications to be permitted to bring the dear girls out, the rather as he persuaded himself that her management would soon get them husbands. You may believe that she desires nothing less than to see them married. Her plan therefore is, as our Irish friends would say, to keep them back in bringing them forward, so she takes care always to speak of their talents and graces in terms which she knows very well they do not deserve, and to affect a fondness for them, which it is easily seen she does not feel.

*Bon.*—(Putting his hand into his pocket.) Hang it, I have forgot my purse, and that poor fellow whom we have just passed, gave me such an imploring look.

*Caus.*—I dare say he is a cheat. Ha! I think I know something of the fellow; let me see (*he goes back, speaks to the man, and returns*). No, I was mistaken, he is not the man I mean; but I dare say he is just as bad. I detest beggars; I wonder how people can be such fools as to encourage them. For my part I would not ———

(*The beggar who has followed him.*)—Sir, sir, your honour has made a mistake.

*Caus.*—(Turning round angrily.)—No such thing, get away, I tell you.

*Beggar.*—Indeed you have, sir, for you have given ———

*Caustic.*—(Clapping his hand on the man's mouth.)—Hold your confounded tongue, and get about your business this moment.

*Boncœur.*—Ha! ha! ha! You never encourage. Ha! ha! ha! No, no, no, you are not such a fool. Ha! ha! ha!

(*The man remains silent, but lifts up his hands and eyes with a strong expression of gratitude as he looks after Caustic, who walks hastily away, followed by Boncœur, the latter laughing.*)

### PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

“ I tell thee, Master Goodwill, could one claim  
All Argus' eyes to look about the world,  
Briareus' arms to grapple with its tides,  
Camilla's feet to flee where'er one lists,—  
Or Ariel's dainty progress—prithee hear,—  
I tell thee still, the ever curious town  
Would brew such deeds of wondrous novelty  
As baffle all endowments: still, I'll try  
To mout a feather of brisk change's wing,  
With dart of searching cunning——”

THE MERCHANT, A COMEDY, 1674.

PAUL PRY AND PETER PRY.

*Peter Pry.*—No; it is impossible not to admit but that the season has been altogether an excessively dull one;

short of parties, short of novelty, short of every thing which was wont to conduce to the delights of good society, the relaxations of Fashionable Life.

*Paul Pry.*—There is, more's the pity, no denying it; but the causes, alas! are too evident to create much surprise at the change for the worst; the kind of Egyptian darkness which so frequently settled over what should have been the sunny atmosphere of the *Bon Ton*, shrouding in forbidding gloom the residences of the very highest of its members, arose, there can be little doubt, from (comparatively speaking) the general retirement of his Majesty from public life, the paucity of regal entertainments, and his short sojourn in the capital of his kingdom.

*Peter Pry.*—But consider, Paul, the bad accommodations at St. James's—I can hardly bear to designate it a Palace—affords for even the comforts, much less the splendours of Court Assemblies, and Royal celebrations.

*Paul Pry.*—And yet, Brother, the Sire of our good hearted Sovereign—for a good and manly heart none will deny him the inheritance of—did manage to hold, not at long intervals but in rapid consecutive order, levees and courts, which he made conducive to the general weal; nay, and to give drawing-rooms and dances in such regular succession, and under such admirable arrangements, especially with respect to the wear of British produce and the non-employment of foreign workwomen or artists, that it may truly be said to have been a holiday in London, and a cheering circumstance to its tradespeople, when any of these stately and truly royal shows or hospitalities were commanded to take place.

*Peter Pry.*—But his Majesty lives, and acts like a King at Windsor?

*Paul Pry.*—So, for the most part, he always does, Peter; but bear in mind that his very fondness for that neighbourhood takes away from the metropolis a large party of its nobility, who would, otherwise, spend not only their time but their money in it, and let us hope among their own country people here in the heart of the country, which if it faint or fail for lack of support must involve all classes, the whole body corporate (so to speak) of the kingdom in distress and premature anxiety.

*Peter Pry.*—The picture is of the dullest, the tints you lay on of the murkiest, brother. A *Salvator Rosa* sketch, without any of his redeeming lights.

*Paul Pry.*—Why, if it be true, and sure it is, as one of our fine old poets, *Drayton*, says, that

“ Kings are the Gods' vice-regents on the earth,  
Nay, and the Suns, from which we borrow light;  
And they, as Kings, should still in justice strive  
With Gods, from whom their beings they derive.”

Does it not follow as a matter beyond the reach of the most cunning contradiction, that let those “suns” withdraw themselves to shine in distant atmospheres we must be left in a chilly and darkened-o'er situation here, and, like the traveller suddenly plunged in those climes where the luminary of day for half the year doth “forbid to shine,” be overtaken by distress and harrassed by dismay?

*Peter Pry.*—Well, well, Paul, hope is not yet become a “forlorn” one; his Majesty, we very well know, possesses a heart “open as day to melting charity,” and let but the sources that lead to a knowledge of our situation, of the actual distress of a great portion of our tradespeople, (arising from the causes you have mentioned, and the perverse continuance of patronage, as unkind as ridiculous, given to



*the foreigner*—a very leech upon our health,) be unpolluted, unstopped by designing courtiers and sycophants, that are ever busy in buzzing about palaces, poisoning the royal ear; let this but be, and we may return to our wholesome days again, and bless a royal benefactor.

*Paul Pry.*—May he quickly speed such a consummation. By the way, though, there is one foreign innovation, a trickery of the Russian fashion, which his Majesty has hitherto refused to sanction at his parties. I allude to the custom of doing entirely away with dishes on the dinner tables, the fish, the soups, and the meats, being now handed about, to the great detriment I should imagine of dresses and comfort, and the flowers and dessert only occupying the *tableau*. Surely, as an Epicurean friend of mine, a second BRUMMEL, or as good a judge of table discipline as he who has been called his pupil, LONG WELLESLEY, surely, as he says, “this mode is too fine to last,” too finikin, too ridiculous, too much overcharged with affectation, absolutely *too foreign!* DELME RADCLIFFE, SIR JOHN SHELLEY, and MR. GREVILLE were in positive distress lest the system would have been introduced at the racing banquet given by his Majesty the other day, and which inversion of a good old custom, had it taken place, would, as the Duke of RICHMOND not inaptly said, clearly have been *running out of course*.

*Peter Pry.*—But the King knew and acted better, Paul; he felt that if certain of his grantees must dress like and ape the manner of foreigners, there is, at all events, no necessity of dining *à la Russe*. If we would please some people, I verily believe neither the “wooden walls” nor “the roast-beef of Old England” would be deemed worthy a consideration.

*Paul Pry.*—May be not; but to revert to another subject. I yesterday *dropped in* at the Marquis of Stafford’s, and went over the whole of his new mansion, parlour, kitchen, and hall; from the butler’s pantry to the state bed-chamber.

*Peter Pry.*—Superb place, I dare say, Paul; and worthy such a noble supporter of the arts of England as is his Lordship.

*Paul Pry.*—I am sorry to say quite the contrary. The mansion is like many a “tall bully,” all *outside show*, and, comparatively speaking, has as little interior accommodation as the monument upon Fish-street-hill, which Pope anathematized by that appellation. There is hardly a good sized room in the whole building; it being actually made up of small, ill contrived chambers, as if it had been intended for a lodging house, an hotel, or a better sort of barrack, instead of a royal residence.

*Peter Pry.*—Yet I believe our lamented DUKE of YORK, for whom it was originally intended, did not dislike the affair; nay was most anxious for its completion.

*Paul Pry.*—Possibly so; but then you must recollect that his ROYAL HIGHNESS was a good natured, unaffected, contented single gentleman; fond of snug apartments, and a quiet rubber of whist, rather than magnificent salons, and a press of company; hence the building might have suited its dweller had he been spared to us longer; but for the Marquis of Stafford; a nobleman of wealth, and a numerous establishment; living, as he does, in constant intercourse with the fashionable world; and possessing, moreover, a splendid gallery of paintings, (without a room at all worthy of, or suitable to their reception and display,) the place, like the DUKE of CUMBERLAND’s vamped-up dwelling, is altogether inconsistent with the purposes for

which it is required; the family to whom by purchase, it now belongs.

*Peter Pry.*—We certainly are unfortunate in our public buildings, Peter, whether they be purposed for kings or princes. I suppose they never will condescend to allow his Majesty to occupy his intended palace, for they really creep on with it like a tortoise, without possessing any of that animals certainty of progress. Though I begin to like the appearance of the place better than one was first inclined to do; so that if they would but level the dome, which is as unsightly as COLONEL JOLIFFE’S, or officious old TOWNSEND’S hat, (late the king’s) the building would be *passablement bien* enough.

*Paul Pry.*—By the way I must drop in upon LORD LOTHER, and request him to extend, for a month, the hour of permissible promenade in the enclosure of St. James’s Park. It is too early to turn the folks out at eight o’clock; the sun has not by that time prepared to take its rest behind the hill tops, and I was quite sorry to observe the crowds of well-dressed promenaders, who are compelled to quit at that hour.

*Peter Pry.*—Yes, and amongst them, PETER, the DUKE of WELLINGTON and MRS. ARBUTHNOT, the former smilingly assenting to the good natured observation of the latter, that “it really was a pity the good people who came out for their once a week’s holiday, should lose a full hour’s healthful enjoyment, by the too strict regulations of office.” By the bye, I shall like Mrs. ARBUTHNOT all the more for thus thinking of her poorer neighbours, whilst good nature has friends, and beauty suitors, and accomplishment admirers.

*Paul Pry.*—Nay, and there were others of the *distinguées* besides these influentials who graced the greensward with their presence, and the promenade with their smiles. There was Lady EMILY COWPER looking all graceful, and the pretty GERTRUDE BLAND all good nature, “the violet itself not sweeter;” and, what is quite as gratifying, they had discarded the *outré* habiliments, and queer shaped costumes of Germany or France for the more simply elegant, and far better arrayed, costumes of our native England; and would but others confess how greatly the change was for the better: what improvements, what gratifications might we not behold—should we not enjoy? But

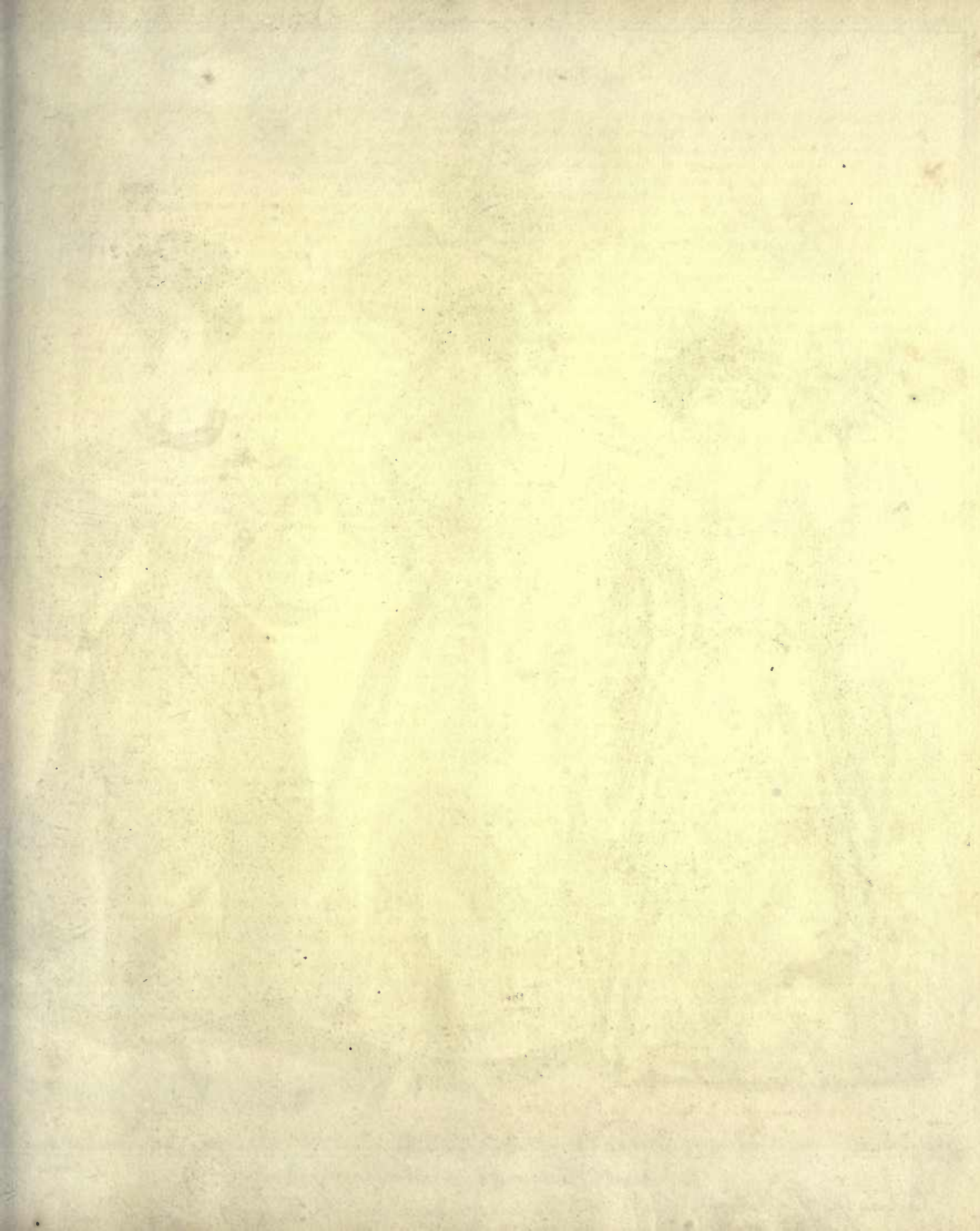
“I hear a voice you cannot hear,  
That summons me away,  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
That waves I must not stay.”

So then be it; all that I have, gentle reader, adventured in this short visit, has been for your and my country’s good; and of that country, I shall in conclusion say,

—“Oh! cast thou not  
Its people from thee! in this bustling world  
Hold to thy heart its claims and honesty,  
Watch, guard it, suffer not a breath to dim,  
A *fickle, foreign race to slur and steal*,  
The bright gem’s purity.”

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.









Costumes of All Nations. N<sup>o</sup>. 42.  
Pl. 5. 2.

Newest Fashions for September, 1829.

Walking & Evening Dresses.

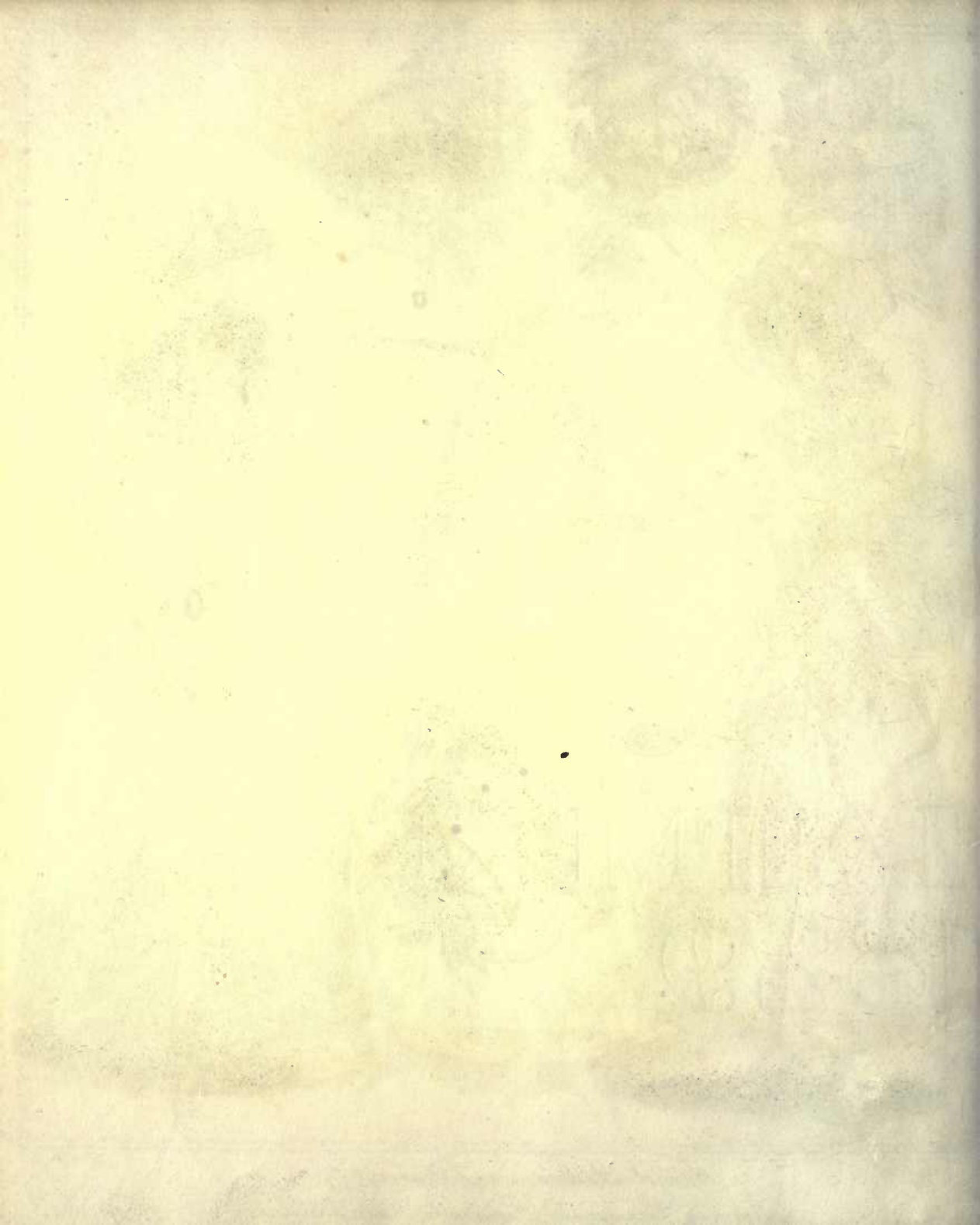
W. Alais, Sc.





*Newest Fashions for September 1829  
Morning Carriage and Fashionable Head Dresses.*













Newest Fashions for September, 1829.  
Promenade and Evening-Dresses.

W. Alais





Newest Fashions for September, 1829.

W. Alia Sc.







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 64.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1829.

VOL. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, COSTUMES OF ALL NATIONS, NO. 42, VENETIAN, AND TWO WALKING AND EVENING DRESSES.—SECOND PLATE, MORNING, CARRIAGE AND FASHIONABLE HEAD DRESSES.—THIRD PLATE, PROMENADE AND EVENING DRESSES.—FOURTH PLATE, WALKING AND PINNER DRESSES.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

"It is SEPTEMBER;—lo! the fields  
Their fruits and food to Nature yield,  
The golden grain gives up its store,  
To homestead or to threshing-floor;  
And rustics, plodding as they roam,  
Talk of "last loads," and "harvest-home."

On hedge-row, or in bosky dell,  
The clustering filberts hang;  
Where lately the lone nightingale  
Her evening-carol sang;  
Whilst ruddy apples, richly glowing,  
Load Autumn's orchard-tree,  
And gardens luscious gift bestowing,  
Smile hospitality:  
Upon the cliffs are fragrant blooming,  
Wild thyme, fox-glove, purple heath,  
And woodbines the fond air perfuming,  
Refreshes with its spicy breath.

Nor slumbers man;—*he* forward hies  
To pastime's bold caress,  
To share secure beneath its skies,  
The season's bouiteousness;  
By hill-side, or on heather-plain,  
Or rustling stubble-land,  
The shooter leads his *docile* train,  
Faithful to his command;  
Which, instinct-taught, direct his eye,  
Where the Muir-fowl, or covey lie.

To "Castle," "Abbey," or "Chateau,"  
Midst colonies of rooks,  
The country squire again must go,  
As hint—his banker's books;  
And so from "Place," and "Street," and "Square,"  
Dukes, Earls, and Barons flee,  
Feeling, *nor* Whitehall, nor May-fair,  
Suits Aristocracy:  
They flee where mingled life is shewn,  
To Brighton, say, or Leamington.

And thus pass years, speed months, haste days,  
Each day, and month, and year has rays,

Which to contented minds can bring  
Some flower, or fruit, worth gathering;  
Some benefits man should remember,  
*Witness the bloomings of SEPTEMBER."*

A. M. T. JUN.

So true to the circumstances and changes of the Autumn season of the year, (and which, to those who are wise enough to contemplate with the eye of taste, its lights and shades of picturesque character, is a very charming one) are the above lines; so well do they allude to the occupations which will now very soon vary the life, and influence the feelings of those who have left, or are speeding from town, that it appears to us quite unnecessary to fill our pages, upon the present occasion, with even the same quantity of prefatory matter we have been in the monthly habit of inditing; or to delay the arrival of our readers at what we may term the banqueting-room, by holding them in a conversation at our thresholds or ante-chambers. No, rather let us place at once before them the products of our experience and industry—and be their value what it may, we trust to prove ourselves indefatigable gleaners—assured that, though for the sake of change, and because others take the same road, they might have stationed themselves in country or sea-side dwellings, any thing which recalls to them the splendours, the delights, the stirring interests, and the unequalled amusements of dear, dear London, will be considered as a relief "to memory dear," from the necessary mingled and not exclusively select society of a watering-place; from the dull monotony of some ivy-clustered, tree-overshadowed, grey-stone clothed patrimonial mansion; from the report of fowling-pieces, or the exaggerated narrations of the *Bobadils* of the sport-field; and above all, from the still reflections of a solitary chamber, where no smooth-tongued *valet* announces that the "carriage waits" to convey them to the Duke's dinner; no flippant, deep-flounced lady's maid places the last flower amidst the ringlets that flow over beauty's bosom, and whispers "to-night new admirers will be caught; new victories gained!"

Assured that on these accounts our history will be eagerly consulted, as truly a friend in need; we at once, and thus, with all due devotion to our fair, all gratitude to our manly readers, proceed to its chronicles.



THE LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF  
AUGUST.

“And all of graciousness attend our liege,  
All gratulation wait upon his house,  
On this a natal morn, made yet more glad  
By offices both love and duty-bred,  
And dear to patriot hearts.”—ANON.

Notwithstanding what we have read or heard narrated of the *incognito* adventures of the Caliph Haroun Alraschid, the *lookings into life* of Charles the 12th of Sweden, the ambitious activity of a Napoleon, or the good-natured spirit of enquiry and retentive memory which characterized a George the Third of England, we have still had our fears that the *private life* of a monarch must be one of considerable *ennui*, and comparative deprivation. Nay, we have been the more speedily led to this conclusion, since the necessary and evidently proper *exclusiveness* of his situation would seem to preclude the frequent use of that even elegant familiarity with the many of high life, which the *princes of his house* might (without the imputation being fastened upon them of *descending*) be permitted, upon most occasions, to enjoy. But our apprehensions were unfounded; the activity, the perseverance, the actual *gaietie de cœur* of our own admirable MONARCH has, within the last few weeks, not to trace back his life to a more distant period, abundantly proved that they were so. For example, his MAJESTY besides continuing his daily morning and evening excursions, around or within the ample circle of natural and artificial beauties of scenery and situation by which he is surrounded; also employs himself in planning new attractions, or adding improvements to those of longer creation. It is, in the next place, satisfactory to know, that in strength of person, as well as activity of mind, our GOOD KING has rarely, of late years, been more powerful. He not only drives his well-matched ponies, harnessed to the prettiest of miniature phatons, at a pace that would delight a Sir BELLINGHAM GRAHAM, but manages whip, rein, and elbow, with a grace and agility which would make even a Ross or a STANHOPE applaud. We now hear, also, he contemplates resuming that in which he was once so perfect, namely, horse-exercise; and those, whose business it is, are employed in looking for a steed which, whilst it shall be sufficiently powerful to suit, shall, at the same time, be so gently *menaged* as not to cause unnecessary fatigue to the royal rider, in

“curbing wisely his too wayward will.”

The truth and effects of these alacrities were abundantly manifested on the 12th instant, when the birth-day of his Majesty was celebrated at Windsor, with all that gratifying enthusiasm such an event would decidedly deserve. It was not the least, or rather we should say it was the feather in the cap of such anniversary, that our Monarch was the principal and most active performer in its triumphs and hospitalities. We allude more particularly to his having, in person, laid the first stone of a glorious statue, now to be raised and completed in a twelvemonth, upon a situation at once commanding and appropriate, to perpetuate the memory and recall the obligations we owe to that amiable, faithful, and feeling sovereign, GEORGE THE THIRD, who for so many years reigned over this our common country, and in the hearts of all its people. This tribute of affection

and respect from such a Son to such a Father, could not but be gratifying to every one who witnessed it, and will be a subject of pleasing reminiscence to those who glory in the title of Englishmen. The newspapers have been exceedingly minute, and somewhat jocose, in their way, upon the dress and youthful bearing of his Majesty upon this memorable occasion; nor have they omitted to weave in a pretty little romantic episode of a fair lady, an interesting child, and a mysterious paquet thrown (we mean the paquet, not the mother and daughter) into the carriage of royalty. But it is sufficient for us to know that good looks and good spirits characterised our excellent ruler's appearance and conduct; and that, like as his sire was wont to do, he made those happy and at their ease about him, by the graceful amenity of his manners, and the cheerfulness which he spread equally over the morning's ceremonies and the evening's banquet. Both were of a kind to teach loyalty to exclaim, “Long live the KING; may the KING live for ever.\*”

LIFE OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND ROYAL  
FAMILY DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

“Is not the noblest mansion nobler made,  
When 'tis entwined with glorious scenery?  
Shall not thy fairest river seem more bright,  
If on its banks sweet flowers and herbage grow?  
So does the royal head of this our realm,  
Seem more secure when chartered by the grace,  
His kindred Princes give:—'Faith 'tis good,  
To see the scions of a royal stock,  
Give proof of purest breeding.” MIDDLETON.

The departure from town of some individuals of the Royal-Family, the Duchess of KENT for the neighbourhood of Ramsgate, the Prince LEOPOLD for the continent, &c. &c. has been met by the arrival in the capital of others of the Imperial House; the Duchess and Prince GEORGE of CUMBERLAND having safely landed on the shores of the country in which the young Prince is bound to be perfected in his education, and, we hope, imbued with truly British feelings and manners. They have since been presented to, and received most kindly by his Majesty, and with the Duke and those of the royal-house of Clarence have been sojourning for awhile, the guests of the Sovereign at the Royal Lodge in “Windsor's foliaged park.” They were also present at the splendid, truly sumptuous, entertainment given by his Majesty, on the occasion of his birth-day; at which, too, were the Duke and Duchess of GLOUCESTER, Prince LEOPOLD, (who remained in town for the gratifying purpose,) the Dukes of DEVONSHIRE and DORSET, and others of the *distinguished*.

\* The statue will stand, defying time and spite of the elements, upon the summit of Snow hill, a beautiful eminence commanding a complete and extended view of the surrounding country, and situated directly in front of Windsor Castle itself. The noble pedestal on which the statue will rest, bears this inscription:—

Georgio Tertio,  
Patri Optimo,  
Georgius Rex.



The birth-day of that amiable and much esteemed lady, the Duchess of CLARENCE, (as was her's of KENT on the 17th, in the neighbourhood of her temporary sojourn), was also celebrated at Bushy on the following day, in a manner highly complimentary to, and worthy of that event; most of the members of the *Royal Family* being present. Indeed it is most gratifying to observe, upon what close terms of friendship our Princes are with each other. They are as one family, gratified in paying and receiving mutual and alternate affections and attentions. Long may this propitious order of things remain, for base, indeed, must be the heart, venal the pen, which could by insinuation or intemperance, attempt to destroy one of the most effective safeguards we possess in the dwelling-together in unity—not envying but aiding one another—of the great, the rich, the powerful, the talented among us—

“ Let him be banished to some lonesome plain,  
Or sent an exile o'er th' uncertain main,  
Who'd sever, e'en as falling autumn leaves,  
The links of love which hallow'd friendship weaves,  
Not to enchain, like slaves, each kindred friend,  
But round the good a wreath of flowers to bind.”

#### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT-CHAT, WITH THE ON DITS OF FASHION.

“ There is a hue, a soft and mellowing shade,  
Steals o'er the forest, and embrowns the glade,  
Long ere the rugged hand of winter drear,  
Tears from the wither'd branch its garments scar;  
Scarce shalt thou see it on the yellowing edge,  
Of each green leaf; and yet the certain pledge  
Is there, indeed, that the year's youth is past,  
And cold decrepitude is coming fast;  
It speaks of bright things fading, and of light,  
Shrinking away in the dark arms of night;  
It shadows forth man's ever withering state,  
With dim prophetic comment on his fate;  
It counsels hope—since things that fade on earth,  
Light, seasons, flowers, all know a second birth.”

PORTFOLIO.

As in the *natural world* so it is in ours we term FASHION'S; (we speak not of *this Magazine*, but of the persons and things it illustrates,) for if there be the fall of the leaf, the cessation of vegetation in the one; so there is the decline of gaieties, the pause of performance, at certain periods, with the other. And the *autumn*, which is the time that places a kind of withering upon each, dropping leaves and *drooping plumes*, closing flowers and *soiling feathers*, is now upon us; so that LONDON will soon be as bare of society as the forest of foliage; and, comparing this with its busy hour, as shorn of courtly company as the corn fields are denuded of their wavy crops. Still though nature's verdant robe is falling, and our finery may be said to be fading, all shall not be barren nor devoid of bounties; a pause is occasionally required in all creation to refresh or recruit; and no hour is without its uses; no skies but pour their bounties for some dwellers upon the earth. We will therefore continue to “look like the time;” and that we may do so, proceed again cheerfully to our duty, though the circle of Fashion is for awhile lessened, or has extended itself out of Town.

Notwithstanding the closing of the doors of parliament and the final fall of the green curtain at the Opera House, were signals for the departure of many distinguished families belonging to the *realm of fashion*, or who lived occasionally in the *atmosphere of politics*, there have yet been much vivacity and bustle in the walks of *high life* during the month to which we are now bidding adieu. Nay, we remember a similar period of the year when so many *stars of ton* remained in town, so long gladdening it with their beneficial influences, and keeping alive the activities of taste which must otherwise have languished for the need of nutritious patronage. A reference to our parties and balls will sufficiently attest this,

“ And place the pleasing record 'fore the eye  
That loves to glance o'er *hospitality*.”

How does the folly of flattery, like vaulting ambition, overleap itself! witness the sycophantic assertion that every time the Marchioness of LONDONERRY wears her jewels, she calculates upon losing a portion to the amount of fifteen pounds. Now, does the writer of this calculate, that like a city alderman's wife, or a lady mayoress, her ladyship uses her splendours but twice a year, and therefore deems their mutilation of little consequence? The gems, and they are “rich and rare” which this sweet and elegant pattern (the word hardly does so much grace and loveliness justice) of nobility, are like those of the *late Mrs. LONG WELLESLEY'S* (the most superb we ever beheld and many a time and oft have we seen her clasp them about her neck at WANSTEAD) unique and unrivalled in their make and style; and is it to be supposed she would not take care that their effect and appearance should continue ever dazzling and bright, and not like the beads we sometimes see strung on vulgarity, broken, unequal, unassorted? It is easy to invent a paragraph, not so easy to prove it. We hope this hint will not be thrown away upon the writer we glance at, particularly as we can assure him it has *missed its mark*, and offended rather than given delight.

We thought we had already a sufficiency of *Panoramas*, *Panharmonicons*, *Pantheons*, (not forgetting *Pan* in *Midas* as it is now character'd), but we find ourselves mistaken, SIGNOR LANZA tells us that we must positively have a “spaciously, grand, ornamented” play-house and assembly, and exhibition rooms raised on the *classic ground* where once, not “the garden smiled” but an ashes' heap rose, near *Battle-bridge*, and which is to bear the Euphonious title of “*The Panarmonion*.” MR. CRISTIE, the once famous auctioneer, was considered a pretty particularly flowery painter of situations and circumstances; MR. J. ROBINS is the now deemed so; and MESSRS. ROWLAND, HUNT AND WRIGHT—when shall such three meet again?—have hitherto prov'd themselves unrivalled in recommending blacking, poetizing oil, and panagyrizing cheap venous fluids; but a *singing master* has put them every one out of tune; he has set down the pegs which made their music, as clever as they were; he has struck the *key-note* to popularity and princely applauses, and heeding little what *discord* he may cause among the good folks of ready inventions and poetical effusions aforesaid, he has promised us a “heaven upon earth”—a “national establishment”—a “classical temple” to “front the *New Road*,” to be bounded on the West, by Argyl Street! (mercy upon us!) “and on the East, by Liverpool Street” (where are thy glories proud Regent's Park!) and to be erected on the scite of the *Ashes' heap*, *Battle-bridge*! He has promised



that this shall be done forthwith ; that the King and court shall come to it, and all be amalgamated into one delicious and harmonious whole.

Seriously this *Signor*, this teacher of *notes* (and we believe him clever) must have a strange idea of English taste to suppose that we should part with *ours* upon such a wild and visionary speculation. The situation of the place, the association of feelings it conjures up are enough to frighten every thing of grace and fashion from mentioning them, and we, therefore, conscientiously advise SIGNOR LANZA not to suffer himself to be agitated in his *dreams* by *visions* of " numerous reading rooms and refectories," or of " an institution presenting one of the most splendid and classic elevations " inasmuch as we are quite sure in his *wide awake* thoughts he cannot have imagined anything half so absurd could by possibility ever come to pass. Should he attempt the completion or commencement of this second *El Dorado*, he will actually find himself at *Battle-bridge* for it will be absolutely no place of *Peace* for him: but,

" — This *notoriety*

Like poison, make men swell, this *Speculating whim* :  
Oh, 'tis so sweet ! they'll lick it till they burst."

MALIBRAN GARCIA, the SONTAGS, and other " sweet singers of Israel " have left our hospitable and to them gold-dispensing shores for Brussels and other places, where again the harvest they love may be garnered. But we are *promised* others " as great as they " for the next season ; but as for awhile it must be " a hope deferred," let us add that *sufficient for the day* will prove its beauties ; nor make our hearts sad, that evils may come also.

The KING *they say* certainly goes to *Brighton* (just now as dull as a modern masquerade if not as vulgar) during its season : we say not, that is, we are inclined to believe the *report* about as much as we do the assertion that " it is intended to revive the vexatious system of search at all the custom houses in this country, &c."—Our fashionables are not so eager for French gloves, laces, and fripperies ; we can purchase such, of *cheaper and better quality in old England*. *Cheltenham* is, we believe, pretty gay, but we shall know shortly. The *Duke and Duchess of Coigny* and suite have been there, and so has his *Royal Highness* the DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, the Montpelier pump-room in the morning, and horse-exercise upon the Brunswick road, or on that recently made at the rear of the Rotunda, agreeing with him amazingly. COLONEL BERKELEY—claiming at length the peerage,—has given " note of preparation " for his sporting campaign ; we hope he will keep himself and his fox-hunters in their proper field of pastime. Neither the promenade or card-room at one period of the day is graced by *red coated people* in dirty boots and spurs, nor the *playhouse* at another by *amateur performers*, rant they never so unblushingly ; no, nor the *drawing-room* at night by those who are ashamed not to *stare virtue and beauty out of countenance*. There are those in this gay place, who, like the suborned slave in KNOWLES'S *Virginus*, would for certain parties

" ——— walk or run,

Sing, dance, or wag their head : do any thing  
That is most vilely done —."

and it is because we have seen the follies, vulgarities, and insolencies performed to which we have briefly, and in the way of caution alluded, that we, and in *time*, speak against their repetition.

Who can permit the *sheep to graze* in the new gardens of St. James's Park, to the obstruction of the persons who frequent them ? We may soon expect *oxen* there also ! The sheep are certainly the property of some butcher, and placed there until it is time to slaughter them. We suppose some mercenary individual derives a benefit from the privilege given to the carcase dissector ; it is, however, shameful that the walks are abridged merely for the purpose of some avaricious individual.

We have tasted Hart's Coffee, of 397, Strand, and found it excellent.

#### LOOKS INTO LITERATURE, OR BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

" Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands ; in unskilful, the most mischievous." POPE.

The bookseller in the " Citizen of the World," says of new publications : " I would no more bring a new work out in the Summer than I would sell Pork in the dog-days," and yet the novelist press has been prolific in light reading perpetrations during the August month. We will devote a line or two to those which have attracted more particularly the notice of the *exclusive world*.

" COUNT DEVEREUX—by the author of *Pelham and the Disowned*. The latter portion of the announcement is a recommendation in itself, just as one would rather dine with a pleasant friend very often, than fly to others we know not of. The present work is one which treats of war, love, ambition, " the intrigues of states, all that agitates mankind, the hope and the fear, the labour and the pleasure, the great drama of vanities, with the little interludes of wisdom, &c., &c.," and treats of these things well ; if there be a little affectation in some of the language, there is more of power. The author is evidently a man of the world, well accustomed to good society,—who indeed will deny that MR. BULWER is not ?—and has mingled with, and looked into life to benefit and profit others by the survey.

" SIR PHILIP GASTENEYS " is, like its author SIR ROGER GRESLEY, very amusing, but somewhat fantastic ; still, during the prevalence of the wet weather, it is a pleasant substitute for our horse, or a morning call ; and the characters introduced in the novel will, upon such occasions, prove not unattractive substitutes for those we would otherwise make our *matin devoirs* to.

" The Book of the BOUDOIR," a capital title, is by LADY MORGAN, and describes much of her first appearance in good society, when, as MISS OWENSON she was *flattered* by ladies, and players, and politicians with the title of " The Wild Irish Girl." With a vast deal too much of this lady's peculiar opinions on certain affairs of life, of which this magazine takes no cognizance, there is some pretty grouping in its scenes, lively language in its conversations, and truth of delineation—excusing a little caricature of Kemble, Lady Cork, and a few other " Lions," of her young day—in its characters. In fact it is a series of chit-chat, aiming at no very ambitious flight, though occasionally descending to a something verging upon a low one. There is *egotism*, but there is also life and nature about it ; if it will not be remembered like her best and first efforts, it will still be praised as the good-natured reminiscences of an industrious authoress ; and highly creditable to a lady who has passed through some difficulties, and is of a *certain*



age. Mercy upon us what have we said? It is time to conclude, for if we go on in this way the female world will be in arms against us.\*

### THE LAST VOYAGE.

Do you see that mound of earth which is raised up on the sea shore? It is connected with an anecdote which will not easily be forgotten in the village.

For in that village lived a young maiden, whose family and place of birth we are ignorant of:—even her name we were not acquainted with; but we will distinguish her by that of Mary. Her hand was promised to a young Lieutenant in the navy, and they were to be married as soon as he should obtain sufficient money by his different voyages, to support them from experiencing the difficulties attending on poverty.

During this time, it may be easily judged that Mary did not remain idle, but she sought by some employment to hasten the day of her marriage. Very soon, her lover, whom we will call Edward, thought that there was no necessity for continuing this hazardous life, and after the next voyage, which was to be the last, he might marry the woman of his choice, and follow, in his native village, some employment less perilous.

When he went to bid Mary farewell, the anguish of their separation was softened by the promise he made her, that at his return, he should never quit her again, and that he hoped then to find every thing prepared for their marriage. It was a charming perspective, and Mary gave herself up to her anticipated happiness.

Edward set forward on his voyage; he had to go on different coasts, and great and many dangers to risk: it was with much anxiety that the young maiden calculated the time which must yet elapse before his return, and to ponder on the different places he must visit. How often she feared that he would not come back time enough to escape certain winds, which were, on some neighbouring coasts, the terror of sailors, and the dread of whole families.

However, time past on its rapid march, and it may be easily imagined how occupied the youthful female was in making preparations to receive him whom she was to call her husband: the little garden, which surrounded her dwelling, had been cultivated with peculiar care; she had planted in it the choicest flowers, and the most pleasant shrubs. Every part of the house had been put in perfect order, and arranged with more than its usual neatness. She had, with her own hand, prepared and made up all those articles which are requisite in housekeeping; her curtains were ready to put up in a minute, to the windows; an open press contained all the linen; her wedding clothes only waited putting on, for the day when she should wear them as a bride. We might also paint all the joy, all the happy emotion of Mary, when her neigh-

hours came to her in haste, announcing to her that they had seen the ship of Edward approaching, with a fair wind, from that passage which had appeared so fraught with danger, and that she would see him the next day, quite escaped from peril, and returned to remain always with her. Happy were those who were the messengers of such joyful tidings, and she, also, who, in listening to them, could not doubt the sincerity of their friendship.

Nevertheless, there was a painful kind of feeling accompanying Mary's happiness, and the whole of that day passed in alternate sensations of hope and despair.

In the evening, a strong wind blew in a contrary direction against the ship, and continued to rise tremendously, as the shades of night covered the horizon in darkness.

Then it was that all the hopes of Mary were covered with a black veil; she recollected that there was no signal by which the vessel could be guided to the coast which it neared, and against the dangers which presented themselves, and her busy imagination transported her unceasingly to the midst of the raging billows, and all the fury of the storm.

The return of light served only to confirm her terrific forebodings.

No trace could be discovered of Edward's ship, except the top of a mast, which pointed out the place where the ship had gone down. What a scene of despair succeeded to this dreadful sight! The grief of Mary, however calm, was deep; the only service her friends could now bestow on her was to put from her sight, every object which might bring to her recollection hope destroyed, and that happiness which she would now never enjoy.

In the meantime the young maiden, who had remained tranquil and resigned, appeared soon after to be somewhat recovered; but she was always pale, as at the first knowledge of her misfortune, except where an ardent fever would colour her cheek. Her weakness increased daily, and her friends perceived that she was gradually dying.

She had conceived a project which gave consolation to her heart, the happy effects of which would last long after she was no more; she knew, according to unsuspected testimony, that if there had existed on the coast, a signal post, her lover would not have perished, and that the vessel on which he was on board, would have been saved. "I will take care," said she, "that henceforth, the pilots shall be forewarned of their danger: they shall know that these shores are fatal; I will have a signal-post placed there, which will save life hereafter."

She immediately sent to seek out the officers of justice belonging to the place; she made her will, and inserted a clause in it, to have the last request of a dying person fulfilled. "I desire," said she, "to be buried on the most conspicuous point of the coast: let an humble pile of earth receive my remains, and may its signal serve as a beacon to those who are unfortunate enough to come near these shores.

It was faithfully promised her, that her will should be complied with, and that idea shed some comfort on her last moments; she delighted in saying to herself, that she might yet be useful to others after her death, and guard them from a fate, which had deprived her of life.

It was there that the will of poor Mary was complied with; her mortal remains repose under that signal-post which is now to be seen on the shore, and the traveller on board the vessel which may sail happily by, recognises it with respect and gratitude.

\* It has been well said that LADY MORGAN is in error, when she states the "Old Duchess of Northumberland" to be the last who appeared in England with a running footman. The father of the late EARL of PEMBROKE (likewise the late DUKE of GLOUCESTER) to the end of their lives retained this custom. This *we ourselves* can substantiate; we have seen the running footman, conversed with him of the said EARL of PEMBROKE, and a most eccentric being he was, quite a character, as well as his master. We will prove so most likely in our next.



It is strange that the name of this unfortunate female has not been preserved: such, however, is exactly the truth; there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of this anecdote; and many beings there have been, whose name has perished with them on earth, but who have received a rich reward in heaven.

### PARTIES AND BALLS.

"See here *what costly shows!* how all around  
*Breathes rich magnificence.*"

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Notwithstanding a visible diminution of company in our end of the Town, in our public parks, and our princely halls, (we speak of the houses of nobility) the parties of the month have been of a very splendid description, and none more so than that given on the occasion of his birthday, by the Majesty of England. It was truly worthy of the illustrious host, and of the distinguished guests entertained by his hospitality, the principal of whom we have already enumerated. One feature of the banquet was, the introduction of a haron of beef of colossal size, and which we mention with gratification, since it recalled to mind the substantial and ancient hospitalities of the famous, famous days of old, when every hall was open to the deserving, and the tryste-cup was filled to chivalric performances.

Their Royal Highnesses of Cumberland have also commenced to make their inadequate dwelling as gay as its size would admit of, with the splendour of company, and the delights of the feast board; in addition to these, may be mentioned, the hospitalities of Bushy, and the hilarities of Goodwood, which, indeed, could hardly be surpassed even in King's houses, or Princely mansions.

Besides these we may speak of a Hertford's continued liberality, and a Stafford's profusion, but we are warned to be brief in our remaining matter, and to proceed at once to our mixed chronicle of joy and sadness; in other words, to dilate upon

### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

"Nay other thoughts, too, in *this brilliant sphere*  
Will sometimes operate our mirth to mar,  
To see how chang'd from many a former year  
*Death* has made those we priz'd."

ANON.

Although our motto may be considered as bearing more upon the melancholy than the cheerful side of our detail, still joy has had several very splendid triumphs during this the harvest month; indeed many most distinguished personages, the heirs to our noblest inheritances, the scions of our oldest families, the flowers of our ancient houses, have been married and given in marriage under auspices of the cheeriest description. Will not this be universally admitted when we mention the union of MR. CAVENDISH M. P., the heir to the splendid title of DEVONSHIRE, with the accomplished, the elegant LADY BLANCHE HOWARD; and that of the young, the liberal, the esteemed DUKE OF BUCCLEUGH, Scotia's hope and pride, and the LADY CHARLOTTE THYNNE, the beautiful, the amiable daughter of the MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF BATH, a being of virtue truly calculated not only to do honour to the clan and castles of her liege lord, but to make his heart happy and his home a temple of delight and the

social sympathies: yet another splendid alliance is constituted by the marriage of the HONOURABLE CAPTAIN RAMSDEN, 9th Lancers, with the HONOURABLE MISS FREDERICK LAW, daughter of the late and sister of the present EARL OF ELLENBOROUGH. The ceremony took place at Cambridge House, the mansion of the DOWAGER LADY ELLENBOROUGH, where in the evening a most splendid banquet was given in honour of the joyous event.

We have mentioned these distinguished alliances somewhat pithily, inasmuch as they have not only been noticed with considerable prolixity in the public prints of the day, but also had pleasant justice done to them by our lively correspondent the "Blue-belle;" and we therefore pass now to a drearier enquiry, and to mourn over the funeral urn of the great and the good, who have been recently taken from us; and now

"Wept o'er by friends, unconscious, wakeless lie,  
In the cold grave, pale and silently."

Numerous will be those who shall sorrow for the death of FRANCES MARCHIONESS OF CHATHAM, who departed from this to a brighter world, that where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, on the 7th instant, at Bayham Abbey; so also will tears flow that the excellent relict of the late *Lieutenant General HARRIS INNES*, R. M. can no more glad her friends with those smiles she was so fond to dispense, or make her hearths blaze cheerfully in the cause of hospitality. Grief too, will have its way that the covetous tomb has closed over the remains of the amiable niece of the DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CLONMELL, and of HARRIET, the talented wife of CAPTAIN MURRAY, R. N.; one whose virtues would justly warrant a husband to place over the spot of her repose, the somewhat elegant memorial with which we close our present record.

"Yes, here my HARRIET rest thy hallow'd head,  
Till the dread hour when graves give up their dead,  
Then burst the cerements of the silent tomb  
And mount to realms where virtues ever bloom;  
There to obtain the prize thy life-hood sought,  
An *angel's rest*, by *angel-actions bought*."

### THE DRAMA.

The *first* of the month was the *last* triumph of the *Italian Opera*, till Time, in its certain course, brings back to us another Season for the prosecution of those amusements which more exclusively belong to the higher ranks of society. The concluding representation was *Cimarosa's* ssericus opera, generally deemed his *chef d'œuvre*, "*Gli Orazj e Curiazj*," which has, till now, been suffered to remain for some years a sealed production to the admirers of the composer, in this country.

Although the substitution of MADAME PISARONI for MALIBRAN, considering the character of the music to belong to the quality of voice possessed by the latter, rather than the former, was to be regretted, we must still give the lady who sustained the arduous personation of the heroine, great praise for the alternate force and tenderness of her acting, and the passion and truth which frequently attached themselves to her musical execution. DONZELLI and CURIONI were the representatives of the Roman and the Alban warriors; most nobly did they sustain themselves, and most truly did they embody the cunning, the interest, the



melody of the scene. Their duet at the close of the first act was admirably given, and enthusiastically applauded; as was the concluding scena of PISARONI and *Marco Orazio*, (DONZELLI) in which the lady acquitted herself with very commendable effect.

At the conclusion of the Opera, which we shall look to hear repeated, the National Anthem was sung, a circumstance which we mention the more willingly from remembering the very ardent and correct style with which the solos were delivered by Mademoiselle BLASIS,

“—— her many spells of tone  
We would, in after years, recall again.”

Whilst the affairs of one great theatre is in melancholy jeopardy, and those of another being moulded into forms of promise, for a future, and we hear, daring campaign, inasmuch as Mr. PRICE is busy in the provinces, looking for those whose worth shall be warrant for their welcome hither, the “Summer theatres” are reaping, we conceive, a crop of content fully commensurate with their expectations at this decidedly thinning period of the town. May the sickle of the husbandman produce a return equally profitable to the tiller of the soil; and may the *full houses* of the managers be paralleled by the joyous fulfilments of many a cheerful and satisfactory *harvest-home*.

Opera and melo-drame, alternately triumph at the *English Opera*; farce, interlude, and three-act comedy at the *Haymarket*; but both establishments give us occasionally performances which keep sober people too long out of their beds, relaxing and fatiguing with repletion and *ennui*, rather than bracing us with cheerfulness and satisfaction. In our last we endeavoured to do justice to all of novelty that had been produced at either of these houses; we have now briefly to notice “*The Witness*,” a piece written to embrace the powerful talents of FANNY KELLY, and to place her in situations of that peculiar and painful interest, of which she, more than any other living actress, so well knows how to avail herself. This *melo-drame* is neither new in plot, nor clever in construction; but it yet possesses, in its progress, certain trying and mysterious events, which are sure to captivate *the many*, if cleverly illustrated, and forcibly introduced; and we have rarely seen these points more admirably accomplished than by the performers engaged in the entertainment, inasmuch as, independent of her who may justly be called “the matchless she,” we should mention as entitled to great praise, Messrs. J. VINING, PERKINS, O. SMITH, and the representative of “*The Witness*,” Mr. BAKER. To none of these will apply the sarcasm of Shakespeare;

“—— This is some fellow

Who, having been prais'd by bluntness, doth affect  
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb  
*Quite from his nature;*”

the contrary of this will be the true character of the performances of those we mention, not forgetting the clever little pair, (those quaintest comedians,) KEELEY and his SPOUSE.

Almost as we pen this, another novelty has been produced, and with complete success. It is called the “*Spring Lock*,” its events are pretty equally balanced between tragic and comic incidents, and it is the production of that fertile manufacturer, sometimes, perhaps, *inventor* of dramas, Mr. PEAKE. The main incident of the piece is not, however, new, it being *stolen* from a pretty poem in ROGER's “*Italy*,” in which a young and fair creature perishes on

the morn of her bridal-day by the closing of *the lock* of a large trunk into which she had, from very flightiness, placed herself. Here the trunk is turned into the lady's oratory, and the “*Spring Lock*” is the principal performer which keeps her prisoner. There is some exceedingly *taking* music by RODWELL, and it is ably executed by the performers. KEELEY and O. Smith, rival quacks, have very droll parts assigned them, and they fool them admirably to the “very top of their bent.” We have rarely seen either of these originals with more satisfaction; or a piece, taken as a whole, better suited to “cheat the time with fairest show.”

“*The Happiest day of my Life*,” produced to fit LISTON, and “*Quite Superfluous*” to set a new garb upon JOHN REEVE, at the *Haymarket*, are both translations, or adaptations, (their authors may select the term which least displeases them) from foreign sources; and by the aid of clever acting are amusing *bayatelles* enough; such indeed as become Summer theatres, being like their season, short, if not sweet. This writing, however, for *particular actors*, is fast driving all hopes of a restoration of good, sound, home-born, *English-creuted* comedy from the stage, and, therefore, although we cannot choose but laugh at LISTON's exclusive nature, and REEVE's peculiar oddity, we still “sigh for the days that are gone,” and pray in vain, for the spirit of a SHERIDAN; or even the ghost of an “As you Like it,” or a “School for Scandal.” But imitation and *copyism*, nursed by *mannerism*, are the besetting sins of those who seem to have been constituted the “mob of gentlemen who write with ease” for our theatres; and well indeed, they may, since they have only to go through a schoolboy's task, and *translate*; and as we cannot drive, we fear, the *mania* from stage-constitutions, all we shall add further on the subject is, that such “low ambition”

“—— shews a pitiful taste  
In those who pamper it.”

Other attractions than those to which we have briefly alluded to, are promised, and if but in the proof, they at all bear out what we really are led to believe from their promises—and in this case we speak neither vainly nor unadvisedly,—we shall not have to say that we laid our money out when we paid it at the box-door (who would venture down the *Avernus*-looking abyss at the *Haymarket*, or the dilapidated ruinous entrance to the Pit at the *English Opera*?) upon a barren hope, or aided thereby to increase the wealth of a treasury which paid you neither in interest nor improvement, a gratifying return.

Those who make it a practice to roam “from playhouse to playhouse each night in the week,” have now a sufficiency of nutrition even at those theatres which are called the *lesser ones* to support the *stamina* of their likings; for our own parts, we who approve of varying our amusements, and have ceased to deem the “painted scene” and “actor's garb of woe” (or mirth) the only recreations palatable to our taste, are content to take from report, (and we must confess, with respect to the *Coburg, Surrey and Co.* it has not been an “Evil” one) the character of their representations. One of these days we may possibly flatter them with a separate or detailed notice; may when

“—— it is our pleasure to walk forth,  
And air ourselves a little—”

we will even look in upon these establishments and their actors, and report truly, fairly, and we shall be glad to add, kindly, of them,

“Merely for recreation, not constraint.”



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR SEPT., 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

## PLATE THE FIRST.

## COSTUME OF ALL NATIONS.—NO. 42.

## VENETIAN.

It is a well-known saying, that those who have seen Venice have seen all that in this world is worth seeing. Among its highest attractions, and what we are disposed to consider as the very first, are its beautiful females: the fine Italian contour of face, the sparkling eye, the rosy lip, and regular, yet expressive features, are all considerably set off by a costume, still bearing the peculiar feature of the republic, though perfectly accordant with the improved attire of the most polished circles in other European states.

The dress is of white Italian silk, elegantly painted over in detached bouquets of different coloured flowers: this robe is open on one side of the skirt, discovering underneath, a petticoat of corn-flower-blue satin; and the edges of the robe at this opening are finished by an entwined rouleau of light blue and yellow. The corsage is made plain, and round the tucker part of the bust, and down the front of the body, *en guimpe*, is a larger of corn-flower-blue satin. This, on gala days, is studded with differently-coloured gems; but on a dress of less ceremony these ornaments are of embossed silk embroidery. A girdle, of the same kind encircles the waist, and is fastened in front with a superb cameo. The sleeves fit close to the arm, and are of corn-flour-blue satin, slashed *à l'Espagnole*, with the slashes, which are small, filled in by white silk. Very broad bracelets of gold and rubies encircle the wrists. Over this sleeve hangs that elegant appendage called the Venetian sleeve, which is always the same as the robe, and edged round by narrow gold lace. The head-dress is composed of a diadem of different coloured gems, from which issues a coronet of ears of corn in gold, and over each temple is a bouquet of blue corn-flowers. A baudeau of gold, with a ruby in the centre, crosses the forehead. The ear-pendants are of Turquoise-stones and gold; and the necklace of different coloured gems, set in gold, *à l'Antique*; from the centre depends a Girandole ornament of the same materials. A fan formed of white feathers completes this elegant and becoming costume.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of white muslin, richly embroidered in points at the border: each of these points inclose the work by a very full *rûche*, formed of thread tulle; thus making a conspicuous Vandyck border of rich points. The dress is made high; and though the body is slightly *en gerbe*, it is embroidered in a very splendid manner. A pointed zone confines it at the waist. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, with bracelets of dark braided hair, fastened with a gold heart: above this bracelet is a cuff, in Vandycked points, trimmed with a

*rûche* of narrow tulle. A triple ruff of lace encircles the throat. The bonnet is of pale pink satin, and is trimmed under the brim with long and broad points of figured ribbon, pink and Spanish brown. Strings of the same kind of ribbon float over the shoulders. The crown of the bonnet is ornamented with pink satin, *en fers de Cheval*, stiffened, and discovering between the interstices full bouquets of pink fancy flowers, without foliage.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of spring green *crêpe Aerophane*, with a broad border beautifully painted in different, but suitable colours to the green, so that good taste is not offended by the association of tints too glaring; the part next the shoe consists in a pattern of small spots of deep and rich red; and over this, which forms a broad border, is a full, but very delicate wreath of foliage and flowers, somewhat resembling the barberry foliage and its fruit; the leaves are, however, of a green, several shades darker than the dress. The body is full *à l'enfant*, and is made low, particularly at the shoulders: but the bust is very delicately shielded by a transparent tucker of tulle, edged by narrow blond, which draws across the lower part of the neck: from this three rows of blond form a falling tucker, divided from that which draws, by a narrow rouleau of yellow and red satin. The sleeves are *à l'imbecille*, confined at the wrist by a bracelet, fastened by a cameo. The hair is arranged in curls on each side of the face, parted on the forehead, and short at the ears; the curls are rather large. The bows of hair on the summit of the head, are arched, and *à la serpent*. Three puffs of green *crêpe Aerophane*, tastefully disposed, constitute all the ornament. The ear-pendants are of gold, *en Girandoles*, and the necklace consists of two rows of gold chain, with large, round links. The shoes are of satin, the colour of the dress.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## A MORNING DRESS.

A wrapping pelisse of white Organdy, faced and bordered by a broad hem, over the head of which is a wreath of delicate embroidery in light colours. Body *en gerbe*, with a pelerine of muslin, trimmed round with the same, laid in small plaits, and the trimming finished at the edge by narrow lace. The waist encircled by a rose-coloured sash, tied in front with long ends. The sleeves are *à l'imbecille*, confined at the wrist by a cuff or wrist-band, ornamented on each side by raised buttons: this band is surmounted by an elegantly fluted ornament of lace. A falling double frill-ruff of lace surrounds the throat. A cornette of blond is worn under a small Livinia hat of fine leghorn, lined with rose-colour, and tied with rose-ribbon. Half-boots of Nankiu.



## A MORNING PROMENADE DRESS.

A pelisse of celestial-blue Jacanot muslin; the facings down each side of the front scalloped, and edged by narrow lace; on the facings are flowers, embossed, in white silk embroidery. The body made tight to the shape, with sleeves à la *Mameluke*, confined at the wrist by a full double ruffle of lace. Double fan mancherons edged with narrow lace. Hat of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with lemon-coloured ribbon, edged with blue. A bandeau and rosette of the same ribbon is placed under the brim. A white blond veil is worn with this hat. A petticoat of embroidered muslin is worn under the above pelisse.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—*Back view of a Bonnet*.—This bonnet is of white *gros de Naples*, with a pink crown, and pink ribbons with black hair stripes at the edge: a rich broad blond, wide enough for a curtain veil, is placed at the edge of the brim.

FIG. 2.—*Second back view of a Bonnet*.—Bonnet of lilac-coloured *gros de Naples*; with a *rûche* of white blond at the edge of the brim. The bonnet trimmed with white gauze ribbon, and ornamented with double white larkspurs.

FIG. 3.—*Carriage-Hat*—Of light coloured corded silk, of a brown cast; the hem ornamented underneath with a bandeau, terminated at each end by a rosette: the hat is elegantly ornamented with flowers in a spiral direction.

FIG. 4.—*Dress-Hat*—Of corn-flower blue satin, with two bird-of-paradise plumes, one placed under the brim, and rising over the crown; the other placed at the base of the crown, on the opposite side.

N. B.—Back view of the same hat.

## PLATE THE THIRD.

## AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of fine India muslin, ornamented at the border by two rows of stripes, consisting of detached flowers, worked in embroidery of different colours; these are each finished by a fringe of correspondent tints. The body is made with *fichu*-robings in front, of fine lace; and across the upper part of the bust is a drapery à la *Sevigné*. The waist is encircled by a rich white ribbon, one of which is jonquil, the other ethereal-blue, which are the most predominant colours in the embroidery. The sleeves are à l'*imbecille*, with very full quillings of lace at the cuff, standing up towards the arm: the *mancherons* are double, à la *Psyche*, and are of fine lace; on each shoulder are ends of the same ribbon as the sash, forming a rosette: just below the throat is a full, double ruff, of lace of cobweb texture. The hair is arranged in very full clusters of curls, on each side of the face, and brought close together, and formed into a *corbeille* on the summit of the head; this is divided from the front hair by a diadem of wrought gold, ornamented with pearls. The ear-pendants are of gold.

N. B. A back view of the same dress in pink muslin, with white *canezou* spencer.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of mignonette-leaf-green *gros de Naples*, with a very broad hem round the border, headed by a *rouleau* in chain-work. *Canezou* spencer of white muslin, with sleeves à la *Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by a cuff, with double lace ruffles on each side; these are divided from each other by a bracelet of dark hair fastened by a Cameo. A pelerine of tulle embroidered *en colonnes*, is bordered by a

double trimming of broad lace of a Vandyck pattern, and is surmounted at the throat by a full ruff, made of several rows of narrow lace. Cottage bonnet of satin, the colour, canary yellow, trimmed with pink *gros de Naples*, and ribbon; the bonnet ties close under the chin. The half-boots are of green silk.

## A SECOND WALKING DRESS.

A dress of *jacanot* muslin, with a border of the oriental kind, richly embroidered above a hem of moderate breadth. The corsage à l'*enfant*, with a plaiting of tulle across the tucker part of the bust. Sleeves à l'*imbecille*, with a very full and broad ruffle on the left arm, and on the right a cuff, with a black velvet bracelet, clasped by a cameo head set in gold.

## HEAD AND BUST OF A WALKING DRESS.

A *canezou* spencer of muslin, with a pelerine of the same, trimmed round with very broad lace, of a rich Vandyck pattern; the pelerine embroidered in stripes, and surmounted by a full ruff of narrow lace; under which is a *fronçé* cravat of ethereal blue and jonquil; a bow and pointed ends of each colour in front. A hat of fine straw, lined with pink, with a bandeau and rosettes of the same colour under the brim. The crown ornament with bows of broad pink ribbon, with hair-stripes of black.

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A pelisse of white or of some light-coloured lawn, or *jacanot* muslin, trimmed down the front of the skirt where it closes with ornaments *en fers de cheval*; when the pelisse is white these ornaments are of fluted lace; when coloured they are generally of the same material as the dress. In the hollow made by the horse-shoe, is a narrow strap fastening by a gold buckle. The body is made quite plain, and fits tight to the shape; the waist encircled by a belt, with an oblong gold buckle. The sleeves are à la *Mameluke*, and are confined at the wrist by a cuff, with double ruffles of lace at each side, and these are divided by a bracelet of dark hair, fastened by a simple gold slide. A muslin pelerine is worn over the shoulders, with a double full trimming at the edge, of fluted muslin; the pelerine fastens down the front by small gold buttons, and is surmounted by a triple ruff of lace. The hat is of white chip, elegantly trimmed with gauze ribbons.

N. B. A back view, half length, of the same dress.

## A DINNER DRESS (ASITTING FIGURE).

A dress of very light fawn coloured *gros de Naples*, with two flounces round the border of the skirt, edged and headed by scarlet *chenille*. The corsage à l'*Edith*, finished by narrow *rouleau*-binding of scarlet satin. Sleeves à la *Mameluke*, confined at the wrists by broad, light cuffs, fastened by two buttons: on the right wrist, a broad, plain bracelet of gold: the dress made square in front of the bust, and cut very low from the shoulders. Hat of white *gros de Naples*, trimmed with broad gauze ribbon with satin stripes, and on the right side with a full bouquet of red and white full-blown *Provence* roses, their buds and foliage, with a few very light coloured blue-bells. Half-boots of *gros de Naples*, the same colour as the dress. Pearl-grey gloves. Necklace formed of a chain of gold with *Girandole* ornament.



## A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of striped Indian taffety; the stripes lilac, on a white ground, with a broad hem round the border, headed by a fringe of lilac and white. Sleeves à l'imbecille, with an ornament at the wrist of richly embroidered tulle; beneath this, next the hand is a bracelet of white and gold enamel. A *fichu* pelerine of fine tulle, splendidly embroidered, and trimmed round with two broad, full frills of superb lace, the ends drawn through the sash is worn with this dress; it is surmounted next the throat by a double French ruff of lace, and is fastened in front with a rosette of white satin ribbon. The bonnet is of white crape, ornamented under the brim by rosettes of white satin, and crowned by large French marigolds, and their foliage. A parasol of dark grass green, is generally carried with this dress.

N.B.—A back view of the same figure, in light fawn-colour, or *Jaune-vapeur*: the bonnet trimmed with white ribbon, with blue stripes.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS, FOR SEPTEMBER, 1829.

The "World of Fashion" in the country differs materially from that in London; the same luxury, however, is found in the various apartments of the spacious mansions belonging to our nobility and gentry, during their summer recess; and on the ottomane in the boudoir, is carelessly thrown the costly and valuable shawl from the valley of Cachemire. In advancing to the smaller drawing-room, instead of finding a fantastic lady, arrayed in all the extreme of fashion, we behold a young and artless beauty, the wife or daughter of the owner of the domain, who, though environed by all that is magnificent, is often seen at nine in the morning, clad in a simple wrapping pelisse of white lawn, with a large Dunstable bonnet: such is the morning dress of most ladies of fashion in the country, for, wonderful to relate, she has just returned, at that hour, from an early morning walk, totally changed in her habits, as well as in her costume, from what she was in London.

But behold the same lady at a splendid dinner-party of ceremony, or evening party, a festive ball, or elegant *fête*, given on some family anniversary, at the public breakfast, or *fête champêtre*; then we behold again, though with some alteration in the style of costume to that which heretofore prevailed in London, the woman of high fashion; every charm set off by the auxiliaries of blond and jewels, flowers, so beautifully executed, that they want only the fragrance of their native perfume, to render them equal to Flora's choicest treasures, and all the labours of the loom employed in the unrivalled fabrication of figured gauzes, summer satins, and in brocaded and painted silks.

Of the last mentioned article, we have seen three dresses, finished for a beautiful mother, and her two blooming daughters; the ground of this rich material was of a charming and chaste colour, between a lavender and a *tourterelle*; over this was a running pattern, appearing like rich embroidery, of the most brilliant colours, representing roses of a diminutive size, in full bloom, and of different shades, with foliage of glossy and bright green: any elaborate kind of trimming at the border, would have destroyed the beauty of this splendid silk; one broad bias fold, therefore, constituted all the ornament; the body was slightly *en gerbe*, and the sleeves, though quite wide enough to be fashionable, had in them nothing *outré*. A

dress of light lavender satin has appeared at a dinner-party, with deep flounces of rich white blond; the short sleeves were wide, cut in bias, and fluted; the body à la *Circassienne*. Chintz dresses, for home costume, are made with long and wide sleeves, with the corsage in drapery. White muslin dresses, particularly those of a clear kind, are much in request for afternoon attire, for young ladies. Among the several new dresses lately dispatched by Mrs. BELL to a distinguished family near Cheltenham, is a very beautiful one of pink *crêpe-Aerophane*, an article now in high favour for evening parties, and for the rural ball; it was superbly ornamented with bias folds and white blond; yet this rich trimming was perfectly light, and well adapted to the season: the corsage was finished at the back, and in front of the bust *en chevrons brèves*. Printed striped muslins are in high favour; the patterns are of very brilliant colours, in detached bouquets of flowers. The bodice of these dresses are made with a stomacher in front, and lace behind.

Many of the long sleeves are now made à l'*Amadis*, but even these are too wide at the top of the arm, till below the elbow, whence they fall in ample folds; the other part is tight to the arm.

The manner of arranging the hair is in plaited braids and bows. Dress hats of white crape are ornamented with white plumage, in a very tasteful manner, sometimes with three very long white ostrich feathers; but the most admired fashion consists in a number of short feathers, playing gracefully over the hat. Blond caps are much worn in half-dress; and are very elegantly ornamented with gauze ribbon, but very few flowers are now worn in caps. A toque of pale blue satin, with a superb white plumage, was lately seen on the head of a lady of high rank, and excited much admiration. When flowers are worn on the hair, they are chiefly those of the harvest-kind; a few scarlet poppies, and ears of ripe corn, with two or three blue corn flowers; but nothing is reckoned more elegant on the hair, at dress parties, especially if the hair is dark, than a few strings of pearls, negligently entwined among the tresses; this, however, is only suited to young ladies; married females of distinction, particularly middle-aged ladies, always wear, either caps of rich blond, tastefully made, turbans, or *bérets*; dress hats, though still in favour, have not been so prevalent this summer, as they were for the last two years. The *bérets* are most admired when of pale pink crape, and are worn either with or without feathers, according to the particular style of dress; the turbans are generally white, and are very wide and short at the ears; the same rules as to ornament may be observed with the turbans as the *bérets*.

Several hats of coloured crape have been seen in carriages: they are ornamented with white blond, and a few flowers of the autumnal season. Bonnets of pink *gros de Naples* are in high estimation; the brims are large, and very *evassée*; flowers of the same material, or of satin, of the fancy kind, are beautifully grouped together, and ornament the crown in front, and on the right side; very broad strings of gauze ribbon, richly figured, are slightly fastened below the chin, and the ends depend as low as the belt round the waist, having the appearance, in front, of an elegant throat-scarf. A favourite bonnet for the promenade is of straw-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed with bows of the same colour, with satin stripes of Parma-violet, a white blond at the edge, set on almost straight, or a *radche* of the two mingled colours in the ribbon, completes



the trimming on these bonnets, which are of the close cottage style; some ladies have no trimming at the edge of the bonnet, but wear either a black or white long veil; these head-coverings seem so characteristic of the modest demeanour of an Englishwoman, at the morning promenade, that we cannot but regard them with much pleasure, and wish that, with that native taste which is the peculiar portion of every delicate mind, they would not be such servile imitators of foreign fashions, even when disfiguring and ridiculous, but shew how capable they are of elegant invention, and of becoming patterns to others: these last mentioned bonnets are a proof of it; there is no French lady can be deemed a woman of fashion, if she does not wear such an one in her morning walks, and they are named in Paris *Capotes Anglaises*.

The way of ornamenting hats under the brims, is generally by a twisted bandeau of gauze ribbon across, terminating at each end by a rosette, which is thus placed over each temple; the strings, which float loose, are generally fringed at the ends. Many hats and bonnets of white watered *gros de Naples* are lined with coloured satin.

In regard to out-door costume, it is now rather in an undecided state; the silk pelisses are generally trimmed with narrow *riches*, or made quite plain, but in this there is nothing novel. Black velvet pelerine-mantelets, of an entire new form, with the ends dependent to the feet, have already appeared; they are pointed behind, and the point concealed under the sash, from whence they slope gracefully to each shoulder, and set off the shape, instead of disguising it, like the former round pelerine; they are lined with slight satin, of some bright colour. Very elegant mantles of the *demi-saison* kind are in preparation for September, and will be much in request towards the latter part of the month.

The colours most admired are the marshmallow-blossom, pink, ethereal-blue, sage-leaf-green, amber, and straw-colour.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—One of the most admired ornaments on a white chip hat is a large poppy of pale pink. Some white chip hats are lined with cherry-coloured crape, and adorned with a bouquet of cherry-coloured feathers. A hat, ornamented with a branch of purple fox-gloves, and ribbons of lilac gauze, is trimmed under the brim *à la fiancée*, by a broad fluted ribbon.

A lady has been seen with a hat of white crape, ornamented with blond; a long branch of wild roses,—the white eglantine,—after having been carried round the crown, laid over the brim; beneath, and half over the brim, was a branch of rose-buds.

Double coquelicots made of feathers, and other red flowers, in bunches, are very favorite ornaments on Leghorn hats.

The most general way of trimming a Leghorn hat is to place in front of the crown five long white feathers; two at the base, two a little higher, and the fifth another stage higher. On hats of crape is seen a bouquet on the right side of the crown, formed of roses and jessamine. The strings are trimmed with narrow blond.

At the public sitting of the Royal Institution was seen a straw hat, ornamented with a long branch of the sensitive

plant, at the end of which was perched a bird with blue wings. A new way of ornamenting the brim of a hat, consists in plaiting the material instead of spreading it out, and thus forming a kind of fan, either to the right or to the left.

Some bonnets of corded silk have a blond at the edge, not full at all, but set on straight; this blond is very narrow. A large bow is placed in front of the crown, edged round in the same manner with blond; white chip hats are often seen ornamented with a branch of gilliflowers, or of marsh-mallow blossoms.

Hats formed of ribbons sewn together are very numerous; some of them have a blond which is in lieu of the last row of ribbon round the brim; it is sustained on one side of the head by a ribbon fluted like a fan and fastened round the caul, and round the brim is a plaited ribbon, which is supported by wired ribbon. The crown is trimmed with a few light bows. There have been seen some very pretty bonnets of blue crape, trimmed with bows of white gauze ribbon, and surrounded by a demi-veil of blond. Some chip hats are lined with cherry-colour or *jaune-vapeur*; a broad ribbon forms a bow on the crown, from whence descend long ends which form the strings; these hats are copied from the last new English hats *à la Lavinia*.

**WHALEBONE HATS.**—For these few last years it seems that a taste for whatever is extraordinary has become prevalent, particularly since the genius of our romance-writers, and the sight of wonderful animals have placed all that before us. To amuse our imagination, we have seen much variety to attract our attention: we had a Cameleopard, a monstrous and learned elephant, and a great whale has been brought from the sea.

Fashion, upheld by coquetry and impressed by grateful feelings, has found in the ruins of these objects ornaments to charm us. From the teeth of the elephant she has formed a thousand graceful trinkets to decorate the dress of an elegant female; the thimble to guard her finger, and the fan to conceal a secret smile. No less ingenious now to comprehend all the advantages which may be derived from whalebone, she has reduced its gigantic beard into a tissue more fresh and delicate than any which has ever yet shaded the forehead of a pretty woman. The praise, which it is our duty to bestow on an intention so new and so whimsical will be justified by the success which must attend it when it is known, and the annals of fashion will long preserve the remembrance of the *whalebone-gauze*, as a triumph of skill, taste, and originality. We who are ever searching after all that is novel, partisans of all that is graceful, we take upon ourselves to inform the fashionable world that the whalebone hats are indicative of the most charming fancy that has evinced itself for a long period of time; that their transparency, their lightness, their beautiful tints, form a composition the most advantageous to the countenance, to which they give grace and elegance; and the eye will feel less wonder in looking at the monstrous cetaceous mass extended over the place Louis XV. than in seeing on the sofa of some sumptuous boudoir, beside of an Indian Cachemire shawl and a veil of English lace, a hat of whalebone.

**OUT-DOOR COSTUME.**—Pelerines, the same as the dress, are much admired for the promenade; they are made very plain.

Lawn pelerines are plaited in such a way as to leave an interval of half-an-inch between every row of plaiting; these lines or rows are about half a finger's breadth, and



form a very elegant stripe. This is called *plaiting in the style of music-paper*.

Women of fashion who will not wear a large Cachemire shawl at this season of the year, and who find that a scarf put on boa fashion, is rather too light these cool evenings, adopt a small shawl, called a *Tunis-shawl*; the ground of which is figured over in bouquets of striking colours; or a *Moresco-shawl* of lively colours and whimsical designs, either in Thibet, worsted, or silk; the latter is called a *Chinese-shawl*, on account of the treillage work in the pattern of the border, and the flowers on the ground. A French Cachemire shawl has appeared, which cost four thousand franks. Above the border formed of palm-leaves, on variegated squares, is a kind of railing of the most delicate workmanship, at each of the four corners are claws beautifully executed.

The silk most approved of for carriage or dress pelisses, is *gros des Indes*; of a changeable colour, or what is called shot silk.

The newest white canezou-spencers, worn with coloured skirts, are called *à la Polonoise*; the canezou has flaps behind like those of a lancer's jacket, the back is flat and plain; no sash is worn with these.

**DRESSES.**—Young persons wear plain white dresses in almost every style of costume: even the princesses adopt this charming simplicity, and the sole ornament is a bouquet of harvest flowers placed in the sash. At times are seen on those ladies who have good sense enough not to be carried away by a ridiculous fashion, sleeves fitting almost close to the arm, particularly from the elbow to the wrist: but the *imbecilles*, however horrible their denomination, seem likely to be general during the summer.

Canezous of white jaconot muslin with petticoats of coloured silk, and a sash of striped ribbon, are very general.

The sleeves of dresses, in general, are so remarkably wide that they hang over the hips: at the top they are laid in flat regular plaits.

White dresses are cut very low on the shoulders, especially those worn at evening parties in the country. Besides the fringe which borders the dress as high as the knees, another fringe surrounds the bust. These fringes now, instead of the head being netted, have one closely woven, of about a finger's breadth. Of the beautiful material called Cachemire velvet, there has been a dress prepared for the espousals of the Princess of Bavaria; it had broad stripes of emerald-green, on which was a Gothic design in black, another white stripe, in which were interwoven large Cachemire flowers. The trimming of this dress consisted of broad bias folds, cut in long sharp points, surrounded by a blond of three fingers' breadth, set on very full at the edges. The sleeves were *en bérêt*, and were also trimmed with bias in points, edged with blond: the corsage in drapery.

Dresses of satin and of various kinds of silk are trimmed with entwined *rouleaux* formed of satin and blond.

Several mantles are of velvet of different colours.

At a brilliant *fête* which lately took place at Tivoli, her Royal Highness Madame wore a dress of green tissue, with a stomacher. Many ladies had the broad hems at the border of their dresses, headed by a deep fringe.

A dress of rose-coloured crape for dress-evenings at the theatre, was much admired lately; the corsage was in form of a heart, the sleeves short, and frilled with blond.

At all the performances at the Opera, which are regularly attended, the present simplicity of dress prevails:

plain white dresses are most in favor. When the transparent dress of a lady of fashion is such as not to be called *grande parure*, her slip underneath is of cambric-muslin, very highly glazed; under *barège* dresses it has quite the effect of satin. Changeable silks are very fashionable; blue, shot with green, is much in favor; in different lights it appears to be of one of those colours or the other.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—Wreaths of flowers placed on the hair are in the form of half-coronets. The dress-hats worn at the theatres are of white crape ornamented with roses and blue feathers. Small caps with blond crowns are ornamented in front with a kind of wreath formed of cut ribbon.

Several young females have their hair arranged in the Chinese fashion. One row of pearls crosses the forehead, and is certainly the best kind of ornament for this kind of *coiffure*.

At rural balls young married females, to distinguish themselves from the *demoiselles*, wear, on a hat of Leghorn, two long white feathers, which, agitated by the movements of the dance, stand up, so that the tips turn over the crown of the hat. A bow of ribbon fastens these feathers on the right side of the crown.

Dress hats are of white chip, ornamented with flowers and small feathers, and of coloured crape, particularly rose-colour, adorned with plumage. At the representation of *Guillaume Tell*, a lady was observed with several cordons of pearls entwined among her tresses. A *Chevalier*, in coloured stones, was wound twice round the head. In several head-dresses of hair were seen roses towering over the curls on the summit of the head. Two *esprits*, forming a V, were placed on the hair of a lady whose head-dress was in the English style; on one side a *madonna* band, on the other a cluster of curls. Two birds of Paradise, with long streaming tails, formed an X on a *coiffure*, composed of plaits of different sizes. This head-dress had, for a bandeau four rows of pearls, and in the centre a cameo set round with diamonds.

Head-dresses of hair are ornamented at the opera with strings of pearls or chains of gold. In home costume, caps are worn of English point lace. The patterns on toques of figured gauze, consist of vine or of ivy-leaves; on the right is a bouquet of three or five feathers.

**JEWELLERY.**—Some ladies wear under the cuffs of their sleeves, narrow bracelets which fasten by a clasp of *or mat*. These, while they dine, they push up to the middle of the arm to keep up the sleeve, which, from its enormous size, would else infallibly dip into every dish it might have come in contact with.

Sometimes bracelets are worn over the cuff, and represent small serpents in gold; the head descends over the hand, and seems to fasten the glove, while the tail winds up the arm and prevents the sleeve from falling over the wrist.

There are few pretty hands now which do not support the weight of a large massive ring of antique style.

Very long ear-pendants are yet in favor.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Half-boots and shoes are either of lady-bird-brown, Spanish-fly-green, or pearl-grey; the shoes are cut very low at the quarters.

Pocket-handkerchiefs of lawn, with the corners embroidered in gold, are much used by the higher classes. The most elegant have a wreath of small pinks just above the hem.



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LXIV.—English Earls.

## HERVEY, EARL OF BRISTOL.

William Hervey, of Ickworth, died in the year 1538, leaving a son, John, ancestor of the Earls of Bristol, and Sir Nicholas, who was ancestor of William, created Baron Hervey, in Ireland, in 1620, and Baron Hervey, of Kidbrook, in Kent, in 1528; but dying without issue male, in 1642, the titles became extinct. John, the eldest son, was ancestor of John Hervey, created Baron Hervey of Ickworth, in 1703, and Earl of Bristol, in 1714. He was born on the 4th of August, 1666, and married on the 1st of November, 1686, Isabella, daughter and heir of Sir Robert Carr, and by her had issue, Carr, Lord Hervey, born September 17th, 1691, but who died unmarried. After this son two daughters were born, with the youngest of whom the mother died in childbed, and his Lordship married, secondly, in 1695, Elizabeth, sole daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton, of Playford, in Suffolk, Bart. by Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of James Howard, third Earl of Suffolk, which gave a claim to the Barony of Howard de Walden, which descended to the grandson and heir of the late Lord Hervey. He had also issue, John, Lord Hervey, made Baron Hervey, during the lifetime of his father.

The first Earl of Bristol had several daughters; but none of his sons surviving him, George-William, his grandson, became

*Second Earl.* He was born on the 31st of August, 1721, and dying unmarried on the 20th of March, 1775, he was succeeded by his brother, Augustus-John,

*The Third Earl.* He was born on the 19th of May, 1724; he was a Vice-Admiral of the Blue, and was married privately, on August 4th, 1744, to Elizabeth Chudleigh, who, during the Earl's life-time, publicly married Evelyn Pierrepont, the late Duke of Kingston; which last marriage was, by a trial of her peers, in Westminster Hall, proved to be illegal, the 22d of April, 1776. She retired to the Continent, where she died in August, 1788. The Earl, her husband, died December 23d, 1779, without issue, and was succeeded by his next brother, Frederic-Augustus,

*The Fourth Earl.* He was a Doctor of Divinity, and Dean of Derry; he was born the 1st of August, 1730; he married Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Jermyn Danvers, Bart., and had issue sons and daughters. Frederic-William, the second son, being heir apparent after the death of his elder brother, became

*The Fifth and present Earl.* He was born in June, 1769, and was married on the 20th of February, 1798, to the Hon. Elizabeth Albana Upton, eldest daughter of Clotworthy,

Lord Templetown, and has issue Frederic-William, Lord Hervey, and other children.

The motto of this family is, *Je n'oubherai Jamais*, "I shall never forget."

## FEMALE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

August 18.—The House of Commons met this day for the despatch of business, and the necessary forms being gone through, the Speaker, the Right Honourable CHARLOTTE CHATTERNOT took the chair.

*Mrs. Grosjambe* addressed the house for leave to bring in a bill for shortening the waists, and lengthening the petticoats of ladies of fashion.

*Mrs. Thickbody* seconded the motion.

*Lady Fanny Fineshape* rose precipitately, but instantly sat down, evidently under the influence of some very powerful feeling.

*Mrs. Changemode* had no objection that the bill should be read, but would not pledge herself to support it.

*Lady Fanny* again rose, and addressed the house with much dignity as follows:—"Mrs. SPEAKER, in rising to oppose a motion which is evidently so detrimental to the best interests of my fair fellow subjects, it is not wonderful that my feelings should for a moment overcome me. No one who has the welfare of the community at heart, can for an instant contemplate the possibility of such an act passing this Honourable House, without sentiments, I will not say of alarm, but of horror. What, is it at a time when we ought by every possible means to strengthen our hands against our insidious enemies the French, that we are to deprive ourselves of our surest means of subjugating mankind? Who does not know, who will not acknowledge, that for waists and ancles the ladies of Great Britain are unrivalled. And I trust, that there is still public spirit enough in this house, to reject with becoming scorn and indignation, a measure that goes at once to deprive us of the unequalled advantages, which the display of those charms has latterly given us over the enemy."—The Hon. Member sat down amidst loud cheers from both sides of the house.

*Mrs. Hasty* rose to oppose the introduction of a bill, the passing of which would be an eternal disgrace to that Honourable House: but the motives of the mover and seconder of this most atrocious motion were so obvious that, (*cries of order! order!*) *Mrs. Hasty* contended that she was not out of order. She had no hesitation in saying that the Honourable mover and seconder of this bill, were about to sacrifice the welfare of the many to the selfish views of the few, and that motives of personal interest alone—(*Cries of Shame! Shame! Order! Order!*) forced the Honourable member at last to sit down.)

*Mrs. Grosjambe* and *Mrs. Thickbody* both rose to reply, but the attention of the House being directed to the former lady, she entered into a very spirited vindication of her proposed measure. Her motives she said were shamefully misrepresented; the shortness of her petticoats would



prove that she had no personal reason to wish for the abolition of the present fashion. (*Cries of "the Honourable member's petticoats are two inches below the length established by the last regulation."*)

*Mrs. Grosjambé*, proceeded without paying any attention to this interruption. "No one will deny that the present length of waists has introduced a degree of tight-lacing, extremely injurious to health, and perfectly detrimental to that grace and ease, without which the finest shape in the world must fail to charm. While the excessive shortness of the petticoats gave to ladies, especially if *petite*, and inclined to *en bon point*, a dumpy"—she begged pardon for the word, but really she could not think of any other that would convey her meaning,—she must therefore say, it gave a dumpy air, the very reverse of elegance and dignity. People talked of interested motives, but if she did not scorn personality, she could ask the house whose motives were interested, hers or those of an Honourable Lady who had thrown away a great deal of eloquence to prove what nobody ever denied,—that the waists and ancles of the ladies of Great Britain were unrivalled. She acknowledged that they were powerful arms if used with skill, but she insisted that the manner in which we avail ourselves of them at present, deprives us of a great part of the advantages we ought to derive from them.

*Mrs. Careful* begged leave to observe, that the apprehensions which the honourable member had expressed relative to tight lacing, were perfectly unfounded. Thanks to the skill and invention of one of our most celebrated corset makers, a new stay had just been introduced, which, by a process as novel as ingenious, obviated every inconvenience of that sort. She begged, therefore, that the Honourable House in legislating on this most important subject, would leave the weighty consideration of health quite out of the question.

*Mrs. Medium* was favourable to that part of the measure which related to the lengthening of petticoats, but she could not vote for the shortening of waists, as they were now the natural, and in her opinion, the proper length. If the Honourable member would alter her bill, to one for bringing the petticoat just below the ancle, and raising the *corsage* three inches round the bosom, the measure would have her entire approbation.

*Mrs. Scraggs* had not the least objection to a clause for covering the neck, but could not consent in any way to lengthen the petticoat.

*Mrs. Botherem* thought it was mighty odd, that people should set about disputing, only because they were all of a mind (*Laughter*). Ladies might laugh, but did not they all declare that the public good was all they had in view, and how was that to be effected, if they only agreed to disagree.

*Mrs. Lightstep* thought the public good would be best consulted by getting rid of the measure at once.

After some desultory conversation, *Mrs. Grosjambé* consented to withdraw the bill.

*Lady Harriet Homebred* had advocated the cause of reform too often in vain, to entertain any very sanguine hope that the measure she was about to propose, would meet with the approbation of that Honourable House; but true to the sentiments she had always professed, she came forward at the risk of incurring public odium, and of estranging private friends, to propose to the house the only measure that could secure the best interests of the community,—she moved therefore, for leave to bring in a bill

for the better organization of the whole system of female costume.

*Mrs. Modelove* could not conceal her astonishment at the proposal of the Honourable Member. She had seen party spirit hurry people into strange inconsistencies, but she never thought it possible, that a professed liberal should propose a measure utterly subversive of the dearest rights of women—those of the toilet. She, for one, would firmly resist all innovation upon privileges so sacred.

*Lady H. Homebred* insisted upon the right of that house to correct the abuses that had crept into our toilet system for the last fifteen years. [We regret that our limits will only permit us to give a very brief sketch of the Honourable member's speech, which was marked by that profound knowledge, and amazing research that always characterizes her.] After a cutting phillipic on the short petticoats, wide sleeves, and bare shoulders of the present day, she animadverted severely on all the changes that had been made from the year 1814, to the last month; with a view to prove that in proportion as we had departed from our original principle of dress, by adopting the fashions of our natural enemies the French, we had given them an advantage over us. About ten years since, when the waist was little more than an inch in length, an immense protuberance fastened to the body of the gown made us all look hump-backed; and a couple of years ago, the *Manche en jigot*, rendered us high-shouldered. Six or seven years back the introduction of the *blouse*, put all shapes on a level. And little more than twelve months since the frightfully unbecoming fashion of arranging the skirts of gowns in large gathers before, gave the wearers the appearance of being *enceinte*. This fashion was succeeded by the *ceinture à pointe*, originally introduced in the time of Louis XIV., and perhaps the most formal fashion that ever was introduced, even in those formal times: certainly we could not expect to see it revived in our days. Then with regard to head-dress, what could be said in favour of the ridiculous structures of hair, gauze, feathers, diamonds, and heaven knows what besides. Or of those caps so dowdy as to be only fit for dairy maids, or else shewy to a degree of vulgarity. As to bonnets their size was a perfect nuisance, and their decorations were not infrequently in the same style as the May-day finery of our chimney sweeps. "Nobody," said the Honourable member in conclusion, "will have the hardihood to deny that these abuses do exist, and I maintain that this house has the right to correct them, by enacting such wholesome laws, as shall prevent our falling again into similar disorders.

*Mrs. Candid* began by admitting that the abuses complained of did actually exist; but she contended that they had existed from time immemorial, and were not in any shape to be charged upon our Gallic neighbours, who, she thought, had absurdities enough of their own, in all conscience, to answer for, without being loaded with the weight of ours into the bargain. In proof of the first part of her assertion, the honourable member took a retrospect of those years in which the communication between the two countries was stopped. Were the French, she asked, to be charged with the introduction of the muslin gowns and *boas*, the walking costume of 1801, which had made the fortune of so many physicians, apothecaries, and undertakers? Was it the French who made us discard our flannel petticoats, and wrap ourselves in that drapery of "woven air," for which we



might be said to be indebted to the taste and invention of *Lady Morgan*, since it was evidently copied from her *Ida of Athens*: Was it the French who about sixteen years ago introduced the tight stays and narrow petticoats, in which we could neither breathe nor walk? She blushed to hear such illiberal charges brought forward; but she regarded them only as a cloak to the introduction of a measure, the most arbitrary, and unconstitutional that had ever been introduced.

*Mrs. Lovepeace* perfectly coincided in the view which the Honourable Member who spoke last took of the measure. She deprecated also its introduction for another reason. She considered it high time to banish all national prejudices, and she thought that the French had now come forward with that urbanity, which she must say characterized them, to give the first proof of their willingness for a perfect reconciliation, by adopting what we might call our national fashion—the cottage bonnet. Yes, she had the pleasure to inform that Honourable House, from the most unquestionable authority, that no Parisian *belle* now considered herself properly dressed for the promenade, without a *capote Anglaise*. It surely was not the moment when our rivals were behaving so handsomely, to kindle afresh the sparks of animosity that the march of intellect had in a great measure extinguished.

Several other members opposed the introduction of the bill, and it was finally withdrawn by the Honourable mover, upon an understanding that it was to be brought forward in a different shape.

*Mrs. Flirtmore* gave notice that it was her intention, on Tuesday next, to bring forward a bill for the revision of the Matrimonial code, in order that the privileges of wives might be better defined. The House then adjourned.

### THE MARINER'S REVENGE.

A TALE.

"What can read the burning brain?  
What can tell the thousand'th part  
Of the agonies of heart,  
Secrets that the spirit keeps,  
Thoughts on which it wakes and weeps!"

CROLY.

There are no feelings more baneful to humanity, than those which a single step into the illusive paths of dissipation serves to inspire: once allured by the gay temptation, which is seemingly replete with all that is bright and happy, the unthinking votary is drawn into the intoxicating vortex, and perishes in ignominy where he had anticipated the happiest luxuries, and the most pleasurable achievements. Many creatures in society now linked to a life of low depravity, trace their indelible disgrace, to one heedless step beyond the strict line of demarcation that is drawn between an honourable and a vicious life, which trivial and simply seeming, has betrayed the individual into criminality and disgrace. Many who have once moved in the sphere of elegance and fortune, and mingled happily with the great and good, now shrink into the covert of

degradation from the mere effects of *one* solitary instance of indiscretion; and many whose genius and talents might have thrown a radiance over the exalted stations which they occupied in life, now, alas, sunk in the stream of dissipation, drag their slow lives along, despised, degraded and deserted, a burthen and disgrace to society and to themselves!—Bernard Clareville entered into life with the brightest prospects opening before him, a considerable fortune had devolved to him from his parents, and in the possession of friends among the great and good, he was universally respected and esteemed;—but Bernard was wild and wayward, from his boyhood he had been addicted to envy, the, perhaps, rather more exalted stations of his associates, and the fire of ambition was kindled in his bosom, which the respectable fortune he had now become possessed of, served not to allay. For the purpose of achieving his darling object, he ventured to the desperate resource of the gaming table; success crowned his early efforts, and flushed with the anticipations of the wealth which his heated imagination had already accumulated, he rushed wildly into the stream, and in its intoxicating delusion staked his whole fortune upon the cast of a single die!—The result was fatal, and he was ruined.—'Twas no uncommon result, and the consequence was alike predated; maddened with this first effect of dissipation, he plunged deeper into its gulph, and Bernard Clareville, the respected son of a valued member of society, became a knave and a villain!—It would be useless to record how step by step he progressed in iniquity, and how his once honourable and manly nature was gradually undermined, and how each good and virtuous feeling sunk in the contamination of vice, and became at length absorbed in the revolting vortex of mendacity and crime:—he was discovered in an act of criminality, and to shield himself from the retribution of the injured laws, fled to a remote part of the country.—In a small village in Cornwall, he contrived to subsist upon the means derived from his crime, and here he became acquainted with a young and innocent girl, the only daughter of a retired tradesman, who, dying, had bequeathed his property to his child. Young, guileless and without a friend to advise her actions, she appeared a fitting object for the villany of the *roué*. Her fortune was the principal attraction, and by an affected display of honour and respectability, Clareville won the affections of his intended victim,—he married her, and her fortune became his own. Then burst his temper forth in all its terror; brutality was repaid for affection; the fortune of the afflicted girl was soon squandered in dissipation, and shortly after giving birth to a daughter, she was deserted by the reckless Clareville to poverty and despair.

He now returned to London, in the hope that his former misdeeds might have been forgotten, assumed the fictitious name of Colville, and plunged again into the scene of his former depravity, but he was recognized, and delivered into the hands of justice, appeared at the criminal bar, and was sentenced to transportation for fourteen years. He served his allotted time of slavery, and returned again to his native land, with the deep marks of anguish stamped upon his brow, and his thick brown hair changed to the scanty mingling locks of white and dark, by the toil and agony of his exile; yet his former evil passions burnt with their usual vigour in his brain, and time had done no more than to settle his wayward malice into a deep and systematic course of crime. Again he endeavoured to frequent his former resorts, but the *convicted felon* was in-



stantly recognized and shunned;—he repaired to Cornwall, but could learn no tidings of his wife and child, who had so fully experienced his brutality and desertion.—“Are they dead?” thought he, “perhaps perished by starvation, and I—their murderer!”—But reflection was too appalling, misery and despair stared him in the face; unable to support his existence by honest means, and dreading the discovery of any meditated act of crime, he entered the navy as a common mariner at the period of the American war, under his fictitious name of Richard Colville.

The determined habits of Colville but ill assorted with the honest natures of his associates, and by his persevering continuance in the most unmanly and degrading feelings, he became despised and contemned by every sailor on board. They had not long been at sea, before they fell in with an American frigate, which was captured, and sent home by an homeward bound vessel, and shortly afterwards by some inadvertency of the captain in a sudden squall that had arisen, the ship struck against a rock, and was shattered so dreadfully that they were compelled to put back towards England for the purpose of refitting, to the infinite consternation of the mariners, who having expended all the money they were possessed of previous to sailing, now arrived again in Portsmouth harbour, were without the means of subsistence. As, however, the refitting of the ship would necessarily occupy a considerable time, a portion of their allowance-money was granted to the sailors, and at the same time a promise was made to them, that the amount of prize-money would shortly be determined on, and distributed.

To no one did this mischance appear more grievous than to Colville: at sea compelled to abstinence, at home no bar was placed upon his inclinations, and he eagerly rushed again into depravity, his means were rapidly exhausted and again he was a beggar. The chance of the prize-money seemed however a happy resource, and it was immediately offered to the mariners for less than half the probability of its amount; none of these however had the means to purchase, and it was offered at length for the most trivial consideration. John Bankes, a careful, saving young man, perceiving that his messmate was bandying about the chance, and determined upon parting with it, had contrived to scrape together the full amount of what he had first demanded for it, and Colville's share of the prize-money was immediately made over to Bankes.

The landlord of the “Ship” inn, which was the rendezvous of the mariners, had accepted of Bankes's addresses to his foster-daughter Ellen, a pretty little girl of eighteen, whose mother, some distant relation of the landlord's, had some few years previous, died in the deepest distress. Colville, old as he was, was not insensible to woman's loveliness, and often as he gazed on the innocent raptures of Bankes and Ellen, he would envy the happiness of his messmate, the enjoyment of such real and pure felicity:—memory then would call back the by-gone hours, when he himself, as happy and as good, mingled with the elevated stations of society, and rapidly would his recollection wander to past scenes of guilt and infamy, wherein he had participated; and conscience, that serpent, would twine round his aching heart, and fix its festering fangs within its core!—Reflection was madness, and the intoxicating draught was quickly quaffed, to lull the stings of conscience in besotted apathy and bestial unconsciousness!—He beheld the happiness of Bankes and envied it, but had not resolution to break through the trammels of guilt and copy

it; his sole endeavour was to blast it and bring to a level with himself the man he could not rival. Bankes was however proof against his allurements, and Colville saw him quit the mantling bowl ere it was half emptied, and beheld him received with innocent smiles by Ellen, and all the endearments which confiding love inspires were pictured before his eyes, and his heart burned, and his brain was on fire, guilt raged with its full vigour, and the resolution of Colville was formed.—“She shall never be his,” mentally exclaimed he with a sardonic grin, and starting up from his seat he instantly sought the foster-father of Ellen, and by artful means contrived to inspire him with a mean idea of her suitor, immediately offering himself as a much more suitable husband. The landlord caught by the wheedling artifice of Colville, and believing the truth of his having considerable property in another part of the country, quickly fell into his scheme, and John Bankes was forbidden the house, and Ellen prevented from seeing him.

The damage which the ship had sustained, was more serious than had been anticipated, and the sailors were reduced to the deepest distress. Colville possessed of the purchase-money of his chance, was revelling at the inn, with a party of fellows equally as depraved as himself, and flashing his gold freely, to inspire the landlord with an idea of his importance, in which he was but too successful. Bankes, forbidden the house, and unable to obtain a sight of his Ellen, proceeded to London for the purpose of endeavouring to ascertain any information respecting the distribution of the prize-money; but all his endeavours were futile, and he returned to Portsmouth, poor and spiritless. Colville was still in his unhallowed orgies revelling with his crew of reprobates.—“Drink, drink my brave comrades!” exclaimed he, “drink and be merry—Jack Bankes bought up my share of the prize-money and is now penniless,—so ever be it,—let the poor, honest, moral fools supply the means whereby such noble spirits as ourselves exist!”—“The prize money is not paid,” observed a fellow—“No,” replied Colville, “perhaps never will be paid; we have been revelling in luxury, he lies grovelling in distress,—such ever be the lot of those I hate!”

“Aye, he aspires to the love of the pretty Ellen.”

“Yes, yes, 'tis there he stings me—he loves her, and contemns me! But shall I suffer it? Oh, no, no! I am too old for the coy girl, she likes not my white hairs, but she shall find white hairs may spring from a burning brain! If I am old in years, I am in artifice too!”

“I much wonder,” rejoined another fellow, “a man of your disposition has never been caught in the marriage noose; you never have been married, have you?”

“Peace, prying babbler, peace!” frantically exclaimed the mariner, starting from his seat, and rushing to the extreme end of the room, where he remained gazing upon his astonished companions, with every symptom of intense agony depicted on his countenance. “Begone!” at length exclaimed he, “thoughts are awakened that have long lain dormant in my breast!—begone, begone!” and the terrified revellers instantly left the room. “Conscience,” continued he, “wilt thou never be at rest? Married! yes, I have been married, have a child too, who, did she live, must be about the age of her whose charms have caught my rugged heart; but she and her wretched mother are both at rest, deep in the silent grave, and I—their mur-



derer! Pah! where are my companions? Fled—gone—left alone to my maddening reflections—death and infamy! Within there, ho!—what ho! and the frantic mariner, overcome by exhaustion, fell senseless upon the ground.

The ship was once more fit for sea, and the mariners had received the captain's orders to be on board by the ensuing night. Bankes was reluctant to leave shore without a parting kiss from the girl of his affections, and, therefore, contrived, with the assistance of the little chambermaid, to obtain an interview with Ellen. It was an affecting farewell; the lover could not divest himself of apprehensions, lest her foster-father might compel Ellen to marry some other object, whilst the girl herself was fearful only of the safety of the being to whom she vowed eternal fidelity and truth. Humble and uneducated as those artless creatures were, there was, nevertheless, an ardent and holy interest mutually experienced for each other's safety, which gathering round them like an halo, imparted to their characters a bright and pure serenity, too innocent for ridicule, too sincere to be contemned. The fair girl hung upon her lover's arm, and the tears which trickled down her cheeks upon the rough hand of the mariner, too plainly indicated the agony of her heart. "Never fear, my sweet girl," exclaimed John Bankes, "this war-time must soon be over, and then adieu ship and the sea, my shares of the prize-money will be joined to my pay, and then we'll lay up for life in some snug cabin, my girl!" and clasping the trembling Ellen in his arms, they mingled tears with their embraces.

The villain Colville had discovered that Bankes was with the girl, and immediately seeking the landlord, brought him to the spot. The latter immediately endeavoured to force Ellen from the arms of her lover, but she clung to him, and Colville coming to assist, dragged her from the room. He now began to exult in his triumph over Bankes, and was taunting the unfortunate mariner upon his abject state, when the post arrived with letters for the sailors, containing the welcome intelligence that the prize-money was now being paid. Colville staggered aghast at the intelligence, and remained statue-like in a stupor of distress, till the merry laugh of Bankes, who hastened to congratulate his messmates, awoke him to a sense of his situation. "He is triumphant!" convulsively exclaimed he, "but shall he escape? Oh no—no! What, proudly exult in having doubly cheated me, defrauded me of my prize-money and of my girl! You must be quiet—we must stop your tattling! Deadly villain!" ferociously continued he, "you must not, shall not live!" and rushed from the room, for the purpose of fulfilling his horrid resolution.

Colville and Bankes did not meet till late on the ensuing day; the latter was merry and good-humoured, and observing the moody aspect of his messmate, he sought to recall him to a true sense of his unmanly habits, but hatred had taken too firm a root in his heart, and the old mariner only dissembled his animosity, to make his contemplated revenge more certain; he hypocritically seemed to enter into his companion's feelings, acknowledged his errors, and gave his hand to Bankes in token of amity; but his resolution was formed, and as he accompanied him to the boat in friendly converse, he was thinking only of the accomplishment of his revenge.

And now the mariners were upon the wide sea, John was rowing the boat, and the face of Colville lit with the

pleasure of his scheme, seemed to expand with joy. Bankes was merrily singing a stave of one of Dibdin's songs, and pulling lustily in order to gain the ship, when the old mariner suddenly snatching a pistol from his bosom, aimed it instantly at his rival. Bankes, with the velocity of lightning, threw aside his oars, and springing from his seat, seized the pistol arm of Colville, and directed its fire in the air. The villain, baffled in his attempt, rushed upon his messmate, and tearing with one hand the plug from the bottom of the boat, through the aperture of which the water fast welled in, struggled with deadly vengeance to obtain the mastery! The boat sunk, and Bankes and Colville was left struggling in the foaming billows, which dashed them to and fro in the thick hazy darkness of nightfall, which was now gathering upon the waters, till overcome by rage, exhaustion, and despair, the old mariner quitted his demoniac hold of Bankes's throat, and swam immediately to land.

The friendless Ellen was alone in her chamber, meditating upon the dangers which her lover must necessarily experience in the war, which was then raging with its greatest fury, when she was startled by a hurried noise at her chamber door, which immediately bursting open, Colville, confused and agitated, rushed into the apartment. "Again, again," passionately exclaimed he, "has he escaped me, and I alone am lost, ruined, and undone? Ah! ah! the girl, the girl!" continued he, casting his gloating eyes upon the terrified Ellen, who was astonished at the frantic appearance of the mariner. "Ellen!" continued he, approaching towards her, "once to-day you have refused my proffered love,—you repay my kindness with insult, with objection, with deadly contempt,—can I endure that? Oh no! no! Ellen, you must be mine!" and clasping her in his brutal arms, he endeavoured to imprint a kiss upon her beautiful lips, but the girl screamed for assistance; the window sash from the street was immediately thrown open, and there stood the intrepid defender of Ellen, the valorous John Bankes, immediately upon the sight of whom, Colville snatched a loaded blunderbuss from the chimney-piece, and presented it at his rival, exclaiming, "Move one step farther, and you perish, begone and leave me to my revenge!"

"Flinch from fire, my old one? never!" cried John, as he instantly leaped through the window into the room.

"I will not be cheated thus," passionately cried the other, and seizing the trembling girl in his arms, continued, in a menacing attitude, "attempt to rescue Ellen from my grasp, and I instantly plunge this knife into her heart—she is mine, and only mine!"

"Infamous villain!" exclaimed the lover, and rushing upon Colville, with a desperate jerk, threw him forcibly upon the ground; by an energetic effort, however, he succeeded in raising himself again, and by an artful manœuvre placed his broad grasp on the throat of his rival, loudly exulting in his achievement, as Bankes became fainter under his deadly gripe.

"Ah, ah! I have the best—the black blood rises in his face—his lips quiver—life is fleeting—Ha! ha! ha! I am, I am revenged!" The faint struggles of Bankes too plainly evidenced the truth of Colville's triumph; he was, indeed, expiring, when happily the shrieks of Ellen brought her foster-father, and a party assembled at the confused cries, to the spot. Colville was immediately seized, and Bankes rescued from his grasp, but his thoughts were all absorbed in the one only idea of his revenge, and



burning with rage, he ferociously exclaimed—"What, must I tamely yield my life, my liberty, and my *revenge*, while you revel in my despair, and triumph o'er my dearest hopes? Never! for while one drop of blood flows from my agonized heart, I'll struggle still, and perish in the pursuit of my revenge!" He burst from the grasp of the assembled party, and rushing frantically upon the sorrowing Ellen, he seized her by the neck, when the poor girl, fainting with the pressure, as she fell into his arms, revealed to his sight a small miniature, which hung suspended from her neck. The villain shrieked at the sight, and his every idea seemed to revert to the portrait; he gazed upon it with wild amazement,—he tore it from the girl's neck, and frantically endeavouring to trace the features of Ellen in the picture, he convulsively exclaimed—"Whose picture—God of Heaven—whose picture's this?"

"My mother's," replied the trembling girl.

"And her name—oh, heaven! her name?"

"Ellen Clareville!"

"And you?—devil that I am—and you! *My child—my child!*"

Convulsed the wretched father sunk into the arms of the landlord, a ghastly look was upon his countenance, which too plainly told that it was nature's last animated effort,—that the link which bound the deprived being to society was severed, and that his parting spirit waited but the signal to quit this tenement of clay! He endeavoured to rise, and was supported to the spot where his child had fainted in her lover's arms; he grasped her hand, and from his glazed and ghastly eyes some burning tears fell upon the white neck of Ellen; he endeavoured to articulate, but the murmured word *forgiveness* was alone audible, and in one moment all that remained of the criminal victim of dissipation, was a mass of inanimate clay!

Sleep on;—for thou art calm at last,  
And all the wrongs, and all the woes,  
That marked thy weary wanderings past,  
Have left thee to thy long repose;  
Thy sun of life in glory rose,  
In *shame and darkness* hath it set!

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS;

OR, STANZAS FOR SEPTEMBER.

By a *Blue-belle*.

"And must we change

The *pride and pomp and circumstance of state*  
For *country life again*? Must we go sit  
On sandy beach, and listen to the splash  
Of rival boatmen's oars; or in some dale  
With woods o'erhung, and shagg'd with mossy rocks,  
Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
And down the rough cascade white dashing fall,  
Or gleam in lengthen'd vista through the trees,  
Must we go silent steal?—THOMPSON, *in part*.

Dear me! "To go, or not to go?"

Is question as annoying  
As *Hamlet's* (in the play you know)

Against his self-destroying;  
More puzzling than to choose a gown,  
This staying in or out of town.

They tell me that when leaves turn scar,  
And farmers' crops are carried,  
When LAPORTE shuts up for the year,  
And all the Great Folks' married;  
When cits, in packs, seek Margate strand,  
And sportsmen take to stubble land.\*

They tell me, then, that we should close  
Housekeeping *here* and houses,  
And leave the tradesfolks to the woes  
Of empty shops, cross spouses:  
Restore, in fact, bloom on our faces  
At fashionable watering places.

But yet I own (fair sisters, mark)  
I needs must be regretting,  
The giving up of pretty Park,  
And Sunday *piroetting*;  
The severing from ball-room sortics,  
The stopping of all pleasant parties.

The gemm'd delights of fancy-dress,  
High "Almacks" room of plumes;  
The *fêtes* of princely *Holderness*  
Or HERTFORD's gilded domes;  
And thousand other joys, sincere,  
That *only can be gathered here*.

Yea, these must fade like "annual" flowers  
That, all their beauty done,  
Sink into earth 'till winter's showers  
Are dried by early sun;

\* Whatever "Court Journals" and "Spectators" (I am afraid they are "Idlers" and "Tattlers" also) may say of the dulness of the now passing-away season, it rejoices me to be enabled to revert to one circumstance, at least, which is calculated to produce much joy and gladness: I mean the many distinguished *marriages in high life* which have either been consecrated by "holy church," or are speedily to be so. This, at all events, proves that affection has not slept, nor esteem become lethargic, however affectation would have us believe so. It would far outrun the space a "blue" is permitted to claim for her rhymings and prosings, were I to give the courtly list of Cupid's victories to which, with a kindred feeling, I enthusiastically refer; but I cannot avoid saying, that, though old in years, the Earl of NELSON has shewn himself young in chivalry by his generous choice of and behaviour to a young wife—the motto, therefore, won by the hero of the Nile—*palman qui meruit ferat* (let the palm be given where due), is as applicable as ever to a NELSON's name. Nor must I fail to congratulate the noble house of CAVENDISH on the union of its heir to the beautiful Lady BLANCHE HOWARD, of whom it might be truly said that she was

"Born with affections round the heart to wind,  
Free, gentle, courteous, graceful, and refin'd."

The young BUCCLEUGH, he of the heather hill, the tartan plaid, and Highland home; who (though that punning banker, one Samuel Rogers, calls it a thick and thin (*Thynne*) engagement) shall not approve and applaud the wise and prudent choice he has made, in determining to advance the Lady ISABELLA of the house of WEYMOUTH to the Ducal coronet? Sisters, I could much enlarge this pleasant record of Love's triumphs, but enough has been told to make us plume ourselves upon the *victories of our sex* during the sadly put-upon season of 1829.



And Spring, again, is sweetly met  
By Snowdrop, Crocus, Violet.

And what for all these bland delights  
Shall we find in return,  
What for our graceful gala nights  
The richest dar'd not spurn ?

I warrant me, some booted sir  
Will answer, fly to *Doncaster*.\*

Or mingle with the various crowd  
As variously arrayed,  
The pert, the pretty, and the proud  
That line WEST COWES' parade ;  
Talk of Lord BELFAST and the sea,  
And the trim *Menais* victory. †

Or bid us in steam-packet state  
Upon a crowded deck,  
Float river-rock'd to Harrowgate  
Or some such far off speck ;  
To play *long whist* with *passée* bells  
As formerly at *Tunbridge Wells*. ‡

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\* They tell me there are races, about the 15th, at a place some hundred or two miles off, called *Doncaster*; which annually take away from us many gay folks; it may be so; but as really the "mingle mangle" of *Epsom*, and the display of *Ascot*, are enough for any reasonable woman, I cannot trouble myself about them; and, further, if I knew any of my pleasantest acquaintance inclined to run off such a distance to see a mere jostling of silken jackets for a few minutes, I should be inclined, in the words of *Richard the Third*, to exclaim, "*North! what do they i' the North*, when they should be *serv'ing their Sovereign in the West!*"

† The head quarters, or perhaps I ought to say the head *port* of the *yacht club*, being at Cowes in the beautiful Isle of Wight, the display there is at this time very pretty; only I cannot approve of all the smart young men—Lords CHESTERFIELD, CASTLEREAGH, &c. &c.—making themselves look so very *sailorish* (especially when for five shillings even linen-draper's shopmen do the same in town—*look into Waitthman's* for a proof!) when they have nothing (save to wish them well) in common with *sea-farers*. This is an affectation I would see speedily reformed. I have mentioned Lord BELFAST, he is second in command to Lord YARBOROUGH to the Commodore of what I shall term the *Amateur fleet*. The *Mendi* is a beautiful yacht, belonging to ASHTON SMITH, Esq., better known, from his intrepidity, and, I am told, fox-hunting qualities, as "Tom Smith of the Hambledon," which won the cup at the sailing match this and two previous seasons.

‡ *Tunbridge*, or as old folks still call it, "the Wells," was a gay anecdotal resort of the last century, and about as different from the fashionable haunts of the present, as St. James's is to Russell Square, or an old English mansion to the egg-shell architecture of yesterday. In its best days it was second only to Bath, and little did its *belles* and *beaux* dream of the *fishified* village of Brighthelmstone, in the adjoining county, spreading to a city, and being docked of its syllabic proportions to the "Brighton" of ears polite. About 1748, RICHARDSON, in his letters to Miss WESTCOMB, tells us that such public characters as Dr. JOHNSON, Lord HARCOURT, CIBBER, GARRICK, NASH, Lord CHATHAM, Lord POWIS, RICHARDSON, WHESTON, LOGGAN,

Or some, I mean your sporting squire  
Who ventures in morn's dew,  
And talks of Manton's missing fire  
When feather'd coveys flew ;  
He the vile Goth will bid prevail,  
The country-house and home-brew'd ale.

Again ;—hut no, like Banquo's kings,  
The line extends too long  
Of these new-born, provoking things,  
That sour September's song ;  
And, after all, it is the rage  
To change, my dears, with changing age.

Then let us still wear summer-smiles,  
Though Autumn's tints arise,  
And *posters* bear us many miles  
From London's courts and cries :  
Assur'd that, like the noble sea,  
Its tides *flow back*, and *so shall we*.

A BLUE-BELLE.

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#### KENSINGTON GARDENS.

"All hail! delightful Kensington!"  
"Walks leading through wildernesses of shade and fragrance, glades opening as if to afford a play-ground for the sunshine, temples rising on the very spots where imagination herself would have called them up, and lakes in alternate motion and repose, either wantonly courting the verdure, or calmly sleeping in its embrace;—such was the variety of feature that diversified these fair gardens!"

MOORE'S EPICUREAN.

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Whilst the enraptured romance-readers languish over the beautiful scenery which the hand of fiction conjures up for their amusement, they seem to have no idea that there exists in close vicinity to their own boudoir, a realization of the most sublime conceptions of the poet or the novelist, whose beauties, exquisite as they may be, must yield to the realities of nature. We hear of the romantic gardens of our ancestors, which have been immortalized by by-gone writers, and whose reminiscences have been recalled by our own cotemporaries, and regret that the hand of improvement, as it has been called, should have dispossessed us of such fairy scenes as those which the good people of the olden time were wont to ramble in, forgetting that we ourselves are in possession of a source of much more exquisite and beautiful enjoyment. The scene which MOORE has described as that wherein the *Epicureans* enjoyed their luxuries, and which we have extracted for our motto, seems sketched by the poet, partially, from his idea of *Kensington Gardens*; in all our reading we do not recollect any passage that we could select as more expressive of the realities of

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the Duchess of NORFOLK, Lady LINCOLN, and (the toasts of the day) Miss PEGGY BANKS, and Miss CHUDLEIGH (afterwards the Duchess of KINGSTON), were the "bons" of the Wells; making as much gaiety there as at Cheltenham in its present hour, Ramsgate in its fashionable one, and Brighton (will Kempt Town ever be completed, or is it to stand merely a thing of promise?) in its best days. I have said my say.—THE BLUE-BELLE.



this Elysian scene. Travellers may talk, and foreigners may vaunt of the beauties of continental scenery, but we fearlessly maintain, that the *Gardens of Kensington* for grandeur, sublimity, and poetic beauty, can be equalled by few other gardens in Europe. Can Versailles, for instance, be put in comparison? with its stunted trees, like so many images upon the shew-boards of itinerant toy-venders, only somewhat larger, where nature is cropped, and despoiled of her fair proportions, and all her picturesque beauty shaved down to the barbarous *beau ideal* of the Frenchman! "Or what is there," says a writer in Blackwood, "in the gardens of the *Tuileries*, taking the *Champs Elysees* into the bargain, which can be looked at against our Hyde Park, putting *Kensington Gardens* out of the question?"

Our gardens of Kensington may be justly boasted of by Englishmen; it is the fairy scene where Poetry has fixed her throne, and around which, all that is sublime is congregated. Whatever portion of the charming spot we select, whether we glance at the bright open and sunny plains, or the deep embowering shades, the cool retired walks, or the playful stream over which in picturesque harmony the thick-clad willows bend their desponding heads, each may be characterized in one short word, *beautiful!* Where every object that meets our eye demands equal admiration, it is difficult to find terms wherewith to express the gratification we receive. "Walks and wildernesses of shade and fragrance," in which the very spirit of grandeur seems to dwell; open verdant plains glittering in the sunbeams, bounded by the dark green foliage of the forest trees, that seem like the entrances of woods and wilds; shaded incense-breathing groves, formed but for the cool retreats of romantic imaginations, and broad blue lakes that seem "calmly sleeping in the embrace" of the sunny verdure!

Fashion has at length established her empire, where Poetry had so long enjoyed her unmolested reign: her rainbow sister has caught the inspiration of its beauty, and Kensington, so long a lonely spot of loveliness, is destined to become a Court, in which the proudest triumphs may be won, and the most noble victories achieved. Fashion has beamed her radiance over the hallowed spot, and marked it for her own; Kensington, thus, from being the mere romantic retreat where sentimental lovers used to indulge their ecstasy in loneliness, has become the bright and glittering galaxy of all that is noble and splendid in society.

One of the most interesting features of the present season, is the performance of the military bands, which execute the most beautiful compositions of the most eminent masters. Our military bands are unrivalled for the truth and feeling of their performances, for whether they are threading the intricacies of ROSSINI or MEYERBEER, dashing through the wild strains of WEBER, or luxuriating in the simple prettinesses of BISHOP and ALEXANDER LEE, the same peculiar talent is displayed, and in a manner worthy of the admiration of the assembled fashionables. We regret that their performances are limited to only two days in the week, Tuesday and Friday.

Many, many happy hours have we spent in these delightful gardens, basking in the full radiance of elegance and beauty; and have beheld with rapture the myriads of "earth's angels," bathed in joy and loveliness, in all the consciousness of beauty, floating through the "groves and wildernesses" like the fictioned Dryades, the spirits of another world "moving in light of their own making," and luxuriating in joy and pleasure. It is, indeed, happi-

ness to experience such a scene, approaching as it does to the fanciful dreams of Arcadia, which poets in their extacies so frequently indulge in: our *nymphs and swains* being, however, a few degrees above the shepherd lovers of the "golden age," and the plaintiff pipe exchanged for a military band. Our Arcadia, however, is the best, for what are russet-clad nymphs to the brilliant gem-bedecked *belles* of Kensington, or the pale-faced sighing shepherds to the Strephons with *mustachios* (which latter appendage, however, I really do not believe the ladies like, notwithstanding their admirers are so particularly partial to it). Can the swains of the golden age be for a moment placed in comparison with the elegance of a WORCESTER, of a CHESTERFIELD, or a DE ROOS, or the splendour of a RANELAGH, or an OSSULTON, or the lady-killing of a MOUNTCHARLES, or a CASTLEREAGH, or a STUART WORTLEY? all of whom we have beheld luxuriating with us in the smiles of elegance and beauty, and revelling in the full radiance of such eyes as adorn the beautiful faces of the PAGETS, the RUSSELLS, and the LIDDELLS, and others of the gay *World of Fashion*, that gem like stars the admired promenade of Kensington. One, however, we miss from the gay throng, whose face it was indeed happiness to gaze upon, and whose friendly smile we have many a time enjoyed, when, as innocent as beautiful, this being of light and life was admired, respected, and esteemed; when the slightest breath of calumny dared not to assail the purity of her fame, or even glance a shadow of its darkness; when all was

"—— a soft landscape of mild earth

All harmony, and calm, and quiet!"

Now, alas! the soft and beautiful tints of the picture are disturbed and erased, the harmony is broken, the calm dispelled, and the *quiet* gone for ever! We feel for the distressing situation of this wreck of loveliness; how keenly, how deeply must she feel it *herself!* We can only weep for her errors, but her own heart must be breaking! We will draw a curtain over the lamentable picture, and with the recollection of her worth and beauty, say only to the cold and unforgiving censurer "who allows no plea for human frailty," in the words of our immortal bard, "Forbear to judge, for ye are sinners all."

But avant reflection, our mind's eye has just fallen upon the amiable Lady LONDONDERRY, whose agreeable presence disperses the dark misty clouds, and opens to us again the brilliancy of *Fashion's World*. Aye, and there is the smile of BRUDENELL inviting us onward to the gay stream, and there is Mrs. PEEL with her mild and regulated charms beaming upon us from the splendid groupe, and SHERIDAN glancing her beautiful dark eyes, and KINNARD smilingly languishing, and the whole host of loveliness congregated round the throne of Fashion established in the delightful empire of Kensington; gladly do we accept the agreeable invitation and join the splendid society, not listlessly as the languid *ennuysée*, nor boisterously dashing as the uncivilized *elegante*, but as the glad associate, the moderate though determined votary of *Fashion*, and member of her resplendent *World*.  
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#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD OF FASHION. COURTSHIP.

MR. EDITOR;—I am very much perplexed on a subject that I believe perplexes most girls of my age—matrimony. I am just turned twenty, and am addressed by two gentlemen, with either of whom I could perhaps be happy. One



of them is decidedly favored by my friends, and the other would be favored by myself, if I were not at times very doubtful of the strength of his attachment. I was brought up by an aunt, who inspired me in my childhood with a reverence which I still retain, for old sayings, and in particular I remember the dear soul had implicit faith in the proverb, "Love is blind." I am sure the truth of it is exemplified in one of my admirers, whom I shall call *Mr. Dazzleall*; for so excessively is he attached to me, that he is delighted with every thing I say or do. He appears to live upon my looks, studies to divine my wishes, and seems to have no other business on earth than to fulfil them. This must arise from love, and love of the most disinterested kind, for his fortune is immense, and mine is very moderate. He is, besides, handsome, accomplished, and, except having been formerly rather addicted to gallantry, is universally well spoken of. I say formerly, for he protests that he is now entirely reformed, and I cannot discover that he has been chargeable with any thing of that kind during the few months he has paid his addresses to me. My other lover, to whom I shall give the name of *Worthy*, is not handsome. His manners are grave and rather reserved, and his fortune little more than half his rival's. Their ages are nearly alike. My friends protest that I must be mad to hesitate between them, and yet if I could be sure that *Mr. Worthy* really loved me, I should certainly give him the preference. But his love, if love it be, is any thing but blind; for he has set seriously about correcting my faults, pays me no compliments, and has such a knack of reasoning (I hate reason) on all occasions, that though I am half ashamed to own it, he does somehow keep me a little in awe of him.

It is now nearly a year since he first paid his addresses to me. We went on, at first, pretty well; for *entre nous*, Mr. Editor, I am not blind to my faults, and I own to you that my conscience told me he was right in pointing them out. But he is ten times more severe during these last three months, since *Mr. Dazzleall* has been hovering round me; and his coldness and gravity contrast most strongly with his rival's ardour and vivacity.

With all his stoicism, however, I am convinced he has a heart, aye and a warm one too, for those whom he loves; for his sister told me, that he had sold an estate of which he was passionately fond, in order to add the money to her portion, that he might enable her to marry the man of her heart. And his mother has assured me in confidence, that she must have sunk under the miseries which an imprudent second marriage brought upon her, but for his ceaseless and tender efforts to sustain her spirits.

But what, after all, are his virtues to me, if he is not really capable of an ardent passion? and surely I am justified in thinking, that that love cannot be very fervent which permits him to see all my faults, dispute my commands, and lecture me for those very things that *Mr. Dazzleall* applauds as indications of spirit and cleverness. Can you conceive, sir, that he has even gone the length of objecting to my reading certain fashionable works, and that he found fault with the prettiest dress I ever had in my life, because, in his opinion, it was cut too low in the bosom, although Madame la Mode assured me it was a full inch higher than that she made for Miss Lovesheiw.

Truly, Mr. Editor, I do not know what to think of all this. My cousin *Foresight* protests that I ought to regard it as a warning, and that if I give him my hand after such conduct, I must expect him to tyrannize over me without mercy. At times, I am myself of the same opinion, but

when I consider how much he is beloved by his family, and adored by his dependants, I can hardly persuade myself he could be a tyrant to his wife. As I know that he reads your magazine, an idea has struck me of letting him know my sentiments through the medium of your work, and thus giving him an opportunity of coming to a full explanation with regard to his future conduct. I can never believe him capable of insincerity, and therefore I do not hesitate to say, that the notice he takes of this letter, will decide the fate of your very humble servant,

ELIZA.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—It is somewhat singular that our fair correspondent and her lover should each at the same time fix on our work for the purpose of bringing on an *eclaircissement*. We hope and believe that the subjoined letter will render it a happy one.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD OF FASHION.

SIR,—Until the last twelvemonth I was one of the happiest men in the world, and I might still be so but for my own weakness. I have suffered myself to be entangled in a passion for a girl naturally the most amiable of her sex, but who has imbibed such romantic notions of the effects of love, that nothing less than a sighing Strephon will please her. A lover according to her definition of the character, is one whose faculties are so absorbed in admiration of his mistress's perfections, that he believes her absolutely incapable of error. Unfortunately for me I have a rival, who either is, or affects to be one of those blinded mortals. I acknowledge she has beauty enough to turn any man's head, and no doubt the excessive adulation she has always met with, makes her consider such incense as the test of love; but sir, I cannot offer it; I am a blunt old fashioned fellow, and have such a reverence for truth, that I will not violate it, even to gain a woman who is dear to me as my own heartstrings. And so far from love rendering me blind to her faults, it makes me more clear-sighted to them, for I would have her as perfect as human nature can be. Her heart and understanding are both excellent, and, bating a little giddiness, and some share of vanity, which after all is perhaps pardonable in a girl spoiled as she has been by excessive flattery, I don't know a fault she has. One thing I am sure of, that under the guidance of a sensible husband whom she could love and respect, she might become the most exemplary of wives. I flattered myself at one time it would have been my lot to be her guide and monitor through life, but her late conduct robs me of this cherished hope of my heart. She would exact a degree of slavish adoration, which my pride and my principles alike forbid me to pay. Never would I be the tyrant of my wife. The woman whom I marry, will possess my whole heart, and shall command every thing that affection guided by reason can do to render her happy. But she must expect from me no compliances with the whims of a spoiled beauty. She must be my friend, my companion, and equal. In a word, she must be what Providence ordained that a wife should be,—my helpmate. I know that she is a subscriber to your work, and by inserting in it this plain declaration of my sentiments, you will much oblige me. It may perhaps catch her eye in a cool reflecting moment, and have a favourable influence on her mind. If so, she has it still in her power to fix me for ever. If not, the sooner I fly her the better for my own peace. I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A PLAIN SPEAKER.



## A SPELL!

Cheerless and desolate are all the ways,  
That lead us through life's rough and rugged maze;  
One only ray amidst the gloom appears,  
To guide the pilgrim through this vale of tears;  
Joy's polar star—a cheering, lustrous light,  
To lead the way, and chase the clouds of night;  
That moves the burthen from the wanderer's heart,  
And bids his every grief and care depart;  
That strews his path with incense-breathing flowers,  
And renders blissful all his future hours!  
—This spell is WOMAN, who with wond'rous art,  
Can lead the passions, and direct the heart;  
Can lighten woes, and dissipate despair,  
Can soften anguish, and extinguish care,  
Can raise the mind to envied rapture's height,  
And bathe the drooping spirits in delight!

“OH FIE, SIR!”

A SONG.

He met me as over the woodlands I passed,  
And my trembling hands in his own he caught fast;  
And he cried, “dearest maiden, sweet cause of my care,  
How long must thy faithful young Harry despair?  
Come give me a kiss love, there's nobody nigh,”  
But frowning I answer'd,—“*Oh fie, sir, oh fie!*”

He met me as lonely I stray'd through the grove,  
And again he repeated his fond vows of love:  
And he fell at my feet, and implor'd me to save  
The heart, which in youth's passion'd fervour he gave;  
Inclin'd to say “*yes,*” but induc'd to deny,  
I falt'ringly uttered—“*Oh fie, sir, oh fie!*”

As reclin'd in the fragrant rose-bower I lay,  
Sheltered there from the heat of the sun's scorching ray,  
A sigh from my lover his fond regard told,  
When he offered a glittering ring of *plain gold!*  
Hymen's priest was in waiting,—ah could I deny?  
You may guess if I still said,—“*Oh fie, sir, oh fie!*”

Laura.

## LADIES' WISHES.

As M. de Bausset, formerly prefet of the Imperial palace, and who was attached to the suite of Maria Louisa on her quitting the frontiers of France, was walking in the public garden of Baden, about ten at night, the weather being intensely hot, he heard three very elegantly dressed ladies conversing in French, who were seated on a bench close by the one he occupied. “Oh! how I love the moon!” said one, “and how I should love him who could give it to me!”—“Certainly,” replied another mild and sweet voice, “It would not be like one of those Germans that are passing and repassing, and are only taken up with their eternal pipes.” The third lady's wishes were much more to nature. “I should like better,” said she, “some ice, before all the moons in the world: it is so warm.” M. de Bousset crept softly away, and went to the Cape in the Rotunda, and ordered ice and fruit to be conveyed to those ladies. He then returned, and seated himself quietly in his place. “How delicious!” said these three ladies, all at once, enchanted at seeing their wishes so promptly

fulfilled. They questioned the boy who brought these refreshments, who pointed M. de Bousset out; they very politely intreated him to go and take a share of these refreshments with them. As he drew near them, he said, “As it was impossible, ladies, to give you the moon,”—The ladies interrupted him by a burst of laughter,—“What then? you was listening,” “Assuredly; I lost not one word of what you said.” These three ladies were the princess Suwaroff, and her cousins, the daughter and niece of Mademoiselle de Nariskin, who resided in a house opposite to the palace of Maria Louisa.

CHARACTER OF A LATE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCESS,  
BY HER MOTHER.

“My daughter is charming; and endowed with sense as she can possibly be; but, next to my own, I do not know a more giddy head:” (she laughed heartily when she said this.) “They wished to marry her to the Prince of O—, she consented, but she soon changed her mind, without my ever being able to find out the reason for this change in her behaviour, in breaking off a marriage in such a state of forwardness.” This unfortunate mother, so renowned for the various adventures and vicissitudes of her life, to the end of its career, made the above remarks among several others, to Maria Louisa, when she paid her, the late Empress of France, a visit at Schoenbrunn, in presence of an individual, from whom we gained the anecdote, and of whose veracity there is no doubt.

## SINGULAR CUSTOM OF THE MOORS AT TRIPOLI.

When two brothers have been at variance, and become reconciled, they take a solemn oath on the Koran before the altar of Mahomet; and perform the barbarous ceremony, which, in that country, is called mixing their blood. They swear first on the Koran, to hold each other's life sacred; then wounding themselves with knives, and mixing their blood in a vessel, shocking to relate, they both sip of it.

## TRAVELLING FOR IMPROVEMENT.

An honest couple who had retired on a comfortable independence from the profits of a cheese and butter-shop, were both fully persuaded that they should much improve their manners and language by a trip to Paris; and, at a party given by the lady, on her return to England, one of the company was speaking on some important event that had formerly taken place in France; the mistress of the house said, “Ah! that's an old story, that happened during the *Resolution*”—“No, no, my dear,” said her husband, “not so very old, it took place since the *Resurrection* of the present royal family.”

## PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

“Look round the world, there still will something shine  
To catch thine eye, my reader, or catch mine,  
Or if not shine, you need not now be told  
A cloud, instead, may make us both, friend, scold;  
For do whatever human-cunning may,  
Life and its actions are an April day:  
Smiles glitter now, then tears obstruct its form,  
Now dark, now light, now calm, now angry storm.”



Well, be it so, there is no harsh decree  
 Why I should not *still pry about*, and see  
 How friends proceed adown the stream of life,  
 How folly shoots its arrow barbed with strife;  
 How wise men weather out the roughest gale,  
 How fools will founder, *carrying too much sail*;  
 How many wonders die, how many dawn,  
 In short, *how still the TON and TOWN go on.*"

Supposed Sir CHARLES FLOWER.

If the "season is fairly over,"—if "its knell was tolled at the Duchess of ST. ALBAN'S ball" (I wonder who "pulled the bell!")—I suppose I shall *actually intrude* by staying in town much longer; for what shall I get by *dropping in* at houses where the curtains are covered, the company none, the *boudoir* (I don't mean Lady MORGAN'S book) deserted, and no fat porter sits in the arm-chair at the entrance-hall door, no servant waits to announce "Mr. PRY" a welcome visitor. Or where is the profit of *morning-calling* at club-house when they are actually pulling the walls to pieces of the late united service and others of some of such establishments; and the waiters are the only *lolling* gentlemen you can even ask a question of at others? But admit that "the season of eighteen hundred and twenty-nine is dead and buried," I yet do not see that we should wear scarfs, and put ourselves into mourning for its funeral. No, no, let us rather ascertain if we cannot say something pleasant of its latter days; discover that it *went off* leaving inculcations of hope (like a Christian's death-bed) rather than impressions of fear and apprehensions of dread for the future. At all events, I am perfectly convinced it gave not up the ghost, like a certain cardinal of a former day, *dying and making no sign!* But, on the contrary, and admitting for a moment its strength-tide to have been brief, compelling us to say of it (the words were originally well and wisely applied to the memory of Sir HUMPHREY DAVY)

"To this our orb is lost a shining light,  
 Useful, resplendent, and, *tho' transcient*, bright!"

Comedy delights me; hence when I find, as I *drop in* least expected, and, on that account only, least welcome, even the "great ones of the city" (I don't mean Sir CLAUDIUS STEPHEN HUNTER, Sir RICHARD BIRNIE, Sir PETER LAURIE (I think I set the *saddle* right here, at all events), and Sir CHARLES FLOWER'S, City, but that of the imperial, West), when I find, I repeat, even those who look into the modes of society with a curious eye, napping upon their posts, I cannot choose but laugh, although positively shocked at the intrusion which successively and successfully avoided, or rather escaped, detection. My reader will readily perceive that I allude to the self-introduction, the gratuitous intrusion of some unwedding-garmented gentlemen, for that he wore the appearance of one we must imagine, if we would not all be supposed to have drunk of the insane-root which takes the senses prisoner, upon dinner parties, and into ball-rooms; actually dancing with our beauties, and drinking with our beaux; grasping the precious Burgundy of my lord this hour, and the hand of the pretty BEAUCLEEK the next. Now all this is sufficiently droll to prevent me from making, as the *Court Journal* does, a moving lament upon the occasion; and though one cannot but admire Lord ABINGDON'S superior acuteness in detecting the imposition, I must still laugh with LUTTRELL upon the beginning, middle, and end of it, and rather join him in his joke than the paper in its gravity. "What a

plty it is this fellow has a *final* 'S' to his name," said my friend. "Why so?" enquired the young ST. MAUR.—"Because every one must admit him to be a *singular* fellow, and not without requisites for becoming a *Merry-ANDREW*."

By the way, I never before remember hearing and reading so much of what is proposed to be done, created, or revived for the *great world* during the pause which must necessarily exist between our "buried" friend aforesaid and the birth of a new one. "There is a talk" in one place that *Turnbridge Wells* is to be made once more the seat of *supreme ton*; and it is said in another "that a committee of noblemen and gentlemen is now forming for the revival of *Renelagh House*, and that "the original plan will be strictly adhered to." But all this is mere invention, and just as likely to occur as for Gray's-inn-lane to become the Court end of the town, and the projected theatre, which is by and bye to start up, like a pyramid of wonder, in that classical neighbourhood, should supersede the Opera House, and be the means of closing the doors of Willis's Rooms or the Ancient Concert. 'Tis all nonsense to suppose that any body, having pretensions to move in circles of *ton*, would prefer the wooden porticoes and tiled roofs of a *toy-creating little poked-up place* in Kent, to a Brighton, a Ramsgate, a Cheltenham, or a Bath, any more than that they would swell themselves with hoops again, dress their hair in all the starchness of powder and pomatum, wear looped-up quilted petticoats, high-heeled shoes, and fans large enough to drive a windmill; nay and all the time actually pace to some solemn march *round* and *round* one given circle, as if they were doomed to the circular misery of a malster's horse when the grain is to be pulverized; and all this for the purpose of reviving *Renelagh*, stiff and formal *Renelagh*, according to the original plan! *I hope I don't intrude*, but the very idea is absurd, impossible of effect, ridiculous, and what must not be!

By the bye, this is *between ourselves strictly*, what do you think ladies, for you must be the best judge of those matters, of the gallantry of the not *very-young* Earl NELSON to his new made and twenty-eight-year-old Countess? We must not say the age of chivalry is yet passed; certainly not. But I was really surprised at the event, for his lordship used not to be particularly, that is *very* particularly, profuse in his hospitalities and housekeeping, at his fine mansion of *Standlineh* (bought for him as the NELSON memorial), the table was not always bountifully spread for guests; his equipage was good, splendid, but as for himself and his larder, bless ye fair ladies, they were the plainest, most unostentatious things imaginable. His *black coat* and his *black game* were equally made the *most of*; and his *hats* and *haunches of venison* manœuvred to last till the *fur of the one*, and the *flesh of the other*, had *alike disappeared!* But what cannot WOMAN achieve? Depend upon it, when I go down (which I invariably do at Christmas to shoot pheasants, not with a dozen lordlings to murder them by thousands, without hearing the sound of a patrician Manton, but as a sportsman, and eat minced pies), when I go down to Wiltshire, depend upon it all will wear an altered and a more cheerful appearance; and, like the merry old Benedict in Mrs. INCHBALD'S "*Every one has his fault*," my LORD will jump for joy, for he is hale and hearty, like an ancient evergreen that has been nurtured and fed upon a healthful soil, and exultingly exclaim, as he invites his richer neighbours to the banquet-halls of his noble domain, and his humbler ones to the cheerful steward's room' "I'm married, I'm married, I'm married!"



"He will not now from mansion roam,  
 For woman fair doth bless his home,  
 To this her efforts ever tend,  
 'Tis her great object and her end."

Being at heart a reformer, not of the state but vulgar stations, I really must express deep regret at the fall of Vauxhall from the high attraction it once might justly have boasted. I *dropped in*, the other night (not when the "juveniles" were present, for their smiles would have effectually dispelled my frowns), and was disgusted. A badly filled playhouse is chilling enough, but a thin night at these gardens is far more execrable; you see the defects, and discover the vulgarities; they are palpable to feeling as to sight, and you in vain try to be blind or deaf to them, for they offend *more than one of our senses*. The singing I was doomed to hear was hardly better than some I was once compelled to endure at the "White Conduit," my *dropping in* propensities leading me in even there, but *I was incog*; and the ballet hardly better than Mr. Richardson's company of Bartholomew fair-notoriety would be enabled to accomplish. Then the fireworks—they were, as a contemporary observes, as bad as brief, and the waterworks not worthy a comparison with the "cataracts" of ASTLEY'S or the COBURG. As for the company, the LADIES CASTLEREAGH and BEDFORD, and DEVONSHIRE and GORDON, who were, in its better day, wont to attend the place, would have fled at their approach. Beings in boots and black neckerchiefs, creatures dowdy-dressed rushing here, struggling there, feeding, stuffing (not eating) every where; in fact, and again to quote it, and their appropriate conduct and character, "turning what was a delightful re-union of fashion into a tea-garden (*without tea*), or a bear-garden, *not without bears*."

*Entre Nous*, there is another *on dit* which I not only wish, but believe to be true. It is *said* that so unfortunate were its proprietors last season, and so *unfashionable* is *gaming become*, (common sense being suffered at last to obtain her victory,) that the "Hall" which lifts its form so high, and shows its front so boldly in St. James's Street is no longer to be considered as a play-house, and that all games of chance are to be interdicted there. A quiet rubber of whist for a few crowns may occasionally be permitted to please so moderate a gentleman as the MARQUESS of HERTFORD is twined to, but as to *Hazard, Rouge et Noir*, and the like, why such traps for well-fledged chickens are not to be thought of. Thus, observe "the Schoolmaster" has done some good; but, *between ourselves*, I understand the *true reason* of this promising and praiseworthy reform is, the receipt by a certain *Marquess*, of a pathetic and melancholy letter from one of the victims of a *gambling establishment* (who had brought his all to the table of avarice, delusion and hope, and lost it all there!) and which concluded with the lines I shall use as the *finale* of my present call,

Such is the *blighted slave* whose life hath passed,  
 Heartless and hardened in *this atmosphere*:  
 A being by his *demon-passion* cast  
 Like Cain from social haunts and all that's dear;  
 Without one human feeling to the last,  
 Beyond that *avarice which drags him here*;  
 Till, like a bar consumed by inward rust,  
 The heart, before the frame, is turned to dust!"

P.S.—Oh! *just returned again, not for my umbrella* (since, thanks to the Holy one who clothes the vallies with

richness, and their hills in an array more beautiful than that of the mightiest potentate), the sky is fair, and the sun bounteous, and the clouds drop not annihilating tears, so that I need not my sometimes-companion, but *I just drop in again*, as yourselves frequently do, fair excellencies, in a *postscript*, to warn you not to patronize the cruel, spiteful, bad-hearted, malice-fostered falsities and insinuations which the haughtiest and vainest of newspapers—the "Times" by name—has the audacity to utter and spread abroad, against a distinguished princess, the wife of the son of George the Third, the faithful spouse of the brother of our own august Sovereign, and by him esteemed, treated, and loved as a brother (witness their constant and familiar intercourse, which, by the way, is gall and worm-wood to these *Maralls*, these stabbers in the dark, these would-be destroyers of the peace, and happiness, and sociabilities of society) and who not only have the insolence to malign the living, but the intemperance, and blasphemy to invoke the honoured, the virtuous, the royal dead to arise in opposition to a woman, a wife, a princess, and a mother. My fair readers, let me entreat you to give no ear to this slanderer; to one, who in the short space of twelve months, has become the panegyrist of the very men and measures he previously denounced as dangerous and destructive; and who would, to flatter his bad passions, gratify his envious heart, or advance his ambition for preferment, write evil of the most virtuous of yourselves. He may rave against me, but I shall continue to *intrude* pretty roughly upon the vain and measureless content in which he enwraps himself, the more fatally to wound the character and peace of mind of others; for I would have him know that in a good cause, and to chastise injustice, ill nature and effrontery, like *Jagues*, in our great Bard's exquisite comedy—(Oh when in our days shall we meet with one approaching even a portion of its glories!)—"As you like it"—I will explain

"I must have LIBERTY

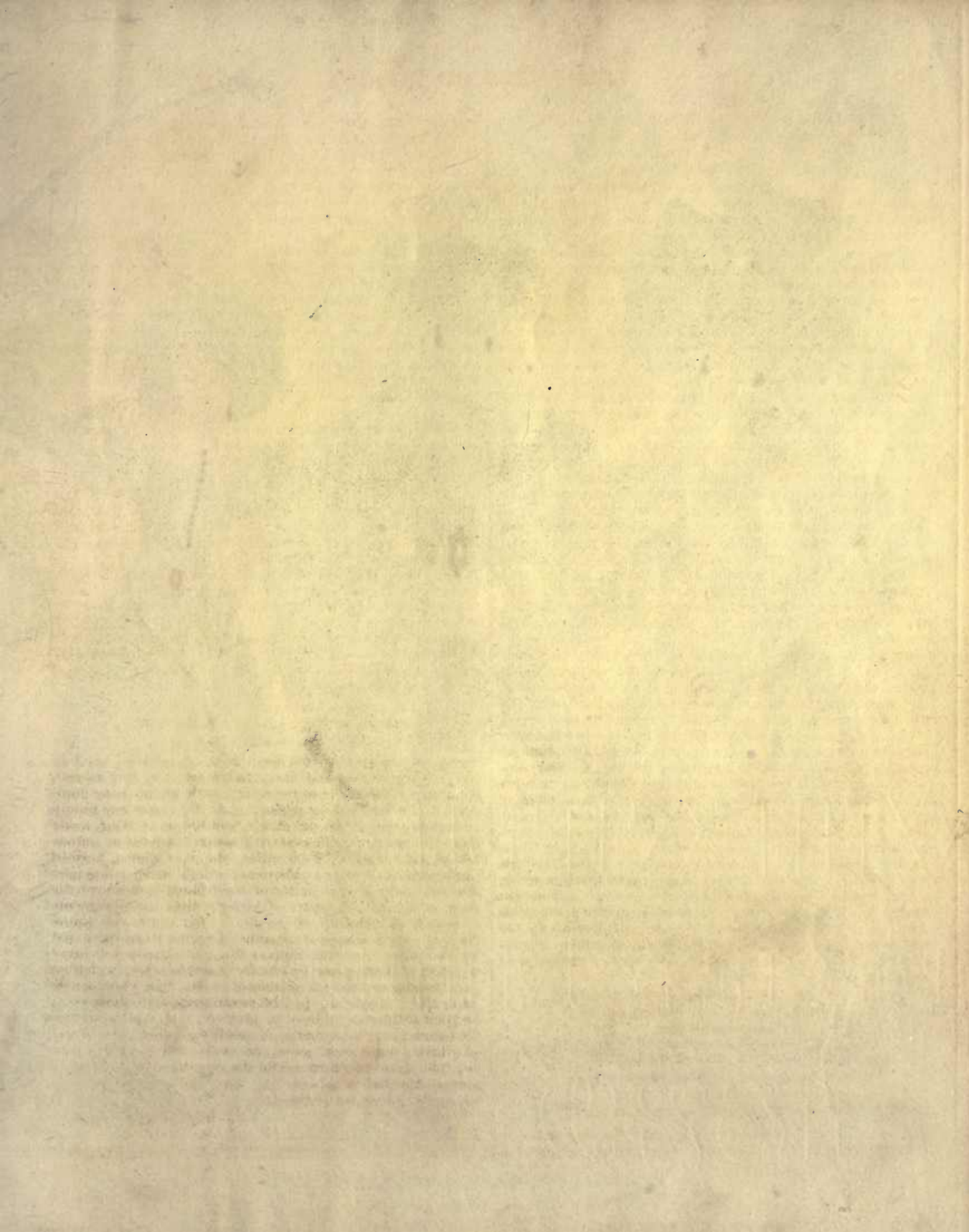
Withal; as large a charter as the wind

To BLOW ON WHOM I PLEASE.

And now dear ladies, ye whose life has been truly said to be a history of the affections, as ye will be, like myself, running or riding out of town for a little while, pray don't let it be for a very long period, and, if ye have any kindly wishes to your old acquaintance *Paul Pry in the West*, avoid introducing among the *country females* that most abominable of all abominable novelties, the new dance, termed GALOPADE, and which puts one in mind, when being performed, more of the clatter of the trained horses over the stage at the Amphitheatre of Astley's, than the movements of a party of elegant bred people. Why, don't you know its very origin stamps it objectionable, for it was invented by the flatterers of the Princess Royal of Prussia to conceal a defect of having *one leg shorter than the other*, which its peculiar step or hobble is calculated to do. Can ye dance it after this? If ye can, henceforward agree with those who, in their estimation of beauty, prefer vacant, yet pretty little features, to those that look nobility of mind, the former of which I must ever assimilate as scarcely more interesting than those which we see in the *Egyptian idol*, the *Gothic statue*, the *Indian screen*, and the *Chinese jar*. I hope, sincerely, *I have not intruded*.

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.









*Newest Fashions for October 1829*  
*Morning Dresses.*

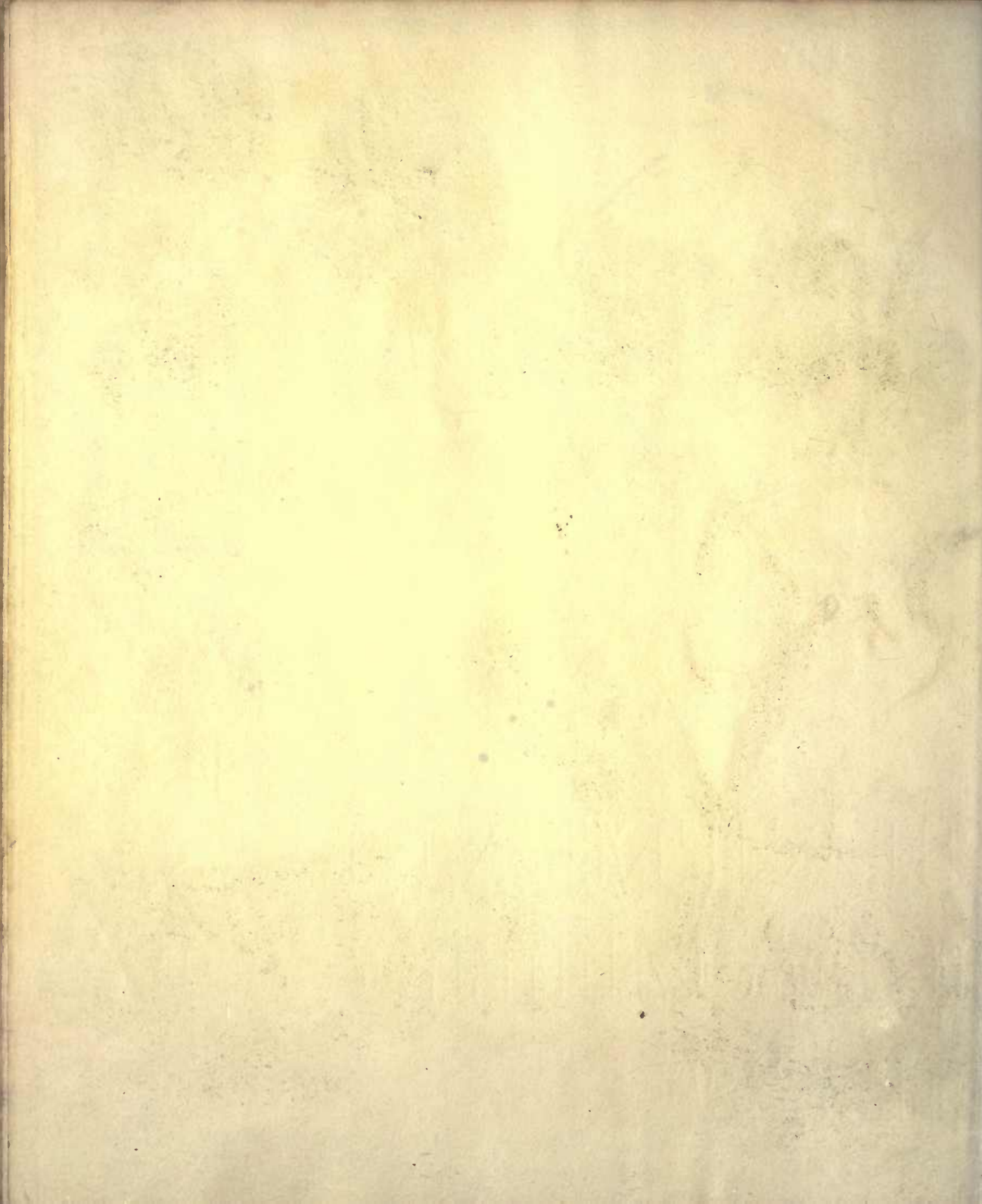
*Fancy Costumes. N<sup>o</sup> 43.*  
*Royal Palace, London.*





*Newest Fashions for October 1829*













Newest Fashions for October, 1829.  
Morning & Dinner Dresses



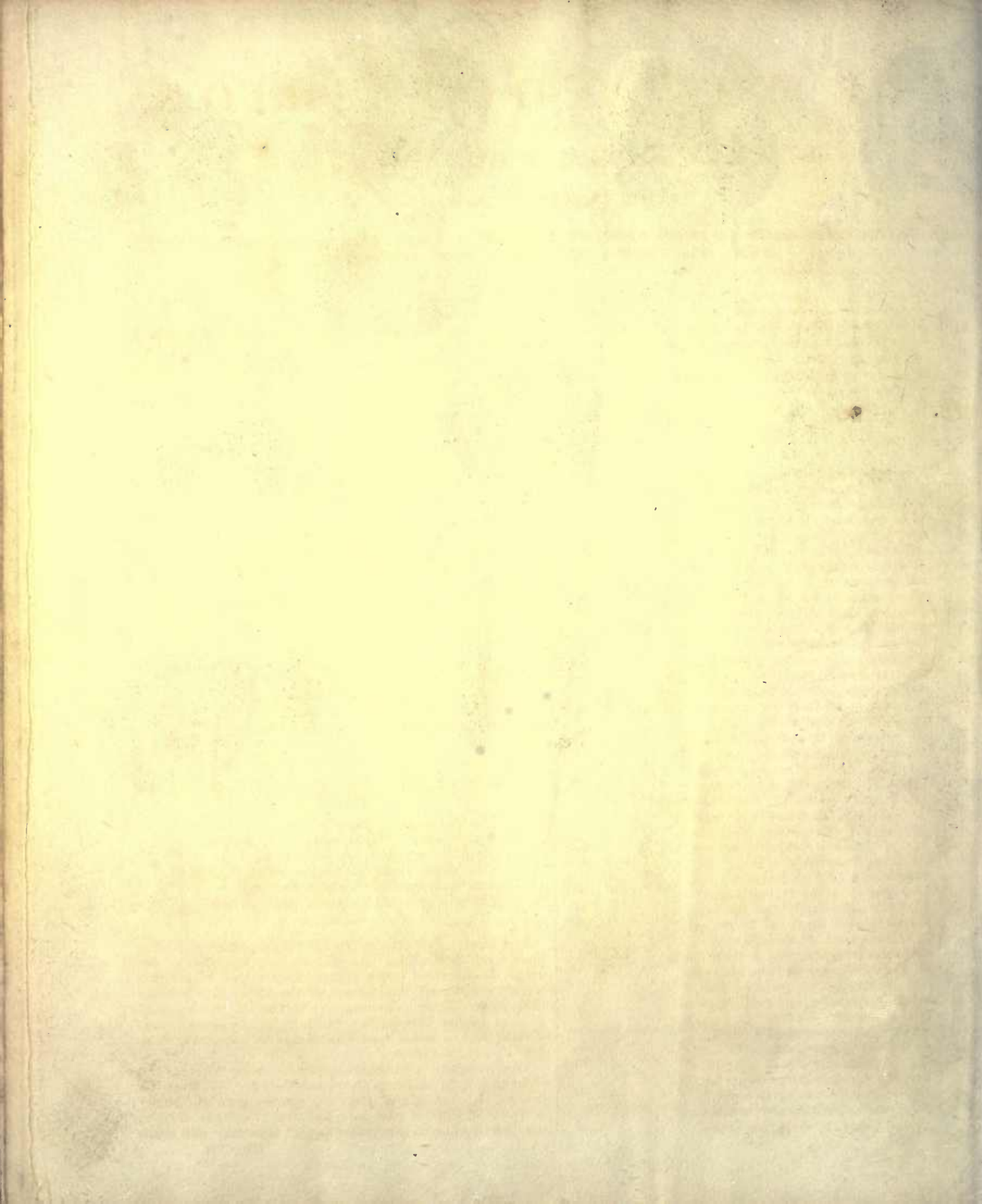


*Parisian Coiffures.*

W. Alais. Sc.

1—Coiffure de Marie. 2—Coiffure de Cour. 3—Coiffure de Cour. 4—Coiffure de Cour.  
 Coiffure de Bal paré. 6—Coiffure de Bal. 7—Coiffure en Turban. 8—Coiffure de Bal.  
 9—Coiffure chez soi 10—Coiffure à la Grecque.







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 65.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1829.

VOL. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, A FEMALE TOXOPHOLITE, OR ARCHER; TWO MORNING DRESSES, AND A CHILD'S DRESS.—SECOND PLATE, MORNING AND DINNER DRESSES, AND TWO FASHIONABLE HATS.—THIRD PLATE, WALKING AND EVENING DRESSES, AND THREE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—FOURTH PLATE, TEN OF THE LAST NEW PARISIAN COIFFURES.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

“The changing tints upon the leaves,  
(Which wind-kiss'd rustle as the sheaves  
The careful husbandman conveys,—  
Wise treasures for his future days;)   
The changing tints, the varying skies,  
Now bright, like loveliest Lady's eyes,  
Then cover'd as with envious cloud,  
(When tears those witching eyes will shroud,)  
Thy vineyards, giving up their wealth,  
To ready hand of hardy health,  
(Which like the sailor o'er the sea  
Brings merchandize for luxury :)  
Thy luscious orchards, plenteous now  
With clustering apples on each bough,  
And echoing laughter from the swains,  
Who pluck the fruit and count their gains;  
Thy fields enliven'd by the cry,  
Of HUNTSMAN'S, *costum'd* chivalry,  
The music of the *volleying*-pack,  
The horn inspiring on their track,  
The daring leap, the eagle swoop,  
The dauntless rush, the death '*who-oo!*'  
Or COURSER'S loud and wild '*halloo!*'  
As the rous'd hare starts up in view.  
And *gaze-hounds* in fleet struggle strain, }  
(Swift as *Cammilla* o'er the grain,) }  
O'er upland, valley, heath, or plain : }  
Or SHOOTER'S well arrang'd-array  
Marking with steady pace the way,  
As his staunch dogs, led by the gale,  
In stubble land, or wooded vale,  
Point the *crouch'd-covey* in their beat,  
Or flush the *pheasant* from his seat,  
As with a lightning speed he flies,  
With gaudy wing, and rustling cries !  
For these *brown-AUTUMN* do I trace,  
About thee pleasantness and grace,  
Albeit thy leaf to earth the last,  
Weak rockling of the eddying blast !  
And thy gay shining morning form,  
At eve be saddened by a storm.  
Nay, *various Season*, not for these  
Alone, I love thy wavering breeze ;

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But that beneath thy fostering skies,  
The tight rigg'd shallop gaily flies,  
As well pleas'd thousands cheer its way,  
On to the goal, or flag crown'd bay ;  
Or mingling all thy bounties rife,  
For *temporary* COUNTRY life.

Nor there alone ;—as yet *e'en here*,  
We hail thee as a friend sincere ;  
One that gives note of pleasant mirth,  
For winter homes, and well-lit hearth ;  
That prophecies of joys unborn,  
Which shall pluck out the casual thorn,  
The passing hours of clouds impart,  
Sometimes to *e'en the cheeriest* heart.  
Then why should we to sorrow yield,  
Though rustling bough strews many a field,  
Though flowers on fairest garden bed  
Are by the night-wind withered ;  
Why shiver now OCTOBER'S here,  
'Cause breezes blow, and leaves are scar.''  
A. M. T. JUN.

### THE LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

“The *even tenour* of his quiet life  
Forbid, awhile, the shouts of loyal tongues  
Pervade his privacy, or give the world,  
(The eager world that hunger oft for change  
And feeds upon the fruits of novelty.)  
The triumphs of high-state.”—HEYWOOD.

In common with every loyal subject, and well dis-  
positioned man, from one end of the kingdom to the  
other, it has been with sincere regret and alarm that  
we have received intelligence of the affliction which at-  
tacked our estimable SOVEREIGN ; and which rumour exag-  
gerated into so inveterate a character as to alarm the cre-  
dulous with a belief that HIS MAJESTY had nearly been  
deprived of his vision.

We are happy to be able to contradict a report, that the  
sight of both his Majesty's eyes is affected. The truth we  
believe, is, that his Majesty is, for the present, nearly  
without the sight of one eye ; but that the other may be  
considered as in no immediate danger of attack ; and great

U



hopes are still entertained, that the ailing eye may be recovered, if his Majesty should choose to undergo an operation. The cataract over the King's eye, is, we are assured, of the kind called soft cataract, which may be removed by puncture, unattended by pain or danger. It is probable, therefore, that this operation will take place, or perhaps by this time has taken place; though some of the medical advisers of the King have recommended him not to undergo it, as he has so powerful a sight in one eye. It is quite true that at one time, apprehensions were entertained that the King would lose the sight of both eyes.

We may now add as a piece of information we believe to be perfectly correct, that His MAJESTY is, in reality, very anxious for the speedy completion of the long promised, much criticised palace now advancing its gaudy, but somewhat inconsistent proportions, in *St. James's Park*. This we take to be a good sign of the times, and to give promise and fair encouragement for the future. The magnificence of the Castle, or the quietude of the forest may be, for a season, the delight of royalty, but is in the heart of his kingdom, amongst the activities of his capital, that a kind, a considerate monarch, and such an one we have, can be of the greatest service, and conduces the most to the welfare of his country, and the cheerfulness, activity and happiness of its people. Another rumour, blown by surmises, states that *Brighton* is to be gladdened very shortly, and for a considerable time, with the beneficial influence of his Majesty's presence, and the good folks of that town are in consequence, in most felicitously high spirits. Whether disappointment will cloud, or "hope accomplished," enlighten their atmosphere, our next introduction to numerous and respected readers will sufficiently develop.

#### ON DITS OF FASHION.\*

A native of China, who visited England some fourteen years since, wrote a copy of verses, which, literally translated, contained this passage—

"In LONDON, about the period of the *ninth moon*,  
The inhabitants delight to travel to a distance;  
They change their abodes, and betake themselves to  
the country,  
Visiting their friends in their rural retreats."

Now, though written so long ago, these lines apply strictly to the *present hour*, for the period of the year, marked out by Time, that most unerring of recorders, marks this to be distinctly the "ninth moon," as do the appearance of our parks, squares, and noble mansions, spots where Fashion was wont to hold high festival, sufficiently compel us to admit that the gay world, like the migratory tribe of feathered choristers, has, for a while, changed the locality of its glories and the circle of its operations; or, in the words of the *China-man*, that its most influential members are

"Visiting their friends in their rural retreats."

Still it behoves us to maintain the consistency of our course, and to point out (men if they be, during a stage or two, fewer in number and less brilliant in character) the bright or curious events and situation of our travel. For example, the *new Theatre*, constructed by the industrious LAPORTE,

\* It is our intention to make this part of the Work, in future, much more miscellaneous,—and descriptive of Fashionable Life.

within the walls of the Concert-room at the *Italian Opera house*, being besides 'suitable to the representation of the regular drama, is neat and complete in its grade. We would suggest the removal of the *French Company* from the *Lyceum* to this more appropriate arena. Not that we dislike Mr. ARNOLD's profilings, but that we love our own and fashionable friends' comforts more. For who of us would prefer trusting our cabriolets and carriages among the jostling "hackneys" of the Strand when we may command our people to set us down where we shall indeed find ourselves, "at home?"

*Apropos*, of the affairs of the "Garden." To depress the already bowed-down is as remote from our intentions as it is alien to our nature; nay, we would at all times rather assist to prop up the wavering fortunes of a falling house, than place even a finger of opposition the sooner to crumble to earth the tottering fabric. Still *truth* demands of us to state, that all the energy and *forensic* eloquence of Mr. GEORGE ROBINS, have not satisfied us into the necessity of his MAJESTY heading the subscription, for PRINCES and PEERS to follow, which is so absolutely necessary, not only for the regeneration, but for the actual drawing up of the green curtain at *Covent Garden Theatre*. We cannot drive from our minds, we cannot shut ourselves up so imperviously from *common sense*, not to feel, not to know, but that all those misfortunes which have opened, as from Pandora's box of cares, upon the "untoward" establishment in question, have arisen from the, we fear, too selfish piques, and *private quarrels* of its two or three parties of proprietors, as well as from extravagant management relative to "dead weights," pensioners, and salaries upon the treasury. We cannot, also, but remember, that even with the Crown, parish, and landlord's claims adjusted, the heavy irons of *Chancery* still fetter the concern, and, consequently, that the five hundred pounds which his Majesty is so cavalierly called upon to advance, and the fifties, twenties, tens, and fives lesser folks are absolutely commanded to subscribe, would be but as an April shower compared with the waters of the broad and beautiful ocean. No, no! not till the proprietors show a disposition themselves to adjust differences, and allay fermentations; not till the management comes forward and unequivocally announce a fall in the rate of admissions: not till enormously salaried performers humble their ridiculously proud spirits to "mouth" it at greatly sunken rewards: and stage-conductors, treasurers, readers of plays, and all from the monarch of the green-room almost to the thunder-mongers and call-boy, consent to half-price. Not, in fine, till the Theatre itself is cleansed of some of "the perilous" and disgusting "stuff" which is now suffered to molest it, and annoy all that love quiet and uphold decency; not till these offers and improvements be made, can we, or his MAJESTY, or the rich and distinguished, be expected to listen to the plausibilities of Mr. BARTLEY's speeches, or the *semi-dramatic* eloquence of Mr. AUCTIONEER GEORGE ROBINS "charm he never so wisely."

The Duke of CAMBRIDGE having purchased *Cholmondeley House*, surmise has been at work as to the motives of his Royal Highness for so doing; especially since the rule of his own kingdom of Hanover might be supposed sufficient to engage the greater portion of the Royal care. Is it not, however, probable, as well as possible, that we may find a station of honour here—a *Commander-in-Chiefship*, for instance, well suiting this illustrious personage? And is it not in our power to find another brother of our Sovereign ca



able of assuming the chair of state in *Hanover* which the other may have quitted? To be sure, we do not much pride ourselves as politicians; but, by our loyalty to our Liege, and love to our country, we do imagine that this legislating of ours could not be easily carried into effect, but would prove palatable to all parties. To *King*, to *Prince*, and to *people abroad*, we mean the *provinces*. Two celebrations of considerable interest have taken place, and congregated to the focus of their attractions the aristocratic members of the community. We mean the CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL, and the RACE MEETING at DONCASTER; the one rich in "concord of sweet sounds," the other rare in its assemblage of equipages, and both redolent of brilliancy and beauty. MALLEBRAN GARCIA was the heroine of the one, the Hon. MR. PETRE the hero of the other; the former conquering by the *richness of her voice*, the latter by the *speed and capabilities of his horse*; thus the *lady*, by her *running up the notes*, and the *gentleman*, by his *counting them*, will be fully satisfied with (as the title of some book runs) "Northern Adventures." We would, however, just hint to *Madame*, that ambition might be pressed too vainly, and should be restrained with the rein of discretion; therefore, let her cleave to her *own style of music*, her *own school of harmony*; for when she boldly dares *ours*, she is vulnerable. What play-goer but would "grin horribly a ghastly smile" to witness LISTON'S out-of-place contortions in *Macbeth*, or *Hamlet's* soliloquy? Yet, while PATON is with us, and Mrs. KNYVET flourishes, MALIBRAN'S attempts upon HANDEL, or in HAYDN'S CREATION, are, to the full, as painful. Let her, we say, avoid this grasping at fruit she cannot reach; and learn to admit that "the wisdom which denoteth the union of a good heart, with sound judgment and polished breeding, sheweth itself in this; that it neither giveth a *superior* a triumph, nor an inferior pain."

## MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE.

It is not that merriment has ceased in the monarchy of *Fashion* that we omit for once our usual record of "*Parties and Balls*;" but it is because those recreations and hilarities being now removed from town, (whilst town-houses are undergoing a re-invigoration of embellishment, and the great world is refreshing itself in the country,) become so scattered, that unless we were blessed with the fairy gift of being in fifty places at once, it becomes impossible to note a tythe portion of them which take place. As, however, we now purpose to rusticate ourselves, it shall go hard with our resolves if we fill not a page next month descriptive of country cordialities. Premising thus much, by way of apology, we proceed to the regular order of our duty.

We have a veneration for many of the pretty Arcadian customs of former days; for the long line of white-robed damsels strewing flower-wreaths in the path of the young and ardent as they approach to plight vows at the altar's foot; for the array of equipages, the companionship of approving friends; for the joyous smiling appearance of contented tenantry, and light-ribboned domestics; all these we approve, and, consequently, were delighted at the style in which the union of Lord ANDOVER and Miss ISABELLA HOWARD (second daughter of the late Lord HENRY HOWARD, and niece to his Grace the Duke of NORFOLK) was celebrated. For these badges, prettinesses and characters lent delight and a gratifying display to the hour when the bells

of the little village of Aldingburne, Sussex, sent forth to the winds;

In cheering tune, and chining voice,  
The well known summons to rejoice;  
That 'neath the words of holy truth,  
A lovely lady, noble youth,  
Had plighted, by old *Hymen's* token,  
The *cath* that *never* must be broken."

About the same period the accomplished ELIZABETH SOTHEY, second daughter of the gallant ADMIRAL of *that name*, was united to a worthy member of that honourable service, her Father loved so well, served so truly, and which the whole world respects; the husband of her choice being CAPTAIN THURSTON, of Talgarth, North Wales.

On the 8th instant, at Marylebone, the daughter of another distinguished officer of our Naval service, was united to a talented and worthy gentleman, ROBERT HARVEY, Esq., of Langley Park; the lady being the hope of Sir WILLIAM HOTHAM, K.C.B.; and on the same day, the very REV. CHARLES SCOTT LUYMORE, Dean of St. Asaph, led to the altar the lovely KATHERINE, youngest daughter of the Hon. SIR JOHN NICHOLL; a creature worthy of so good a sire. SOUTHEY, in his admirable "Colloquies," says, "Surely, to the sincere believer, *death* would be an object of desire, instead of dread, were it not for those ties—those heart-strings—by which we are attached to life." How true, how undeniable is this, and therefore, can we wonder that those who knew her the best should the most grieve at the departure from their sight, of the admirable wife of DAVID WILLIAMS, Esq., R. N. of Stamford Grove, Stamford Hill; or that there should be tears shed, and sighs vented when the excellent amiable Mrs. CHOLMONDLEY, also the respectable LADY OWEN, of Orielton, so early for those who loved them, yet at a good old age, "began the travel of eternity?"

Youth too has fallen, even as the leaves of Autumn, seared and shrivelled, are dropping away from the parent-stem, before us; for after a painful, a trying illness, which she bore with the fortitude of a heroine, and the patience of a martyr, Death closed the eyes and the sufferings of the once strong and elegant SOPHIA ANNE, third daughter of the late RICHARD BURFOOT, of Lambeth, Esq.,

"O gentle maiden, o'er a lovelier form  
Than thine, earth never clos'd, nor e'er did heaven  
Receive a purer spirit from the world."

These are visitations which should, and we will hope—do, make us wiser and better; at all events it is good that we should ponder over them, remembering that as we advance in years, our day-dreams must become retrospective, and that the heart will feed as naturally upon remembrance, as it now does upon the hopes of youth. Thus should we think, and then though those be torn from us whom we had fondly hoped would have seen us laid quietly in the rest of the grave; with whom, indeed, it seemed our very life went half away: though they should precede us in the journey to an hereafter, we shall be enabled to console ourselves with the belief, that

"We shall meet, that we shall meet  
Where parting tears shall never flow;  
And when we think thereon, almost  
We'll long to go!"

Although we have recently restricted our notices to the falling away from life of the talented and distinguished



among our female fashionables, we depart now a little from the even tenor of our way, to record the decease of two eminent characters. They are CAPTAIN BEST and the EARL of HARRINGTON. The former of these was celebrated for his duel with LORD CAMELFORD, and with relation to an *affaire du cœur* with a young singing actress for his intimation of the likelihood of his returning to his old habits of *thinning the Peerage*. He died in the 49th year of his age. The latter the EARL of HARRINGTON died at Brighton, on Tuesday morning, when in the 76th year of his age, and was for a long series of years, among the favourite personal friends of his late Majesty George III., who never lost an occasion of showing his partiality towards him, and who conferred on him the civil honours which he held to the day of his death.

Charles Stanhope, Earl of Harrington, was Viscount Petersham, of Petersham, in Surrey, and Baron Harrington, of Harrington, in the county of Northampton. The Earl was a General in the army, Colonel of the 1st Life Guards, Captain-Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, and K.G.C. of the Bath. He was also Gold Stick in Waiting to his present Majesty, and K.G.C. of the Royal Guelphic Order. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, CHARLES VISCOUNT PETERSHAM.

## THE DRAMA.

*Ascanis*—" ——— What's next to do?"

*Theodore*—" Why, since the day has yet some hours to live,  
I would advise, Sirs, that we wile them off  
At *pleasant theatre*, where haply now  
They fashion out some *noel enterprize*,  
And picture forth, in gladsome memory,  
The *likeness of the world*."

THE POET, A COMEDY, 1672.

The too rigidly abbreviated reign of the *Summer theatres*, (so by custom called,) does not appear to slacken the energies, or damp the spirits of their liberal proprietors; since both Mr. ARNOLD and Mr. MORRIS, like able tacticians as they are, bring up continual supplies and reinforcements, so that they may at least deserve, if, upon all occasions, they do not actually obtain a triumph. Those establishments also, which are known by the appellation of "*Minors*" have been of late most assiduously alive to that which constitutes the best claim upon public approbation;—the best authority to look for a commensurate reward. We mean—and this general praise must suffice for a more elaborate detail of their doings—they have produced novelties which even the fastidious would receive kindly; they have engaged performers who would be no disgrace to the *legitimates*; and they have so ordered their representations (as to *cast*, and *scenic effect*) that "*Old Drury*" and the "*Garden*" must refreshen, if they desire to retain their laurels.

The ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE has the rare praise of having been the medium of introducing to this country some very splendid, and some fascinating Operas; to these may now be added HEINRICH MARESCÜNER's (we mention him as the composer of the music) DER VAMPER, which has been adapted, and well translated from WOHLBRUCH (the writer of the dialogue and recitative, the latter greatly abounding) by Mr. PLANCHE. The old and forbidding story of the endowments and propensities of the Vampire—a monster of surmise merely—form the ground-work of the action, and we may add machinery, and, in fact, the scenic efforts

and operations differ but slightly from those which characterized the drama of the same name, played also at the ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE, some few seasons previously, with the exception that the scene of its extraordinary occurrences is now appropriately laid in Transylvania—the spot which created the superstition, instead of as heretofore in the fastnesses of Scotland.

The music of this Opera is of a various character, sometimes approaching the grand, sometimes adhering merely to the pretty; of the former description is the *scena* given to PHILLIPS; of the latter, the very tasteful song executed by Miss CAWSE; both are performed in a style calculated to live in the memory of those who listen to these talented professionals. There are also some noble chorusses, for the most part, well executed; but we must a little qualify our approbation by affirming that we consider the recitative is allowed too much to preponderate, and that a *better* representative of the principal female performer, might, we should imagine, be found than Miss BETTS. A clever singer she may be, but she is decidedly not a finished one. For secondary range of characters, her skill may prove sufficient, but, we fear she never will vindicate her claim to be considered a *Prima Donna*.

"*Sold for a Song*," also recently produced, is a pleasant trifle, excellently performed, in which, though the scene and incidents are laid abroad, Messrs J. RUSSELL, WOOD, and Miss CAWSE are found decidedly *at home*. The Italian sing-song of the former, is to the very life.

The "*Recruit*," a drama full of "moving accidents by flood and field," but of a most exaggerated character, has given another triumph to the KELLY, another attestation of her inimitable powers to bring by the truth of her delineations the tear-drop in the eye; and by the energy of her acting, to carry along with her the feelings, the very heart of her spectators. She sacrifices to Nature, and her offering is accepted; the flame of the Oracle she adores, lights the altar of her divinity!

MISS BOADEN, a name not new to fame, has, on the contrary, filled the HAYMARKET THEATRE with laughter-echoing audiences, by the capital drollery of her farce, termed "*William Thompson*," and the admirable fooling of JOHN REEVE, VINING, and WILLIAMS, in its principal personages; parts of "*John's*" performance, especially where he is to fight a duel, and his subsequently taken for a madman, is equal to the best hits of LISTON in *Paul Pry*, or FARREN in *Charles the Twelfth*, and what is great praise, his whole performance was totally devoid of bluster or caricature. The farce itself, indeed, is precisely what such a composition ought to be, a signal for the ebullitions of merriment, and the triumph of laughter. Had Demosthenes lived to witness its representation, we question if his tub would not have quickly been turned into a cottage of content; and that he would no longer waste his time, and consume the light of his lanthorn in looking for an *honest man*, content to have discovered from the bent and inclination of her writings, an exceedingly *cheerful woman*.

The other performances, and especially the revivals at this theatre have been cleverly executed, and judiciously determined upon. Whilst the "*Happiest day of my Life*" proves to be of a series of pleasantries, rather than a mere twelve hours of ludicrous jovialty; thus consoling us with the knowledge that although clouds may in some quarters be dimming the hopes of our Drama, in others are to be found the cheering rays of sunshine, and the paths which lead to pleasantness and peace.



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

## FIRST PLATE.

## FANCY COSTUME.—NO. 43.

## A FEMALE TOXOPHOLITE OR ARCHER.

This graceful figure has the face turned towards the mark she is taking aim at, and the bow in the left hand is in a perpendicular position, and held out strait towards the mark. The arrow is brought well to the ear, and not the eye, on the left side of the bow under the string; the forefinger of the left hand passes over it; by the other hand the nock is placed in the string at the proper place, with the cock-feather uppermost; when this is done, the forefinger of the left hand is removed and placed round the bow; while the left hand is raising the bow, the right should be drawing the string with two or three fingers only, and not the thumb; as soon as it reaches the head it should be let loose, for fear of its breaking.

We refer our readers to the elegant position represented in an engraving: to attain this requires particular attention; for nothing is more ridiculous than bad positions in archery.

The dress is a Kendal, or Forrester's-green *gros de Naples*, with two flounces scalloped, and pinked at the edges: each flounce headed by an elegant wreath of oak-leaves in raised embroidery, or in embossed foliage of green satin. The body is made tight to fit the shape, with the bust very beautifully embroidered or ornamented to correspond with the heading of the flounces. The sleeves are long, and nearly fitting the arm, with a full Maneberon sleeve at the top, slashed in the Spanish fashion, and slashes filled in by white satin.

The Bowman's cuff of rose-colour and green finishes the sleeve at the wrist. And the dress, which is made high, has a falling collar at the throat of rich point lace. Round the waist is the Archer's belt, to which is attached the spare arrows. This is of rose-coloured Morocco and fine Woodstock leather. On the opposite side of the waist are two splendid tassels, as ornaments of Kendal-green. The Toxophilite hat, buttoned up in front with a gold loop, is of black or purple velvet, crowned with white plumage sometimes, intermingled with green feathers. The half-boots are of Kendal-green kid.

## MORNING DRESSES.—(Centre Figure.)

A pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the colour, that of lilac shot with white. It fastens down the front with a narrow rouleau and a broad bias fold. The body is made slightly en *gerbe*, and is surmounted next the throat by a triple French ruff, formed of Parras lacc. The sleeves are à l'*Imbecille*, confined at the wrists by an embroidered cuff of *tulle*, surmounted by a full ruffle of broad lace. The cap is of broad

blond, turned back from the face, and the hair confined across the forehead by a net-bandeau of pink satin. Under the border of the cap, and lying on the hair, is placed, on the right side, a bouquet of flowers, consisting of a large full-blown Provence rose and branches of fern: over the left temple is a small bouquet, formed of the pink flowers named Venus's Fly-trap, with their green foliage.

## SECOND MORNING DRESS.—(First Figure.)

A dress of striped muslin; the stripes *tourterelle*, with a delicate pattern of colours at one edge, on a buff ground. Two flounces of clear muslin form the border on the skirt: these are pointed à la *Vandyck*, and are bordered by a broad strip of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are à l'*Imbecille*, and are confined at the wrist by a plain narrow cuff. The bonnet is of night-shade purple, ornamented with puffs of broad ribbon, the half of which is of that colour, the other half of olive-green, figured over in a running pattern of black. In front of the right side of the crown is a large puff of night-shade purple *gros de Naples*, of which material the bonnet is made. A scarf shawl of richly-embroidered muslin is worn with this dress, and drawn, at the top of the bust, through a puffing of ribbon of *tourterelle*-colour. The shoes are of black corded *gros de Naples*, tied en *sandales*.

## A CHILD'S DRESS.

A tunic and petticoat of fine cambric or jaconot muslin. The border of the petticoat next the feet, and the two sides of the tunic in front, worked in small open diamonds, and terminated by a narrow lace at the edges. Six small tucks surmount this trimming, forming a border round the skirt, both of the tunic and petticoat. The body is embroidered in the same diamond work as that which forms the border next the shoe, and finished by *fichu*-robings, edged with narrow lace, from whence commence the falling sides of the tunic. A bow of rose coloured ribbon, with a delicate pattern in penciling, ornaments each shoulder, and a sash of the same kind of ribbon encircles the waist. The bonnet is of Leghorn, in the cottage shape, lined with rose-coloured satin. Pantaloon, the same as the dress, draw tight over each ankle; and the half-boots are of kid of mignonette-leaf green.

## PLATE THE SECOND.

## MORNING AND DINNER DRESS.

## MORNING DRESS.—(Centre Figure.)

A dress of elegantly printed muslin, the ground a pale *tourterelle*; with pencil stripes of delicate foliage, in black. A trimming of a very novel kind surrounds the border of the skirt, consisting of very broad striped muslin, white and pink; the stripes parted by a Greek pattern, in pencil:



the flounce is finished next the feet in points which take a bias direction towards the left foot; these points are also edged by a Greek pattern, and above them is seen a most delicate pattern of flowers pencilled in outline. The head of the flounce is finished *à la Grecque*. The sleeves are *à la Mameluke*, and are confined at the wrists by broad bracelets of gold, studded and fastened by turquoise-stones. A beautiful Canezou Pelerine, of fine India muslin, conceals the body of the dress, and has two short ends brought under the sash, which is of tourterelle coloured ribbon, brocaded with black in a Greek pattern. The Canezou is trimmed round with a double trimming of muslin edged with fine narrow lace, and headed by a broad, fluted, trimming, formed of the same materials; a triple ruff of lace encircles the throat. The bonnet is of tourterelle-coloured *gros de Naples*, trimmed under the brim with points of ribbon, half pink, half white; the white painted with light green foliage; other trimmings adorn the crown of the bonnet, of the same material as the bonnet itself, interspersed by puffs of ribbon, the same as the points under the brim; strings of which ribbon tie the bonnet down under the chin on the right side. The shoes are of tourterelle-kid, tied *en sandales*.

#### FIRST DINNER DRESS.

A dress of a very superior kind of sarsenet, named *Chaly de Perse*. A broad hem surrounds the border, headed by foliage ornaments of the same colour and material, which represent large leaves lying in bias over each other, and each edged round with fringe: a rich cordon of silk surmounts these ornaments. The body is made plain, and fitting tight to the shape, with sleeves *à l'Amadis*; the gauntlet cuff coming nearly as high as to the elbow. At the wrists are antique points of white satin, edged with narrow blond. From the back depends a double pelerine, the same as the dress, both bordered by fringe: it is left quite open in front, and the ends which are short, are past through a belt of white watered ribbon, fastened in front with a rich gold buckle. The colour of this unique and novel dress is a bright Aurora. The dress hat worn with it is of fine, white chip, ornamented both beneath and above the brim, with branches of vine leaves and white flowers; strings of white ribbon, the half painted in spots of different colours float over the shoulders. The shoes are of pea-green satin, and the stockings of silk, the same colour.

#### SECOND DINNER DRESS.

A dress of white Organdy, with a broad hem in bias round the border, finished by *languettes*, alternately folded down, and placed erect; under these at the head of the hem, and on each languette is worked a beautiful pattern in embroidery; and above the whole, embroidered on the skirt of the dress, are detached bouquets of flowers; the body is in the Circassian drapery style; and the sleeves *à l'imbecile*, opened down the front of the arm, and closed again by buttons of gold; very broad bracelets confine the sleeves at the wrist, of white and gold enamel, fastened by an agate set in gold. Above the bracelets are embroidered *languettes*, corresponding with those on the skirt, a bow of embroidered Organdy is placed on each shoulder, the hat is of a deep and bright rose colour, in crape, and is trimmed with blond under the brim, with a rosette of rose-coloured ribbon over the right temple; the crown is ornamented also with bows of rose ribbon, and white blond, with two

beautiful *œpritt* feathers; the ear-pendants are of wrought gold, and a most splendid necklace of differently coloured jewels encircles the neck. The shoes are white satin, tied *en sandales*.

#### FASHIONABLE HATS.

FIG. 1.—Back view of the hat on the figure of the first dinner dress.

FIG. 2.—Back view of the hat in the second dinner dress; this hat is of white crape.

#### PLATE THE THIRD.

##### A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of buff-coloured muslin, with a narrow flounce of white muslin next the feet, over this is a broad flounce ornament cut in deep square notches, the inside of which, notches are jagged *en sue*. This is also of white muslin, and it is bound round, and surmounted by green satin rouleau binding. The corsage is made high, up to the throat, and down each side of the bust is a triple ornament of white muslin, fluted, which forms a kind of *fichu* robing down each side, while it gracefully marks out the contours; the waist is encircled by a belt of the same colour and material as the dress, fastened on one side with a lozenge-shaped buckle of gold. A triple ruff of lace encircles the throat; the sleeves are *à l'imbecile*, and are confined at the wrists by narrow bracelets of white and gold enamel; the hat is of white *gros de Naples*, ornamented with puffs of the same, and white Gueldre roses. Under the brim are points of ribbon, terminated by small rosettes, consisting of one loop and one end. The hat ties under the chin with a *mentonnière* of blond, and strings of broad white ribbon, brocaded, float over the shoulders. The half-boots worn with this dress are Nankeen.

##### BACK VIEW (*in half-length*) OF A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of amber-coloured poplin, made partially low; a broad hem surrounds the border of the skirt, headed by three narrow rouleaux of Modena-red satin; the body is ornamented at the back and front, with pointed lappels, finished at the edge by Modena-red rouleau binding. The sleeves are *à l'imbecile*, and terminate at the wrist by a tight cuff of embroidered muslin, surmounted by a lace ruffle; a *fichu* of white satin is worn under this dress, surmounted by a very full ruff of blond, and under this is an *alliance* of blue and white. The hat is of Leghorn, trimmed with straw-coloured brocaded ribbon, and crowned by straw-coloured plumage.

##### EVENING DRESS.

A dress of primrose coloured taffety, with a broad flounce of blond, of a very rich pattern round the border; this is headed by a much narrower flounce, which is surmounted by a cordon of primrose silk; the body is *à l'enfant*, with a narrow cape of white satin, pointed in front; this is trimmed with narrow blond. The sleeves are short and *en bérêt*. A dress hat of white chip has a bow under the brim, on the right side of lilac and white ribbon sewn together, strings of which float over the shoulders; an elegant wreath of flowers falls over the edge of the brim on the right side, which is elevated, and this wreath consists of vine-leaves and their tendrils, with a few small bunches of the purple grape, relieved by yellow roses; on the left side, above the brim, is a bouquet formed of a yellow rose, a bunch of purple grapes, and a few vine leaves.



## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—A cap for *demi-parure* of broad blond, triple borders of which turn back, and a beautiful group of flowers, in a half wreath, is placed next the hair; the flowers consist of full blown roses and trefoil.

FIG. 2.—A back view of the same cap.

FIG. 3.—A back view of a dress hat of white chip, the same as that on the figure representing an evening dress. This hat is, however, trimmed with pink and white ribbon, and the wreath is formed of that elegant little rose, called "Rose of Paradise," or the cinnamon-rose, which forms half wreaths, as it blooms on its drooping branches.

[We have procured at considerable trouble and expense the following Coiffures, which are descriptive of the Fourth Plate. We trust they will please our readers. This will be followed by others equally novel and interesting.]

## PLATE THE FOURTH.

## THE LAST NEW PARISIAN COIFFURES.

HEAD-DRESS, No. 1.—*Coiffure chez soi*; or, HOME COSTUME.

This head-dress is composed of two bows, a comb and a braid of five plats. The bows, or loops, are placed on the right and left of the head; the first, opposite to the right ear, is placed on where it fastens, the convex part leaning over the right temple; the second is placed over the ring which it forms, and is opposite the left eye, towards which its convex part is turned. The first of the loops is behind the comb, and the second in front; the braid commences behind the loop on the left, and rises to the summit of the head, fixing itself under the loop on the right: the comb is fixed over where the hair is collected together. The hair in front is arranged in two loops and in curls. The loops, reclining on what supports them, are lengthened on each side of the forehead, presenting a convex portion; they are then brought towards the ear. The hair, which is curled, though above this species of bandeau, seems to come from the interior.

REMARKS ON THE ABOVE HEAD-DRESS.—A lady, when at home, should always have her hair arranged in a very simple manner, but neatly, so that there may be no stray hairs separated from the others; a little oil antique, will take off the dryness and cause them to adhere to each other. Hair which does not keep together is attended with serious inconvenience, especially at table. The bows behind should be equally craped, or frizzed, and the curls having also been frizzed should be fastened by a short comb not above three inches in length, the teeth being introduced into the other hair.

HEAD-DRESS, No. 2.—*Coiffure à la Grecque*; or, GRECIAN HEAD-DRESS.

This head-dress, which is generally adopted at concerts, is composed of one loop, a braid, and a twisted cord surrounded by pearls; the bow or loop is placed where the hair is braided; the superior part is detached from it, and is very much elevated; then comes the twisted cord, which surrounds the head-dress inclining towards the left side. The braid forms a half circle on the right side, and in the interior of the cord. From the interior of the head-dress issue points of hair, falling in corkscrew ringlets.

REMARKS.—Although the above head-dress is simple, it is, nevertheless, pretty; the hair should be first tied with a piece of cordon, and very tightly that not one hair may

escape. Should that happen, a lady would have the mortification of finding the head-dress fall of itself. The points of the hair both behind and in front should be put in papers and pinched with hot irons; when the *papillotes* are cold, they should be taken out, and divided in three portions. Then take that in the centre, and after having frizzed it, make a loop where the hair is tied together: it should not be fastened with pins, but by the ends of the cordon, which are left, then fasten it in the same place where the pin would have past. For a tall person this loop should be less elevated than for one of only a middle size.

The tresses of five plats, should be divided into five branches; and when they have received the preparation of a little *crème d'Alibour*, or, *Huile Antique*, two should be taken in the right hand and three in the left, separating them with the latter and the second fingers of each hand: then must be taken the extremity of the right; the thumb and the first finger of the left hand, will receive it to augment the number on the left side, and it will be then easy to make the braid of four plats.

HEAD-DRESS, No. 3.—*Coiffure de Bal*; or, BALL HEAD-DRESS, WITH FLOWERS.

This consists of three loops and a braid of five plats: the first loop is placed where it fastens, just above the right eye, the convex part turned towards the lachrymal corner; the second, at a small distance from the first, reposes entirely on the ring it makes, opposite to the line of the nose, its convexity looking towards the left eye; the third loop, which is the highest, is placed beneath the helmet part of the head. The braid commences at the interstice between the first and the second loop; to its point of departure it rises in a half circle, and, presenting its flat part to the right eye, it fixes itself at the back of the comb. This head-dress should be ornamented with flowers tastefully disposed.

This is a simple *coiffure*, but it is for full dress, yet should only be rendered brilliant by freshness and grace; no diamonds, no precious stones, no ornaments of value; flowers only should relieve the colour of the hair, and they should adorn it but sparingly.\*

HEAD-DRESS, No. 4.—*Coiffure de Bal*,

OR, A BALL HEAD-DRESS, WITH A WREATH OF FLOWERS.

This head-dress is composed of four loops, and a tress of seven branches; the first of the loops is opposite to the right eye, bending and inclining towards the temple on that side; the second corresponds to the line of the nose, and its convexity turns towards the interior corner of the left eye; the third appears above this, placed straight over the helmet part, it turns its convexity towards the left, and discovers in front a part of its interior; at length the fourth is opposite the exterior corner of the left eye, and presents its convexity to the temple on the same side. The

\* All colours are not adapted equally to all complexions; they may not accord with the colour of the skin, or the shade of the hair. A brown woman should give the preference to those ornaments which communicate to her features an appearance of gentleness. Disparity of colours will give to the prettiest face a hard-featured appearance, which is sufficient to destroy every charm. An angelic countenance, with fair hair, should wear rose-coloured ribbons, and flowers of a delicate tint.

If the complexion is ruddy, green may be resorted to. Very small stalks, and jagged leaves; produce the best effect.



tress placed on the right, marks out behind the loops a kind of half-circle. The flat part of this tress is in front of the loops. A wreath, bent in the form of an S reclining, is the ornament on this head-dress; after having passed under the tuft on the right, it comes out above that on the left, and terminates at the helmet.

A wreath ought never to be put on straight: too much symmetry is the enemy of elegance; it is the acme of good taste for a wreath to be placed on one side; in the head-dress above described, it inclines towards the right; it is bent in the form of an S reclining, (∞) in this manner. Place it over the front, and before the bows; on the right side it will fall over the forehead, a short distance from the eye-brow. On the left, the wreath will mark out a kind of arch above the cluster of hair corresponding with the eye. If it is sufficiently long, the wreath may be fixed with pins behind the twisted hair.

When the throat is well turned, it should be displayed to advantage: a pretty throat has such attractions, and its perfections are always distinguished, for they are very rare.

It is one of the first qualifications required in a hair-dresser to set off the throat as much as possible: if it is too long he should dress the hair below the nape of the neck; if the contrary, he should draw it up as tight as possible.

There are some persons who preserve some short curls which they separate from the long hair, to ornament the neck; this fashion seldom has a good effect; we should never advise the adoption of it, unless where the hair curled naturally, and that there was an absolute necessity of resorting to this mode. Sometimes they bring forward curls of hair which have been suffered to grow, in order to form behind each ear a corkscrew ringlet, which, falling over the throat, diminishes its natural length.

But all those trifling methods are in very bad taste. Beautiful throats would be less rare, if parents would be more sparing of blisters, setons, and all those outward applications now so much resorted to for the most trifling maladies, and which all children are subject to. How often, to cure a young girl of an eruption which was not likely to leave any traces of it, or a weakness in the eyes of no kind of consequence, or other trifling indispositions of the same nature, has a young creature been tormented by having a blister put on her throat, which, after having caused her a hundred times more pain than that illness they were trying to cure, left a scar and discolouration on her skin, which could never be effaced, and which would be a cruel mortification to her when arrived at an age when she wished to charm.

#### HEAD-DRESS, No. 5—*Coiffure de Bal Paré*.

MANNER OF ARRANGING THE HAIR FOR A DRESS-BALL,  
WITH FEATHERS.

This head-dress is composed of ornamental combs, feathers, and five loops of hair; the first loop corresponding with the right eye, the second with the interior corner of the same eye, the third is placed behind at the right of the summit of the head, the fourth opposite the interior corner of the left eye, and the fifth opposite the exterior corner of the same eye, presenting to the temple, on that side, its convex part.

The comb is fixed at the anterior part of the head, before the loops, on the right side, the left being elevated.

The feathers, six in number, are placed as follows: the first to the left of the second loop, the tip falling forwards;

the second between the first and the second loop, the tip falling in the same manner; the third before the right corner of the comb; the fourth between the first and the third puffs, or loops; this is the longest feather, and waves down as low as the shoulder; the fifth is placed opposite the left side of the comb, between the second and fourth loop; this feather is equally long, and overshadows the third and fourth loops; the tip reclines over behind towards the right; the sixth feather is placed between the third and fourth loops, the tip turning over in front.

The comb worn with this head-dress cannot be too richly ornamented, since it is the principal ornament.

#### HEAD-DRESS, No. 6—*Coiffure de Cour*; OR COURT HEAD-DRESS, WITH AIGRETTES OF JEWELS, LAPPETS, AND A COMB.

This charming head-dress is composed of three puffs or loops of hair, three aigrettes, lappets, and an ornamental comb; the gallery of this comb is composed of an assemblage of pearls forming bouquets of flowers. The first of the loops of hair inclines slightly towards the right, and is placed opposite to the exterior corner of the right eye, its convexity inclining to the temple on the same side: it is of a moderate height; the second, the upper part of which reclines towards the left, is placed right on the summit; it is more elevated than the two others; then comes the third, opposite to the exterior corner of the left eye, to which its convex part presents itself; this is lower than that placed on the summit; it is, however, higher than the first.

The aigrettes are placed in the following manner: the first over the right temple, at the lower part of the loop; the second on the left side and at the summit of the second loop; it is placed upright; the third, placed on the left of the last loop, takes its direction towards the left side of the head, in passing over the second loop.

The lappets are formed into puffs mingled amongst those of the hair, one between the first and second, a second behind that, and a third behind the aigrette, which is placed on the left of the second loop of hair.

The comb, placed before the first and second loops, inclines towards the right, its corner on that side being opposite to the first loop, its centre before the second, its left corner behind the third, and this corner is elevated; the opposite corner is quite close to the head.

#### HEAD-DRESS, No. 7—*Coiffure de Cour*; OR, COURT HEAD-DRESS WITH BIRD-OF-PARADISE PLUMES, LAPPETS, AND A COMB.

This head-dress is composed of four loops of hair, a bird-of-paradise, a diamond comb, and blond lappets. The first of the loops placed over the right temple, its convexity being in face of the exterior corner of the eye on the same side; the second placed opposite to the interior corner of the left eye, and rather inclining to the same side; the third placed straight, is seen behind the last-mentioned, shewing in the profile the foundation of each; at length, the fourth is placed opposite to the exterior corner of the left eye, to which it inclines; in this manner the first of the loops is the most elevated in front, and is tightly bent towards the left side; the third, which is straight and erect, is, however, the most predominant. The loop in the centre is less voluminous than the others, and easily discovers that which is behind.

The bird-of-paradise, placed opposite the right eye, and



in front of the loop on the same side, looks over the right temple; its tail passes between the second and third loop, and forms the plumage above the interstice of the third to the fourth, terminating on the left. On the right of the principal loop, on the summit of the head, is perceived, on the twisted hair, a puff made of the lappets, the rest of the lappets float behind; the comb is placed before the right loop, beneath the bird, which is seen above the gallery; it inclines to the right, so that the extremity of the gallery on this side should be seen at the distance of an inch from the head; the other extremity is elevated about as high as the second loop of hair.

#### HEAD-DRESS, No. 8.—*Coiffure de Cour*,

OR COURT HEAD-DRESS, WITH OSTRICH FEATHERS, ORNAMENTS OF GOLD OR JEWELS, AND LAPPETS.

This head-dress is composed of five loops: the first placed opposite to the right eye, turns its convex part towards the temple on the same side; the second, placed over its two extremities, and inclining towards the right side, presents to the ear on that side one of its edges, turning towards the interior corner of the right eye the part which is puffed out; the third, inclining to the right, is placed the same, on its extremities, and discovers its edge in the same manner as the left temple; the fourth, placed above and behind this, presents its convexity to the interior corner of the left eye, discovering, on each side of the head the two edges; and, at length, the second, leaning on one of its edges, displays the superior part of the ring, which it forms in the direction of the left ear.

REMARKS, &c.—The ostrich feathers should be seven in number: the first, fixed behind the second puff or loop of hair, falls, undulating, on the right side, and passing in front of the upper part of the first loop; the second, placed above, inclines equally towards the right; a third, more elevated, ascends from the upper part of the head; the fourth, placed before the fifth puff, slightly inclines to the left, the same as the sixth, which is placed behind; lastly, the seventh, is placed at the beginning of the fifth loop, and, passing over the left temple, accompanies the tresses of hair on that side. The lappets form a puff behind the feathers, which ornament the summit of the *coiffure*, and float over the shoulders. A kind of plate diadem (called by the French *une plaque*) either of gold or jewels, or both, is placed in front, at the distance of the stripe equal with the line of the nose. Among the curls in front are scattered a few pearls and flowers.

#### HEAD-DRESS, No. 9.—*Coiffure de Mariée*, OR BRIDAL HEAD-DRESS.

This *coiffure*, which is one the most distinguished, is composed of three loops, ornamented with orange-blossoms, a veil, and a platted braid of three branches, inclining over the right eye, and laid flat across over the forehead, so as to form a bandeau. The first puff of hair is placed opposite the right ear, its convex part turning to the eye on the same side. A second, higher than the first, predominates over the head-dress, and is placed on the summit of the head, corresponding to the line of the nose, towards which feature it turns its convex part. The third is above the left ear, where it leans over the ring it designates. It is from this loop that the transverse plat seems to come, which, passed into the interior of the curls on the right side, is concealed under the first loop on this side.

A white rose, with four buds, is fixed above the first loop;

above the curls, between the first and second loop, are seen several sprigs of orange-blossoms, full blown, with some branches of the same flower, in bud. These are scattered among the curls on the left. Two full blown blossoms escape, and lye on the forehead, or above the platted bandeau.

To place the veil on, it is taken by the richest corner, and folded, attaching it to four inches from its extremity; it is then fastened by a pin, and by the help of a thread before the first loop of hair; then take again the border on the right side, and fold it at the distance of six inches. As it is impossible to tie the veil; and it is indispensably requisite to make use of a pin, it must be white, and rather long. The folded part of the veil must be placed behind the first puff of hair, making it form a cavity, where it may enter, as in a niche; the veil will be seen on the right of the puff, and somewhat above it: the remainder, passing over the left shoulder, will cover the chest, the corner falling over the figure; the flowers will be placed as mentioned in the description of this head-dress.

#### HEAD-DRESS, No. 10.—*Coiffure en Turban*, OR TURBAN HEAD-DRESS.

Turbans are not in universal use; yet they are not wanting in dignity nor elegance. A skilful hand knows how to give to them the most graceful form, and it cannot be denied but what the turban is, of all head-dresses, the one which most contributes to give majesty to the countenance; therefore, they are not suitable to young persons, who, when they appear attired only with modest simplicity, are certainly the most attractive.

A turban, to do honour to the person who forms it, and to the charms which it crowns, ought to harmonize with the turn of the face, the complexion of which, and the character, should be the guides of the person who composes this head-dress, in the choice of colours proper to be adopted. The shape of the turban should be made ingeniously to combine with that of the visage, and as the chief fault in this kind of *coiffure* is its monotony, every resource imagination has in store should be resorted to, to vary the turns, the manner of folding, and the display of fancy; for a turban is not subject to any settled rules, taste and invention may modulate it in a thousand different ways: we will content ourselves in pointing out one singly, which always produces a good effect; it is one which is parti-coloured; for instance, *ponçeau*, and bird-of-paradise, those two colours, with a row of pearls and a crescent, form an excellent combination. The pearls coming from behind the left ear, brought above the turban over the forehead, opposite the interior corner of the right eye, ending in a point directly opposite to where they commenced, there they should be fixed. The crescent should be placed directly in the line of the nose.

#### NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS, FOR OCTOBER, 1829.

The Autumn of this year has borne so strong a similitude to Winter, that many a warm envelope has been dragged from its recess where it had been laid up with care, to be brought out for awhile, before the fashions for Winter had actually taken place. Though dress balls have not been many, yet we are credibly informed that private dances are got up with great spirit among the families now at their country recesses; all that relates to fashion, and fashionable amusements seem to breathe of Winter.

The chief novelty in female attire is to be found in the



bonnets; we are astonished to hear some ladies declare they are at a loss what bonnets to adopt; let such take the trouble of applying to Mrs. BELL, who has prepared for the *demi-saison* some of the most appropriate and charming head-coverings imaginable.

The colours of the new bonnets are all brighter and more conspicuous than those adapted to the summer months; one we greatly admired was of figured satin, of a light ethereal-blue; it is trimmed with ribbon to correspond, and a splendid white plumage of tassel feathers, waves gracefully over one side, *en saute pleureuse*: this bonnet is peculiarly fitted for the carriage, and for paying morning visits. There is another bonnet of the same satin, with the crown *en biseau*: that is, higher on one side than on the other; it is ornamented with bows of blue gauze ribbon, edged on one side with white satin stripes, on the other with one narrow stripe of amber, on which is a delicate running pattern in brocade, of brown foliage; the bows are placed, one on the right side of the crown's summit, the other at its base, on the opposite side, and one at the edge of the brim. A wreath of blue and white flowers finish the ornaments, and a demi-veil of superb white blond, depends over the face, from the edge of the brim, to which it is attached. A transparent carriage-bonnet is also well worthy of admiration: it is composed entirely of fluted blond; the top of the crown is elegantly finished with blond, *en fers de Cheval*; between the interstices of which, are particoloured, fancy-roses, full blown, of apricot-colour, and emerald-green. White gauze ribbon, with satin stripes, float loose. For the dress promenade, is a very beautiful satin bonnet of Pomona-green, it is trimmed with green and white satin ribbons, sewn together, and a long branch of the everlasting pea, in full flower, droops over the left side.

Among the new head-dresses is a beautiful turban-cap of tulle, folded in bias, with long loop-strings of bright geranium sewn together. A full-blown yellow rose is placed over the right temple, and on the opposite side is a white rose. At the back of the caul, on the left side, is a full-blown damask-rose. Young ladies at this season of the year, wear but little ornament on their tresses, which are, however, arranged with the greatest care and elegance: at some evening parties, where a certain style of *parure* is required, and at dress-balls, a wreath of foliage, or of flowers, in detached bouquets, are added. Jewellery in the hair, and ornamental combs, are not likely to prevail till the latter end of October. Turban and *bérets* cannot be expected, at this time of the year, to offer any thing new; a few toques, of rich gauze, have appeared at some dress-parties in the country; the plumage was white, short, and most tastefully disposed; it was of a light and beautiful kind, but not marabout. Dress hats are, as in general at the Summer and Autumnal recesses, the head-dress most in favour with matronly belles; of those now most admired are of white crape, with superb white Ostrich feathers.

Among the most attractive novelties in the dresses, is one of cherry-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a broad bias hem at the border of the skirt; this is headed by a broad fringe: the body is made low, *à la Suisse*, and the lacing of ribbon at the stomacher finishes by a bow, to the ends of which depend silver tags. The sleeves are short, of the same material as the dress; and over them are sleeves *à la Seduisantes*, of rich white blond. The same kind of fringe which ornaments the hem at the border of the dress surrounds the base of the corsage, rendering it in the true Swiss style: and an ornament of fringe falls over the back

of the tucker part of the body, but does not surround the front of the bust; coming no farther from the back, on each shoulder, than to the hollow of the arm. Dresses of slate-coloured *gros de Naples* are in high estimation for half-dress; these are also trimmed with fringe over a broad hem; a pelerine, the same as the dress, is worn with them, according to the time of day, or style of dress, and this is surrounded by fringe. Printed muslins and chintzes continue to be worn in home costume, but white dresses yet prevail at the *déjeune*. Figured gauze, both white and coloured, is a favourite material for full dresses; they have little novelty in their make; a *rûche* of tulle, or two narrow flounces of white blond, fall over the head of the broad hem, which generally finishes the border.

The newest article in out-door costume is a very handsome and comfortable Venetian cloak of fine Merino; a most judicious, as well as an elegant envelope for ladies who take country excursions in an open carriage, during these cutting winds we have lately experienced; this cloak will also be found extremely serviceable on coming from an evening, or late dinner-party. The colour is a fine shade of slate, and it is beautifully relieved by being trimmed all round with broad black velvet. Over the shoulders, forming a large kind of cape, is a pointed mantelet-pelerine, which graceful appendage adds to the warmth of this covering, while it presents a real ornament; this is also trimmed round by black velvet, and its long points fall partly in front, and partly over the shoulders, like the Persian drapery sleeve. The cloak is lined throughout with white Levantine, and a rich silk cordon of black, with tassels, fastens it round the waist. The pelisses this summer were much worn unclosed down the front of the skirt, discovering a petticoat of richly embroidered muslin or cambric underneath. There is nothing yet novel in the style of those pelisses which fasten down; mantles, it is expected, will be very general, during the latter end of October; some have already been adopted; they are all made with capes, though there is great utility in the hood, especially for young ladies who wear no head-dress but their own hair; they can then, when seated in their carriage, at retuning from a late party on a cold night, shield their heads from the generally pernicious effects of nocturnal air, by drawing the silken or satin hood over their tresses. Cachemere shawls are, at present, in universal request. On mild days, a canezou spencer of embroidered muslin, or a pelerine trimmed with broad lace, and splendidly embroidered, with only a *fiancée* tippet of coloured silk, is thought a sufficient additional covering. We have seen on a lady of distinction a pelisse of *gros des Indes*, which appeared entirely new; it fastened down one side with a full *rûche* of the same colour and material; she was accompanied by a lady in a pelisse of dove-coloured satin, made with broad bias folds, *en tunique*.

The colours most admired are slate, ethereal-blue, Pomona-green, cherry, amber, pink, and the yellow of the young Canary-bird.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

HATS AND BONNETS.—Several straw hats, and those of other materials, are seen ornamented with five or six *dahlia*s, placed at the base of the crown. Hats which have the brim plaited like a fan, have the crown very low on the



left side, and the right side of the brim is slightly turned up. Five white feathers form a diadem: the bow of ribbon which fastens them is fringed at the ends with feathered fringe. Bonnets of blue, lilac, or white corded silk, are ornamented by plats of straw and two bouquets of field-flowers, one placed on the right, on the summit of the crown, the other at the edge of the brim, on the left side. The ribbons which fasten these bouquets are edged with plats of straw. Bonnets of rose-coloured or blue crape have puckered crowns, and the brims laid in large flutings; they are not lined: at the base of the crown is a bouquet of jessamine and wild honeysuckles; the brim is bordered by a very deep blond.

Round the crown of a hat of straw and rose-coloured silk, has been seen a few sprigs of the Spanish apple-blossom, mingled with puffs of rose-coloured gauze. On the right side, under the brim, a double rosette of yellow and rose gauze, upheld a branch of apple-blossoms. A hat of yellow satin, trimmed with several rosettes, under the brim, has before the front of the crown two branches of geranium. A white poppy sometimes forms the sole ornament on a hat of white *gros de Naples*, lined with rose-colour, and bound with that colour.

The caul and the brim of a bonnet of blue *gros de Naples* is puckered and *bouillonés* over stiffenings of straw concealed under the silk. A demi-veil of blond is placed at the edge: the ornaments consist of bows of gauze ribbon.

The autumn of this year is so winter-like, that bonnets of satin have already appeared. On the hats are alternate puffs of striped ribbons, the stripes the same colour as the ribbon; iron-grey, for example, on slate-colour. The brims of the bonnets are very long in front. After having incircled the crown, a broad ribbon is crossed in an X, and the ends serve for strings.

Hats of *gros de Naples*, and those of coloured crape, have all on the summit of the crown, at the right or the left, a long branch of flowers inclining towards the brim: on the opposite side are rosettes of ribbon of gauze, bordered with figured satin.

A great number of hats have, instead of gauze ribbons for the bows, rosettes made of satin ribbon, even on satin bonnets: some of these bonnets are bordered by black blond. When three feathers are placed on a hat in a vertical direction, it is said they are à l'Anglaise, in allusion to the crest of the Prince of Wales. Some hats of *gros de Naples*, or of white crape, are trimmed round the top and base of the crown with blond, and between each of these trimmings is a branch of white bind-weed, put on in a serpentine direction.

Some bonnets have been seen of *gros de Naples*, made in the English style, which have taken place of those in straw, worn some months ago. Their colour is pearl-grey, lined with rose or cherry-colour. The strings are fastened on each side, and tie over the crown, which is surrounded by a ribbon of the same colour, with a bow on one side. Some ladies of fashion place on their Leghorn hats a plume composed of peacock's feathers, which forms a half-circle round the hat, and falls over the left side of the brim. Several hats of bright green *gros de Naples* have white bindings: on the right side is a bow of six loops, with one single end. This end of ribbon ascends over the crown and then descends to the left to the edge of the brim, where it terminates under a rosette. Some bonnets à l'Anglaise have appeared of white *gros de Naples*, bound with *ponneau*.

OUT-DOOR COSTUME.—Pelisses of *gros des Indes* or

of *gros de Naples*, which are named *prisms*, on account of the effects caused by their being of changeable colours, are very fashionable. They are fastened down the front by rosettes formed of four points of the same material as the pelisse, bound with a narrow *rouleau*. In the centre of these rosettes is a small Griffin's claw of gold. Over some of these pelisses is worn a pelerine, with a very broad fringe. A blond ruff round the throat is reckoned much more elegant than a collar. Instead of a *fiancée* tied *en cravate* round the throat, below the ruff, a very broad ribbon is preferred, the ends cut in bias and fringed. It is tied under the chin without forming any bow.

The morning pelisses are of dark-coloured muslin, with a running pattern of small white flowers. Some muslin and Organdy pelisses have very wide, open sleeves, all the way down within the arm they are closed at separate distances by a double button of gold. The belt, the cuffs, and the ruff round the neck, are also fastened by gold buttons.

Pelisses à la *maitresse*, are of jaconot muslin, the ground of a light blue, pink, chamois-colour; they have under them a petticoat of cambric, and a *fichu* with a double falling collar: one is plaited in a great many small plaits, the other is fluted.

The pelerines are charming: some of muslin are embroidered all over in feather-stitch, as is also a very broad frill border, at the edge of which is a fine narrow lace. Two pelisses have appeared of white jaconot, with very broad sashes; the pelisses were trimmed all round with a double frill trimming of muslin, festooned and embroidered. This trimming was sewn at the border of the hem, next the shoe.

Pelerines of muslin, plaited *en musique*, have sometimes five small plaits placed at equal distances, and tacked down by a needle and thread, which makes it easy to sew to them the narrow lace or edging which trims them, and can by this means remain stationary.

On pelisses of *gros de Naples*, in the place of ruffs, we generally now see narrow collars of embroidered tulle, trimmed with narrow lace, which are tied in front. Those collars of *gros de Naples* named *fiancées*, have now changed their title to *alliance*; they are plain or embroidered, according to fancy, and are always of two different colours.

DRESSES.—The newest dresses for the morning walk are of jaconot muslin, the ground a Turkish red, or green, figured over with white flowers with black stalks, and edged round with black, which marks out the shape of the petals. With these dresses a white canezou of muslin is worn.

Materials of fine woollen tissue, figured over with blue-bells or daisies, are often seen at dress parties. The flowers are embroidered in silk or worsted. White *barège*, also with flowers interwoven in the stuff, are much in request. The flower is generally a pink, a ranunculus, or a violet.

A wreath of oak-leaves in velvet, placed as high as the knee, is the favorite trimming on ball dresses.

We are assured that several dresses have been made of the horse-hair material named *Crinoline*. Fashion is frequently giving new epithets, but in this we cannot help seeing the revival of *mohair*; however, it is preferable to the *fragoletta*, which they have not scrupled to call a certain kind of muslin of one particular pattern.

One of the prettiest materials that is now worn is the *chaly Grec*, and painted *gros de Naples* is much in favor with ladies of distinction. A petticoat of this kind, with a



canezou of Indian muslin, embroidered in stripes, is a costume which is universally admired.

At dancing assemblies dresses are seen of India muslin, the borders of which are ornamented with gold; and as high as the knees is an embroidered wreath of flowers in gold and silver. The same kind of work adorns the mancherons and the tucker part of the bust. The sleeves are open from the shoulder to the wrist, where they are bordered by gold lace, and fastened by one single button of gold.

A dress of rose-coloured Organdy, ornamented as high as the knee with a fringe in knotted silk, is reckoned very elegant; a similar fringe is placed over the hem at the edge of the dress, and falls over the petticoat beneath, which is of glazed cambric-muslin, with a narrow lace at the border. Dresses of Organdy, the colour of the marshmallow-blossom are also seen. Above the hem they are embroidered in crewel in green vine-leaves; the clusters of grapes which are intermingled, are worked in white worsted.

The embroidery with which the wide sleeves are adorned, is often a work of perfection; the flowers are grouped in a manner which would do honour to the finest picture.

A dress of muslin was seen at a concert lately; the ground was white, and the pattern, that which is now known by the appellation of *fragoletta* (small red strawberries with green leaves) a twisted ornament of three colours, red, white, and green, marks out the edge of the broad hem at the knee.

Among the royal mantles destined to the Queen of Spain, is one of velvet, round which is embroidered wheat-sheaves of gold and pearls. The fringe is also of gold and pearls, ornamented by a beautifully wrought head of the some costly materials.

One of the newest and prettiest dresses for the ball-room, is of crape, or white Organdy, with green foliage formed of crape *gauffrée*, and placed in a wreath over a broad hem.

The sleeves are now beginning to decrease in width; and it is expected they will be much narrower on dresses made of Winter materials. The cuffs have three points, edged with narrow Mecklin-lace, which are directed towards the arm.

A lady was seen at the last hall at Ranelagh in a dress of white muslin with short sleeves. Her sash was fastened with a beautiful brooch of topazes: two of the best dancers wore dresses of rose-coloured crape. One white dress was remarked with a corsage of lemon-colour, having a point, à *Yelva*: it had long sleeves of tulle.

Ruffs are often made of stiffened muslin; they are double, and laid in full plaits.

The *fiancées* which tie round the throat are of gauze ribbons cut in bias.

Amongst the ornaments placed over the broad hems of dresses of *gros de Naples*, one has been remarked of a letting-in kind, formed by a treillage in *passementerie*: it is open, and separates the hem from the skirt. The belt, the cuffs of the sleeves, and the tucker part round the bust are finished in the same manner. On dresses of white jacobot, the hem is sometimes covered with embroidery in feather-stitch; above the hem, is a trimming of muslin about a hand's breadth, embroidered and festooned: the same kind of trimming is placed at the edge of the hem, next the feet.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—Several ladies, and even those who are very young, wear false ringlets, which they name *An-*

*glaises*; these fall below the ears: the damp of the evenings proves the utility of this adoption, as they do not become out of curl like the natural hair.

The dress caps are so large, and the ribbons which trim them so broad, that to keep them in shape, they are supported by three rows of wired ribbon; this stiffening is concealed by a wreath of flowers. At the back of these blond caps is a bow of gauze ribbon, from whence depend two ends which hang down like lappets.

The hair is much elevated on the summit of the head; it is composed of two bands of hair on the forehead, and a bow of three puffs towards the summit. A wreath formed of ears of corn, blue-bells and wild scarlet poppies, with a small sheaf of barley, complete the head-dress.

At the last ball at Ranelagh, a young lady with ebony tresses, had them separated in two bands, which were almost transparent. At that part where the skin of the head is no longer discovered, that is to say, at the summit, were three puffs, or loops of hair, one above the other, and in front of these puffs were four dahlias placed in an oblique direction. Some ladies wear garden-daisies in their hair; others the laurel-rose, which is so disposed as to resemble the arched tail of the bird-of-paradise. Many have their hair adorned with flowers on long stalks, which form an *aigrette*.

**JEWELLERY.**—The favourite ear-pendants and necklaces are now of rubies or garnets.

The key of gold, which a lady now suspends to her neck-chain, contains a pencil.

The ear-pendants are remarkably long; every drop is composed of four bells, which seem enclosed in each other, as they fall one over the other; the head of the second, as it descends, being suspended to the clapper of that above it, and so of the rest.

Those ramifications of coral, named *native coral*, are much in favour again. At a late elegant dancing-assembly was seen a belt of this kind; some of these specimens are of bright red, and are mingled with either silver or gold.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—The new material in horse-hair, named *crinoline*, is much used for the lining of reticules, baskets, and sometimes for deshabelle hats in the country.

The half-boots are made with heels.

Several *invitation* cards have appeared worded as follows:—"There will be a violin and a fire."

Among the clear muslins there is one which bears the name of a new romance, *Fragoletta*. Green foliage, mingled with red fruit, wood-strawberries, run over a ground of white, or of some very light colour.

A fashionable purse is of silk net, black and ponceau, brown and green, or white and blue; the strings are of the same two colours, with tassels.

Some hosiers sell stockings for females which have a fringe above the ankle, to mark out the figure of a half-boot.

Paper for hanging apartments with is figured in imitation of those materials which are *gauffrée*, and those of damask.

The new work-baskets are of white wood, in open-work; and to preserve in them the smallest objects in safety, they are lined throughout with sarcenet.

Silk stockings are now dyed flesh-colour. White silk half-boots, with a fringe at the top, round the small of the leg, are worn at balls.

The new gloves have two button-holes at the wrists, with two buttons, as large as a sixpence each.



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND ;

SHewing THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LXIV.—English Earls.

## COWPER, EARL COWPER.

Sir William Cowper of Ratling Court, in Kent, was the second son of John Cowper, Alderman of London, and sheriff of that city in 1551. He was created a baronet in 1642; and married Martha, daughter of James Masters, Esq., and had six sons, and three daughters. His sons were John, Sir Edward, who died unmarried, Sir William, who had issue Sir John Spencer, who died unmarried; James, who in 1660 married Mary, daughter of Sir Henry Worth, but who died without having issue by her. John, the eldest son, was imprisoned for his loyalty to Charles I, and died under his confinement. He married Martha, daughter of George Hewkley, of London, merchant, and had a son, William, who succeeded his grandfather, and married Sarah, daughter of Sir Samuel Holled, and had two sons, William, his heir, and Spencer, who was one of the Judges of the Common Pleas, and grandfather of the celebrated poet, *William Cowper*.

Sir William Cowper, first Lord and Earl, succeeded his father, and in 1706, was appointed Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain; in 1707, he was created Lord Cowper, and afterwards Earl Cowper. He died on the 10th of October, 1732. In February, 1716, his lordship was appointed Lord High Steward, for the trial of the rebel lords. He was married first to Judith, daughter and heir to Sir Robert Booth, by whom he had a son that died young; but by his second wife, Sarah, daughter of John Clavering, Esq., of Durham, he had issue two sons and two daughters: William, his eldest son, succeeded him, and the second, Spencer, was Dean of Durham. William was the

*Second Earl*—And was born in 1709; he was married on June 27, 1723, to Henrietta, daughter and coheir to the Earl of Grantham, and by her had issue a daughter. On the 1st of May, 1759, his lordship married a second time, to Georgiana Caroline, daughter of John, Earl of Granville, by whom he had no issue. The second Earl Cowper died 18th of September, 1764.

His lordship's daughter, Caroline, by his first wife, was married on July 24, 1753, to Henry Seymour, Esq., nephew to Edward, Duke of Somerset, leaving issue George Nassau,

*The third Earl*—His Lordship was married on the 2d of June, 1765, to Anno, daughter of Frasier Gore, of Southampton, Esq., by whom he had issue, George Augustus,

*The fourth Earl*—And Peter Leopold, Louis Francis,  
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*The Fifth and present Earl*—His lordship was born on the 6th of May, 1778, and succeeded his brother, George Augustus, the late Earl, at his death, which took place in July, 1799. The present Earl Cowper was married on the 21st of July, 1805, to the Honourable Amelia Lambe, daughter of Penniston, Viscount Melbourne, by whom he has issue, George Augustus Frederick, Viscount Fordwich, and other children.

The motto of this noble family is *Truam est*—"It is your own."

## FEMALE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, SEPTEMBER 15, 1829.

*Mrs. Flirtmore* brought forward her intended bill, which in substance was briefly as follows:—"That, as the matrimonial code stands at present, it does not define, with sufficient exactitude, the privileges of wives; in consequence of which, husbands have, in several instances, encroached very shamefully upon the said privileges. This house does therefore enact, that from this day forward, all wives shall have power to regulate the expense of their dress, card-money, and table, as they think proper.

"They shall not be obliged, upon any pretence whatever, to give an account of their conduct when absent from their husbands.

"They shall, at all times and on all occasions, have the right to convert certain homilies, now denominated curtain lectures, into morning, evening, or afternoon exhortations, as may seem to them proper and convenient.

"They shall visit and receive whom they please, all objections on the part of the husband being not only nugatory, but subjecting him, the said husband, to be prosecuted according to the hundred and fifth article of the matrimonial code, for which see chapter 57, page 615.

"All servants shall, from this day forward, be obliged, under penalty of at least one month at the tread-mill, to change the phrase, *My Master and Mistress* into *My Mistress and Master*.

"If a lady through carelessness, or forgetfulness, leaves letters, tradesmen's bills, &c. &c. in the way of her husband, it shall be penalty of HIGH TREASON, on the part of the said husband, to examine the same.

"And it is hereby further enacted, that a discretionary power is vested in the hands of wives to punish with solitary confinement such husbands as are found guilty of smoking or drinking, after it has been explicitly signified to them by said wives, that such acts of smoking or drinking are contrary to their sovereign will and pleasure.

"And be it further provided, for the better securing to wives of these their lawful rights, that all husbands who shall be found guilty of any the smallest resistance to these rules and regulations, shall by that act be put completely out of the pale of female kindness and attention; and it shall be lawful, not only for their wives, but for all their female acquaintances, married and unmarried, to send them to Coventry."



*Lady Harriet Homebred* hoped that for once her motives would not be misconceived. Nobody could be more friendly than she was to the principle of the bill, but she certainly did think that some of the clauses might be omitted and others modified; were it only to quiet the alarm which the rumour of its introduction had excited among that numerous, and she was sorry to say, unmanageable body of people, the married men of the united kingdom.

*Mrs. Flirtmore* was understood to demand, which of the clauses the honorable member objected to.

*Lady Harriet* considered that what regarded smoking and drinking, and the manner in which servants spoke of the heads of the family, might be altogether omitted. She thought also that it might be sufficient to extend certain lectures to the morning and evening; but she really believed that it would be equally tyrannical and impolitic, to carry that branch of discipline farther. She begged honorable members to consider the predicament in which they stood; they were accountable not only to their country, but to all Europe, for the effects which their measures might produce.

*Mrs. Haughty* considered the bill, as it at present stood, to be in every respect calculated to prevent the spread of that spirit of insubordination which has, during some years past, characterised the husbands of the united kingdom. As to the clauses which the honorable member wished to omit, they were precisely those that she (*Mrs. Haughty*) considered most essentially necessary, because they distinctly marked the supremacy of the wife; a supremacy which she hoped not only every member present, but every wife in Great Britain was prepared to assert. She should therefore vote for the bill.

*Mrs. Moderate* thought the honorable member who spoke last took a very superficial view of the subject. She admitted the existence of a spirit of insubordination, but instead of looking upon it in the serious light it deserved, and proposing to combat it by just and wholesome measures, she would fain crush it at once by the strong arm of power. Let the house look to their proceedings. The day, she was sorry to say, was past, when husbands submitted as became them to the lawful authority of their wives, the *march of intellect* as it is called, but she should rather call it the march of anarchy and disaffection, had taught these gentlemen that resistance to absolute power was a duty. Was it then a moment to clamour for fresh privileges, when the utmost prudence and moderation was necessary to preserve those we at present enjoyed.

*Mrs. Silvertongue* was altogether for conciliatory measures. She hoped she might be allowed to have some experience in domestic government, being now the happy wife of her fifth husband (*cheers*); and she begged leave to assure the honorable house, that the surest way for a wife to preserve her rights, was by an apparent carelessness about them. She was the last woman in the world to give them up in reality, but she did consider that so long as the sole sovereign authority was vested in the wife, it was of very little consequence whether the husband supposed he was master or not.

*Lady Fanny Fineshape* was shocked to hear such sentiments from the lips of a member of that honorable house. Little did she ever think it possible, that a British matron would compromise her dignity by making public profession of her willingness to suffer the question of her supremacy to lie dormant. She begged leave to point out to the house the consequences that must result from such cowardly and

impolitic measures. The wife, by letting the husband suppose that he is master, makes a virtual surrender of her privileges, under the idea that she will continue really, though not ostensibly, to enjoy them. But such can never in reality be the case. Husbands never taste, even in the smallest degree, the sweets of power, without becoming despots. Let us not then, continued the honorable member with great energy, follow the false lights of a fickle and innovating age, but fixing our eyes steadily upon the example of our *fore-mothers* bequeath to our daughters, unsullied and undiminished, those glorious privileges which their consummate wisdom and knowledge of the art of domestic government, enabled them to hand down to us.—*(immense cheering.)*

After a short reply from *Mrs. Silvertongue*, the bill was read a first time, and ordered for a second reading to-morrow.

NOTE.—In order to silence the cavils of critics, we beg leave to observe, that we have applied expressly to *Lady Fanny*, respecting the above word, and that it is printed by her ladyship's desire, she having assured our reporter that if it was not English, it ought to be.—EDITOR.

The house met at an early hour. *Mrs. Moderate* rose and begged leave to state, that in presenting a petition from the husbands of St. James's and St. George's parishes, she by no means concurred in the prayer of the petitioners. She then read the petition as follows:—

"We, the married men of St. James's and St. George's parishes, having heard with considerable alarm that a bill is now in progress in your honorable house, ostensibly for the better securing the privileges of wives, but in reality for the absolute subjugation of husbands, do humbly petition your honorable house not to proceed farther in a measure so obnoxious to the majority of the male population of Great Britain, and so perfectly subversive of the matrimonial constitution as it is at present by law established.

"Your petitioners protest, that they are not actuated by a rebellious or disloyal spirit; on the contrary, they have held, do hold, and will always continue to hold, that the authority of the wife is sovereign in all matters appertaining to her jurisdiction; but they contend that the private amusements of the husband do not come under her *surveillance*, and they protest absolutely against the privilege of punishment in cases of smoking and drinking; because, if the said punishment is once adopted, wives may extend it to other misdemeanors not necessary to particularize at present.

"Your petitioners beg leave further to state their firm conviction, that the bill is decidedly hostile to the interests of the rising generation, being calculated to deter all prudent men from entering into a state of such abject slavery, as matrimony under the new regulations would become.

"Your petitioners beg leave to state, that during time immemorial, their body has conducted itself in a most loyal and peaceable manner; and, consequently, they do consider themselves as having special claim to the protection of your honorable house; but by this bill the small portion of liberty they have hitherto enjoyed, is at once annihilated; and they are deprived, at a blow, of all their rights; even of that enjoyed by the subjects of most despotic governments, *viz.* that of remonstrance.

"Your petitioners further beg leave to state, that as the principle of this most atrocious bill is to place husband and



wife in a state of warfare, they must, though reluctantly, have recourse to the only means of opposing the evils with which they are threatened, by keeping in their own hands the sinews of war : in other words, they are determined to withhold the supplies, and so starve the enemy into a capitulation.

"Your petitioners do therefore pray your honorable house to take these premises into your most serious consideration ; and, in the plenitude of your wisdom, dismiss at once and for ever, a measure so fraught with mischief to the community at large.

"And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall ever pray," &c. &c. &c.

*(Here follows a long list of signatures.)*

[The reading of the petition was several times interrupted by symptoms of the most marked dissatisfaction on both sides of the house ; and at the conclusion, the general indignation vented itself in the most violent fluttering of fans and tossing of heads, that we ever witnessed.]

After a long and animated debate, which we regret the pressure of other matter will not permit us to detail, the bill was read a second time, and ordered for a third reading on Thursday ; when it was passed, and sent to the house of Peereses. We shall give the proceedings of their ladyships in our next number.

#### BEAUTY'S CAPTIVE.

Love one day, in sportive play,  
Left his mother and flew away ;  
And seeking the bower where Beauty reposes,  
He sprung in the midst of her just-budding roses !  
Beauty saw the boy alighting,  
And all her fairest blossoms blighting ;  
Her magic arms she threw around him,  
And in a chain of roses bound him.  
In vain his mother cried and wept,  
Young Love was fast a prisoner kept ;  
In Beauty's bower he still reposes,  
And joys to dwell among her roses !

\* \* \*

#### TIME.

Old eager Time is swift preparing now,  
Furrows and wrinkles for our youthful brow,  
Age creeps apace and steals on unawares,  
'Feebles our limbs and blanches our dark hairs ;  
Subdues alike the fiery and the meek,  
And fades the roses bright on beauty's cheek ;  
Dims all the lustre of the sparkling eye,  
Bends the fair form, and calls forth nature's sigh !—

#### HOME !

Peace dwells within our humble cot,  
And happiness is mine ;  
I sigh not for a nobler lot,  
Nor at my fate repine ;  
For though the wide world I might roam,  
Still find no place like my humble home !  
For under splendour's fairy form,  
In halls of dazzling light,  
There lurks a secret poisoned thorn,  
Our youthful hopes to blight ;  
But in our cot thrives the rose alone,  
Deprived of its thorns in my humble home !—LAURA.

#### THE ORPHAN OF ST. EDMUND'S,

A TALE OF ENGLAND IN THE OLDEN TIME.

"I have watched the young,—there are thorns with their bloom,

The gay—but their inward heart was gloom ;

I have seen the snake steal amid flowers ;—

Showers that came down on April hours ;—

And have seen,—alas !—'tis but outside show,

The sunshine of yon green earth below :

Glad of rest must the wretched and way worn-be ;—

Angel of Death, they are ready for thee." L. E. L.

The bells of all the London churches were ringing a merry peal, and all the Londoners, attired in their holiday suits, crowded towards Westminster, where the council was sitting, debating upon the important measure that had agitated all England. Not the least conspicuous among the varied multitude, were the many holy men, whose anxious looks too plainly indicated the mournful interest which they had in the pending discussion. The bell of the Abbey clock tolled the hour of nine, when a burst of execration issued from the rear of the crowd, and all eyes directing their glances to the spot from whence the noise proceeded, they fell upon the proposer of the hated measure, Anselm, the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, from being idolized by the people of England upon his return from banishment, now met only with their execration and contempt ;—behind him rode the venerable Herbert, bishop of Norwich, and the bold and decisive Warenast, the procurator of the king, both of whom were opposed to the archbishop's plans, and exerted all their endeavours to divert his attention from them, but in vain ; elated with his favour with the Pope, he began to defy the power of the king, (Henry the First), whose superior knowledge had excited the envy and the hatred of the archbishop.

The proposed measure which had so agitated the people of England, was that of excommunicating all the married priests ;—at this period more than half of the clergy were either married, or else the sons of married ministers, who, taking alarm at the rumours of the archbishop's intention, assembled together and petitioned the king against it. Henry had just returned from his conquest at Arundel, where the rebel Beliasm, Earl of Shrewsbury, had congregated his allured Welshmen, in defiance of the king, who, however, soon defeated his enemies, and forced them to flight ; Beliasm with his followers escaping into Normandy, where Duke Robert was assembling his troops for another expedition against the king.

Henry was indignant at the measures of the Archbishop of Canterbury, more especially as he had himself reinstated him in all his former dignities, of which William Rufus had deprived him, in consideration that he would faithfully protect the whole of the clergy, which had been recalled from exile, and to whom Henry was well known to be particularly partial. Harrassed by the insurrection of Beliasm, and wearied with the fatigues attending his pursuit of the rebels, Henry was deeply hurt by the ingratitude of Anselm, and sending his procurator to the council, he demanded the instant rejection of the measure. But the threats of the king were set at naught by the arrogant archbishop, he openly proclaimed his power from the Pope, and instantly excommunicated the whole of the



married priests of England, inhibiting also the people to hear their masses, and depriving every prelate of their promotions that had received their investiture from the king.

The bells of the churches were hushed, and a cry of weeping and wailing was heard throughout the city; the sounds of joy and revelry were stilled, and nothing was heard but execrations of the archbishop, and exclamations of pity for the priests; the people were astonished at the fact, which notwithstanding the many rumours, no one seriously considered would occur; the king was anxiously waiting at Westminster for the return of Warenast, with the resolves of the council, attended by the warriors that had returned with him from Arundel, who all treated lightly what they considered the mere idle talk of the archbishop; but Henry too plainly saw through the machinations of Anselm, and doubted the efficacy of his own interposition. The council at length broke up, and the procurator returned to the king, with the report of the ill success of his mediation. With Warenast, the aged and venerated Abbot of St. Edmunds entered into the presence, and falling at the feet of the monarch could only ejaculate—

“You will not, you will not suffer this!” when overcome by the intenseness of his grief, he laid senseless at the footstool of Henry.—

The monarch directed the assistance of his attendants towards the recovery of the venerable abbot, and when the old man became sufficiently sensible, the king enquired the cause of such deep agony.

“Pardon me, sire, pardon an old man,” exclaimed the abbot, “I have not many months to toil through this life’s pilgrimage, and it is cruel, very cruel, to drive me from the church, and shut me out from all my hopes of heaven.—What have I done?—What is my crime?—God of heaven thou knowest the hearts of all men, and thou alone canst judge the righteous!” and the old man raised his trembling hands towards heaven in the act of fervent prayer.

“And has the archbishop dared ——?” indignantly exclaimed the monarch.—“He has declared” replied the procurator, “his power from the Pope, but much I fear some base design lurks beneath this shew of piety.”—

“Will you, sire, suffer this?” exclaimed the abbot.—“I have a young and innocent girl thrown upon my protection,—she is my grand-child, sire,—her father, now from the mansions of the blessed, viewing the sorrows of his father and his daughter, was, as your majesty will remember, a pious and a holy man, but the omnipotent was pleased to take him to its mercy,—I saw him sink into the silent grave, and his last words were “Father, you will protect my child!”—“I will—I will,” cried I, in the face of the almighty’s angel that the next moment wafted the spirit of my son beyond this vale of tears!—“I will—I will,” cried I, clasping the mourning girl to my aged breast,—alas! alas! who will protect her now?—I thought to have united her to a young man now entering holy orders; they were brought up together, both under my own care, and with joy I viewed the mutual esteem each felt expanding itself in the progress of years, and settling at length into a devout and holy flame, pure as the spirit of bliss ere it is wafted to this corrupted world, and happy as Elysian ecstasy!—But now—now he dare not marry her—it was the delight of my old age to think I could resign my child to one who would protect her when I am forced to

quit them for another world, but now my child must be deserted—forsaken—thrown upon the wide world, an orphan, friendless, unprotected!—Sire, sire, let not my life be shortened thus, I feel my heart-strings breaking, and my eyes grow dim, it is for thee, for thee, my child, my child!”

“It shall not be!” passionately exclaimed the monarch, “where is the power that dare oppose the will of Henry!—Think you I will suffer myself to be deprived of my prerogative, of my investitures of the church?—No, never!—William Warenast and Robert of Litchfield, be you my ambassadors to the Holy-See, and there express my right, and claim my sacred privilege!—Old man, be comforted; thy monarch will not see thee injured!”

“Heavens benison be on you,” ejaculated the old man, as he withdrew from the presence of the king, his gratitude too great for words. — — —

“By St. Mary, our work goes bravely on!” exclaimed the rebel, Sir Arnulf (the brother of Beliasm who had fled to Normandy), as he accompanied the archbishop of Canterbury to his palace, “now, now will the headstrong boy dare marry the fair girl?”

“Tush, tush man,” replied the archbishop, “we may be overheard.”

“I am so happy, Anselm, with the glad thoughts of my revenge on that same preaching youth — !”

“Peace, or a malison be on you,” interrupted Anselm, “as you value your vaunted happiness, blight not my hopes by such ill-timed raptures, you have attained your object, leave me then to the accomplishment of mine.”

“Yes, yes, to the girl, to the girl!” laughingly exclaimed the gallant, as he spurred his courser, and directed its reins to another part of the city.

The sun was rapidly sinking behind the hills that were seen in the distance from St. Edmunds, when the abbot’s grandchild, the beauteous and innocent Margaret, impatient for the old man’s return, stretched her fair neck from the gothic casement, and in vain sought to discern the least sign of his return, or to hear the welcome bark of the watch dog that accompanied him. Edward Tracey, her lover, hung fondly over her shoulder, and sought to allay the fears that began to be excited in the maiden’s bosom for the safety of her grandsire; the beautiful girl turned to look upon the face of her lover, but fear and anxiety were so strongly marked upon his features, that the confiding Margaret fell upon his neck in tears, and passionately exclaimed,

“Oh do not grieve dear Edmund, the king, will not allow the hated plans of the archbishop,—we shall be happy yet!”

“Believe me, love, I do not grieve,” replied Edmund, as he clasped in his hand the white fingers of the maiden, but his agitated looks spoke too plainly the feelings of his heart.

The old man now appeared leisurely proceeding towards his home absorbed in melancholy reflections; Margaret immediately beheld him, and hastening to the door-way received him in her arms with tears—the fatal news immediately was spread, the tidings of Edward’s incompetency to marry, and the abbot’s deprivation of his dignity, and means of future subsistence, fell upon the ears of Margaret with fearful influence, and the fair girl devoid of utterance, sank senseless in her lover’s arms, and was immediately carried to her apartment.

The abbot and Tracey were still mourning over the fatal



success of the archbishop's plans, when a nobly clad gallant rode up to the habitation, and demanded an interview with the holy man.

"By St. Mary," exclaimed he, as he was ushered into the tapestried apartments, I warrant thou art marvellously discontented here, thou and thy confrerie, abbot; but take heart, take heart old man, 'tis a long night that finds no day!"

"To whom am I indebted for the honour of this visit?" enquired the abbot, "Knowest thou me not?" replied the gallant, throwing aside the dark plumes, which falling from his bonnet overshadowed a greater portion of his face—"Knowest thou me not?"—

"Merciful powers, *Sir Arnulf Beliasm!*"

"Aye, Arnulf Beliasm, the merry brother of the daring dog thy king hath forced to Normandy, a happy country, where he now lives in happiness. I tell thee abbot, an' thou wouldst quit these darkling shores, where nought but rioting and broils prevail, thou and thy disinherited freres, thou wouldst find Duke Robert no unthankful master like his unthrift brother here."

"'Tis false, 'tis false!" hastily ejaculated the abbot, "our Henry is a just and righteous king, whom heaven preserve!"

"Has he not deprived you of your possessions?"

"No, no, 'tis he, that miscalled holy man, the archbishop! If all thy errand, noble sir, is thus to try my firm allegiance to my king, thou mayest depart, thy trial is in vain!"

"Tut, tut," rejoined Sir Arnulf, "I came not man for that; thou knowest how long, how fervently I've loved the beauteous Margaret—"

"That, Margaret," hastily interrupted Tracy, "*is*—

"No!" quickly rejoined the other, "*was* destined for thy bride! But now the council has decreed against the unholy compact,—thou art a priest, young man, wilt thou forsake thy God?"

"No, not for the world!"

"Then Margaret —!"

"Shall never be yielded to a life of shame!" exclaimed the indignant abbot.

"Tut! tut! she'll be my wedded wife, an thou wilt, sir, consent!"

"One wife of thine *still lives!*" cried the holy man.

"'Tis false, 'tis false as hell!" replied the enraged Sir Arnulf, "but this is all in trifling. Listen to me, old man,—'tis in my power to give you back your forfeited possessions, to reverse the dire attainer against thee and all thy freres;—give me but the lovely Margaret, and all I now assert shall be accomplished."

"Away, away with thee! I will not bargain for the sacrifice of my child! No, man of blood, for though condemned to all the griping wants of poverty, sinking in misery, nay, yielding up my shortened life, a victim perishing, then will I clasp my innocent child to my dying bosom, her pure embraces shall alleviate my sufferings, and with a calm and holy resignation, I'll yield my spirit to the great Omnipotent, and die in peace and joy!"

"Preaching enthusiast!" rejoined the gallant, "'tis waxing late, and I've not time to dally with thee thus—say, shall I have my lovely Margaret?"

"Away, away!" exclaimed the abbot, "I will not talk with thee!"

"Then perish in thy obstinate resolve!" cried Sir Arnulf, as he quitted the apartment, and instantly darting

into the saddle of his steed, he clapped spurs to the animal's side, and was speedily out of sight.

A month had now elapsed since the dispossession of the abbot, who still remained in the greatest state of mental affliction, notwithstanding the sacred promise of the King had been given that he should be protected; still, however, the deprivation of his dignity and christian offices wounded him to the heart, and his own sorrows were mingled with those of the faithful people to whom he had been wont to minister the duties of religion. The lovely Margaret was still confined to her chamber, the fatal tidings had struck deep into her heart, and no succeeding ray of hope broke through the darksome vista, to encourage any happy thoughts; she beheld herself torn from the being in whose endearments she anticipated protection and support, when her aged grandsire should be called into a better world; and then reflection darting its baneful influence across her mind, would spread a darker aspect over the future, and sink her deeper in despair. Edward Tracey was ever near her, and often as he wiped away the burning tears that trickled down the white cheek of the mourner, with endearing accents, he would seek to inspire her with better hopes and expectations, but Margaret saw too plainly that all her happiness was blighted, her dream of youth dispelled, and every fairy scene which she had anticipated the enjoyment of, debarred to her for ever. "No, no, dear Edward," she would exclaim, when her lover strove to divert some melancholy thought, with hopes of happier days,—"*No, no, Edward, delude me not with such vain hopes, thou knowest they'll have no realization; we may not meet in this world, dearest, but in that to which I feel my spirit fast departing, no cruel arm shall intervene to rob us of our happiness, and then we may be blest!*"

The ambassadors at Rome at length returned to England; the bold William Warenaast had denied the power of the Pope to interfere with the King's influence over the church, staking the kingdom of England upon his right. The Pope was equally as fearless, declaring that he would rather lose his head than Henry should possess such power against his will! The debate was long and furious,—Anselm (who had gone to the Pope to appeal in his own defence) strengthened the Pope's resolution by his adherence to it, and at this critical juncture, rumours being widely circulated in England of another attack being expected from the Duke of Normandy, Warenaast was glad to make peace with the Popedom upon as advantageous terms as he could; the abbots and the other prelates, however, who had been dispossessed by Anselm, were allowed to be reinstated in their former dignities. The ambassador immediately returned to England, to assist in raising the King's forces to repel the expected attack of the Duke of Normandy, to whom the Earl of Cornwall, a warrior of considerable estimation, because Henry had denied him the Earldom of Kent, which he had claimed, as heir to his uncle Odo, with many other warriors, had fled.

The bells of all the London churches were again rung, and a voice of happiness was again heard in the habitations of the clergy; but the joy of the venerable abbot of St. Edmunds was alloyed by the distressing situation of the lovely orphan, who, in spite of all endearing assistance and attention, seemed sinking into the silent grave; still Margaret was patient and resigned; with an expression of fervent gratitude to the Almighty she received the glad tidings of her grandsire's restoration, and a sweet smile irradiated her beautiful face, as clasping his hand in her's



she discoursed with him concerning the religious duties that were now to be renewed, of the joy of those over whom he presided, at their pastor's reinstatement, of the old man's happiness anticipated for years, and of the probable succession of Edmund to the abbacy. "I am happy now," she murmured, "for I have now by my side the only two beings on earth that are endeared to me, and I behold a bright and happy prospect which has burst upon them. Believe me," continued she, clasping a hand of each in her's, "believe me, I am very happy!"

A loud knocking at the door of the porch caused the maiden to start from her couch, and the surprise of their companions were not the less excited at such an unusual noise at such an hour, for the day had long closed, and Tracey and the abbot were upon the point of retiring to rest. The door not being immediately opened, it was rudely broke through, and a trampling of boots and spurs were instantly heard upon the stairs. Tracey and the abbot sprung towards the chamber door, when they were met by a party of armed men, who forcing them back into the room, they were held down by some of the ruffians whilst another seized the fainting Margaret in his arms, and was making his way for the stairs, when Tracey, bursting from the grasp of the men who held him, darted upon the villain, and throwing up his vizor, he beheld the rebel Arnulf, whose correspondence with his brother having been discovered by the king, he was endeavouring to escape with a few fellows into Normandy, determining however not to relinquish the object of his evil passion, he had resolved upon making Margaret the partner of his flight.

Tracey had fixed a firm hold upon his rival, with whom he fiercely struggled; several of the party, however, instantly rushed to the assistance of their master; tearing him from the grasp of Tracey, they succeeded in bearing the senseless Margaret from the chamber, the doors of which were instantly barred on the outside, to prevent their being followed by the intrepid Tracey, whose efforts to force the door proving ineffectual, he beheld the miscreants, by the moonlight, place his beloved upon the same horse with Sir Arnulf, and clapping spurs to their steeds, the fiery animals instantly darted at full speed across the country, and in a few moments all that resounded in the air were the outcries of the afflicted grandsire, and of Tracey.

The fugitives proceeded over hill and heather, nor halted till overcome with fatigue and exhaustion, they stopped to refresh themselves by a small brook that meandered through a field near the road side. Margaret was still senseless, as Sir Arnulf lifted her from the horse, and placed her upon the grass; and as he gazed upon her motionless form, he began to fear that she was really dead, and, in doubt and apprehension, he gathered some water in the palm of his hand, and sprinkled therewith the pale face of Margaret; but his ardent efforts were in vain to bring her back to life and motion;—thus was he engaged, when a rapid trampling of horses' feet fell upon the ears of the fugitives; Sir Arnulf instantly ordered his comrades to horse, and each thinking more of their own safety than their master's prize, the dying Margaret was left by the brook-side, while the miscreants fled to their arms and horses, but ere they could quit the spot, the pursuers had come up to them, and proved to be Sir Walter Corbet, the captain of the king's guard, and a detachment that had been sent to intercept the flight of Arnulf. The fugitive finding at length that he must either yield himself a prisoner to Sir Walter

or hazard a contest with the king's soldiers, chose the last expedient, and instantly commanding his followers to rush upon his pursuers, he led the way himself; a desperate skirmish ensued between the parties; the fight was long and fearful,—Sir Arnulf, conscious that to yield would be but delaying certain death, fought with a maddened fury, and wielding his battle-axe with almost superhuman strength, he dealt death wherever his strokes fell. Sir Walter's soldiers began to give way to the force of the fugitives, and he could scarcely compel them to rally again upon their opposers; by an artful manœuvre, however, he succeeded in surrounding their leader, Sir Arnulf, who finding all hope of escape lost, hurled his battle-axe in the air, and endeavouring with one stroke to cleave Sir Walter in twain, his right arm was unnerved by the axe of a common soldier, and instantly falling to the ground, he was pierced to the heart by the swords of his antagonists. His followers, on finding their leader killed, instantly surrendered themselves, and discovering Margaret to their conquerors, the dying girl was placed upon Sir Walter's horse, and the party proceeded with all possible expedition towards St. Edmund's.

Tracey, and the venerable abbot, were still in a state of distraction at the loss of Margaret, when the ill-fated maiden was borne back to her grandsire's habitation, the doors of which being opened by the soldiers, Margaret was instantly received into the abbot's arms, who with the most affectionate endearments strove to bring her back to life and reason; nor were his efforts fruitless, at the sound of the well known voice, she opened her eyelids, and those bright blue orbs, now alas! dim and lustreless, fell with a dying glance upon her agonised grandsire; she recognised him, and pressed him fondly to her bosom; relinquishing his embrace, only to clasp to her pure and innocent heart, her lover Edmund Tracey;—she could not articulate, but her looks spoke her resignation and content;—beautiful she ever was, and beautiful still was she even in death,—

“ ——— She looked as one to whom

All knees should bow, and yet as light and graceful  
As the fleece cloud in heaven. Her eyes were raised  
To that deep sky, mysterious as herself,  
Watching that shrine, as if she listened for  
An answer, or hoped one from it to descend,  
Bright as herself! ———”

The answer came,—the summons from on high was borne on zephyr's ambient wings to the chamber of the riven-hearted,—the sun rose in its full splendour, and gilded the hills and fields with its bright radiance, but no sun lighted, nor warmed the cold darkness of the mourner's bosom; life's pulse was ebbing fast, and the pure and guileless maiden was restored to life, merely to embrace the two beings whom alone she loved on earth, when her ardent and youthful spirit was wafted on the departing breeze to the Paradise of the spirits of the blest!

#### A LOVER'S LAMENT.

I die with grief, in sorrow and despair,  
If Rosalind rejects my fervent prayer!  
I die with joy, if her attentive ear,  
Is pleased my gentle vows and hopes to hear!  
How shall I then contrive my fate to shun,  
Both by her rigour and her smiles undone?  
Each way I look, I view my ruin sure,  
Fall to the wound or perish by the cure! —LANGUISH.



## THE FALL OF THE LEAF,

BY A BLUE-BELLE.

"Fly away, fly away, faster!"—DRAMATIC DITTY.

"They that have liv'd  
So long a time together, in so near  
And dear society, may be allowed  
A little time for parting."—KNOWLES'S VIRGINIUS.

Now were I of the sombre kind,  
And one of melancholy mind,  
Weigh'd down by sorrow's spell;  
Were I, in short—(what, Ladies gay,  
You'll never see your sister play),  
A melancholy belle:  
This the dark hour in truth would be,  
To extemporize a homily.  
For see, stem-sever'd by the blast,  
The forest-leaves are falling fast,  
And rustle 'neath our tread;  
The field is reap'd of fruitful store,  
The sea rolls rougher on the shore,  
The flowers are withered;  
The poplar bends beneath the storm,  
Which snaps the witch-elm's sterner form.

The once green carpet of the vale,  
Bed of the modest lily, pale,  
Is by the wind embrown'd;  
Clouds o'er the sky, like dark ships, float,  
And travellers hear, or seem to note  
The tempest's chariot-sound:  
Whilst darker nights, and days more drear,  
Denote OCTOBER'S month is here.  
And oh! they tell us, 'tis the hour,  
When Death comes in its sternest power,  
(A very thief at night;)  
That like the leaf proud man must fall,  
His robes a winding sheet and pall,  
And paralyzed his might;  
His mansion where the worm is fed,  
His company the tongueless dead!

It may be so; but still shall we  
Yield all to fancied misery,  
Or melancholy's moan?  
Shall we, like him who sought the woods,  
Or made companionship with floods,  
Because he'd dwell alone;  
Read nought but sermonizing pages  
And moralize on the "seven ages?"  
No, no! by FASHIONS fond caress,  
By woman's innate cheerfulness,  
By future hopes and joys;

\* The moralizing *Jaques*, in *As You Like It*, a "walking gentleman" that like his rightful Duke found

"——books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones——"

and other strange metamorphoses; and, what is worse, told us in good set terms, that if we live long enough, we should be "sans eyes, sans taste, sans evry thing." Can it be possible that "all the bright must fade?" The horrid creature, the mention of him has made me quite melancholy, "heigho and alack a day!"

Though RAIKES is tied to city-fate,  
Though STANHOPE cannot rusticate  
Where custom now decoys:  
We can kill time, and conquer hearts,  
Where'er we throw the blind boy's darts.\*  
The sweetest music who could cheer  
If always pour'd into one's ear,  
No pause of breath between;  
The softest picture who could praise  
If doom'd to gaze on't all our days  
With nought else to be seen?  
The rarest gem, the richest dress,  
For ever worn, who would caress?  
Change, change, *delightful change* we need,  
*Charming variety's* our creed,  
Without it what were life?  
If bees from many sweets contrive  
To fill with wealth their curious hive  
(A home where dwells not strife),  
Why should not we glance "conquering eyes"  
At many points 'neath many skies?†  
If husbands, lovers, take the field,  
Not as of old with sword and shield,  
(Thank Heaven the wars are over!)

\* Little did I imagine this stanza, penned in cheerful-ness and good humour, would so soon be accompanied by a "note of sorrow." LORD PETERSHAM, (now EARL of HARRINGTON) and his BROTHERS cannot, indeed, at this, to them, a dark hour, "rusticate," in the style to which I alluded, for *death* is in their Father's halls, and the escutcheon, denoting a "great one has fallen in Israel," displays its emblazonry over the portal of their family mansion. That which was feared has come to pass, for an express arrived to Colonel LINDSAY STANHOPE on the 15th, bringing intelligence of the demise of his kind and amiable sire; a nobleman who was an honour to the military service of which he was a Commander; a peer worthy the rank in society which he so long held, and of which he was an ornament; a husband exemplary; a father generous; a friend firm and disinterested; a patron independent yet unaustrere: and to sum up his character in one expressive phrase—a MAN "in whom there was no guile." Many shall come after, but few shall surpass him, in public consistency and private virtue.

† What pretty things some of the old poets used to say of us; I declare in gallantry they quite eclipsed our modern flatterers; though Lord CASTLEREAGH was positively provoked with me for saying so, even when he ought to have been most good-humoured,—the day he was gazetted a Lord of the Admiralty. Now what a dear delightful fellow must Etheridge have been to write thus sweetly:—

"Ladies through your *conquering eyes*  
Love owes its chiefest victories,  
And borrows those bright arms from you  
With which he does the world subdue;"

shall I add the rest, because it is intended to keep us in good order?—Yes, I will.

"Yet you yourselves are not above  
The empire, nor the griefs of love;  
You are not free because you're fair,  
The boy did not his mother spare;  
Though beauty be a killing dart,  
It is no armour for the heart."



But when a few hours' old's the sun,  
With faithful dog and famous gun,  
On stubble land or clover;  
Shall we, *Lucretia like*, oh shocking!  
Knit cabbage nets, or darn a stocking!

Forbid it, pride of female mind;—  
Such things belong to country hind,  
To cottage, not to Court;  
We'll rather soar—I mean we'll ride  
And call on ANDOVER'S young bride  
Since weddings are the *forte*;  
Or drive a pony chaise and pair  
Where FASHION drinks the brisk sea-air.

Could we, my dears, by *wintering* here,  
Dispel from every cheek the tear,  
And rout each feeling dark;  
Or could we, wizard-like, command  
The palace *perfected* to stand  
Now rearing in the park:  
So that a home our KING may own  
Worthy himself and England's throne.

Or could we the "poor player" raise  
To happier hopes and heartier days  
Than those he now must feel;  
And by our sojourn circumvent  
The ruin by some people meant  
To COVENT GARDEN'S weal;  
We'd join with ALBANS' generous care  
And save a *sinking theatre*.\*

But since "the fates will have it so,"  
Whether we *stay in town* or *go*,  
And since the leaf will fall;  
Since flowers must fade and fruits decay,  
And the day glance a colder ray  
Of sunshine over all;  
Why, sisters, as perform the rest,  
We'll roam; and deem north, south, east, west,  
*Where'er we are, that place the best.*

#### WALKS IN THE TULLERIES.

At last, thank Heaven, after a week of rain and storm, such as was hardly ever witnessed at this season of the year, we have got a fine day. Aye, what even we may call a fine day. The sun shines out in all his splendour, and the light pure breeze that fans the leaves around me, seems to bring health and gladness on its wings. I re-

\* Who that wishes well to a fascinating, and, if well managed, interesting amusement, but must feel sincere regret when any of our "Dramas' towers of pride" are bowed to the dust; and at the moment I am writing this, dark rumours run of the total immolation of the properties and proprietorship of COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. A ray of sunshine, however, breaks in upon a clouded spot, from the report that the Duchess of ST. ALBAN'S has expressed her wish to raise the sunken fortunes of the house. May it prove so, and hope and success again take their seats where poverty, disagreement, and dismay are now in ominous, grievous, and rude possession.

member I was always a spoiled brat, and I have no doubt that often enough in my infancy I have cried for the moon.

"Men are but children of a larger growth,"

and whatever you may think of my confession, dear reader, I own to thee, that I have more than once sighed as I gazed on the bright and beautiful sky of this favoured country, and thought that here I must remain, because England, dear land of my birth and my affections, with all her thousand blessings, wanted that one, so precious in the eyes of invalids.

I have not seen the gardens so full for a long time, and what a face of enjoyment every one wears. No, not every one; yonder is my old acquaintance C——, who, as my friend O'Blunder says, "is the most unfortunate lucky fellow that ever existed, and so, (pardon the bull good reader,) so he really is. Three months ago, C—— was one of the gayest of this gay nation. How he lived was a problem that nobody took the trouble to solve. He lodged in one of the best houses in the *rue de l'Université*, the porter of which was alone in the secret if his occupying only a little room *au sixieme*, from whence he issued in the morning always well dressed, and with a countenance full of cheerfulness.

In fact he lived by his good humour; it made him an acceptable guest every where. Then too he had tact, (Heaven bless the inventor of that most useful and comprehensive word!) he had I say tact enough always to pay attention in the right place. There was a tacit agreement between him and all the mammas who had marriageable daughters to dispose of, that he was to do his possible towards establishing them, by keeping off dangerous pretenders, and giving way to those that mamma chose to favour. He was besides an excellent hearer. No dowager ever detected him yawning, even at the thirty-fifth repetition of one of those anecdotes which invariably begin with, "did I ever tell you."

To old soldiers he was invaluable. Corporal Trim himself, never seconded Uncle Toby in the recital of battles and sieges, better than he did the colonels, generals, and even marshals of France, whose campaigns were to him worth a little estate. It was only with the politicians that C—— was embarrassed; for it must be confessed that he could not throw quite gravity enough into his countenance for these gentry. However he got through it pretty well, by the help of his shrug, which was the most expressive of any man's in Paris.

He had led this kind of life for several years, when one morning, while he was preparing to go out, a knock came to his door. Thinking it was, as usual, the porter with the half-penny roll, the only food of any kind he ever took at home; he called out, "Come in," and to his utter dismay, a tall, stately, solemn looking personage stood before him.

"I have the honour to address Monsieur de C——." Poor C—— was more than half inclined to deny his identity, but before he could make up his mind whether to do so or not, his visitor continued: "I wait upon you sir, to condole with you upon the death of your cousin the Baron de C——. A man of first rate genius, uncommon erudition, and consummate goodness of heart. All France deplores his loss, and how much more severely should we feel it, did we not see in you Sir, the heir to his fine qualities, as well as to his title, and immense estates."

For one moment C—— looked at him in speechless amazement: the next he danced about the room, and swore



he was the happiest fellow in existence. "What unexpected felicity!" he repeated incessantly, and unexpected indeed it was, for he never even knew his relationship to the Baron in question.

In a few days C—— exchanged his garret for a princely *hôtel*, where a crowd of lacqueys waited his orders, and troops of friends came to congratulate him upon his good fortune. But C—— had been behind the scenes, he knew how to value all the compliments that were paid him, and inflated by his new dignity, he considered it would now be beneath him to pay compliments to others. His manners became as changed as his fortune; from being gay, good humoured, and polite to excess, he is grown haughty, silent, and reserved. Every body says he has lost all his amiability, and if one may judge from his gloomy and careworn countenance, his happiness is gone with it.

Don't fancy now, good reader, that I have,

"Set down aught in malice,"

because C—— has just passed close to me without even a bow, instead of coming up as he formerly used to do, taking both my hands, and calling out to let the passers by hear how well he spoke English—Ah! Ah! How you do Sare! It is one fine day.

I am no politician, Heaven knows, and yet just now I would give a good deal to be able to extend the powers of our legislators. Zounds! what a shame it is, that the House of Commons in regulating our exports, can't pass an act to keep fools and coxcombs at home. I am sure good reader you would excuse my swearing, if you knew how my cheeks have just burnt, albeit unused to the blushing mood, at hearing one Frenchman tell another, that a puppy who has just passed is a *mi lor Anglois*.

For the credit of the peerage, I must observe, that he is only a baronet; and had he contented himself as his ancestors did, with quietly inhabiting the family mansion, Heavy-head Hall, he might have passed through life with the character of a good natured booby. But somebody put it in the head of his lady mother, that the tour of Europe was wanting to finish his education, and it has finished it with a vengeance; for he has picked up in every country, the vices and follies which he could not have found in such perfection any where else, and has blended them so admirably with his own natural foibles, that one can hardly say which predominates. Picture to yourself, dear reader, a short, thick set, vulgar figure, dressed in a style somewhat between a Parisian *exquisite*, and a London dandy, and you will have an idea of Sir Harry Heavy-head. It really makes my blood boil to see how he swaggers through the terrace, eyeing with the most insolent carelessness, the groups of pretty women who fill it, jostling some, and treading on the gowns of others, without the smallest apology; for he is determined, to use his own language, that nobody shall ever accuse him of having learned any of the damned *palaver* of these cursed *parlez vous*.

Here comes an Englishman of a different stamp, as great an original in his way, but one of the best hearted fellows in existence. It is an article of his creed, that the virtues are exclusively English; and if he is forced to admit that a Frenchman has done a noble or generous action, he always seems inclined to quarrel with him for it. What can bring him here I wonder? I must go and see

\* \* \* \*

I defy the most determined cynic to stroll along the terrace which I have just quitted, without being pleased.

I have rarely seen such a number of pretty women together, and all, English as well as French, bent on

"Carrying home hearts by dozens."

It is not a little amusing to see the different manner in which the French and English beauty directs her attack. The first generally tries the effect of a *coup de main*, and brings all her charms (if the expression may be allowed,) to bear upon you at once. The coquetry of the other is perhaps more dangerous, because better concealed. The eye hastily averted, the veil quickly drawn down, often does more execution than the sparkling glance or graceful display of the figure.

I could not well conceive what magnet drew my friend Heartall to the Terrace, but the tell-tale smiles of Madame de B—— has betrayed him. Yes, spite of all his boasted insensibility to female attractions in general, and avowed resolution never to yield his heart but to British beauty; and then only after a long and obstinate resistance; the widow has him secure in her toils. He struggles fiercely, but it is all in vain, he cannot break his chains; and truly when one considers the character of the being that has captivated him, it would be a thousand pities that he should. We shall see you both to-night said she, as we met on the terrace. I bowed my assent. Heartall stammered some thing about an engagement. "You will come," said she in a tone that implied, "You know very well that you can't stay away," and with a glance so bewitching, that a man must have been a stoic to resist it.

But to do Heartall justice, he is not altogether the victim of her attractions, though they might conquer a heart made of sterner stuff. And yet one can hardly tell in what they consist; she is not pretty, she makes no claim to wit, and though still young, she has passed the first bloom of youth. Yet no one was ever in her company without pronouncing her charming; and that is indeed the only word that can paint her. Heartall had heard a great deal of her fascinations, and piqued himself upon being able to see her with indifference. Whether this would have been the case Heaven knows, for the circumstance which I am about to relate took him so completely by surprise, that I think, though he stoutly denies it, his heart was gone from that moment.

They met one evening at a party, where a case of distress was mentioned, and a collection made for the relief of the sufferers. Madame de B—— contributed a small sum, too small Heartall thought, for her fortune. He gave liberally, and determined if he found the people deserving, to do more privately. The following morning he took his way at an early hour to the habitation of penury. He entered it with more respect than he would have done a palace, and there sitting by the bed of sickness, and employed in soothing and pacifying a wayward infant, he found Madame de B——.

It would be difficult to tell which of the two blushed the deepest; but the lady, as my fair readers may suppose, was the first to recover her presence of mind; and, with a smile of ineffable good humour, she placed the bantling in his arms, telling him that he must be its nurse, while she prepared a soup for its mother.

"Heavens," said Heartall to himself, as he saw how quickly and adroitly she performed her self-imposed task, "can this be the woman whom I hitherto regarded as a vain and heartless coquet? What injustice I have been guilty of!"



give you Mr. WHITTLE HARVEY'S smart saying and have done with the subject. Mr. SHAKESPEARE REED nobly heading the subscription list, the *Colchester, M. P.*, exclaims across the Pit to EGERTON, who was busily booking contributions: "I say, Mr. Secretary, who will venture to say that he can peruse your list of loans and gifts without first reading *Shakespeare*?" Rogers might have been proud of that.

*Paulina Pry.*—Indeed I think so; it was in fact as good as Mr. DURUSET'S answer to GEORGE ROBINS'S enquiry for Mr. CHARLES KEMBLE during a pause of the encouraging performances recently got over at the "Garden." "Where, where is the Manager?" cries the *Ciceronian* Auctioneer; "He's just gone off, Sir," responds, with all the force of habit, the cabriolet companion of LORD HARBOROUGH; the well behaved DURUSET.

*Paul Pry.*—But after all these offerings to humanity and necessity, and I admit that seldom have petitioners come before the public with a memorial the prayer of which could be more deserving of being granted; after all, there is a fault at the fountain head of our theatricals, which must be amended, if security for the present, and prosperity for the future be considered desirable for the welfare and existence of the legitimate drama amongst us. The prices of admission are manifestly too exorbitant; they are above the comparative measure as compared with almost every other commodity; and it is no excuse, no available pretence, for the Managers to produce the enormous salaries paid to certain performers, and sundry play-wrights in defence of their present regulations, for they have the remedy in their own hands, and by one firm act may lower the monied pride and covetous pretensions of both classes of persons who are such draughts upon the treasury, and consequently give the play-going world equally commendable representations at a rate of remuneration within the means of thousands, who are now patronizing the *Coburg, Sadler's Wells and the other Minor Theatres*, solely because they can afford the rate of admission to these latter marts of entertainment, and cannot afford, or will not pay it to enter through the doors of the patent monopolies. In fact people begin to find out, that they have expended too much upon *stargazing*, and that even the vivacity of a VESTRIS, the drollery of a LISTON, the melody of a BRAHAM, the quaintness of a FARREN, and the eloquent notes of a PATON may be purchased much too dearly. But this is a subject I shall take the liberty of pouring into the ear of the *Manager of Old Drury*, on his return from a journey of *reconnaissance*; and I do hope, in addition to the other *cognomens* the saucy world has given him, I shall have to say of him, that he is, at all events, Mr. moderate PRICE in his future dealings and determinations relative to his splendid establishment.

*Paulina Pry.*—Well, Son, we have had, love, levity, law, laughter, and suppose now we were to give a few minutes attention to *Literature*. What has been produced worth reading? what that is not actually as dull as a directory, or as scandalous as a seventh day's AGE, or a MORNING JOURNAL?

*Paul Pry.*—Very little indeed: good books are as scarce, and as much to be prayed for as fine weather. To be sure we have had histories of *French-thief-takers* promoted from the gallies; and *Memoirs of Foreign Courts*, by *fantastic confidants*; but their authors appear to forget that *Biography* ought to be written, not so much for the purpose of praise or censure as to hold up to mankind models of imitation or avoidance.

*Paulina Pry.*—That sentiment is an admirable one; and would, if acted upon, benefit author, publisher and reader; and lead by a short route to sound deductions, and second editions. Is not the "Loves of the Poets," a pretty book?

*Paul Pry.*—Quite a pleasant companion, now so few speaking ones are to be met with; especially since the regretted demise of the good hearted and venerable EARL of HARRINGTON, naturally restricts his *fine family* to the house of mourning and the weeds of woe. The work is by the author of the "Diary of an Ennuyé," and certainly detracts nothing from the fame gained by that publication. It is full of pretty notices of those the most celebrated poets who had any thing to do with, or forwarded, the happy consummation of *affaires du cœur*: proving that

"— the heart, like the tendril, accustomed to cling  
Let it grow where it will cannot flourish alone."

Another promising and interesting publication is that of a poor German Musician, one fallen from a high estate into the parsimony of poverty and destitution; and who, for many years, lived in a log-hut in the woods of Kentucky, which, however, he deemed in his situation a very palace, for on the base of his chimney flue did he inscribe,—

"After many storms and wanderings of life found a temporary Asylum in this remote Kentucky-cell.—A. P. H.

*Paulina Pry.*—The tale is interesting; not without its moral; and the name of this persevering foreigner?

*Paul Pry.*—Is A. P. HEINRICH, who has had the magnanimity to accept an engagement in the Orchestra of DRURY-LANE THEATRE of between one and two pounds a week; the greater part of which he has appropriated to the purchase of music paper, the use of a piano, and the effort of bringing out the present publication, which may indeed be called the child of his hopes; the reliance of his home, hearth and future life, and to produce which he has lived upon "water from the well" and a crust of bread.

*Paulina Pry.*—And the nature of the work?

*Paul Pry.*—*Musical*, doing much honour to and promising highly for his after talents. The compositions, indeed, shew him to be well scienced, to possess powerful fancy, and to be endowed with the truest marks of genius. One of the prettiest of these is, "Be silent now ye merry strains," a *Cantata*, to which words are supplied by Mr. STEELE, an American-author of no mean powers; as the following words will prove, with which, honoured mother, we will close our *tête à tête*:

"Be silent now ye merry strains!  
Ye cannot chase my griefs away;  
The wounded heart but sorely feigns,  
To hail the cheerful notes ye play.  
But breathe awhile a sadd'ning theme,  
The hapless tale of days gone by;  
Or strike the chords to fancy's dream,  
When love believed that hope was nigh.

Alas! that e'er a festive hour,  
Should change to moments none would greet!  
Alas! that e'er the bridal flower  
Should wither on the winding sheet!  
But since the joys that mem'ry brings  
My heart again may never know;  
Now strike aloud your wildest strings,  
And tune for me a tale of woe!"









*Morning Dresses.* *Newest Fashions for November 1829.* *Costumes of All Nations. N. 44.*

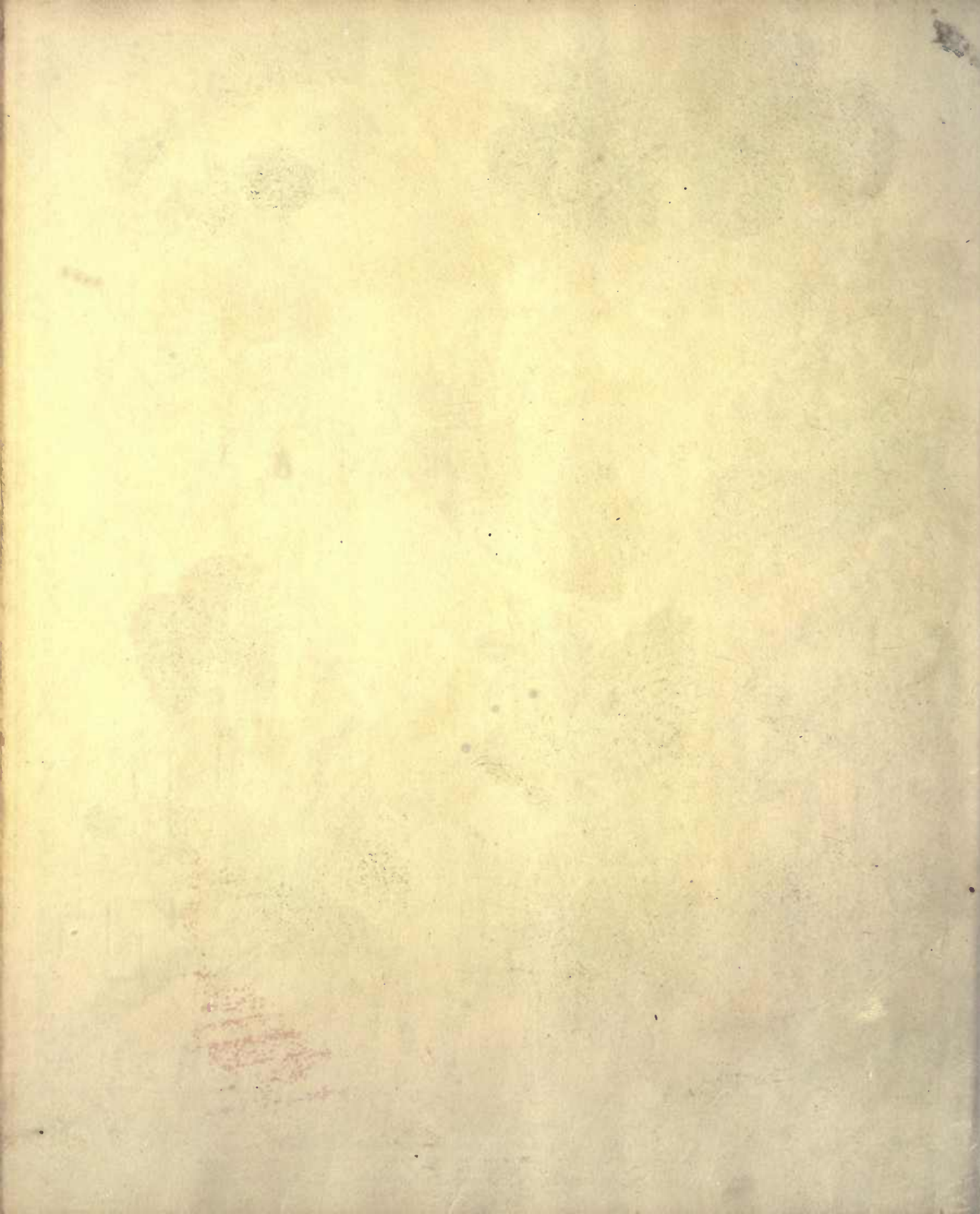




*Newest Fashions for November 1829.  
Fashionable Head Dresses.*

W. Alais & Co.













*Newest Fashions for November 1829.*

*Walking Dresses*

W. Alais Sc.





Mrs. Fanny Kemble.

Newest Fashions for November, 1829.  
Walking and Riding Dresses.

W. Alais. Sc







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 66.

LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1829.

VOL. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, FANCY COSTUME, NO. 44, SPANISH (MURCIA), AND TWO MORNING DRESSES.—SECOND PLATE, NINE FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.—THIRD PLATE, TWO WALKING DRESSES AND TWO FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—FOURTH PLATE, AN EVENING DRESS, A RIDING DRESS, AND FOUR FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

“ More dense descends the mists o'er land and tide,  
More chill the wind pipes out its boisterous pride,  
Wreaking its might, and shewing seathing power  
On leaf-stripp'd branch, and bud-bereaved flower.  
The *traveller*, now, a warmer mantle wears,  
Or gladly kind-host's pleasant fire side shares,  
Deeming his fare set out in humblest form,  
A very luxury amidst the storm.  
The careful *shepherd* warn'd by rising blast,  
(Such as might shiver sail, and rock the mast,)  
With anxious thought to screen his *fleecy* care,  
From bitter scuds, and sharply biting air,  
Selects the warmest spot in field or glen,  
His *quadrupedal family* to pen;  
Whilst Nature stamps the dark tide coming near,  
Her courier, dull NOVEMBER—that is here.”—J. P. S.

Thus much the poet, thus far go we into the dark side of the picture, which, like Salvator Rosa, he appears more fond of bringing out than the more cheering tints, and brighter colours. Although, however, we go along with him in the truth of his sketches as far as our quotation extends, we must now, for ourselves, (albeit with prosaic pen) endeavour to shew that as there are lights and shadows in the delineation of *still life*, so there are causes, nay commands, for joyousness, as well as caution or care in the activities of nature, in the progressions of man, even at a period of the year which has been called the hours of mists and darkness; nay even libelled with the appellation of the “suicidal month.”

Would we turn “Nimrods,” and become, if not “mighty,” as he of old, still *hunters* in the land, *this is the time* when we may saddle our generous steed, allure to the field and “shew how fields were won.” Are we wishing to become *couriers*, the hare forms her daily seat in the indentations of the hill side, in the heathly downs, or the ploughed up soil of the husbandman. Is it desirable to spread the table of our friends, or set out our own (to which friends may add harmony) with the luxuries, the *Shooter's skill*, and perseverance, can procure, *now is the hour*, when, summoning our sagacious dog, and well-tried fowling-piece to aid us, we should try the covert for the gaudy pheasant,

or the stubble land, and turnip field, for the speckled partridge, thus gaining our object, and increasing our satisfactions? Are different relaxations, other amusements sought, can we not at once refer to the hospitalities of many a mansion wherein are assembled “troops of friends;” to numerous fire-sides, about which, in preparation for the holy and happy christmas-tide, relations are congregating; friends preparing to assemble? Nay, if these suffice not, shall we be disbelieved when we say that there are gay places, and goodly company to be encountered on the right hand and the left, on the East or the West, where music and dance, the card-table or the library, in turn administer to the defeat of melancholy, the dispersion of those occasionally bursting-in thoughts which may make the heart sad, and the sigh heavy.

In LONDON, too, the imperial City of pleasure, refinement, wit, learning, and behaviour, as well as the high mart of commerce, activity, legislation and justice; in London, notwithstanding we are told by Newspaper poets, that

“ \_\_\_\_\_ from Chelsea to Whitechapel-road,  
Deserted by Fashion we find each abode;  
Barr'd up every window, the doors under locks,  
Quite idle the knockers, for *nobody knocks*,  
The great-ones all gone, and the vulgar who stay,  
To Ramsgate, or Hastings, wou'd fain haste away.”

Notwithstanding this, LONDON, even now, supplies its antidotes to dreariness, its prescriptions for spleen. Like the giant of the heathen mythology, it might, for a little while, be beaten, but re-touching its native elements, it becomes refreshed, re-invigorated, “itself again;” and, (which is a greater glory than *Anteus* was ever endowed with) there is no *Hercules* to achieve a triumph over it, or to destroy its energies, and its being. Are we doubted, are there any sceptical? we bid them read, mark, learn, and diligently ponder over the *following pages* and *proofs*—and then, (for great is our confidence in the cause we plead) we shall be believed, and they be no longer given to doubts.

### THE LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

“ In quiet, like a *country Gentleman*,  
Still does our MONARCH live—”

We have proved ourselves better prophets than the eager temperament of the Brighton good people would suffer them to be. The KING is not gone to that aspiring water-



ing place, nor, in our opinion, did he ever intend going, or does intend to go; and truth to tell, we should be somewhat surprised were he eager to exchange that quiet, that rural life, of which his MAJESTY appears so fond, for a dwelling open to the eyes and *eye-glasses* of hundreds of *Paul Pry's*, who, without possessing the prudence of *our own*, are still imbued with all the officious curiosity of the original character. And this is all that we deem it necessary to say upon the much talked of journey of "Our Sovereign Lord the King;" who, during all the inventions respecting him, continued as usual his drives and excursions, unheeding the whisperings of rumour, or the gossiping of garrulity.

We are happy, however, to be enabled to assure our readers that the general health of his MAJESTY is highly gratifying to every good subject, and that although it was deemed advisable to consult that very eminent oculist, Mr. PHIPPS, it has not by him been considered at all necessary to undertake any operation for the purpose of aiding the sight of the Royal patient.

#### THE ON DITS OF FASHION.

Notwithstanding this is the time of the year when dullness generally usurps a short reign over the town, we have, for once, the pleasing opportunity of stating a complete victory over that leaden-winged and dark-visaged deity; for we have positively been quite gay during October; and, which will surprize many, have actually turned inveterate play-goers, and witnessed crowded theatres, at a period when we were wont to look upon a starving account of empty boxes. *Apropos*, of theatricals, there is now but *one great aid* wanting to place them as high in the public estimation as they were when Cumberland, Sheridan, and Addison wrote, and Johnson, Steele, and Wharton applauded. That aid is the *public patronage*, the *personal countenance* of the KING! Ever alive as he is to the claims of justice—and surely, in a national as well as a humane view, our managers and players may venture upon such plea—ever ready as he has proved himself to take the lead in any effort of genuine benevolence, now is indeed the hour when he may set an example which must be followed, and stamp the seal of royal approval upon that which we are again approaching to be, namely, a *theatrical people*. Our MONARCH'S FATHER was in the habit of attending, with his QUEEN and *courtiers*, one or other of our play-houses nearly every week, and the consequences were of the best possible kind; *trade* grew heartier for it, and *fashion* wore her plumes the gaudier and more frequently in consequence. Would it not be a truly filial offering of respect to such a Sire's memory, did *our good KING* graciously deign to come and do likewise? It would be the *richest subscription* which has yet been made to the re-invigorating of a national establishment; the most *admirable performance* which can be produced for the delight, the pride, the approbation of an audience. We will hope it must *speedily be witnessed*, and *often, very often, be repeated!*

We regret to hear that neither PASTA—that queen of song—nor SONTAG—siren of prettiness—will form part of the Italian Company at the King's Theatre this season. The former (after having been performing with great brilliancy at Milan), is engaged for the Verona Theatre during the ensuing Carnival, where she is to perform three times a week, at £60 a night; and the latter returns to Berlin,

her leave of absence having expired. Still we have confidence in M. LAPORTE to give us an equivalent for the loss of these treasures.

It has given us satisfaction to find that the young Earl of PEMBROKE, who has been too long estranged from his native country, is now at his family seat, Wilton Abbey, and with him his sister, the beautiful Lady NORMANTON, and her Earl. We hope (for their elegant manners would make them leaders of such) they will soon join the circles of *high life* and the celebrations of the *ton*.

There has been much talk relative to the appointment of a successor to the late Earl of HARRINGTON as Colonel to the distinguished regiment he commanded; and we think the Duke of CUMBERLAND deserves credit in having declined the offered appointment, out of the high respect he bears to his own regiment—the *Blues*; it is a fact, also, which proves him to possess feelings akin to those of his *beloved parent*; as we know that GEORGE THE THIRD, who was a Captain in the *Royal Horse Guards*, was so fond of his regiment that he not only wore its uniform (now in the possession of Lieutenant Colonel HILL, to whom it was presented by his present Majesty), but performed the duty of an officer in it.

Those who admire chivalry, and who recollect with what pride our heroes of old occasionally slept in their armour, deeming such a "thrice riven bed of down," will easily imagine the Duke of WELLINGTON reposed soundly at *Walmer Castle*, as he actually would that "balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second nurse," upon the *very camp bedstead* which formed his couch during the Peninsular War.

There is a very curious story going the rounds of the "Journals" (including that which has *humbly* assumed the title of "Court") respecting a certain

"DE MORNAY the *preux*, who came over to flirt,  
To add to his *tres charmant* ruffle *une* shirt,"

(we are almost ashamed to quote such vulgar doggerel) and who paid warm attentions to the beautiful Miss ELPHINSTONE; but now sets his "sky-blue cravat and Hessians" at an humbler though a rich "quarry," the daughter of the English "Emperor of Japan"—*anglicised* the most eminent of *blacking manufacturers*. Now we own ourselves sceptical on this affair (which has served the "Journal" both with a prose and verse commentary), but taking its "Oracles on Dress and Fashion," and its placing Mr. O'CONNELL in *France*, when that extraordinary gentleman was suffering from an accident in *his native country*, as authorities in point for the quotation, we shall only reply, and *apply* to that publication this single well-understood line:—

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise."

The hopes of the Brightonians, and the doubts of journalists are at an end; his MAJESTY, (our information, we feel satisfied, to be as near as may be correct), having decided to take up his residence, for the winter season, at Windsor Castle, about the 20th November. We again, however, express most earnest wishes that he will, in the meantime, pay London a visit, and set trade and the town alive by his presence.

Her Royal Highness the PRINCESS AUGUSTA is, we expect, by this time, on her route to Worthing, at which place she has taken a house. Her Royal Highness visits the EARL of ARRAN as she progresses to her destination.



## CONTINENTAL NOTES AND ON-DITS.

The Princess of ORANGE (sister of the Emperor of Russia), a lady as truly amiable as lovely; and who possessed more valuable jewels than any other Princess in Europe, being in consequence called the "Queen of Diamonds," has been by some skilful means or another robbed of those gems, as well as other valuables. The loss is estimated at several millions of florins, and the depredators remain entirely undiscovered. Nay, as if misfortunes never came single, she has since been greatly alarmed by the sudden bursting in of a chimney-sweeper to her private apartment, "sooty," having become bewildered among palaces, and mistaken a lady's chamber for a place more suitable to his climbing propensities.

*Foreign Kings* are turning authors, as well as English Noblemen. The Monarch of BAVARIA having written a new volume of poems during a tour which he has lately been making through his dominions. These are speedily to be published: will there be any native critic to be found bold or honest enough to analyze them? Whilst completing this, we notice in a Paris Journal, that these verses have actually been interdicted in Austria, as being absolutely republican or seditious.

The Emperor of AUSTRIA sets a fine example of early rising since he commences his duties of the day at seven o'clock. At one he walks abroad with his Empress, or if not her his Grand Chamberlain, or an Aid-de-camp. At four he dines—a wise hour—five covers and a dessert constituting his meal. Water and a small glass of Tokay are his dilutants. At six he takes coffee, prepared by the Empress herself in the pavilion of the new imperial garden. The Emperor employs the rest of the evening in music, being an apt performer on the flute, and we have thus the whole economy of an Imperial Ruler's day.

The KING of FRANCE reviewed, on the 26th, on the plains of Vaugard, such of the troops of the guard, and of the line, as are in garrison in Paris and its environs. His Majesty wears well, and appears highly popular with his soldiery.

In his speech to his Senate, the SOVEREIGN of the NETHERLANDS announced the approaching nuptials of his beloved daughter with a Prince of the House of Prussia, an alliance, as he well expressed it, calculated, not only for his child's happiness, but the closer to cement the good understanding which subsists between his own and the Prussian country.

## THE ANNUALS.

Now, like the flowers which yearly burst to light  
'Neath spring-tide sunshine, cheering as 'tis bright,  
These give their beauties to the public gaze,  
Consistent medicines 'neath November's haze.

Even if it had not reached us first of the pretty and costly volumes, termed "Annals," the *Forget Me Not* of Mr. ACKERMAN, should claim the earliest notice, since it is the parent plant of the whole series; and it must be confessed has given birth to numerous shoots and baddings. The same spirited publisher has also, with a view to the pleasuring of the young reader, given us a smaller publication of the same kind, and appropriately denominated the *Juvenile Forget Me Not*. Of the older work we can confidently state that, both in literature and engravings, it is very superior to that of 1829, beautiful as was that volume; there

is also an evident improvement in its exterior appearance—that is, in the book itself, not the case, which, however, is a very tasteful and classical envelope. Some of the prints are costly beyond former example, and all are executed in the most careful, nay, elaborate style of art. We regret exceedingly our limits will not admit of giving proofs also, of its amusing, and often powerfully written contents. This is the less a matter of regret with us, as the volume must find its way to the drawing-room or library of every reader of taste. As for the *Juvenile* work, we cannot fancy a more becoming or delightful present could be made to all "good little masters and mistresses," at the "merry merry Christmas tide," or when they wish their friends "a happy new year," and "many of them!"

A similar work to this latter is also the *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, edited by Mrs. S. C. HALL, and published by Mr. HAILES, Piccadilly. It is got up with great beauty, both of outward appearance and internal embellishment; whilst its contents, the production of many of our best modern poets and "story-tellers," are cleverly suited to the understanding and capacity of the class of readers to whom the work is addressed, and for whom it will, indeed, prove, as its title runs, a delightful "Christmas and New Year's Gift, or Birth Day Present." The selection of the engravings is most judicious, their execution (hardly with an exception) admirable.

The *Winter's Wreath*, (published by Messrs. WHITAKER, of Ave Maria-lane, and Mr. SMITH, of Liverpool,) next claims our attention; and we shall say, fastidious indeed must the amateurs of these exquisite yearly flowers of art and literature be, were they not delighted with this gayest of the gay. In embellishments it far surpasses former *Wreaths*, possessing specimens that are not only ornaments to the work, but do honour to the state of engraving in England. The literary contents will stand a comparison with any rival publication, and are as various as amusing. The volume is appropriately dedicated to that patron of literature, himself a noble author, WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq., and is altogether a decided triumph to the Liverpool press.

The *Iris*, a *Literary and Religious Offering*, edited by the Rev. T. DALE, M.A., and published by Mr. Low, Lamb's Conduit-street, is a new Annual; one, as its title imports, of a graver character than its older and various contemporaries. Its appearance is prepossessing; its contents in keeping with its professions, and furnished by writers of admitted equivalency. Among them may be mentioned, with veneration, the late REGINALD HEBER, Bishop of Calcutta, from whom here appears, furnished by his widow—happy offering!—a splendid article on the character of Nicodemus. The engravings are from paintings, the productions of the old masters, such as CARLO DOLCI, MURILLO, LEONARDO DI VINCI, CIGNANI, CARACCI, BAROCIO, CLAUDE, &c. &c. and are of a decidedly sacred character. With those who read to be made better, (and we hope the class is large) as well as to be amused, *The Iris* must be a favourite; with all it will, even for its brilliancy and embellishments, receive a welcome.

*Friendship's Offering*, published, as usual, by Messrs. SMITH and ELDER, is, as usual, worthy of its editor, proprietors, and contributors; the plates are thirteen in number, and, in general, admirably executed. TURNER, WILKIE, WESTALL, STEPHANOFF, and other eminent painters, have supplied subjects to which JEAVONS, ROBINSON, FINDEN, and BAKER, have done, by the clearness and precision with which they have engraved them, ample justice. *Friendship's*



*Offering* will stand no chance of being *rejected* by even the most fastidious, whether we consider its literary contents, or its ornamental embellishments. It is, in fact, one of the best of the best.

Too much cannot be said in praise of *The Gem*, published by Mr. MARSHALL, Holborn Bars. The embellishments are exquisite and the literature highly interesting.

### MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE, WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

Is it not, then, painful to report the death of a lady so amiable, so respected, as the Right Honorable Lady BARHAM, who expired, after a short illness, at Barham Court, the family seat. Her Ladyship was the daughter of Sir JAMES WILLIAM HAMLYN, of Clovelly, Devon, and was married to the present Lord BARHAM June 29th, 1820, by whom she had several children, who are now deprived of one whose tenderness as an affectionate parent was not confined to her beloved offspring, but extended its benevolent rays to the cottage of the peasant, and the poor on every side, or wherever benevolence could find an object to solace with its beams.

So also did inquiry, when it sought her, find, that the excellent Mrs. DAVENPORT, wife of D. DAVENPORT, Esq. of Capesthorpe Hall, Cheshire, M. P., had departed to where human vanity and human wisdom are upon a level, and where man is alike deaf to the voice of worldly advancement or ambition.

In the honorable age, also, of "threescore years and ten," and before "labour and sorrow" came, did ANNA, the wife of SAMUEL COMPTON COX, Esq. sleep the sleep that knows no waking by the noisy contentions of this world, or repose-scaring struggles of mortal rivalry; and again—

"Oh! snatched away in beauty's bloom,  
Too early gathering for the tomb  
That should the withered plant caress,  
And not the rose of loveliness"—

ISABELIA, second daughter of Sir WILLIAM HENRY COOPER, Bart. of John Street, Berkeley Square.

"Sweet maiden, fare thee well!"

But now have we lines of fair encouragement in reading that, on the 6th instant, at St. George's, Hanover Square, Lieut. Col. the Rev. GEORGE ST. QUINTIN, officiating on the occasion, were united the Honorable SEYMOUR BATHURST, third son of Earl BATHURST, to Miss JULIA HANKEY, only daughter of Mrs. HANKEY, of Grosvenor Square. The chief Baron entertained a large party on the occasion.

"——— That love  
Which chooseth from a thousand only one,"

counselled JOHN MACLEAN, Esq. eldest son of Lieut. General MACLEAN, to unite his fortunes and give his hand and heart to the fair ELIZABETH, youngest daughter of the late Dr. CHARLES LLOYD.

"Oh! may such meeting be mid-festival  
From day to months and years."

And at Fulham Church was united, by the Rev. Bernard J. Ward, Lieut. Col. JOHN R. WARD, C. B. second son of the Hon. ROBERT WARD, to CATHARINE FRANCES, eldest daughter of JOHN PENSAM, Esq. of Fulham House.

Again, the same subtle power, the boy whose quiver, like the widow's cruse, will never be wasted, nor his aim, as her barrel of meal, fail, brought to the altar of his *fides* A. M. GEARY, Esq. and the accomplished MARY ANNE, daughter of Lieut. Col. CLEVELAND, Royal Artillery. Not they alone, but also JOHN SEARLE, Jun. Esq. and HARRIET, the eldest and admirable daughter of the late JOHN TALBOT, Esq., sister to the present Earl of SHREWSBURY. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's, Bryanstone Square, after being previously performed, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic church, at the residence of the Duchess Dowager of SHREWSBURY.

"The innocent and keen delight  
Of youth is on their mind;  
That glad fresh feeling that bestows  
Itself the pleasure which it knows,  
The pure, the undefined;  
And they are in that happy hour  
Of feeling's uncurb'd, early power."

Of MARRIAGES on the tapis we may mention one between the Hon. PHILLIP ABBOTT, third son of the late Speaker, and brother to the Marquiss of CLANRICARDE and the Hon. Miss TALBOT.

It is also announced as an event early to be expected and gratifying to their distinguished relatives on either side, that Captain CUTHBERT, of the Life-Guards, is soon to lead to "Hymen's flowery shrine," the accomplished and eldest daughter of Lord GRAVES. Lord ASHLEY has also resumed his addresses to the beautiful and amiable Lady EMILY COWPER, and alliances are speedily to be consummated between Mr. SEYMOUR and Miss FITZCLARENCE, and one of Sir THOMAS STANLEY's brothers and Miss MOSTYN. We have heard whispers of other unions which will "call to the festal, the hall, and the dance;" but as we hold it not wise, nor kindly-minded, to swell the breath of rumour till certainty stamps its expressions, we put our "finger on our lips," and leave our readers to the uncertainty of surmise.

### THE DRAMA.

"As springs the Phœnix from surrounding flame,  
Again to brilliant strength, and pristine fame,  
Its pinion strong, its crest erect in pride,  
As erst they rose o'er land or 'bove the tide:—  
So once again our DRAMA rears its voice,  
In splendour graceful, and in language choice;  
Again produces players so rich in art  
To "raise the morals, and to mend the heart."

Anon.

Recent circumstances, as well as those in progress, have substantiated, beyond the power of cavil, the truth of that which we have upon every available occasion been anxious to contend for; namely, that the English were sadly calumniated when it was charged against them that they were not a theatrical people; nor a community anxious to reward talent, energetic to applaud it. Both our large Theatres have now been re-opened for more than three weeks, and it has been most gratifying to observe them not only attended by numerous but orderly and highly respectable audiences; and thus is there proof positive that we have not lost our dramatic taste, nor the "poor player" his powers of attraction. But to particulars.

As that establishment, in virtue of its much-canvassed



"Killegrew" patent, claims for its performers the appellation of his "Majesty's Servants," we shall begin with

DRURY LANE THEATRE,

which opened on Thursday, 1st inst., with *Hamlet*; the *Prince* Mr. YOUNG, (to whom in that character no rival exists) and Miss FAUCIT, daughter of the lady-actress of that name, as the "fair *Ophelia*." Of her we shall affirm, that, without being decidedly great in the part, she yet evinced a considerable knowledge of stage business, and displayed much promise, by diligent cultivation, of a brighter day hereafter. She has since exchanged the sock for the buskin; the tragic for the comic walk, and played *Jessy Outlands* in a very natural, therefore pleasing style, so as to convince us that the Theatre will benefit by her presence, and its frequenters by her performance.

On the 3d Mr. INCLEDON, son of him to whose memory the admirers of manly melody, and unaffected talent, will for ever sacrifice, made his first appearance as *Young Meadows*, in the pretty Opera of "*Love in a Village*," and it may fairly be called a successful if not a brilliant effort. With a sweet and flexible voice he yet wants study; with many advantages of nature he nevertheless stands in need of energy, nay, even assurance. His "*Steady*," however, in the "*Quaker*," was a decided improvement upon the preceding effort, and, consequently, we augur that he will not have to return to his farm again, nor to abandon a profession which, judging from his "*Lads of the Village*," his parent bequeathed him.

Mr. SINCLAIR, as stiff an actor as want of feeling and possession of bodily bulk can make, but nearly as flexible a vocalist as the stage possesses, has been playing *Apollo* and *Massaniello* with an effect somewhat approaching the enthusiasm of former days; indeed, in a style that will for a little while compensate for the absence of BRAHAM.

But the great bit of the Theatre has been a successful Tragedy, from the not unknown nor unpraised pen of Mr. Lister, the author of "*Granby*" and "*Herbert Lacy*," entitled "*Epiccharis*," and founded on the conspiracy of the Pisos, as related by Caius Cornelius Tacitus, against the rude yet voluptuous sway of the Emperor Nero, but which terminated in the destruction of the leaders of the revolt; Seneca, the philosopher, and Lucan, the poet, being among the most distinguished of the sufferers. Some alterations, such as making *Epiccharis* die by poison rather than public strangulation, and introducing her as the betrothed bride of *Flavius*, thereby establishing a natural motive for her conduct, like *Belvidera*, to disclose a band of traitors to save those she truly loved;—these alterations, we say, have been ably conceived and judiciously adopted. The incidents of this Tragedy are few, but very admirable playing rendered them effective; especially the scenes between *Nero* (Mr. COOPER) and *Epiccharis* (Miss PHILLIPS); that in which *Piso* (Mr. WALLACK) harangues the conspirators (by the bye, too much written in the style of *Rolla's* address), and most particularly the beautiful and energetic meeting of *Flavius* (Mr. YOUNG) and *Epiccharis* in the prison of the father. The effect was immense upon the house; the performers as well as the author receiving the applause and sympathy they merited. Of the language of Mr. Lister's first dramatic offering we should say it is severe rather than attractive, forcible than poetical, and possibly this is the best praise one can bestow upon a Tragedy founded on the stern model of Roman action. The gay garland, the sweet scented summer flowers may please the senses for a moment, but it is the laurel and the evergreen that the war-

rior and the wise man would select for his chaplet of triumphant endurance.\*

COVENT GARDEN.

Doubts, surmises, forebodings of evil, prophecies of destruction to this splendid Theatre, were all happily set at rest, buried with the Capulets, by the throwing open of its doors to the public on Monday evening, 5th inst., for the renewed happy purpose of scenic representations. Whilst we yield to none in our regret at the sad situation of affairs which has so long held this establishment in jeopardy, we at the same time see much cause for gratulation in the many splendid offerings and exertions of considerate charity, and even heroic determinations, which that situation has every where elicited. We allude now not only to the gifts and subscriptions which enabled the managers to hold the mirror up to nature again, but to the tender of their useful and important services by the leading members—male and female—of the theatrical profession, by which they will (the managers) be capable of continuing to "show the age and body of the time its form and pressure." Need we mention the names of KEAN, PATON, KELLY, COOKE, MATTHEWS, DROUET, &c. &c. to cause our assertions believed? We think not. To these, however, we have now the pride of adding that of a lady who, though young in years, has not only shown herself capable of evincing towards her parents all the devotedness and duty of intense love and fine feeling, but to the public that heroism of character, that determination of virtuous talent, which made the females of Greece and Rome the historian's glory, which makes the women of England the admiration as well as the ornament of the world.

In few words, we allude to Miss F. KEMBLE, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEMBLE, who appeared in the character of *Juliet* at the opening of this Theatre, truly to "prop the fortunes of a falling house," on the evening of the day we have stated; and which to it and her proved an evening of unsullied triumph, and will ever remain one of unalloyed recollections. There cannot be found, we verily believe, amongst those who love the Drama, of those who would see the players well bestowed, one so solitarily selfish, who will not coincide in our feelings, however he might regret the inadequacy of their expression.

To criticise a performance which all have agreed in applauding, which by every mouth has been admitted nearly faultless, by the severest pens have been written down admirable, would be an effort of vanity on our parts; we shall therefore say, with a friend and a contemporary, that Miss KEMBLE did not disappoint the fond hope that it would be her's to gain a new triumph for *that name*—dear to all lovers of theatricals—which for half a century has shed lustre on the British Drama. With a mind to conceive she has a skill to execute her conceptions; and, by the force of

\* We should also have mentioned the appearance of Miss MORDAUNT (from the Southampton Theatre), in *Widow Cheerly*, of "*The Soldier's Daughter*," than which few Comedies were ever better enacted. This lady is pretty, has much vivacity, considerable judgment, and does not descend into caricature—which the part may give chances of—to elicit a temporary volley of hands. Her voice, however, requires management to compass pleasantly the large circle it has to fill. She has since repeated the character, and is stamped an acquisition to "*Old Drury*." Few things could be better than FARREN'S *Governor Heartall*, none than HARLEY'S *Timothy Quaint*. AITRINS was also excellent.



*inherent genius*, she commanded the tribute of our applause as her's by right; nay every subsequent representation has more closely made our hearts and feelings the debtors to her powers. In such thralldom long be they manacled.

Are we asked to describe her person, bearing, and appearance, we trust not to our own powers of praise, but fly to the aid of genuine poetry as more becoming her elegance.

"———We know not whether in the state  
Of girlhood or of womanhood to call her—  
'Twi'x the two she stands—as that were loth to lose her,  
This to win her most impatient. The young year  
Struggling between the kiss of parting spring  
And meeting summer seems her only parallel."

Nor in this theme of praise must we forget the good taste, and parental solicitude, which induced Mrs. C. KEMBLE to personate the kind *Nurse* to her "lady-bird," on the first essay of the latter upon a perilous adventure. The delicate determination of her *father*, also, to play the *friend*, not the *lover*, cannot be too highly estimated. *Both parents* had their reward in the unanimous applauses of one of the most splendidly filled houses we have ever witnessed; nay, more, Mr. C. KEMBLE, by giving up *Hamlet*, and assuming *Mercutio*, has added another PERFECT *portraiture* of another of Shakspeare's finest creations to the many he (the actor) has already *hung up* (if we may so *force* the metaphor) in our memories. We remember nothing approaching it save ELLISTON'S delineation of the same mercurial gentleman and *his own*, in every way his own *Faulconbridge*.\*

\* We cannot, pledging ourselves as we do to the fact, omit mentioning a circumstance which, even more than any other, entitles Miss KEMBLE to the admiration of all whose praise is worth coveting. Bred in the belief that competency, if not wealth, would be hers; educated in the idea that she as well as her parents were above the world's frowns, it may easily be imagined that disappointment might have broken her spirits upon the unfortunate truth bursting to her conceptions. But no; she immediately rose superior to circumstances, and, like the heroine of Mr. Wade's admirable comedy (too early withdrawn), was prepared to wear even a *russet garment*, so that the *authors of her being* were benefited thereby. She even offered to undertake the situation of a *dependent*, a governess in a family. *God will bless her for it!* Thanks to their discrimination, however, those parents saw her dramatic talents, and nourished, cultured them; they attended to her improvement, and she listened to their persuasions; she has proved herself a *perfect scholar*, a *perfect daughter*, and they are rewarded.

We have mentioned Mr. Wade (whose "*Woman's Love*" the *lovers of talent* cannot have forgotten), that gentleman has completed a Tragedy, which is accepted at Covent Garden Theatre, and which will, we are convinced, *stamp him* with that *pure impress of GENIUS* which no art nor envy can *rail from off the bond*. It is on a Jewish subject; it is dedicated to the much maligned tribe of Israel, and will, like Cumberland's SHEVA, and Scott's *Isaac* of York, vindicate their characters. Mr. KEMBLE is to play the *Hebrew Father* to Miss KEMBLE, as his *daughter*. Can any thing be more effective, more natural? This was to have been the next play in which our *young Siddons* (who has also written an accepted Tragedy) was to appear, but it has been deemed better that a *perfect Belvidera* should be first presented to

A Mr. JONES has appeared here as *Lord Ogleby*, and played that arduous character as he dressed it, with considerable taste and much judgment. With an Edinburgh critic however, (Mr. JONES is from that theatre) we think that his efforts to represent senility were not very successful; for whilst he affected the gait and speech of an inferior person, his full voice and alert step not unfrequently betrayed themselves, and, consequently, destroyed the illusion. Still we quite think him an acquisition; as we do ELLEN TREE a *treasure* to the comic as well as melo-dramatic strength of this Theatre. POWER'S *Brush* was clever but over-done; we fear this young man does not suffer years to decrease vanity; we may, at a convenient season, remind him of circumstances which may."

The "*First of May, or a Royal Love Match*," a Comedy by Miss Hill, sister to Mr. Benson Hill, has not been an exception to the success of the Covent Garden management. It is a light pleasant-enough affair, and, being inimitably acted, has put money in the treasury. Mr. KEMBLE, as the gay monarch, *Edward the Fourth*, was equally at home on the present occasion as he is in all such characters, and being supported by Miss TREE, as *Lady Elizabeth Gray*, who played not only with feeling but power, as they mutually arouse the jealousy of WARDE, (*Harry Woodville*) who is in love with *Catherine Travers*, the ward of *Oldgrave* (BLANCHARD), there were no hitches or botches in the work which, if it had little merit, might decry severe blame, since it was *presented gratuitously*. May the chivalry of the action and its undoubted success stimulate to equally companionate offerings.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE and the HAYMARKET have closed their season and doors after many exertions to deserve and many proofs of obtained success; and now the ADELPHI are bringing its fun and forces to bear upon the likings of those who patronize light fare and quick courses, and who must, we imagine *capitulate* to such able officers as COMMODORE YATES and *Commissioner* MATHEWS. We shall make a further report before these *great guns* finally go off.

AT COVENT GARDEN, a Mr. BALLS has appeared as *Tristram Fickle*, in the *Weathercock*, and shewed himself an actor well versed in the sprightliness and mutabilities of that character. He will do for higher efforts.

AT DRURY LANE, Miss MORDAUNT has played *Miss Hardcastle*, in GOLDSMITH'S capital comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and is sure to rise by this additional proof of superior dramatic talent. Some portions of her performance were admirable, all worthy of the great applause it received. She must now have ensured a permanent engagement.

Again, at the "Garden" a new piece, taken from "*Tales of the Munster Festivals*," *The Robber's Wife*, was produced on Thursday, the 22nd, with perfect success, which, however, was owing more to powerful and natural acting, than to the language of the author, or cunning of the scene. In this *Melo-drame*, Miss ELLEN TREE gave proofs that when FANNY KELLY retires (long be it first!) we may yet find her successor.

At the "Lane," a ballet of action, it is not much superior, *The Greek Family* made their appearance on the same evening, and was the medium for exhibiting some excellent scenery, beautiful dresses, well arranged situations, and spirited acting. We do not augur for its long life. If deceived, we will return to its consideration.

the public; *that*, then, will be her next character; afterwards Mr. Wade's heroine; subsequently, her own.



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

## PLATE THE FIRST.

## FANCY COSTUME.—NO. 44.

FANCY COSTUME—SPANISH (*Murcia*).

The females of this province are famed for the beauty of their countenances, but their shapes have not that fineness so peculiar to the Spanish ladies in general. In their dress they are remarked for the richness of their silken garments; Murcia being famed all over the world for its silks; it abounds so with mulberry-trees, the constant food of the silk-worm, that the silks exported from this province alone, are supposed to be worth two hundred thousand pounds annually.

There is a certain peculiarity in the dress of the Murcian ladies, from the nationality of which they scarce ever entirely deviate. The engraving which we present to our readers this month, may be depended upon as an exact representation of their costume.

It consists of a white petticoat of rich silk, bordered by narrow satin rouleaux; over this is worn a short robe of a bright Andalusian geranium-colour, with three rows round the border of splendid gold lace; that in the centre broader than the other two; at the hips, as if marking out the pockets, is another ornament of gold lace. The corsage is of black velvet, ornamented down each side with gold buttons, and laces over bright geranium silk, the same colour and material as the robe, forming a kind of stomacher, with geranium cordon, which is also open, discovering a portion of white silk, of which an apron is composed, which finishes the skirt of the dress in front, and is bordered with rouleau-strips, set on two-fold, of geranium. The sleeves are very full, and are of white sarcenet, the same as the apron; they are confined at the wrists by broad black velvet bracelets, fastened by a slide brooch of gold or jewels. The sleeve is surmounted by a bow, and rather long ends of geranium-coloured ribbon. The hair is arranged à la *Fantasia*, in long curls, rather large, on the left side of the face; the other side is concealed by a very broad long braid plaited, which, after having taken the circle of the head, falls over the right shoulder, and fastened at the upper part of the back of the corsage, is then divided into two plaits, terminated by tassels of hair, formed of tight plaiting in loops; these depend rather lower than the right hip. A plume of black ostrich feathers completes the *coiffure*. The ear-pendants are *en girandoles*, and are composed of gold and sapphires. A black velvet collar encircles the neck, just below the throat, in the centre of which is a large sun of gold, with a large valuable pearl. The beautiful little feet of the Spanish ladies, for which they are so justly celebrated, appear to great advantage with this dress: the stockings are of white silk, and the delicate shoe is of

celestial blue satin, with the hind quarters of geranium-colour, which colour fastens up the shoe *en sandal*: pantaloons of geranium sarcenet, made full across the leg, but tight round the ankle, descend just above the sandal-strings.

## MORNING DRESSES.

FIRST MORNING DRESS—(*Centre Figure*.)

A dress of lavender-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a very broad hem round the border, the head slightly vandyked, and finished by chain-work of silk cordon. The body is covered with a canezou spencer of embroidered tulle, with stripes formed of pink satin rouleaux, and the waist encircled by a pink ribbon belt, striped with black in hair-stripes: over the sleeves, which are à l'*imbecille*, and of the same colour and material as the dress, are frills of very broad white lace, and on each shoulder is also a bow of ribbon with long ends, the same as the belt. Very broad bracelets of gold encircle the wrists, surmounted by a full ruffle of lace, ascending towards the narrow part of the arm. A ruff surrounds the throat, formed of lace and pink satin; and a hat of pink satin is worn with this dress, very much ornamented under the brim with pink satin ribbon and blond, and a full branch of white privet, without foliage, over the right temple. A compact bouquet of flowers is placed in front of the crown; and broad strings of pink satin ribbon, clouded with black, float loose.—Half-boots of *gros de Naples*, the colour of the dress, fringed round the top, and Woodstock gloves, complete this costume.

## SECOND MORNING DRESS.

This dress, which is calculated to receive morning visits of ceremony, and which forms also a genteel home costume for the day, is of sea-green *gros de Naples*, with a broad hem round the border; falling partly over which is a deep flounce, finished at the edge in points, which are trimmed with a broad fringe, with an elegantly-wrought head, in diamond-work. The body is made high and plain, *en fichu*, two short points of which are drawn through a belt the same as the dress, fastened in the front with a jasper buckle. The sleeves are à l'*imbecille*, confined at the wrist by a plain band: double-frilled mancherons surmount the sleeves, of the same material as the dress; and a very full ruff, of several rows of narrow lace, encircles the throat. The head-dress consists of an elegant turban-cap of white *crêpe-lisse*; the folds divided by crossings of white satin ribbon, between which are delicate branches of small field-flowers: very long strings of white striped ribbon float over the shoulders. The slippers are of green satin.

FIG. 1. A turban of white satin, ornamented with blond and pink satin, with white and pink carnations.



Fig. 2. Back-view, in a half-length, of the dress on the centre figure. The stripes on the spencer, the hat, and dress, all of celestial-blue levantine.

### PLATE THE SECOND.

#### FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES, AND HALF-LENGTH FIGURES.

FIG. 1. PROMENADE BONNET, of *tourterelle gros de Naples*, gathered in the brim *en capote*: the crown ornamented by bows of ruby-coloured ribbon, edged with green. A light branch of fern is placed on the left side. The brim is ornamented under the right side, with a fan ornament of ruby satin, edged with narrow blond; under the left side are two ring-ornaments of ruby edged with green.

FIG. 2. A back view of the same bonnet of *fumée de Londres*, trimmed with white and blue striped ribbon, and a fuller branch of fern than that on the *tourterelle* bonnet.

FIG. 3. A turban of yellow satin, crossed by rouleau-stripes of the same, and crowned by a beautiful plumage of white feathers.

FIG. 4. A crimson velvet turban, ornamented with broad satin ribbon of the same colour, and white feathers.

FIG. 5. A front and side-view of a bonnet for the morning promenade, formed of rows of fluted black satin ribbon, trimmed with grey, or with barbel-blue ribbon, with hair-stripes of black. The lining white satin, with a bandeau of the same ribbon as the trimming, next the hair, and a small bow over each temple.

FIG. 6. A dress-cap of blond, finished next the face by an entwined rouleau of satin, the colour of the damask rose; from thence very broad borders turn back, and reclining against them are branches of small half-opening roses, with their green foliage.

FIG. 7. A back view of the same kind of cap; the ribbon olive-green, striped with black.

FIG. 8. OPERA DRESS.—A dress of white satin, the corsage à *yelva*, Short full sleeves of blond descend nearly as low as the elbow, where they terminate by a ruffle. Béret of white crape, with two small white feathers, under the right side of the brim: on the left temple reclines a large rosette of white satin, with two very small feathers. One string of pearls, from this ornament, crosses the forehead. The crown of the béret is adorned by a superb plumage of white feathers. The necklace consists of three rows of large pearls, and the ear-pendants are of pear-pearls.

FIG. 9. BALL DRESS.—A petticoat of tulle over white satin, or of a very pale blush-rose colour. Italian corsage of ethereal-blue satin, with short full sleeves of white satin. The hair elegantly and simply arranged in light curls and bows, with a full-blown Provence rose, and three gold Glawina pins placed on the right side. A bandeau of gold, with a cameo in the centre, obliquely crosses the top of the forehead. The bracelets differ from each other: that on the left arm is very broad, and is of back velvet, fastened with a cameo, and is secured doubly by a slide-brooch of gold. The left bracelet is much narrower, and is formed of jet and gold. The ear-pendants are gold, and a gold chain ornaments the neck.

### PLATE THE THIRD.

#### WALKING DRESSES.

##### FIRST DRESS.

A pelisse of Spanish-fly green *gros de Naples*, fastened down the front of the skirt with papillon rosettes of the

same: the body made plain, with lappels turning back, and discovering a fine chemisette of lawn or cambric, laid in plaits, fastened with small ruby buttons: a triple French ruff encircles the throat, under which is tied a *fiancée* of brocaded silk. The sleeves are à *l'Imbecille*, with double ruffles, separated by a bracelet of gold and scarlet enamel. A lavender-coloured bonnet of *gros de Naples* is tastefully ornamented beneath and above the brim with green ribbon striped with white; over the left side depend ends from a rosette, which are finished by a broad rich fringe.

N.B. A half-length figure presents a back view of this dress; the pelisse and hat both of lavender-colour.

#### SECOND WALKING-DRESS.

A pelisse of cream-coloured *gros de Naples* over a petticoat of the same; the petticoat discovered by the pelisse being folded back, in partial points down the front of the skirt; and under each of these points from whence they appear, are small bows of ribbon, without ends, the colour of the pelisse; the points are finished at the edge by a rouleau-binding. The body is made quite plain, and fitting tight to the shape; a narrow collar turns back from the throat, which is encircled by a triple ruff of tulle. The sleeves are à *la Donna Maria*, and the fulness at the narrow part confined by the loop which ascends from the wrist to the bend of the arm, where a small rosette terminates the puckering. A tight wristband-cuff finishes the sleeve next the hand. A Cachemire scarf, the colour of the red orange, is worn with this pelisse; the border is in various colours at the ends on a white gauze, and the fringe, the colour of the scarf, are admirable. The bonnet is of autumnal-green *gros de Naples*, ornamented with puffs of the same, and ribbon of a similar colour, striped with Modena-red, in rich brocade. The half-boots are of cream-coloured kid.

#### FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—Back and front view of a head-dress in hair, arranged in bows and curls, with strings of pearls, scarlet poppies, and blue-bells; both field-flowers.

FIG. 2.—Centre figures between the *coiffeure* above described, representing a back and front view of an elegant turban-cap of tulle and blond, intermingled with loops of celestial-blue ribbon, striped with black; on the hair, next the face, are ears of ripe Indian corn. This turban-cap is for the evening party, and is worn with a Palmyrene dress, made low, and trimmed round the bust with a double falling tucker of rich blond; a broader blond forms a mancheron over the sleeves à *la Psyche*. The sleeves are à *l'Amadis*, quite tight to the bend of the arm, and only full as they approach the elbow, and finish at the shoulder.

### PLATE THE FOURTH.

#### AN EVENING DRESS.

This costume, which representation of was unavoidably detained by the engraver, has been by mistake denominated a *walking* dress; it consists of an Indian taffety, delicately painted in lozenge diamonds, in outline. A broad hem surrounds the border, and next the shoe are two rouleaux, one straight, the other scalloped; these are divided by a very narrow rouleau of blue satin. On the broad hem, which ascends nearly as high as the knee, are ornaments *en scie*, placed rather wide apart, surmounted by a row of ornaments representing strawberry leaves, and finished like the jagged edges of the Florence-like ornaments, with scarlet and green satin; some ladies prefer blue; either is equally



fashionable. The body is made plain and low, and has a drawn tucker of blond across the bust. Beneath this tucker is a cape-collar, forming one large scalop in front of the bust; and cleft in points on each shoulder, where they form mancherons over sleeves à la Mameluke, of white blond; these are confined at the wrist by a narrow cuff of white satin, above which is a coronet bracelet of gold. The collar-cape is trimmed round with narrow blond, and rouleaux of scarlet satin. The head-dress is a turban of white *crêpe-lisse*, the folds interspersed with bows of blue or green satin ribbon; with strings of the same, floating loose. The ear-pendants and necklace are of pearls.

## A RIDING DRESS.

A habit of bright emerald green; the body ornamented with rows of small black buttons, set very close together. The sleeves are full at the top, but sit almost tight to the narrower part of the arm. The collar is like that on a man's coat, and is of black velvet; over that of the chemisette is worn a black satin stock, surrounding which, next the face, is a narrow full frill of cambric lace, or fine clear lawn. The hat is of black beaver, with a light green veil. The half-boots are of black kid, and over them are pantaloons, exactly like those worn by gentlemen, and fastening under the foot, like theirs, by a strap. The gloves are of doeskin.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

## CENTRE FIGURE—(Half-length)—CONCERT DRESS.

Dress of white satin, made low, with drawn tucker of broad blond. The hair arranged in front à la *Madonna*: on the summit of the head are three long puffs of hair; in front of which is a tiara of gold and large pearls.

FIG. 1. Béret of pink satin; on the right side, beneath the brim, an ornament of tulle, edged with blond, forming a large rosette, on which are branches of heath, and a few ends of pink satin ribbon. Under the brim, on the left side, is a small white ostrich feather. Pink esprits, and white plumage, are elegantly dispersed over the crown.

FIG. 2. Back view of the same *coiffure*.

FIG. 3. Back view of a dress-hat of ethereal blue, or of emerald-green satin, ornamented with white ribbon and white feathers.

FIG. 4. (At the base of the plate)—A béret of ruby-coloured *gros de Naples* velvet, with marabouts and white ostrich feathers, intermingled beneath the brim, and taking a spiral direction towards the crown. A few small feathers fastened together, fall over the left side of the brim.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER, 1829.

The empire of Fashion is a most despotic government; she rules over the wisest at her pleasure; nor does she heed, in her various caprices, how ridiculous she may make her subjects appear: let it be marked, however, at the same time, how great is her power! Like a skilful magician, she can transform, by a touch of her wand, what seems almost ugly, at a first glance, into what is beautiful, for she has the fascinating art of rendering it really so; particularly when her two High Priestesses, Good Taste, and Elegant Fancy, lend their aid in attiring the modern belle.

Nothing is reckoned now more appropriate for fire-side costume or for the morning walk, than a dress of fine Merino, made nearly as high as the throat, of a slate-colour: these dresses are made very plain and simple;

tight to the shape, and fitting close to the bust; but at the back the body is finished slightly *en gerbe*. A broad hem surrounds the border of the skirt, headed by a narrow fancy rouleau of the same material as the dress. The sleeves are à l'*Amadis*, with the gauntlet-cuff very deep, and finished by one conspicuous point on the outside of the arm. Some of these comfortable winter-dresses, when a very superior quality, have been seen trimmed with Cachemire, and are truly and strikingly elegant. A favorite dress for friendly evening parties and dinners, is of a bright geranium-coloured *gros de Naples*, with two deep flounces, pointed, and set on in festoons: the corsage is à *Yelva*, and forming also, by means of Italian net drapery, the same colour as the dress, and bound with satin, *fichu*-robings. The sleeves are in the *Amadis* form, but not very wide at the top: a gauntlet cuff finishes them at the wrist. Many dresses are made square in the back, and are pointed in front; all dresses which are low are very much cut away from the shoulders, discovering also much of the back and bust: when the sleeves are short, they are short indeed, leaving the arm almost bare. The fringes used in trimming dresses are beginning to increase in favor; we have been astonished at finding this very elegant accessory so tardy in its progress. Satin dresses, in the Bavarian-robe style, are much admired for evening parties; the false petticoat is of velvet the same colour as the satin, and is finished down the front with small butterflies of fillagree gold, with their wings expanded. A most lovely dress has lately been completed by Mrs. BELL, for a young lady possessed of high hereditary talents; it is of white satin, covered over with fine lace. *Gros de Naples*, as a very appropriate *demi-saison* article, is much worn in evening dress. But few ball-dresses have come under our inspection; they are of white tulle or coloured crape; the former worn over white, the latter over a satin slip, the same colour as the crape.

Cloaks form, at present, the most favorite out-door envelope: some are superb; one of violet-coloured satin we found extremely beautiful; it was lined throughout with white *gros de Naples*, and trimmed all round with unspotted ermine, of the most dazzling whiteness; the pelerine cape was also made of this costly material. Another cloak, very similar to this, is of puce-coloured *gros de Naples*, lined with white, and the ermine, which trims it, is spotted in the usual manner. Cloaks of *gros de Naples*, made very plain, and only conspicuous, when of black or dark shades, by being lined with some striking colour, are very generally worn at the morning promenade. We have seen a pelisse made of the new material *gros de Chine*: the ground was of a French white, and the stripes were of rich shades, from bright red to black; it was made with a very large pelerine cape, turning back like that on a man's great-coat; the sleeves were quite in the *jigót* style: as the lady on whom we saw this envelope was one of high fashion, lately arrived from Paris, we may guess from whence this fashion originated; though it had a peculiar appearance, it was very becoming, and well fitted to the open carriage, as the material itself is warm, and the pelisse well wadded throughout.

A very beautiful new bonnet is of figured satin of a bright rose-colour; the pattern in zig-zag stripes; it is trimmed with ribbons of black and rose-colour, with a feather-fringe of the same shades. A black velvet autumnal bonnet is ornamented with green, and a long branch of green foliage with delicate flowers of the same verdant tint, is exquisitely wrought; it crosses the crown obliquely, and reclines



partly over the brim. A bonnet of Spanish-brown satin is trimmed with satin ribbon, the colour *Oiseau de Paradis*, and disposed in long loops; black Heron's feathers complete the ornaments on this tasteful bonnet. A second bonnet of velvet is of plaid, the tints dark green and red, forming the chequers on a black ground; it is very elegantly trimmed with ornaments of the same material, relieved by satin ribbon, corresponding in colours to the plaid velvet. A favorite material for carriage hats, especially for paying bridal visits, is white satin, beautifully figured *en coquilles*. Another bonnet for the carriage is of figured blue satin; the design, a running pattern of ivy-leaves: the bonnet is trimmed with gauze ribbon, white, with a white satin stripe in the centre, and edged with a delicate brocade stripe of black and yellow. Roses, of a fancy kind, full blown, half green, half yellow, and made of feathers, tastefully dispersed, complete the ornaments.

The colours most in request are scarlet, cornflower-blue, yellow, autumnal-green, and violet-colour.

### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

**HATS AND BONNETS.**—Bonnetts of satin are ornamented with gauze ribbons, and have a demi-veil of blond. Some bonnetts of open straw are lined with green, and ornamented with figured ribbon of green gauze. When flowers are placed on chip or crape hats, they are generally formed into a half-wreath, which is fastened on one side by two or three bows of ribbon, and the other side reclines on the brim. Crape hats are generally of steam colour, and are ornamented with green branches; several bonnetts of white *gros de Naples*, are finished by bindings of lilac satin, with which material they are also lined. At the *Bois de Boulogne* was seen a charming hat of leghorn, adorned with a bouquet of small feathers of various colours, The gauze ribbons were of Scotch plaid. Hats of dark blue and dark green *gros de Naples*, and those of brown, are trimmed with very striking ribbons as to colour and contrast to the hat, such as white on green, rose-colour on blue, and yellow on brown.

Bonnetts of white satin are ornamented at the edge of the brim with a demi-veil of blond, and are seen in carriages on the heads of some of the first ladies of fashion. Some very pretty hats of English green satin, lined with white and ornamented with white Dahlias, have also been much admired; hats of white satin are often lined with rose-colour, and over the hat fell branches of roses in full bloom, and a deep blond is placed at the edge of the brim; this hat is much in use for morning visits.

In ornamenting hats are often seen flowers, grouped together in bouquets; these are called bouquets *à la Princesse*: they are round, and almost compact. Two of these bouquets form the trimming; one is placed in the centre of the crown, in front, the other under the brim, on the left side.

Straw bonnetts *à l'Anglaise*, lined with cherry-colour, and ribbons of the same hue, form the favourite head-covering at the Tuilleries.

Almost all the new hats, whether of satin, *gros de Naples*, or figured velvet, have broad stripes of rose-colour, blue, white, yellow and lilac; all on the same material. Such stripes are also seen of figured gauze, which are used for bonnetts and *bérets*. On some satin hats the figures are in

damask, of a zig-zag pattern. With the striped hats are generally worn one or two branches of cocks' feathers of various colours; these branches are in the form of large tulips placed one above the other.

Bonnetts for the carriages and those worn at the sitting of the institute, are of bright blue or rose-colour. White hats, also, with weeping-willow feathers, of white and violet-colour. One plume was remarked, for having in the centre of its arch, a small, round tuft of white feathers, tipped with violet-colour. The ribbons were white, spotted with violet. A hat of Leghorn was ornamented by a long branch of the Jericho-rose. Among the flowers Joy and Clematis seemed much in favour.

Hats of satin, the colour *Chrysostrate* (a light green), are lined with black satin, and ornamented with tassel-fringe-feathers, of green and black. Hats of blue, watered *gros de Naples* have also black linings and blue and black feathers fastened together.

Hats of plain *plûche de soie*, are trimmed with ribbons having broad stripes, purple on white, or green on violet; some hats of black satin are lined with *ponçeau* satin striped with black *en musique*. Some fashionists now place a *rûche* under the brim of a hat, instead of over it. Many bonnetts have appeared of white satin with broad blue stripes; they are trimmed with light blue ribbon, on which is brocaded small wreaths of flowers in white.

**OUT-DOOR COSTUME.**—Nothing can be more troublesome to walk with, than those dresses with a demi-train, called *Amazones*; therefore the fashionable Parisian lady, when she has to make a visit in the country, rides on horseback, in a dress of the usual walking length. Her pantaloons are made quite plain; her half-boots either brown or black.

Some ladies have their pelisses made with a cape, like that of a man's coat; it is very large and is pointed at the ends. The corsages of the pelisse fit tight to the shape, but have various kinds of ornaments across the bust. It is expected that Brandenburgs will be very general this winter on pelisses.

Several pelisses are in preparation of Cachemire; they are of light colours, with a border of about three fingers' breadth over the broad hem, and the same bordering round a double pelerine cape. The sleeves are narrow at the lower part of the arm, and terminate at the wrist by a double embroidered cuff. These pelisses are lined with white *gros de Naples*, and are worn open in front of the skirt; some ladies of fashion belonging to the higher classes wear petticoats of white *gros de Naples* under coloured silk pelisses, and even under *deshabille* pelisses of muslin.

The first wadded wrapping pelisses which have appeared, have a broad hem at the border, and one narrower down each side in front: at the head of the hem is placed a very narrow bias fold, finished on each side by a narrow binding. Two or three bias folds, of a similar kind placed at about a finger's breadth from each other, terminate the end of the sleeves and fasten the plaits together, which give an elegant finish to this kind of pelisse when in silk; from the wristband ascend five bias folds as high as to the middle of the arm; the sleeves are visibly much narrower at the lower part of the arm.

Gowns, when adopted for promenade dresses, are of stuff, or other materials of fine wool; the corsage is entirely covered with a pelerine of four points; those which fall over the shoulders form epaulettes to the sleeves.



The sleeves are excessively wide at the top, but are made tight to the arm from the elbow to the wrist. Pelerines worn with ladies' mantles are of black, blue, or green satin; they descend very low and are ornamented with a fringe.

At the races at the *Champ de Mars*, several ladies were seen in satin pelisses; and riding-habits disputed the palm of hardihood and lightness with groups of horsemen; they wore pantaloons of white, black boots, and black cravats. Some had collars the same as those of the gentlemen. A narrow quilling was placed over the black cravat next the face. The chemisettes were of plaited lawn, and one was seen with a frill.

All the new cloaks have enormous capes, coming below the elbow; these capes are trimmed with fringe. On several cloaks are seen full sleeves; these are open at the inside of the arm, and fall behind like the Polish sleeves.

**DRESSES.**—Above the fringes which ornament dresses of *gros de Naples*, are often seen bouquets of flowers, embroidered in silk. With a petticoat of coloured *gros de Naples* is worn a muslin canezou spencer, laid in very small plaits, for home costume. Some of these spencers are, however, laid in plaits of a finger's breadth, placed at equal distances from each other. These plaits form a kind of fan on the front of the bust, and on the back, and are placed in bias on the sleeves. Some dresses of white organdy have, above the hem, three or four rows of large spots, embroidered in different shades of green. Muslin dresses, with very narrow stripes, are of a clear kind, and are of steam-colour; they are ornamented above the hem, and next the feet, with a narrow Mechlin lace, set on full. A square pelerine of the same material is worn with these dresses, edged round with narrow Mechlin lace.

Long sleeves have the tops formed *en Basile*,—it was not long ago that they were made quite flat; to render them so, the dress-makers placed lower, every day, the plaits at the back part. Some canezous have been seen, with the sleeves having two rows of these points formed into a band, in the place where the epaulette was made to descend.

In the work-rooms of the most celebrated dress-makers, they are now occupied with the manner of cutting the sleeves. For dresses of winter materials, it is in contemplation to have them very narrow at the small part of the arm; gauzes, and other light stuffs, will continue to be made with large sleeves like those now worn. On velvet or satin they are still very wide, from the shoulder to the elbow, where they fall *en Amadis*, which composes the rest of the sleeve to the wristband. The fashion of plain bodices continues.

With deshabelle dresses, especially those of silk and stuff, it is customary to wear a pelerine of the same, trimmed round with a broad frill-trimming; the corsage is plain, and the skirt, instead of being gathered full round the waist, is laid in large plaits. Muslin dresses are embroidered in feather-stitch, in very large bouquets; they are worn at friendly evening parties, and are bordered by one broad flounce, set on in festoons. In each scallop of the flounce, formed by the festoon, is a bouquet, corresponding with those worked on the dress. Where the flounce separates, are seen seven or eight rouleaux of white *gros de Naples*, and the same ornaments surmount the flounce. The sleeves are short, and *en bérêts*. The body is trimmed with a beautiful Mechlin lace.

Dresses of white organdy, and of muslin, with those of

Cachemire, are prevalent at the theatre, as are chintzes. Several ladies have appeared at the Tuilleries, in dresses of silk and stuff, called *gros de Chine*. They are made very short.

Gold and silver fringes will be worn with dresses of crape; and a fringe of white beads is in preparation, to be placed on a dress of cherry-coloured velvet. Tunic robes, also, of crape, gauze, and other light materials, are expected to be much in vogue for evening dresses.

The name of *papillon* is given to the three rosettes, with very short ends, of satin, which are placed, instead of gold buttons, to fasten the sleeve together, where it has been cut open. The new trimmings for dresses, whether for the promenade, for dancing assemblies, or for dress evening parties, are composed of a resemblance of the yew tree, which ascends its pointed head from the hem next the feet, to the knees; similar points, but smaller in proportion, descend from where the dress is cut away round the neck, over the bust, the back, and the shoulders. These lengthened triangles, sometimes straight, sometimes reversed, are formed of large puffs, and are adopted, either as narrow flounces with two heads, or double *râches*, pinked, whether formed of two strips, or of bands *appliquée*.

There are some new materials for dresses, named *Allambas*, *Pactolines*, and *Japonnaises*; these beautiful tissues are thought to form a fine relief to the jewellery worn with them. *The King of Siam* is also another new and original material for dresses, which takes its name from its pattern, which, it is said, has been copied from that on the King of Siam's mantle. To correspond with this dignified style of fashion, it is requisite that the winter tissues should be rather grave, and imposing in their appearance; the fine Lyonese velvet, and a beautiful texture, in which is interwoven gold or silver, and the silk often painted in flowers of various colours, in flowers, branches, and a multiplicity of other designs. Tunics, embroidered or painted, forming the most beautiful dresses for balls and evening parties; Ispahan velvet, and robes of Cachemire, bordered with variegated palm leaves.

Among a select number of new silks, is the *Mélétaline*, half silk, half worsted, for half-dress; *Barazinkoff Egyptian*, *Merino Egyptian*, *spotted chaly*, *Dauphiness-poplin*, and *toile de Bombay*.

The sleeves named *Imbecilles*, *à la Basile*, *à la Religieuse*, *à la Turque*, in a word, all those wide sleeves which have been worn for these six months past, are decreasing in size daily, and seem likely to be soon abolished. The *Amadis* sleeve, worn at present, fits close to the smaller part of the arm, from the elbow to the wrist; the upper part of the sleeve, however, is very capacious, and cuts quite as much into the silk, as when the sleeve was of equal width; the top of the present sleeve being of the same piece with the *Amadis*. The blond, crape, and slight materials of which long sleeves are made, to wear with coloured dresses, yet preserve the fashion of being equally wide from the shoulder to the wrist.

Figured stuffs are much in request; they are made with stomachers, or plaited drapery across the bust, with an ornament at the head of the broad hem on the border of the skirt.

At some evening parties have been seen pelisse-ropes of white crape, embroidered at the border in white silk. The sleeves *à l'Amadis*, fastened from the bend of the arm to the wrist, by a row of buttons, forming a finish to a



quilling of narrow blond, which appeared as if falling over the opening. The corsage fitted close, and was confined round the throat by a narrow binding, covered by two rows of a large gold chain. The sash consisted of a broad white ribbon, tied in front. On the head was worn a large *béret*, made very simple, ornamented by puffs of ribbon; though some ladies, in this delicate costume, wear their hair only crossed over with a chain à la *Chevalière*.

Morning dresses are often of red, green or blue, figured over in a running pattern; they are made square in the back with a stomacher in front. Some dresses of *gros de Naples* have the sleeves laid in large plaits, from the shoulder to the elbow. A wristband confines these sleeves at their termination; the rest of the sleeve sits close.

Some ladies of fashion have wrapping dresses, made of stuff, and large enough to be worn over another gown in home costume, of a smarter kind.

At the *Concert d'Emulation*, two dresses were remarked, one of slate-coloured *gros de Naples*, the other of figured Merino, of a violet-colour; both these dresses had sleeves à la *Donna Maria*, very tight at the smaller part of the arm. The flounce of this dress, as well as the square pelerine worn with it, were plaited.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—In the last head-dresses which were introduced for dress-balls and public spectacles, chains à la *Chevalière* were very prevalent, they crossed the forehead, the bows, and the curls of the hair: young persons continue to have their hair arranged either in the English or the Chinese style.

At several dress-parties have been seen blond caps, ornamented on the right side, with three long white feathers.

Bérets of silk, striped in yellow and black, or in gauze of royal-blue and gold, are ornamented with two tails of the bird of paradise, one on each side.

At the first performance of a new piece, lately represented at the *Opera-buffa*, the greater part of the ladies, who wore their hair, had alternate puffs of hair and ribbon: in front were a few corkscrew ringlets, à l'*Anglaise*. Some blond caps were ornamented in front with a diadem of flowers. On other caps were flowers which formed on each side a half-circle, over which fell a trimming of blond.

Dress-hats are of white *gros de Naples*, with the crown extremely low, and are ornamented with white willow feathers.

At the theatres, head-dresses in hair are without any ornament: but dress-caps are very much in favour. The stiffness and formality of the corkscrew ringlets make them always appear like false hair.

At evening dress-parties, where any ornaments are added to the hair, flowers are the favourite accessories. A plait of hair is formed of ten branches, which, placed on the summit of the head, appears like a basket. From thence ascend very light puffs of hair, almost transparent, where bows and flowers with long stalks are fixed.

Caps of black blond are a novelty; they are ornamented with white embroidery.

**JEWELLERY.**—Chains à la *Chevalière* are often seen ornamenting the hair, at evening dress parties.

The ear-rings of the last new fashion are either of gold or of various coloured gems; they are so extremely heavy, that a lady who implicitly follows this fashion to its height, never wears them except till she has deferred putting them in her ears to the last moment, when she is going to the theatre or to a full dress evening party: they are even

obliged to have a tiny piece of silk concealed behind the lap of the ear; an artifice revived from our great grandmothers, who were accustomed to wear large girandole ear-pendants.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Under-stockings, of fine and almost transparent Scotch thread; many ladies of fashion wear a pair of rose-coloured hose.

Gloves are fastened at the wrists by a double button, either of gold or jewels.

In general the Parisian females are not remarkable for the fulness of their busts, but they are well made about the ancles. The fashion of wearing their dresses so very short, explains itself, in a city where we find every female making the adornment of her legs and feet an important study.—As for the vogue of open and low-made corsages, that is, indeed, surprising.

Almost all the reticules have a silk net on them. This belongs to a fringe which trims the opening, and a false pocket, hollowed out in a strap, like the semicircles over a pistol-case of a cavalry officer.

*Shower-baths* are beginning to be very fashionable; and, as every thing which bears the stamp of novelty must be extolled, it is asserted that they act in a much more favourable manner than immersion in water, which often causes a languor that is never felt after the shower-bath.

Since the commodious size of the *Palais Royal* has been restored, and that every arcade is better lighted, ladies now go in the evening to make their purchases, as is usual at the time of the New-year's gifts.

A charming invention, the result of which will become the production of one of the prettiest ornaments of the chimney-piece and the boudoir, has just taken place amongst the attributes of taste and fashion, and offers even to the ladies an employment as diversified as it is amusing. It consists of a new process of taking off on wood every kind of drawing by a most simple method: by dipping, for one instant, in pure, clear water, an engraving, a plain or coloured lithography, and then stretching it out over a thin sheet of white wood, such as holly, sycamore, or of the linden-tree, and, in a second after, taking it carefully off, the paper being yet moist, will retain the engraving, or the lithographic design. It is astonishing to see, re-produced, and deposited on the wood, every feature, shade, and line to the very smallest lineament of the design in question, and with going over, with a pencil, the surface of the sheet of wood, a very pretty screen may be produced, or a box to contain gloves or needle-work, a writing-desk, or an elegant and useful basket. By this process may, also, be avoided those inconveniences attending the tediousness of painting on wood; and the portraits of a family may be perpetuated without confiding them to the engraver or the lithographer.

The shoes are square-toed, and without rosettes. Black half-boots are becoming very general. Slippers of Cache-mire are still reckoned truly elegant. Some shoes of brown kid, highly glazed, have been remarked at the *Tuilleries*; the hind quarters are cut very low.

Among the silk stockings that women of fashion wear with chintz dresses, or those of *gros de Chine*, are white with very large ribs, alternately close, and of open-work.

Several ladies, who dance at the *Ranelagh balls*, have taken the trouble to write on their cards the country dances they have performed. It is now so many trophies attached to the *Psyche* mirror in their bed-chamber.



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHewing THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LXV.—English Earls.

## EARL STANHOPE.

The first Earl Stanhope, was James, the eldest son of the Honourable Alexander Stanhope, only son, by the second marriage of Phillip, the first Earl of Chesterfield. This James Stanhope was appointed in 1708, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in Spain, and reduced Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca; on the accession of George I, to the throne of England, he was made Secretary of State, and in 1717 was appointed first Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in the same year he was created Baron Stanhope of Mahon, Viscount Stanhope of Elvaston, and in 1718, Earl Stanhope. His lordship was married on February 24th, 1713, to Lucy, youngest daughter of Thomas Pitt, Esq., who had been for some time governor of Fort St. George, in Madras, (ancestor to the Earls of Chatham;) by this lady, Earl Stanhope had issue; and Phillip, his eldest son, was

*Second Earl*—He was born on the fifteenth of August, 1714, and was married in 1745, to Grisel Hamilton, daughter of Viscount Binning, and by her had issue, Phillip, who was born in 1746, and died the 6th June, 1763. His brother Charles succeeded to the honours, as

*Third Earl*—His Lordship was born 1753, and succeeded his father, the late Earl, on the 7th of March, 1786; he married December 19th, 1774, Hester Pitt, eldest daughter of William, first Earl of Chatham, by whom he had issue, three daughters: his lady dying July 18th, 1780, the Earl was married a second time, on March 12th, 1781, to Louisa, only daughter and heir of Henry Grenville, Esq., formerly Governor of Barbadoes, and cousin to George, Marquis of Buckingham; by this lady the Earl had issue, Phillip Henry, born December 7, 1781, who, on the 16th of December, 1816, succeeded his father as the

*Fourth, and present Earl Stanhope*—His Lordship married November the 8th, 1803, Catherine Lucy, fourth daughter of Robert, Lord Carrington, and has issue, Philip Henry, (heir-apparent) Viscount Mahon, born June 20th, 1805, and a daughter, born May 31st, 1819.

The motto of this noble family is, *A deo et Rege*—"For God and the King."

## FEMALE PARLIAMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.

HOUSE OF PEERESSES, OCTOBER 20, 1829.

A deputation from the House of Commons waited upon their ladyships, with the bill for the better regulation of the matrimonial code. The reception given to the honorable members, must have been singularly gratifying to their

feelings, and to those of their colleagues. The customary formalities being gone through, the house adjourned till the next day.

OCT. 2.—The house having met for the dispatch of business, the Right Honourable the Countess of *Dreadnought* demanded leave to read the bill received yesterday from the Commons, for the better regulation of the matrimonial code; leave being given accordingly, her ladyship read the bill.

*Lady Lovepeace* declared her intention to oppose the bill in every stage of its progress. [*Murmurs of disapprobation from both sides of the house.*] *Lady Lovepeace* was sorry to perceive that she stood, almost alone, opposed to a measure which she felt conscious was destructive to the best interests of the ladies of Great Britain. What was the end proposed by the bill? the subjugation of husbands; but could that subjugation ever be effected by such means? the state of public feeling since the measure was first brought forward, sufficiently proved that it could not. Petitions had poured into that house, not only from the different parishes of London, but from every part of the United Kingdom, deprecating the adoption of this most tyrannical bill: nay, in many places, husbands openly avowed their intention of quitting a country where their very existence, as a body, was placed in jeopardy; for, who, (say the complainants, and with justice), who can tell, when this law is once passed, that it will not be succeeded by another, for the creation of a *bastille*, where individuals may be incarcerated at the pleasure of their wives; and every trifling breach of conjugal discipline punished by a *lettre de cachet*? [*This observation produced such loud marks of disapprobation, that several minutes elapsed before the noble orator could be heard, silence being at length re-established, her ladyship continued.*] I am well aware, that by opposing this most odious and unconstitutional measure, I draw upon myself, not only the disapprobation, but the personal enmity of my right honourable friends on both sides of the house. Those only to whom I am personally known, can estimate the sacrifice I make to the good of my country, when, for the sake of that great object, I sever ties, some of which have "Grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength." But the love of my country is, and I trust always will be my ruling passion; I see its interests are about to be sacrificed, and for what? for a hope that can never be realized;—that of completely breaking the spirit of the most refractory body of men that ever existed. "Would you wish, noble Peeresses," (*continued her ladyship with great energy*), "would you wish really to subjugate them,—other and far different means are necessary: it is not by despotic laws, but by exemplary conduct that you will, that you must reign with undisputed sway. We are told, and with truth, that the age is demoralized, but the hearts of Englishmen are still accessible, and forbid it Heaven! that they should ever cease to be so, to all the domestic affections; it is through these that we have it in our power to make them willing captives. Let me beseech your Ladyships, then, to reject this most impolitic measure, and to



rest your hopes of empire upon the only solid foundation, the faithful discharge of your duties as wives and mothers." [Towards the conclusion of this speech a most profound silence prevailed, and as her ladyship sat down, she was loudly cheered.]

*Viscountess Versatile* came to the house with a firm design to support the bill, but the luminous view which the Right Honourable Lady who had just sat down, took of the subject, completely altered her intentions. She should now, from a decided conviction of the destructive consequences of the bill, oppose it by every means in her power.

*Countess Caustic* thought it might have been prudent in the Right Honourable Lady who spoke last, to postpone making a public declaration of her sentiments, till she had heard the arguments on both sides; for if one fine speech could make her change her opinion, another fine speech might do the same. For her part, she should not be in the least surprised, if the Noble Peeress should, in the course of the debate, be convinced, half-a-dozen times, at least, that the bill was the *worst* and the *best* measure that ever was introduced.

*Viscountess Versatile* rose to reply, but her Ladyship spoke in so low a tone, that the only words audible in the gallery were "personal reflections,"—"flippancy no argument,"—"she despised such paltry insinuations."

*Baroness Badinage* begged leave to observe, that the speech of the Noble Lady (*Lovepeace*) did equal honour to her head and her heart. The plan by which she proposed to preserve the rights of wives inviolate, was the very best that could possibly be devised, only—for what our Irish friends would call a trifling objection—it was totally impracticable (*laughter*). Yes, in spite of all the fine things that might be said in favour of husbands, and she did not deny that one might find among those animals some that were not quite unmanageable, the idea of subjugating them by our virtues, was altogether the most Utopian scheme that ever sprung from a warm heart, and a lively imagination. She could perfectly remember some twenty years ago, when she, like the Noble Lady to whose speech she was alluding, was a matron of some six months standing, having very similar ideas; but time and experience had convinced her of their fallacy. And she believed a very few words would be sufficient to open the eyes of such members of that illustrious House, as had suffered themselves to be dazzled by the brilliant sophistry of the Noble Lady (*Lovepeace*.) "For example," continued the Right Honourable Orator, "let us look around the circle of the *haut ton*, and we shall see what effect the virtues of wives produce in general upon their husbands. Does the wife's staying at home, and attending to her domestic duties, prevent the husband's throwing away his fortune at the gaming table, or the race-course? Does it render him more constant to her, or more inaccessible to the attractions of coquets? No, no, we may say with great truth of our husbands what is said of the French people, they can only be ruled by a rod of iron. Nothing but despotism, pure, unmixed despotism, will suffice to keep them in order. I shall, therefore, vote for the bill."

*Marchioness de Ruse* was sorry to differ in opinion with her noble friends on both sides of the house, no one knew better than she did, the difficulties which incessantly presented themselves, in legislating on this most important subject, and the result of her long study and experience was, that it was quite impossible to frame a code of laws

which could be called into effect in all cases of matrimonial delinquency. She did not believe that the number of husbands who could be subjugated by the virtues of their wives was small; on the contrary, she thought it was very considerable, but it was equally certain that there were many on whom the most exemplary conduct would make no impression; now the question was, could these refractory animals be governed by force? she thought not, but there certainly was a way of dealing with them, and that way she believed could be explained in one word—management. *The illustrious orator continued with an air of the most amiable modesty.* "Conscious as I am, noble peeresses, that the flower of the united kingdom, both for wisdom and talent, is collected in this illustrious house, I would not venture to adopt this opinion without being able at the same time to bring forward some proofs in support of it, which may appear satisfactory to the sagacity of your ladyships. I have, therefore, from the moment in which the proposed bill has been agitated in the lower house, industriously employed myself in investigating all the facts that could throw any light on this most important subject; these facts I have had embodied in the forms of affidavits, from the parties, which, with the permission of your ladyships, I shall now read. [*Loud applause from the right side, mingled with marks of disapprobation from the left.*] It was some moments before silence was re-established, at length the noble marchioness was allowed to read the following affidavits, of which, for the sake of brevity, we give the substance only.

"*Dame Catharine Crossgrain*, wife of Sir *Christopher Crossgrain*, baronet, maketh oath and saith, that five years since she intermarried with the said *Christopher Crossgrain*, after having been assured, not only by his family, but by all their mutual friends, that the said *Christopher Crossgrain* was a man with whom no person, whether relation, friend, or servant, had ever been known to agree for a single week together; nevertheless, the said *Dame Catherine*, nothing daunted by these evil reports, gave her hand to the said *Christopher Crossgrain*, and was, during the first week of their marriage completely miserable, because the moment she expressed a wish of any kind, it was instantly negated by her husband. On the eighth day after the celebration of her nuptials, the idea struck her of obtaining what she desired, by pretending to wish for what she disliked. As for example, it being then near the end of the Winter season, she begged Sir *Christopher*, to hasten his departure for his seat in Northamptonshire, as she longed beyond measure to visit it, and had a perfect horror of watering places, although in fact, it was her most earnest desire to go to one.

The result answered her expectations. Her husband immediately took her to Brighton, and when there, her declared love of solitude was the cause of his insisting upon her joining in all the public amusements. Deponent further declares, that by persevering in this system, she has not only had all her wishes gratified, but has besides enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing her husband generally in good humour, occasioned by his belief that he was constantly disappointing her.

The second affidavit was made by *Griselda*, wife of *Gregory Groubmore, Esq.*, a fox-hunter of the old school, who believed that the whole duty of wives consisted in bringing their husbands a child once a year, and devoting all the time they could spare from their maternal duties, to making shirts and puddings. The deponent being a lady



of the most elegant ideas, tried every means of managing her said husband, but for a long time without the least effect. He was deaf to curtain lectures—laughed at her tears. Ordered on one occasion the door of her bed-chamber, from which she had excluded him, to be taken off the hinges; and when, in consequence of the said act of violence, the deponent fell into fits, he sent for a medical man, and had her bled and blistered instantly. Deponent, in despair, was upon the point of separating from him, when it luckily occurred to her to try the effect of coaxing. An occasional embrace, a compliment to his taste, and above all, the phrases—"My dear, I bow to your better judgment!" Or—"I know, my love, that your kind heart will not suffer you to refuse me!" are sure methods of procuring her whatever she wishes for.

*Matilda, Countess of Montorgueil*, deposes that her husband's character being a compound of pride and stinginess, she was for a long time unable to live with him on decent terms, till after much rumination on the subject, she determined to try to manage him by playing off one of these failings against the other. Thus, when she wanted any thing, instead of asking for it, she called his attention to such of their acquaintances as had it, making, at the same time, such observations as the following:—"How ridiculous for people like those to affect a degree of style which even we can dispense with!" Or—"Mrs. Such-a-one had the impertinence to talk the other day in my presence, about new peerages. I suppose she was provoked that I was so calm at the sight of her elegant new carriage. I am sure I don't envy her, for I don't care a farthing for appearances." This plan was so successful, that last winter he ordered her a superb diamond necklace, after she had carelessly asked him what he thought of that one just sported by *Lady C*—, whose maternal grandfather had served his in quality of huntsman.

*Susanna*, wife of *Simon Softheart, Esq.* deposes, that her husband being what is termed a man of fine understanding, set out with a resolution of obliging her to spend her time in what he called a reasonable manner, which was on his part a most unreasonable, and even tyrannical proceeding, since it went to deprive her of what had, before her marriage, made the joy of her existence—public amusements and general admiration. She had made a most vigorous but unsuccessful struggle, and was at last so far conquered, as to promise to commence a course of reading, or rather to have one of her women read to her, while she was dressing. Most fortunately, *Mr. Softheart* gave her a collection of the British Essayists to begin with, and almost the first paper she heard read, was the complaint of a tender-hearted husband, whose wife governed him by falling into fits, whenever her will was in the smallest degree opposed. *Mrs. Softheart* took the hint, and from that day to the present, a violent headache, caused by agitation of mind,—a palpitation of the heart— or, in extreme cases, a violent nervous attack, have been the sure means of obtaining her whatever she wished for.

The *Marchioness* having finished reading the affidavits, *Lady Strongmind* rose, and observed, that she was sorry to say, that the time of the house had been, in her opinion, very uselessly taken up, in hearing affidavits, the matter of which was perfectly irrelevant to the bill. It did not follow, that because there were men who could only be managed by address, and women who had address enough to manage them, that laws were not necessary to keep the great body of husbands in awe. She was sorry to be

obliged to differ in opinion with the noble *Marchioness* whose sentiments they had just heard,—nobody had a higher respect than she had, both for the private virtues, and the public character of that illustrious lady, but she must say, that for once her noble friend had suffered the extreme mildness of her temper to blind her judgment. The fact was, that in consequence of the relaxed state of the matrimonial laws, the greatest disorders had crept into the administration of justice. Husbands, who formerly thought themselves happy if they could purchase quiet by acceding to every wish of their sovereign ladies, now not only dared to dispute their will, but even to controul it. What would that illustrious house say, when they were informed, and she pledged herself for the truth of the statement, that violent means even were resorted to to prevent members of that noble house from appearing in their places, on the present occasion? But the tyrants who had thus dared to raise the spirit of freeborn Englishwomen should feel, and some of them had already felt, what it was to draw down the vengeance of justly offended wives. Considering that the present bill was the only measure that could check the truly alarming progress which the spirit of insubordination had made, she should vote for it.

We regret that our limits will not suffer us to give even a brief sketch of the speeches of *Duchesses Daskington, Dareall, De la Force; Countesses Placid, Stoullungs, Softspeech, Chattermore; Baroness Browbeat, and Ladies Highpride, Grandairs, and Crosslooks*, all of whom, with the exception of *Countesses Placid and Softspeech* were in favour of the bill. Both these ladies argued most ably, but fruitlessly against it. It was read a second time on the fifth, and ordered for a third reading on the sixth, when it was passed.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.—OCTOBER 18.

The House met for the dispatch of business.

*Mrs. Kindheart* gave notice of her intention to present a bill for ameliorating the condition of that numerous and respectable body, commonly called old maids.

*Mrs. Flirtmore* had it in contemplation to introduce a measure for the gradual extinction of that truly obnoxious race of animals, known by the name of old bachelors; but she was willing to give her honourable friend's bill the precedence, as she was in hopes that she might derive from it some useful hints for the framing of her own.

*Mrs. Kindheart* thought that the bills might be incorporated; or, rather, that a bill might be brought into that House, to oblige old bachelors, under sundry pains and penalties, to choose for themselves helpmates from the class of old maids.

*Mrs. Managematch* deprecated the introduction of any such measure, the consequence of which, she said, would be seriously detrimental to the interests of the community at large.

*Mrs. Flirtmore* did not see how the interests of the community at large could be hurt by a measure which would tend to benefit so many innocent persons. It might be deprecated, indeed, by those mammas who had marriageable daughters, especially by such as had five or six hanging on hand—

[*Loud cries of "Order! Order!"—"Shame! Shame!"—"No personality!" from different parts of the house.*]



Several minutes elapsed before silence was restored, and a desultory conversation then took place between *Mesdames Kindheart, Flirtmore, and Managematch*, leave being given to *Mrs. Kindheart* to bring in her bill.—The House adjourned to the 25th of October.

### THE FISHER'S RING.

A TALE OF THE SOLWAY SHORE.

“Henceforth let no man say, what shall befall  
Him or his children.”—SHAKESPEARE.

At the latter end of the summer of 18—, as I was proceeding from Dumfries on a visit to a friend at Carlisle, I put in for rest and refreshment at a small ale-house at Allanbay, on the shores of the Solway Frith, where a party of fishermen were regaling themselves after their labours; they had been unusually successful that day, and had returned from the markets with light hearts and heavy purses, to enjoy the fruits of their toil, in the shape of brimming mugs of mine host's sparkling home-brew'd. The song and the joke went merrily round, as they each felt exhilarated by their favourite potation; only one individual in the company was silent and reserved. Far apart from the rest, seated upon a log which at times served alike for table and stool, there was a man apparently about seventy years of age; he might have been younger, but a deep and settled melancholy hung upon his pale brow, and his long white hair, evidently blanched more by sorrow than by time, flowed down his wrinkled care-worn cheeks; moody and abstracted he sat with his arms resting upon a stout ashen plant, wholly unconscious of the sounds of mirth and revelry that echoed around him. His dress indicated him to belong to the same class of persons with whom he was in company, but it was dusty, and divested of that freshness of appearance which characterized the habiliments of those fishers that were in actual employment. As he seemed careless of the presence of his surrounding brethren, so they scarcely ever directed the least word or look towards him; his only companion was a black, rough-looking dog, that alone seemed to remain faithful to its master in all his adversity.

I enquired the meaning of this mysterious behaviour, but my interrogations were answered only by a silent glance at the object of them, and a look of disapprobation at my inquisitiveness.

Mug after mug were rapidly discuss'd by the fishermen, and quickly as they were emptied so were they replenished, by Johnny Mackintosh, the landlord, who with the most scrupulous regard to his own interest, seemed likely to derive the greatest benefit from their good luck.

Now this Johnny Mackintosh, notwithstanding his inordinate affection for the “bright siller,” was in the habit of vending a good article in return, and was therefore held in no little estimation by his customers; and a brave connexion he had too, to the utter disparagement of Saunders Clapperton, a little ill-natured fellow, who kept the “*Thistle and Crown*,” about half a mile off, which had been the former rendezvous of the fishers. I will not say what was the occasion of their leaving the *Thistle and Crown*, nor of their forsaking Saunders Clapperton, for certainly Saunders was a man of infinite foscosity and perfection in his way; that is to say, whenever he was full of his own “spirituous liquors,” otherwise, as I said before, he was

the most ill-natured crab to be found on the whole Solway shore. Moreover Saunders could sing a remarkably good song, no trifling accomplishment in these parts I can assure you, and he had also travelled as far as London, and could amuse his guests for hours with the varieties of that wonderful place; aye, and he could also give the Highland fling, and play a few “braw” tunes upon the pipes. These are matters of no little consequence hereabouts, and Saunders Clapperton was for a length of time the talk and admiration of every youth and maiden within a day's walk; but somehow or other it happened, that Saunders took unto himself a wife, a staid, starched, prim looking damsel, who had been “walking this earth” some fifty years, or thereabout; Saunders verily believing the *maiden* lady to be in possession of a comfortable little independence; but alas! as it ultimately appeared, she subsisted only upon the bounty of an old laird, with whom she had been a little too familiar in the days of her youth, but who happening to die somewhat suddenly, poor Martha Macully was left alone in this wide and naughty world to take care of herself in the best manner she could. Now Saunders Clapperton having a decent little house, and a tolerable knot of customers attached thereto, Martha considered that she could not do a better thing than accept of Saunderson's offer of his heart and hand; she was accordingly made bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, forthwith.

Dreams of delusion are soon over, and the honey-moon, (or probably I might be justified in saying the *honey-week*) past, Saunders began to suspect his rib's possessions; and ere long, his suspicions were fatally realized by Martha's disclosure of the truth. This it was, I believe, that first soured his temper, and his ale; Saunders got cross, and so did his trade; Martha opened her mouth, and Saunders was compelled to elose his; the lady is now master and mistress of the *Thistle and Crown*, with some half-dozen customers or so attached to it.

But to revert to Johnny Mackintosh, of the “*King's Head*,” and the company we left revelling in the long room, which served for “parlour and kitchen, and hall,” and had done so for upwards of a century and a half. Johnny's ale was of the right sort, and as the fishermen began to get fuddled, the conversation rapidly wandered from one subject to another, until some of the men fell asleep across the benches, whilst others strolled about to walk off the fumes of the liquor.

I have said that Johnny Mackintosh's home-brew'd had got into the heads of the fishermen, and when home-brewed gets into people's heads, they are apt to be rantipolish. Now Andrew Faulder, was a sprightly young fellow, and had the peculiar merit of being esteemed a wit among his craftsmen. Andrew had lived many years at Glasgow, and had lately come from Edinburgh, where he had seen much life; and, as may be therefore supposed, he loved his joke as dearly as his mug and pipe; yet, notwithstanding all these companionable qualities, Andrew Faulder was always looked upon by his comrades with some degree of suspicion and fear;—reports had gone abroad respecting some criminal transaction, in the early part of his life, and people had gone so far as to assert, that he had been in league with a gang of smugglers on the coast, and that the loss of his right eye was caused by an affray with the officers of the preventive service; that making his escape from whom, he had sought refuge in a herdsman's cottage who sheltering him from the search that was made after him, by that means saved his life, which generous conduct, Andrew brutally



repaid, by setting fire to his preserver's hut, for the purpose of possessing himself of a trifling sum of money, the hard earned savings of the poor cottager, who perished in the flames.

This affair was never satisfactorily explained by Andrew; his only argument whenever the subject was alluded to, was the demonstrative one of knocking the enquirer down, for which employment, his big-boned, and strong muscular appearance, seemed so well to qualify him.

By the side of Andrew, had been sitting an old black-looking man, who, overcome by the fumes of Johnny's ale, fell senseless into Andrew's lap as he was finishing off his mug.

"Out on the, loon!" cried he of Glasgow, "would ye snore upon my knees."

"Fish! fish! fish!"—replied the other, "any fish."—and again his nasal organ distributed its discordant music.

"The black de'il take thee!" ejaculated Andrew, and hastily springing from his seat, he laid his companion at full length upon the floor.

A shout of laughter accompanied this movement of Andrew, and as the old man still kept crying "Fish!" half a dozen of his own salmon were fastened round his neck.

"There my bonny boy," exclaimed Andrew, "there's fish enough now I warrant, an' ye've muckle good liquor within for them to gambol in, if ye would but let them have a taste."

"Fish!" exclaimed the old man again.

"By my soul," cried one of the party, "ye've mair nor a mortal hankering after the fish."

"Perhaps," ironically exclaimed the Glasgow youth—"perhaps he's dreaming of 'THE FISHER'S RING!'"—at the same time casting a sly look at the white haired old man, who still continued in the same dejected attitude as when I first beheld him, but, who at Andrew's mentioning *The Fisher's Ring*, hastily raising his head, exclaimed in piteous accents,—

"Ah! be careful! be careful—Name not that fearful thing—man, man, ye dinna ken its nature!"

A loud laugh, was the only reply of Andrew.

"Giddy youth," continued the old man, you'll not take warning by the old fisherman's fate. Ah, ye may laugh, an' ye may gibe, but the FISHER may now be spinning his doomed circle for thee, an' this vary night o' the Solway waters—"

"A fig for the *Fisher*, an' a' such fisher's tales," interrupted Andrew,—“I must put to sea to night, storm or calm, to obtain a supply for my patron, the laird's natal feast o' the morrow; body o'me, an' I wish the waters may rage, an' the clouds may drop, an' the *Fisher* himself may come! Faith I've a mind to meet him, an' if I don't pull his burly beard, an' drive him from the Solway waters, never own me for the true child of my father, Johnny Faulder, of Allanbay!"

Andrew glanced round to see what effect this speech made upon his comrades, but it was in vain that he looked for the smile of approbation upon any of their countenances. Steenie Gibson indeed, and one or two other of the younger fishermen, seemed inclined towards his opinion, but their expressions were restrained by the looks of the older and more experienced of the party, who gazed with astonishment upon their incredulous brother.

"Awa! awa! ye are too full o' the drink!" exclaimed the old man;—"ye know not what ye say;—ye are not sinless, an' should fear the *Fisher's* coming."

"Loon, I fear none!" cried the heated youth, "and the *Fisher* and his *Ring*, I've a notion's all a lie, to draw the siller from our sporrans, that ye may live free from work."

"Oh waes me! ye would bring perdition on my head! you must know, young man, that Miles Anderson has ne'er been branded wi' a liar's name thro' sixty years of a toilsome life. You would urge me to resent the insult,—to raise my arm against a fellow creature, and bring down the doom which hangs suspended still o'er my sinful head."

"Liar again!" repeated Andrew, as he quaffed off another mug of Johnny's ale,—“Liar again!”—and was advancing towards Miles Anderson, when some of the party arrested his progress, and sought to calm his fury.

"Nay, never tell me o' such tales,—I don't believe a ward o' all this trash about the *Fisher* and his *Ring*,—'tis false, 'tis false!"

"Rail not so impiously at Heaven's wrath," exclaimed an old Cumbrian of the party, "tis well attested, that Ritchie Forster, the fisher of Caerlaverock, a sinful man, was bribed with a large sum of gold, to carry far o'er the sea, from her cruel uncle's power, the daughter of the dead old laird, with a noble gentleman from the South; and that Ritchie, at the sight of so much gold, and many jewels, which the girl possessed, was prompted by the fiend to a most hellish act. What became of the two lovers, God Almighty only knows, but Ritchie Forster soon became rich, and he bought himself possessions, and builded large houses and estates;—but mark the Almighty's vengeance, Ritchie embarked in a fair boat, to claim a bride among the daughters of Caerlaverock's laird; but a storm arose, the night was tempestuous and dark; from the height of St. Bees, Ritchie was seen by the lightning's flash, dashing from billow to billow; *but he was not alone!* A lady and a youth sat beside him in the boat, and his cries for help, and his dreadful screamings, were heard amid the rumbling of the thunder-clouds! Morning came, and the Solway waters flowed as clear and as stilly as on the foregone day,—the sun shone brightly over the green waters, but Ritchie Forster was heard of no more; and it is too well known, that his spirit haunts the deep, and round the sinful fisher's boat he forms a *Ring*, to call them to repentance; and if the fisher steers not his boat without the doomed circle, ere it is twice formed, no hope remains for him but from a life of holiness and prayer; but should the spirit *thrice* circle his fated boat, he never more returns!"

"An' ye think to fright me wi' your de'ils, an' your hobgoblin stuff," cried Andrew, "out upon ye for a gang of knaves!" and he made another effort to burst from their grasp, at the old white-haired fisherman, who still maintained the same composed demeanour, with his hands firmly clasped, and his eyes devoutly fixed on heaven, as if in the act of silent prayer.

There was something in the holy fervour of the old man, that excited in me the strongest sentiments of admiration. I since ascertained, that in his younger days he had been given to a very irregular, and rather dishonest course of life. One night, in a fit of drunkenness, he and another dissolute fisherman had put to sea, when the elements seemed to forbode a furious storm; yet none of the fishermen doubted that they would be enabled to obtain their supply, and regain the shore, before the storm had attained a height particularly dangerous,—but it proved otherwise; they had not long pushed from the shore, when the sea



rose at once to a terrific height; the dense black clouds that had been gathering in the horizon, spread with a fearful rapidity over the whole expanse of the heavens, and immured the foaming waters that were lashing the shore, in a thick impenetrable murkiness, which the glare of the red lightning, occasionally bursting from the dark clouds, served only to render more appalling. The voices of Miles Anderson and his comrade were at times heard, swearing and blaspheming at their fruitless endeavours to regain the shore; presently a loud shriek was heard from the waters, followed by the most piteous cries for help, and an immediate burst of exclamation from the two men, of "*The Fisher's Ring!*—Help, or we perish!"

An involuntary exclamation of horror burst from the assembled crowd upon the beach, and the forked lightning flashing through the darkness, shewed Forster's phantom boat, steadily ploughing its circular course round that of the doomed men, Miles and his companion striving with all the fury of desperation to cut out of the charmed track, but as their boat made its way, so also did that of Ritchie Forster in the same direction, still, however, continuing the formation of the RING. Twice had the phantom-boat circled that of the intoxicated fishermen, and was steadily proceeding to the last and decisive course,—the doomed men had sunk under their exertions, and fallen senseless at the bottom of their boat, when an immense sea providentially drove them out of the fatal track, and dashed them upon the shore! The two men were taken up for dead, and carried to the "*Thistle and Crown,*" where, after the most strenuous exertions, Miles Anderson began to exhibit signs of animation; he was then put into a warm bed, and restorative cordials were carefully administered to him. In the course of the night he seemed to have some faint recollection of the past scene, and kept continually ejaculating for mercy! He at length fell into a sound sleep, in which he continued all that night, and greater part of the next day; this repose had sensibly improved his condition, and he began to have a perfect idea of the fate, from which providence, in its mercy, had rescued him; and of the necessity of his leading, in future, a devout and regular life.

Not so fortunate was his companion; it was late the next day before he shewed any signs of life, but alas! his reason never returned! During a period of seven years he existed in the most deplorable state of human misery, and ended his days in a mad-house!

Miles Anderson subsisted upon the benefactions of his brother fishermen; his former habits were entirely eradicated; he was happy and resigned, and looked forward with composure, to the felicity of another and a better world.

To return, however, to my story:—It required the united exertions of the assembly, to restrain the impetuosity of Faulder; maddened by the liquor that he had drank (for he had not, like the rest, confined himself to Johnny's ale), he appeared determined upon revenging the supposed insult offered him by Anderson, finding, however, that he could not accomplish his object by force, he determined upon trying the effect of stratagem, and seating himself in his original position, he began to sing a scrap of an old border song, and calling for another mug of ale, he invited the Cumbrian to partake; this completely lulled suspicion, and Andrew was once more left at liberty; having so far attained his object, whilst the Cumbrian was emptying the mug, he craftily arose from his seat, and rushing upon old

Anderson, caught him forcibly by the throat, and with an exulting laugh, dashed him to the ground!

The whole ferocity of Andrew's character was now fully developed; excited by the drink, the mild reproofs of the old man had fallen with a double force upon his mind, and now, as he held his scarce-breathing victim by the throat, he seemed to triumph with demoniac satisfaction in the accomplishment of his revenge! Figure to yourself a being, some six feet two inches in height, broad, big-boned, and of vast muscular power, with the most strongly marked, and almost unearthly features, his whole countenance appearing lit with a superhuman fire, and all his physical powers at their utmost extension; his arms bare, the blue veins of which seemed starting from the flesh, and all the sinews expanded; fire flashing from his dark eye, and his mouth foaming with fury; figure to yourself a picture so grand, but yet so terrible, and you may have some idea of the ferocious being under whose gripe the poor white-haired fisherman was now writhing.

In vain were our united efforts exerted to his rescue; the majority of the fishers were feeble old men, rendered quite powerless by the ale which they had been drinking; vain were all our attempts to move the iron limbs of Faulder, so tightly had he fastened his grasp! At this awful moment, the old man faint and expiring, as a last resource called to his faithful dog, which had been sleeping outside of the door, wholly unconscious of its master's perilous situation. The faithful animal no sooner heard the voice of its master, and beheld him writhing under the power of the ferocious smuggler than he sprung upon the ruffian, and fixing a firm hold on his throat, compelled him instantly to relinquish his grasp; the dog was then beaten off, and Andrew, dreadfully exhausted and his wounds streaming with blood, hastily quitted the house.

The night had by this time far advanced, and the commotion within doors had prevented us from noticing the dark and foreboding aspect of the skies without, but as each eye followed the departure of Andrew, the fearful truth flashed upon every mind. To me there was nothing particularly observable, beyond the pitchy darkness of the night, and the screaming of a few sea-gulls as they winged their flight in the silent heavens; and I smiled at the ominous conjectures of my companions, who reprised by ridiculing my ignorance of what seemed to them so palpable; nor were they deceived, for in less than half an hour the wind began to howl mournfully through the crevices of the old building, and the rumbling of the distant thunder was indistinctly heard.

"It will be a fearful night," cried Steenie Gibson, as he returned from accompanying Andrew; "I wouldn't sport my little boat o' the Solway Frith, such a night as this, for the bravest luck that ever befell a fisher."

"Your bonnie friend tho', Andrew Faulder, must put out, let what may happen," exclaimed the Cumbrian, "to obtain a supply for the laird's natal festival."

"The Almighty's will be done!" ejaculated old Anderson, extending his arms in the attitude of adoration. "I am old—I am weak, but the Being in whom I have placed my trust, will not behold me outraged, unrevenged! He works beyond the ken o' mortal e'en. In the winds,—in the waves,—in the tempest, and in the storm, his voice is heard, and his vengeance falls on his despisers' heads! There is a providence in all things, and this fearful coming storm —! pray heaven it may not be so—Andrew! An-



drew, I forgive thee! Spare him—save him, God Almighty!”

Overcome by exhaustion, the old man sunk down upon his seat, still in the act of fervent prayer for his reckless enemy.

By this time the storm had almost attained its height. I ventured to look out, but all was one blank of gloomy horror; the waters seen only at intervals, by the lightning bursting through the darkness, and illuminating a partial space, did not seem, however, to run extraordinarily high, and consequently not much apprehension was excited for Andrew's safety, although every one agreed that it was an effort enough to try the proudest courage; but as the night advanced, and no signs appeared of the fisher's return, his brethren began to betray their fears, and confused ejaculations murmured through the room. It was at length agreed for a party to procure torches, and proceed to the height of St. Bees, there to form a sort of beacon, by which to direct the adventurer's return.

I felt too considerable an interest in the whole affair, not to endeavour to witness the conclusion; I therefore requested permission to bear one of the torches, which was readily agreed to; and wrapping my cloak closely around me, I snatched up my light, and with five of the fishermen set out towards St. Bees.

Our party continued shouting the whole of the distance, but to little effect, as the heavy bursts of thunder completely overwhelmed our voices; displaying in awful grandeur the inane, the powerless and insignificant nature of man, when put in comparison with the attributes of his Creator. Arrived at our destined point, we set about kindling fires, continually casting our eyes over the broad expanse of waters, which dashed against the rock with intense fury; the white sparkling foam of the bursting billows, as it was reflected upon by the bright flashes which succeeded each other with fearful rapidity, afforded an awful contrast to the deep blackness of the waters, and the impenetrable darkness that surrounded us. The fishermen seemed to be fully impressed with the solemnity of the scene, and the distressing nature of their comrade's situation, who notwithstanding his late cruelty, they had hearts to pity, and hands to save.

Rude and uncultivated as these men doubtless were, there was a simple and devout holiness about their manners, which greater minds might probably be ashamed of, but which greater minds might take a useful lesson from. Superstitious they may be, but their errors are venial, of the head, not of the heart; their superstitions are in no way derogatory to any of the attributes of the Deity, whose worship they hold to be the first and greatest principle of life.

Two hours had we passed upon the height, and our fires with our hopes were expiring, when suddenly Steenie Gibson directed our attention to a far distant object that was to be indistinctly observed when the lightning darted in that direction; various were the speculations upon its appearance; most of my companions taking it to be a cask or barrel drifted from some wreck, but Steenie maintained it to be nothing else than the boat of Andrew Faulder.

Not long were we destined to remain in this suspense, for a broad flash of lightning bursting directly over the object, removed every doubt, and certified the truth of Steenie's suspicions. It was Andrew in his boat, the sails and tackling of which all destroyed, hung confusedly over the sides, and which was being drifted to and fro by the

furious waters, in spite of the almost superhuman efforts of the poor wretch to steer for the height whereon our lights were visible. Our fires once more blazed, and our torches were again raised on high; hope was again kindled in our breasts, and a shout of joy burst from the assemblage.

A mountainous mass of dense black clouds now spread across the heavens, and the fisherman's boat was no longer visible; the storm had in a great degree subsided, and the thunder was now only heard at intervals in the distance; no fears were now entertained for Andrew, as he had successfully baffled the greatest danger, and a man was immediately sent off to the “King's Head” with the intelligence. But alas! how frail and fallacious are human hopes and expectations; the cup of joy may be held to the weary pilgrim's lip, but ere its blissful draught can be inhaled, fate dashes it from his grasp, and makes his misery complete!

I was busily engaged at the fires, with my back towards our party, when immediately after a thin momentary flash of light, a shriek of horror burst from the assemblage. I turned hastily round, but every thing appeared enveloped in murky darkness: the Cumbrian caught my arm, and passionately exclaimed, “The Lord o' Heaven be merciful to him a sinner!” I had not time to enquire the cause of his agony ere the fatal truth fell upon my ears;—they had beheld “THE FISHER'S RING!”

I was loth to believe them.

“There—there again!” cried the old Cumbrian. I instantly glanced across the waters, and by the pale flash indistinctly observed the boat of Andrew in the same deplorable state as before; a thin lurid light, resembling a train of glowworms, seemed to play round the boat; but the spectacle was instantaneous, and the same thick darkness enveloped us as before.

“God of Heaven!” exclaimed the agonized Cumbrian, “Is there no hope? Must he perish in his crimes? Oh mercy! mercy!”

I expressed my belief that it was merely a meteoric reflection that I had seen.

“Did ye nae ken the *phantom boat*?” eagerly enquired Steenie Gibson.

“I suspect it merely to have been the phantasm of your excited imaginations,” replied I, in the most respectful manner.

“Waes me, waes me!” exclaimed the Cumbrian, “the RING'S twice formed, and he no means of escape! Mercy on his poor soul. Mercy! Mercy!”

Whether they actually saw the *phantom boat*, is not for me to say; I am not naturally superstitious, neither would I give the lie to the confident declarations of the fishermen.

I was again engaged at the fires, when the next burst of lightning discovered Forster's phantom boat, plunging its silent course, the *third* and final time, around that of the doomed Faulder, but at the moment when it completed the last fatal *ring*, the blaze of lightning vanished, a shriek came from the waters, and the heavy rumbling of the thunder spread wide above our heads; all was again in darkness!

Language cannot describe the agonized feelings of my companions, as we retraced our footsteps to the inn, leaving a fire on the height, in case the hand of Providence should snatch the wretched sinner from destruction, though my companions had no hope of such event.

The wreck of Andrew's boat was left by the waves on the shores of Allanbay in the course of the night,—but Andrew perished!

\* \* \*



MONTHLY MOVEMENTS ;  
OR, NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

BY A BLUE-BELLE.

Only for those whose discontent  
Can fancy causes for lament  
In every lightly passing cloud,  
In every jostle of the crowd ;  
In slightest hurts, in gentlest showers,  
In falling leaves, in fading flowers ;  
Only to such unkind appear  
The *various changes of the year* ;  
And only such will rudely scold  
At ' Summer's heat and winter's cold.' "

A. M. T. JUN.

What sailor on his home, the seas,  
Expects the ship-careering breeze

Will always fairly play ;  
What traveller, imprudent, deem  
No other than a summer beam

Shall light his various way ?  
They know sometimes an evil-star  
Must dart on traveller, as on tar.

So we must feel our fav'rite bowers,  
Must yearly yield their sweets and flowers,

As off'rings to the hours ;  
That fullest rose must drop its leaf,  
Like beauty's tear in hour of grief

When disappointment lours ;  
That Nature's self must change awhile  
Her greenest robe and gayest smile.

The " gloomy month ! " the month of death,  
Of closing eyes, and fading breath,

To discontented hearts : \*  
Well, *it will come*, in ancient might  
For strong as is a woman's right

To heal some kinds of smarts,  
Whatever we, my dears, can do  
To turn the skies *again to blue*.

To monarch's voice the mighty sea  
Read lesson of such majesty

As mortal power would shame ; †

\* Some ranting player cries, " shall I play the Roman and die on my own sword ? " but I would rather read it ; shall I play the madman, and destroy myself ? for *only such* can so " end all " here. To all desponding silly ones, therefore, I would recommend the study of *Hamlet's* soliloquy ; they may in it find certain fears of that something after death to deter them from recklessly rushing into it. It happens to me to know, that a certain distinguished General under NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, after seeking reputation even at the blazing cannon's mouth, destroyed himself by suffocation from charcoal in his closed tent ; and because he previously crowned himself with *laurel*, fastening the wreath with a *pin forced into his forehead*, he was called a " Martyr ; " in my opinion an impious simpton would have been a fitter title for this soldier of the " Grand Republic. "

† The history of England version of *Canute* sitting upon the shore and bidding the approaching wave bend back its

And therefore, though we may agree  
To bring proud man upon his knee,  
Sisters, we're much to blame  
To think our powers suffice to kill  
NOVEMBER's mist, and cough-charg'd chill.

The " dreary month ! " it may be so  
To morbid souls which feed on woe  
And from mere envy die ;  
But unto those of cheerful vein,  
Whether abroad or *here we reign*,  
It is a holiday :  
Go ask the *city's great* LORD MAYOR  
If ' tis the *starving* month of care.

Go ask the sheriffs, bishops, and  
The revered judges of the land,  
The ministers of state ;  
The dukes, the lords, the " sirs," the squires,  
And carpet-knights, and knights of shires,  
And council-men so great ;  
If they have cause for shroud and pall  
Amidst thy glories, great GUILDHALL.

Unless, indeed, like greedy snake, ‡  
Too many dainties they shall take,  
The thing I know's been done ;  
And as a NELSON, they expire  
When hottest is the volleying fire  
Their " occupation done ! "   
Not as *Ophelia*—vision-fine  
Of " too much water," but of wine.

Go ask the seekers after health,  
The spenders of well-hoarded wealth  
At various watering-places ;  
At *Brighton, Ramsgate*, and the rest  
(Since some deem this, some that the best,  
Now *close'd are all the races*) ;  
Go ask them if they seek the sea  
To drown themselves for misery.

Go ask the lords of country-houses,  
Their pretty daughters, virtuous spouses,  
The friends about their hearth,  
If they to *misty skies* object,  
If they the breezes would correct  
Which add unto their mirth :  
Go ask the huntsman in his stable,  
Go ask the kind host at his table ;

Go ask of these and we shall find  
*All seasons* made to bless mankind  
And *all possessing use* ;

course, is too well known to require repetition here ; I merely apply the lesson to convince discontent that all its moping selfishness will not give us a ray of sunshine more, nor retard a single moment the march of the mist from vale to hill-top.

‡ The rattle-snake will so gorge himself as to become, after his monstrous banquets, sleepy and supine, like a giant under the effects of opium. Are not parallels to be found every " Lord Mayor's day," in some of the greedy great ones of the city ? I would not be ill-natured, but I certainly think so.



The wisest they that meekest grieve  
At all the passing hours may weave,  
Or pour from fate's full cruise:  
Slander in vain may cast its slime,  
Whilst *Good-nature* meets the chance of time.\*

Then smile, my sisters, sweetly smile,  
Though mists be dense as worldly guile,  
And winds pipe discord's song;  
*Content* can make the roughest hour  
A sunshine-spot amidst a shower,  
Though dark clouds sweep along:  
Smile, and the MONTH of gloom disform,  
Like *charity* amidst a storm.

## THE BACHELOR'S NOTE BOOK.

BY CELEBS SINGLETON, ESQ.

"I will make a brief of it in my *note-book*."

It has long been a matter of regret, that, notwithstanding the various sources of female instruction in almost all the duties and difficulties of life, there should exist no means by which they may be advised and directed, in some of the most important and delicate circumstances, in regard to which, they so often need a friendly monitor, to lead them from the paths of error, and guide them to that land of happiness, which they are in pursuit of. I allude to *Courtship* and *Matrimony*, two of the most felicitous occurrences of life, if rightly understood, but pregnant with woe and misery if rashly entered upon. I propose, therefore, offering myself as a Mentor, to advise, direct and guide my fair sisters of fashion, in those important circumstances, whenever they may think proper to submit their cases to my consideration.

I am, as I have expressed myself, a *bachelor*; but whether I am young or old, wearing white locks or Brewer's curls; "a snuff-coloured coat, inexpressibles, and gaiters," or more youthful habiliments, I beg to leave the discussion of such questions to my penetrating readers, confessing myself merely a *bachelor*, with every disposition to promote

\* You all must have heard of the fairy-tale that gossips tell of the two sisters that came to a rivulet to drink, and of the difference in the behaviour and conversation between them. Now I will, with the aid of a friend, further illustrate the story. The prettiness of the lines will amply atone for the space they occupy.

At the well a beggar accosted them  
(A sprite in a mean disguise),  
The eldest spoke with a scornful brow,  
The youngest with tearful eyes:  
Cried the fairy, "whenever you speak, sweet girl,  
Pure gems from your lips shall fall;  
But whenever you utter a word, proud maid,  
From your tongue shall a serpent crawl."

And have you not met with these sisters oft  
In the haunts of the old and young?  
The *first* with her pure and unsullied lip  
The *last* with her serpent tongue:  
Yes—the *first* is GOOD-NATURE, diamonds bright  
On the darkest theme she throws,  
And the *last* is SLANDER leaving the slime  
Of the snake wherever she goes.

the welfare of any of my fair sisters, who may be tempted to the consideration of entering "that most blessed stat, matrimony." If it should be asked, why I myself still retain "the barren name of bachelor," I beg to be excused a reply.

I had scarcely reported my intention to the world, ere I received the following billet from a lady of rank and fashion, who solicits my advice under the appellation of WINIFRED WISHWELL.

"Mr. SINGLETON.

"Your praiseworthy intention of setting up a school of advice, wherein we weak females may learn wisdom in some of the most interesting affairs of our youthful days, having been reported to me by my friend Lady E——. I have taken the liberty of troubling you with a little *affaire de cœur*, which has agitated me considerably for some time past. You must know that I am young, and, as the world says, handsome; with a considerable fortune at my own disposal. As you may imagine, I was not long without admirers. On my first introduction to the world, I was addressed by a brave colonel of the guards who told his tale with such fervour and apparent truth, that I believed him, and at length gave my heart to one by whom it was not esteemed. Ere long I discovered he was a general lover, and his speeches, learned by rote, served as well for one as for the other. I immediately discarded him, and was as immediately importuned with the addresses of a formal-looking gentleman of middle age, a widower as he professed himself, who won my esteem by his affectionate regrets for his late wife, and his continued sorrows for her loss. The hypocrite! for I learned afterwards that he had never been married, and that my fortune had greater charms for him than my person, a crime which to one whose glass is continually telling her, "lady, you are very handsome," is of the deepest dye. Well, sir, I shook the traitor off, and not to detain you with the recital of the many other admirers that flitted around me, whose regards were all as superficial as those which I have mentioned, I have now soliciting my hand, a young admirer to whom I confess myself partial in the extreme; I have tried his constancy in various ways, still he remains faithful to his attachment. I think he loves me, but would be certain of it ere I yield implicit credence: 'tis true he never bursts into poetic raptures, nor talks of love incessantly, nor does he ever tell me that he'll fly to the farthest poles to gain my esteem, or bring me clunders from Vesuvius, or gold from Mexico, or a goat from Cachemire; but still I think him honest, and confess I fear to prove him otherwise and lose him: dare I, think you, venture on the trial of asserting that my boasted fortune is an idle vaunt, and that I nought can give him with my hand but love? *Dare I*, think you, put him to that desperate ordeal? Tell me, good Mr. SINGLETON, and receive the heartfelt thanks of

Your very faithful servant,  
WINIFRED WISHWELL."

Mr. SINGLETON'S Answer.

I cannot but commend Miss Wishwell for her reluctance in giving credit to her admirer, after the proofs which she has had of the insincerity of so many lovers; still, however, I confess, that some of the reasons which she has instanced for suspecting the present gentleman, are, I think, evidences of the real regard which he has for her. True affection knows nothing of the idle rhapsody which appertains only to the false vows of those whom my cor-



respondent has so justly deserted, and from her admirable judgment in discerning their unworthiness, I am inclined to think that she cannot be deceived at present: still, however, let her try "the desperate ordeal" she proposes; if her lover be *sincere*, he cannot be displeased at this little *ruse*, intended only to prove the reality of his affection, and I sincerely hope that he may prove worthy of so amiable a lady as my fair correspondent.

My next communication is from a young lady at a boarding-school, whose *billet*, as far as I can comprehend the characters, is as follows:—

"Dear, Dear Mr. CÆLEBS SINGLETON, Esq.

"You don't know how glad I am at your setting up for an advisor for all us pore girls at school, and I just send you this not, to let you no as I am goin to be marred, and to Mounsar Coopay, our dancing mastir, who talks English just as if he was a natif. Only think how dad and mam will be flusterated when they find I am marred and got a husband, only think of that. Now dear Mr. Singleton, I want to no if I had better let Mounsar get a lisens, as he calls it, or be off in a hurry to Scotland. I should like to go there best, for there I'm told that a blacksmith marries you with his apron on, and his forge for a halter, just like Vulcan when he wedded the goddess of love. Won't that be romantic? Oh, dear—do tell me, good Mr. Singleton, for I'm determined to have Mounsar as true as my name's

LUCINDA LOVELY."

*Answer.*

With all possible respect for Miss LOVELY, I must advise her instantly to forbear her rash resolve,—her elopement with the needy fortune-hunter, who, relying upon the respectability of Miss L.'s connections, seeks to enrich himself by plunging her into irremediable disgrace and ruin, can only be productive of the most fatal results. I beg to inform my misguided correspondent, that any engagements entered into at school, and without the matured advice of her more experienced friends, will blight every bright prospect which she may have in life. I am aware of many instances of similar indiscretions which have ended thus, and with the greatest respect for Miss LOVELY, as she has solicited my advice, I would recommend her to attend with more assiduity to her scholastic studies, and to treat the impertinent proposals of her needy dancing-master with the contempt which they deserve.

CÆLEBS SINGLETON.

*Note.*—I have received the note of *Lady Harriet*—, but as much slander respecting her accomplished rival is conveyed in her ladyship's otherwise elegant epistle, I must decline replying to it.—The *complaint of Letitia Little* shall be taken into consideration, and reported on in my next.—The case of the *Dowager Mrs. Dudley* is not either unprecedented or surprising, and I cannot imagine how that lady can be so astonished at the gallant Captain's preference of "a young upstart miniker, with rosy cheeks and long black ringlets hanging over her forehead in such a childish manner."—*Mrs. D.* may be astonished, but I cannot make up my mind to publish her violent invective against the captain's taste.

C. SINGLETON.

#### THE HEROES OF THE ANCIENTS IN WIGS.

During the course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the actors of tragedy, both on the London and Paris stages, appeared dressed in a style actually laugh-

able: it seemed as if it was intended to turn every brilliant work into ridicule, how fine soever the tragedy might be, and to render it a kind of hotch-potch. Assuredly, if Corneille and Shakespeare obtained such marvellous success, they did not owe it to the illusions of the scene. The only means that these immortal men could employ to render the productions of their genius successful, were those of the situations they portrayed, and the fine language which flowed from their pens, and in having recourse to good scenery and decorations. They had not the pleasure in the remote age in which they lived, to feel their curiosity powerfully excited, by reading on the playbills in large letters, printed in red, an announcement like the following: "On Monday next, the company will perform a new tragedy, founded on an ancient historical fact, with magnificent scenery, and superb dresses, in which time and place are classically observed." Corneille and Shakespeare might then have regarded the scene-painter, and the tailor to the theatre, with a smile of contempt; at this present time, our famous poets introduce themselves to them, and press them to their bosoms like brothers and as their equals, so true it is that as time speeds on, our manners become more humanized, and that, for many reasons, we are infinitely better than our forefathers.

It will, undoubtedly, be asked, how the actors, themselves, under such a disguise, could move the public, so as to draw tears from them,—and how it was that the spectators were not struck with a travestie so ridiculous?—and how, in seeing it, they could preserve their gravity. It is not difficult to answer these questions. On the one hand, since the time of Corneille and Shakespeare, France and England have produced an uninterrupted succession of great tragic actors. These masters of the sublime art were so wrapt up in the characters they represented, their gestures were so noble, so imposing, the play of their features so striking, so pathetic, that they imbued every bosom with those affections and passions, which they, themselves, seem to feel. It was of them which might be said with truth, that like the divinities of the infernal regions, they seemed always environed by whatever pertained to the terrific. On the other hand, they scarcely knew anything of the ancients but their literature and their history; they had not yet penetrated into the interior of their houses, nor made their costume a study. The fops of the day thought verily that the world had been always the same, and every one had lived in the way they did; that they had always worn wigs, powdered with *Marechale powder*, breeches adorned with strings and tags, and a hat ornamented with feathers. A nation which should be dressed different from themselves, would appear more ridiculous than one which was not governed by a monarch. But if the heroes of ancient Rome, and Kings of times long past, could have risen from their tombs, and been present at these representations of themselves, what effect would it have produced on them? We may easily imagine, that in spite of the merit of the performers, in seeing themselves so laughably equipped, they would have died a second time, not by their misfortunes, but from laughing.

According to some, the tragedy of *Cinna*, or the *Clemency of Augustus*, is the *chef d'œuvre* of the great Corneille. This piece produced the most extraordinary impression on the most wise and witty men of the age; and for fourteen hundred years, no epoch had ever produced more learned, or more distinguished for the brilliancy of their understanding, than at that period. The great Condé was suffu-



sed in tears, when the first of the Cæsars, in the monologue of the fourth act, after the discovery of the plot formed against his power and his life, repeated this admirable line :

“ *Je suis maitre de moi comme de l'Univers.*”

In the meantime the actor who undertook the part of *Augustus*, had his head ornamented with a large wig, which flowed down as low as his waist: a quantity of laurel leaves were mingled amongst the stiff and heavy curls, and the leaves half white with the powder they had imbibed; he wore over all that a rich hat laced with gold, and surrounded by a double row of red feathers. But the most pleasant, was the famous scene of the consultation. The Roman Emperor, without having yet suspected the conspiracy, invites the fierce republicans to his palace, and proposes to them to renounce the supreme dictatorship, and to establish the ancient form of government. *Augustus*, as if to point out his dignity, appears majestically reclining in a large elbow-chair; while the senators, Cinna and Maximus, the same as the nobles of a modern court, have no other seats than simple camp-stools!

*Macbeth* is one of Shakespeare's best tragedies. It is requisite to see this piece performed, in order to be acquainted with all the awful and terrible proofs of his genius; to mark how much he delights in all that is supernatural, and, above all, the astonishing art with which he gives to them the semblance of truth; to hear him make the guilty person walking in her sleep, reveal her crime, the weak parricide through ambition, torn by the remorse which virtue inspires; loyalty and treason carried to equal excess, the vile assassins who murder for hire, and the three witches assembled together to conspire against mankind. Well! in this tragedy, *Macbeth* was dressed up on the London boards with an enormous wig. What chiefly contributed to preserve the remembrance of this fact, was a singular circumstance which happened about the middle of the former century: the Usurper, in the most pathetic moment of the catastrophe, finds himself deprived at once of his head-dress and his life. Barry played the part of *Macbeth*, on the 17th of March, 1752. In the last act, at the moment where he falls, from being mortally wounded by *Macduff*, he, as he raised his arm, inadvertently entangled his sword in the monarch's wig. The movement was so rapid, that it appeared all on a sudden, at the point of the sword as a trophy. At this accident, being added to the tragedy, the melancholy and agitated countenances of the audience, could no longer preserve their gravity, but burst out into a general laugh. Ryan performed the fine character of the Scottish Lord; while the tyrant remained at his feet astonished, and dying, Ryan knew not what part he ought to take, at length, he resolved to recover the head of the royal chief, hoping by those means to stop the universal laughter. But so much complaisance on the part of the furious *Macduff*, the precaution which he took in restoring him from whom he had irrevocably taken the crown, only added to the mirth of the audience, and increased the peals of laughter. A long interval took place, before order was re-established, or that *Macbeth* could pronounce his last words to put an end to his lengthened agonies, and to regulate the minds of the people.

#### SENEGADE.

The moonbeams are on the dark lake, love,  
And are lonely our beautiful bowers;  
'Tis the time thy proud halls to forsake, love,  
And to roam among scented night-flowers;  
Then hither come,  
From thy palace home,  
Where proud ambition reigns;  
And happier we,  
To wander free,  
O'er Nature's green-clad plains.  
Joy flies from proud grandeur's gay scenes, love,  
And Hope's beauty-blossoms decay;  
For 'tis here, only here, where their beams, love,  
Enlighten the pilgrim's way;  
Then come, love, come,  
We'll fondly roam,  
O'er scenes to memory dear;  
And thine heart shall own,  
This our blissful home,  
For happiness dwells here.—\*.\*.\*

#### FAREWELL!

Oh thou deceiver! think no more  
Affection in this breast will dwell  
For thee;—the dream of love is o'er,  
And reason bids me say, farewell  
For ever!  
Farewell! the heart thou'st wrong'd is breaking,  
Enshrin'd in grief I sorrowing tell,  
Thee, thou deceiver, I've forsaken,  
To thee I bid a long farewell!—  
Farewell for ever!  
LAURA.

#### PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

“Lend me your ears, good countrymen, awhile,  
For by'r leaves we'll have some talk together  
Touching those matters which the most do press  
Upon the present hour.”—RICHARDS.

#### PETER AND PAUL PRY.

*Paul Pry*.—“What ceremony else?” as *Polonius* expresses himself over the “fair *Ophelia's*” grave. In other words, brother, what further news?

*Peter Pry*.—Why, brother, it is hardly fair to expect much amusement from even the newspapers at this, the season for rest from metropolitan gaieties. *Surmises*, rather than *facts*, fill up the columns of your daily, as they do the paragraphs of weekly journals, always excepting the “*Literary Gazette*,” which, despite the dull hour, is nearly as good as ever. But here runneth a sentence which may truly be called a condemnatory one; if it be not a mere “weak invention of the enemy.” I will read it.—“The Marquis of *HERTFORD*, it is said, is desirous of parting with both his town-mansions, that in Park-lane as well as that in Piccadilly.”

*Paul Pry*.—Were it not for that saving clause, “it is said,” I should be really astounded, Peter, at such a resolution on the part of his lordship, for even had that most



fickle of dames, *Madam Fortune*, from a warm friend have become an inveterate foe, one would really imagine, that a person so distinguished as Lord HERTFORD, would not turn, like the head of the CHOLMONDLEY'S, parsimonious, on the instant, and from having been a munificent host, be metamorphosed into a mere retiring anchorite.

*Peter Pry.*—But then, consider, Paul, the Marquis has a fine establishment in the finest of parks; I mean that which we may well be proud of, “the Regent’s.”

*Paul Pry.*—Admitted, but still I cannot forget the warm comforts of the *cunningly constructed* mansion in *Park-lane*, nor the solid and proper grandeur of the palace in *Piccadilly*; and I no more like to find a nobleman of vast wealth and high bearing in the world, put down his dwellings, than I do to be told of a sportsman selling off, like Mr. PAYNE at Newmarket, his stud; or letting his patrimonial estates, or parting with his hounds, as have many esquires I could mention, for the purpose of economising abroad; forgetting the ties of country and the charities of home.

*Peter Pry.*—Here is another piece of diurnal intelligence which we will take at once for granted to be true; namely, that the Earl of HARRINGTON has assured his family that no alteration whatever would be made in the domestic arrangements of the family mansion which bears his name. The same open table which the *father* gave to the *sons*, the *brother* will extend to his *brothers*; the same establishment which the good *parent* kept up for his unwedded *daughters* the *dutiful son* will maintain for his affectionate and *amiable sisters*.

*Paul Pry.*—This is truly as it ought to be, but not more than I expected of the *present Earl*: for notwithstanding, as Lord PETERSHAM, he was, in some things, eccentric, yet in most was he liberal, generous, and honorable; in none unkind or dishonest; nay, I feel persuaded if there were any among his eccentricities which it were better should be, like ill-fitting garments or patched mantles, thrown aside, the Earl of HARRINGTON will now discard them, and, like the gay but noble-minded “*prince Hal*” of our native SHAKESPEARE, forget in his *promoted* character, his *higher* situation, the little frivolities of an earlier and less distinguished situation:

*Peter Pry.*—And the “*theatricals*” also are still to be continued.

*Paul Pry.*—So ran my information when I *dropped in* at his mansion in St. James’s to leave my regrets for the decease of the late Earl, my hopes for the good fortune of the present; and although I am not very warmly attached to amateur dramatic personations, deeming that such are calculated to interfere with, if not caricature and injure those of the profession, I must still give credit to the stage-plays of *Harrington House* as being, at all events, prudently conducted, and occasionally powerfully enacted. We are not, at all events, insulted by the vain-glorious peacock-like struttings of the personages usually composing the Cheltenham Thespian-party of BERKELEY, BUNN and Co.

*Peter Pry.*—One of the play-mad gentlemen you have just mentioned has, however, recently done a good act towards the “*brief chroniclers of the times*,” by a hundred-pound-subscription towards the amount positively required to maintain the present constitution of COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

*Paul Pry.*—Admitted; but like too many of his competitors, the grant loses a portion of its merits by being tardy on arriving. Let that, however, pass, for in a good cause “*better late than never*,” though a homely, is still an ex-

cellent proverb; and we know, from a wiser authority, that the faithful labourer, even at the “*cleventh hour*,” is deemed “*worthy of his hire*.” Therefore, though I admire amazingly the old epigrammatic advice,

“If one has served thee, tell the deed to many;

Hast thou served many, tell it not to any,”

we must still admit that there are cases where the public promulgation of our charities may be not only a justice to ourselves, but of beneficial influences to those for whose benefit they were compassionately advanced. Like those who start in the march of patriotism, the truly bounteous soon have followers gathering strength, like the mighty sea itself from the tributary streams which pour themselves into the munificent reservoir.

*Peter Pry.*—If our KING, for instance.\*—

*Paul Pry.*—Here is yet another paragraph of the Press which must be cause of regret to all who wish well to the encouragement of native talent, and the retaining of specimens of it on the soil which nourished it. I allude to the asserted circumstance of one of the sons of the late *President of the Royal Academy*; one to whom we owe almost every thing for his noble and unceasing labours to advance the love of historical paintings among us; having embarked for America with that superb picture, “*Death upon the pale horse*.”

*Peter Pry.*—Matter of regret, indeed! Where was the princely possessor of Gower House? Where the noble proprietor of Eaton Hall? Where the now Marquissed possessor of Raby Castle? Where that patron of the arts, the Home-Secretary? And, above all, where those invested with authority to increase the stores of our national repositories with gems of real value, with monuments of British talent, taste, genius, and perseverance?

*Paul Pry.*—Aye, where indeed! And we may now well exclaim of this that will be always a glory to the name of WEST, but a shame to England, now that it is removed to enrich other countries. “*Oh! where is it and where were they?*” But, I fear, some of our great people, rich people, and powerful people, are incorrigible in determined obstinacy as far as respects the *foreigner and ourselves*; and that we must trust to time, rather than their own generosity, to work that cure so greatly to be wished.

*Peter Pry.*—But to change regrets to enquiries. Any thing new in the publishing world?

*Paul Pry.*—Very little as yet, but there soon must be a great deal, for the “*Annuals*,” with their pretty covers, fancifully devised; their beautiful embellishments finely executed, and their clever contents admirably selected, will soon burst into bloom and fragrance, like the flowers which sleep one part of the year to break forth the richer at another; and our *boudoirs* and library tables will be covered with these yearly offerings—

“Pleasing the eye, and wooing of the heart,

With songs of genius and with gems of art.”

And so I do commend them to your loves.

PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

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\* We are sorry to stop the current of our fellow-labourer’s good intentions here; but as we have, in an earlier portion of this number, entered pretty fully into the merits of the same subject, repetition would be inconvenient to ourselves and possibly unpleasant to our readers.

EDITOR.









Newest Fashions for December, 1829.

W. A. T. & Co. Sc.

Costumes of All Nations, No. 45. Morning and Dinner Dresses

A French Fashion Ball Dress





*Newest Fashions for December, 1892.*  
*Fashionable Head Dresses.*

*Carriage Dress.*

W. A. L. S. Co.













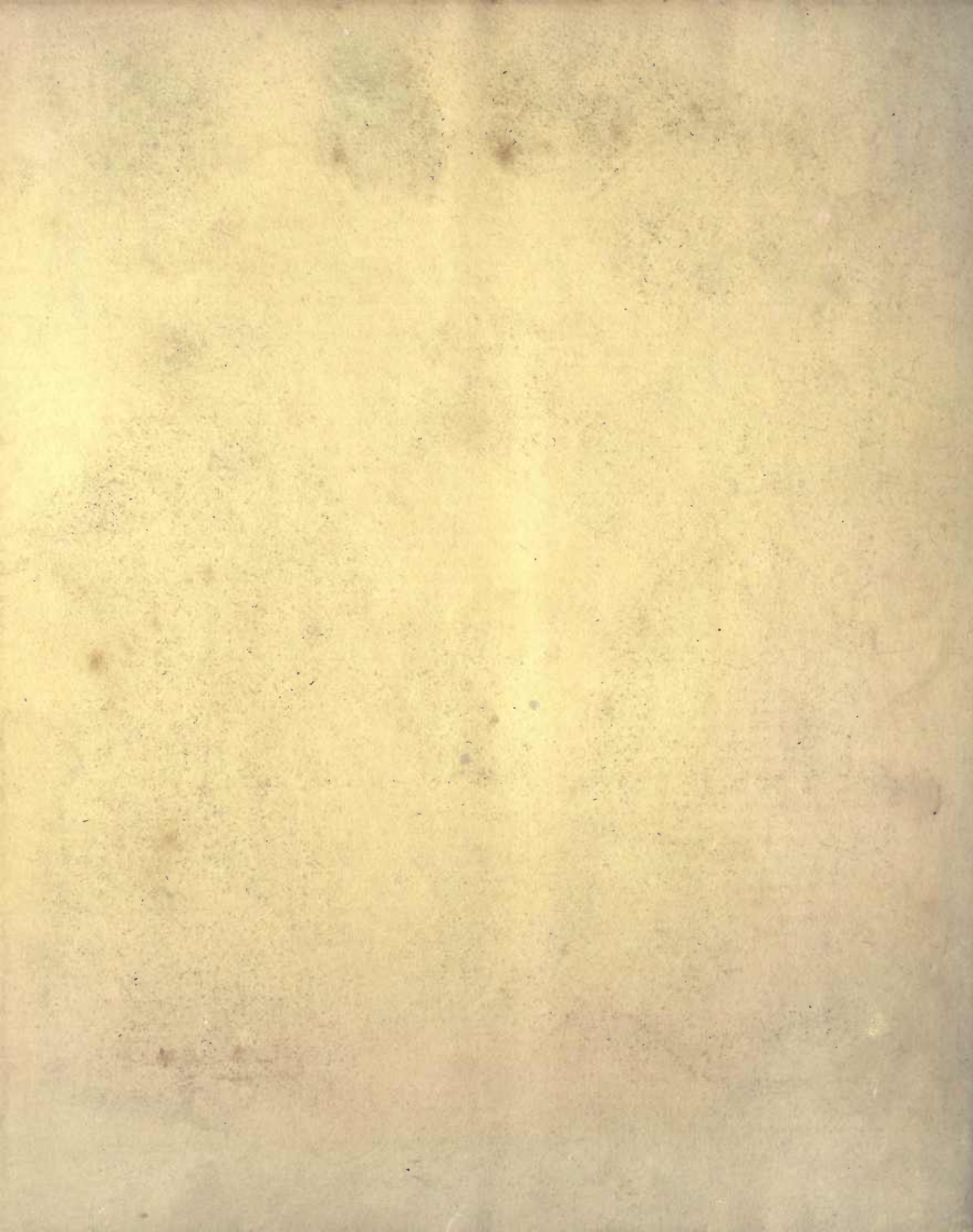
*Newest Fashions for December, 1890  
Carriage, Walking, and Ball Dresses.*





*Newest Fashions for December, 1829.  
Evening and Morning Dresses.*







# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEDICATED EXPRESSLY TO HIGH LIFE, FASHIONABLES, AND FASHIONS, POLITE LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, THE OPERA, THEATRES, &c. &c.

No. 67.

LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1829.

VOL. VI.

THIS NUMBER IS EMBELLISHED WITH FOUR PLATES:—FIRST PLATE, FANCY COSTUME, NO. 45, A FRENCH FANCY BALL DRESS, AND FOUR MORNING AND DINNER DRESSES.—SECOND PLATE, A CARRIAGE DRESS, AND EIGHT FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—THIRD PLATE, THREE CARRIAGE, WALKING AND BALL DRESSES, AND TWO BACK VIEWS OF HEAD-DRESSES.—FOURTH PLATE, EVENING AND MORNING DRESSES, AND SIX FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

### HIGH LIFE AND FASHIONABLE CHIT CHAT, &c.

'Tis dark DECEMBER, wind and rain,  
And Winter's elemental train  
Attest his strength, and prove his might,  
His power to shiver or to blight.  
Yet still amidst his feather'd snows,  
(Like joy that bursts through casual woes ;)  
The voice is heard, a cheering cry,  
Of sport and hospitality ;  
Of joyous meetings, yearly blest,  
Which give to life an added zest ;  
Of " mirth that wrinkled care derides,"  
And " Laughter holding both his sides ;"  
Of Age, which for a joyous hour,  
Derides the Greybeard's power,  
Throwing " in measureless content,"  
Its crutch aside for merriment ;  
Of youth, so full of joyous themes,  
Of antic sports and ardent dreams,  
Of Christmas gambols, Christmas fare,  
(Those antidotes to starving care)  
As to forget all thoughts of school,  
And " master's " most pedantic rule,  
Of stately halls where, roaming free,  
Goes Fashion's gaudiest pageantry ;  
Or, holding hearts as with a spell,  
Music exalts her charmed shell :  
Of domes 'neath which the *Drama* rears  
Her altar formed of smiles and tears,  
And the twin sisters, each in turn,  
Her triumph takes at time to spurn :

Of, indeed, numberless incentives to cheerfulness by which we rob the inclemency of the season of its severity, and its misty hours of their sombre character. We like the winter, and we admire the month of DECEMBER in particular. It brings the whole world of fashion (not our work but the readers of it ; for in all seasons we flourish) to town again ; it ushers us to refitted and splendid mansions once more ; it fills our card racks with consecutive invitations, and our library tables with new publications. It puts the man of trade to his handicraft and the man of the world to his morning calls, and his evening festivities. It induces us to hope for courts, it flatters us with the idea of drawing-

rooms, and it certifies us with the assurance of " parties and balls." It grants us baskets of game, and fine flegged turkeys from country cousins ; and it gives us the *Christmas-Pantomime*. Christmas did we say? Yes, that season of kindly esteem, and kindred hospitalities will soon be with us, and about the blazing hearth, or around the well spread table of generosity, old acquaintance is renewed, old recollections are recalled, and old sentiments enforced by practical illustration. The grandfather's eye glistens with the fire of a youthful day as his son's sons give earnest of a goodness of heart and a manliness of character, feeling that when, after life's fitful fever he sleeps soundly, his memory will still be cherished, his precepts not forgotten ; whilst the middle-aged and the young, partaking of and adding to the general harmony, bless the happy hour that collected friends and relatives together, and truly deem Christmas a holy and a happy season. Let us see if we cannot add intelligence which shall be a fitting prelude to its approach ; a prologue that, whilst it promises shall produce applauded representations.

### THE LIFE OF THE KING DURING THE MONTH OF NOVEMBER.

What we stated last month, relative to the within-door occupations, and out-of-door relaxations, of his MAJESTY in our last number, will equally apply to our present purposes ; inasmuch as the routine, as well of the one as the other, has been little varied. What we then stated respecting his rumoured visit to Brighton, is now, however, completely borne out by facts ; his Majesty having determined *not* to occupy the Pavilion this winter ; indeed, who ever thought that he could refrain from extending his Christmas hospitalities in the halls of his forefathers ; and, beneath the banner of England, quaffing, with his nobles, to its weal, and that of its people ; whilst they, the latter, wish him many, very many, recurrences of the same joyous season ?

We have only to add, and it gives us great satisfaction to do so, that his MAJESTY's general health is such as every good man could wish it to be, and that the state of his eyesight is nothing near so weak as rumour and exaggeration would have us believe.

### THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND THE ROYAL FAMILY DURING NOVEMBER.

The 3d of November, being the birth-day of the Princess SOPHIA, the same was celebrated by their Royal High-

A A



nesses the Duke and Duchess of CLARENCE and the Duke and Duchess of GLOUCESTER, and other members of the Royal Family, coming from their seats to town to congratulate their distinguished relative on the propitious occasion. An elegant *dîné* was given also to honour it, by the heir presumptive and his excellent Duchess, at their house in St. James's. On the 5th the Duke presided at a dinner given by the Corporation of the Trinity House, after which he joined the Duchess at Drury Lane Theatre, who, we hope, will, like her royal sister of KENT, frequently become a patroness of the drama. The Duke of CUMBERLAND, by his urbanity, and the active and cheerful disposition of his son, the Prince GEORGE, is making himself highly popular at Kew, where he at present resides, and will, we believe, continue to do so. He is very frequent in his visits to his MAJESTY, who appears gratified to receive him both as a friend and a brother. This communion of sentiment is not only pleasant to observe, but highly honourable both to the one and the other. The Princess AUGUSTA is contributing greatly to the cheerfulness and prosperity of the town of Worthing, which, from an insignificant fishing place, is become a populous and pleasant spot of residence.

Prince LEOPOLD is returned from visiting his continental neighbours, and to resume, for no doubt so he will, the series of entertainments which gave so much satisfaction to the great world last season, and of which he was the elegant and respected host.

#### ON DITS OF FASHION.

Although we are now fast entering upon the "golden age" of the Fashionable Season, the month of NOVEMBER is rather to be considered the preface than the full volume illustrative of the delights of *Ton*. The passing-away month was, however, redolent of grateful; and, at the same time, elegant hilarity and amusements at the various country seats, abbeys, and castles of, for a short period, our rustivating nobility and people of consequence. For instance, at Willey Park, Shropshire, the seat of Lord FORESTER, the drama of life was made one of varied interest by the nature of its hospitalities; contributing to which we found the Marquis and Marchioness of WORCESTER, Lady THROGMORTON, Lord and Lady CLONMELL, Mr. DE ROOS, Mr. and Mrs. C. LYSTER, &c. &c. So, also, at *Hatfield*, the splendid dwelling of the SALISBURYS, is mirth and good humour, pleasure and prettiness, to "work together for good;" plays and balls alternately bear the sway, and it might truly be said that there

"Man's life is not an empty name,  
Nor autumn leaves the great man's fame;  
But that, like flowers, upon the earth,  
Joys spring up and blossom into mirth."

Now, however, it is additional encouragement to add, that the stream upon which will float the gaily-rigged barques composing the invincible fleet of Lady Fashion's power is fast pouring in upon us; shall we not hail those it bears with the salutes of congratulation, and the cheers with which former and admirable friends deserve to be greeted?

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, always in the van of hospitality, has commenced his banquets with a spirit sufficiently indicative of his generous determinations to set an example worthy of general imitation, which has already been followed by the Duke and Duchess of St. ALBAN's; the Judge

Advocate General, and Lady ANNE BECKET; and a long list of Fashionables; whilst his Grace of WELLINGTON has caused all his best furniture to be removed from Downing-street to his completed, and now excellent mansion, namely, Apsley-house, Piccadilly; which we have no doubt he will open in a style of grandeur and profuse generosity becoming the commanding situations he holds in the state, and the influential position he maintains in the highest circles of life. Let but these noblemen and distinguished characters go on in their splendid course, "rejoicing," and hundreds following their example,

"Content and joy shall live together, fond  
Of active efforts, and not once despond."

Of the ensuing *Opera season* we hear rumour upon rumour, surmise following surmise. One amateur assures his friend that the inimitable PASTA is engaged, another that she is not; but this we know, that Mr. LAPORTE is not like the "seven sleepers," deaf to worldly wants or personal advantages. He has engaged, among others, the daughter of the celebrated ALBERT, the dancer, the young performer having recently made a most successful *debut* at the Paris Opera. We have little apprehension but that she will prove a highly attractive member of the *corps de ballet*.

We hope to hear, also, that the Marquis of STAFFORD will soon open his new and splendid mansion, Gower House, to the Fashionable world; for the furniture is now nearly all arrived, the furnishing approaching completion, and even some of the pictures hung in the new gallery.

The gay Lord HERTFORD, so the rumour runs, departs till June for Italy, and it is said that he takes many friends with him, and that the party are to feast and be merry on their travel at his Lordship's expense. We grieve to spare foreign lands so much good nature and spirit, and would fain, for the love we bear our country, monopolize all here.

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD, since he has very wisely broken away from the trammels, and withdrawn from those who would teach him to play deep if not drink deep, as *Hamlet* says, has continued in all he does to gain popularity and win good opinions. It is not his least praise, that whilst he holds fellowship, and gathers respect from his equals the rich, well-bred, and powerful; he also finds it praise worth the garnering, to deserve the blessings and love of the poorer people about him. Thus, to every tenant and occupier of a house upon his redeemed and improving estates, he has recently made liberal presents of game, willing that the humble as well as the potent should, upon an occasion, sweeten the necessaries with the luxuries of life. How much wiser and better is this than preserving his pheasants and hares, &c. for some two or three days of indiscriminate slaughter, when the poor things are brought down like so many barn-door fowls, or tame rabbits. We hope his lordship's example will be more frequently followed. It is worthy of general imitation.

We hear one of the first novelties which that tasteful nobleman, Lord HARRINGTON is about to start, is a carriage built after the fashion of those termed in India *Hackery's*; it is there drawn by a pair of bullocks, who literally have bells on their ears, and bells on their feet; which have as much effect upon the animals as the whip has upon horses here. This carriage has been recommended to the Earl by his friend General STEWART, commonly called HINDOO STEWART, and who was considered



by the natives as a perfect Jehu, and one of their tribe. Lord HARRINGTON means to substitute roans in lieu of bullocks. In time, however, we have little doubt but that the original cattle will be seen speeding the *Hackery* through the Regent's Park.

EDWARD PETRE has bought Lord HENNIKER's house in the Square at the corner of Brook-street; it is a mansion worthy the winner of three last St. Legers, and one of the prettiest fillies on the books. Lucky dog! though she says he eats more, and sleeps sounder, than any biped she ever heard of.

The inhabitants of Stratton Street have requested Colonel ROWAN to allow two of his Blue Devils to be constantly stationed in front of the Duke of ST. ALBAN's house, in order that the street may be kept clear, and not blocked up (as it is at present) by the crowds of persons who loiter there to see the Duchess step into her carriage. At least two hundred of the lowest order were lately collected, attracted by the not very unusual spectacle of three of the St. Alban's carriages, prepared to convey their Graces and suite from the *rus in urbe* of London in the autumn, to the *urbs in rure* of Brighton in the winter.

Every one knows that Lady E——D—— and the letter H. are not upon good terms. The following conversation took place at Lord HERTFORD's a short time ago, at the dinner-table:—"Lord HERTFORD, I should be obliged to you if you would let me have some more *hair*." "Hare!" said Lord HERTFORD, "really I'm very sorry, but there is no hare at table to-day." "No my Lord, nor in the room I think: I am ready to die with the *eat*, and that was my reason for requesting to have the door or window open."

Intelligence has reached us, which we deem authentic, that their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of CAMBRIDGE have resolved to take up their residence in town the ensuing spring; and that Cholmondeley House, Piccadilly, is being suitably prepared and furnished for its expected distinguished possessors.

The approach to and egress from Carlton place (fast approaching completion) to St. James's Park, will be regularly laid open to the public when the mansions on either side of the terrace are finished. Pedestrians only, however, will have this privilege.

#### CONTINENTAL ON DITS, AND PARIS CHIT-CHAT.

"I pray you listen, gentles, whilst I speak  
Of things beyond the seas."—BROWN.

Our Continental neighbours, like the busy bodies of our own country, when they fasten upon a good story, are very pole-cats or ferrets upon their prey, they cling and hang upon it till worn out by repletion and actual weariness. It is so with the subjects of the PRINCESS OF ORANGE, respecting her jewels, and the *episode* of the sweeper of chimneys. The latter, however, turns out to have been a mere fabrication, and as was Marplot's tales in the Comedy, to have been marvelously warped in the telling. A mere domestic occurrence, that of a noisy servant lighting a fire adjoining the bed-chamber of her Majesty, being the offending apparition. With reference the precious ornaments, this amiable lady feels the loss of those the heaviest, which were once the property of her mother, the late Empress; some antique gems, and

family portraits, which fell into the hands of the plunderers, are also greatly deplored. In consequence of this act of spoliation, sentinels now surround the palace, and the view of the interior is interdicted to strangers. The poor Groom of the Chambers, feeling that charity begins at home, is disconsolate at this; inasmuch as he misses the very convenient *guillaume* a day, which he frequently received from English tourists, many of whom, not understanding the wonders their own country produced, could yet *act enamoration* for those of another land.

A lady has given us a description of her first presentation at the French Court:—

"Our fortune enabled me to go to very great expense in my dress; my husband, who never denied me any thing, gave me a very handsome yearly allowance, which he added to daily by making me presents. I wanted only one thing to complete my happiness. Some brilliant *fêtes* were to be given at court, and in order to be invited to them, it was requisite first to be presented. Besides, Louisa de Meslal, my intimate friend, had just enjoyed that privilege; every one I met in the great world, had been presented, or wished to be; I ought then in my turn to be presented. My great grandmother, my grandmother, my mother, two aunts, and three cousins had been presented; I ought then to be presented. Scarce had I made this remark to our family, than every one exerted themselves to procure me this pleasure. They went to four dukes, and two gentlemen of the bedchamber; one was invited to supper; I gave proofs of my address, and it was settled that I should be presented. The day was fixed, and the presentation was to take place at seven in the evening. Twenty dress-makers were set to work; they cut out, they fitted, and the most beautiful robe, with a long train, the richest scarlet mantle embroidered with gold, were ordered for this ceremony. The old commander, the friend of my aunt, the dowager, went to hunt over his library for the code of etiquettes, and read to me the article concerning presentations. Vestris was engaged, and every day, for the space of a month, he made me repeat the courtesies which I ought gracefully to make, in an elegant and dignified manner; there were three to be performed as I apprehended near the throne, and these courtesies were to be lower according to the nearness of my advances towards it. The important day, at length arrived; I was tortured for five hours during the evening. My two waiting women were not sufficient; so serious an affair was a dress on the day of presentation!—A famous *coiffure* exerted every art to make out something excellent, with the finest hair in the world; which was ornamented with a blaze of diamonds. I was enchantingly handsome; but I could scarce breathe under a hoop which was so tightly fastened round my waist, that it appeared as great a wonder as that, which I could clasp with my ten fingers. Half an hour before it was time for me to go, all the family were assembled; I repeated in their presence, and in my brilliant dress, the courtesies which I was to make before the king. A great arm chair was brought in, and placed upon a table; the commander seated himself in this chair, representing the king sitting on his throne. I advanced with much gravity, towards him, and I had the good fortune to merit, by the manner in which I made my courtesies, the applause of the whole party. The clock chimed half an hour after six, the carriage was at the door, the coachman whipped his horses, and they flew like the wind; we soon arrived in the courts of the palace, we ascended the grand staircase, my heart violently beating. The door,



opened; the names of the ladies were called over, and repeated to the king. My turn came; my name was pronounced, I remained motionless where I was. I was pushed forward and encouraged, and there I found myself at the entrance of the presence chamber. I began my first curtsy, that was well performed: I advanced to make a second, but the wax-lights so dazzled my eyes, that I was at the very foot of the throne before I could make the third. What could I do? Should I draw back? Should I go on one side? The commander had never provided against such a circumstance. But I had no time for reflection; my feet got entangled in the train of my robe; I tried to disengage myself, the robe was rent, and its splendid trimming all in rags. My head was turned, I scarcely knew what I did: I forgot I was before the king and that the eyes of the whole court were upon me; I caught up my train, placed it under my arm, and hastened away as fast as my feet could carry me, execrating all etiquette and presentations. This was much spoken of at court. The king and the princes laughed heartily at my confusion. The old duchesses called me indecent, and the young females said I was most ridiculously awkward. But the king declared I shewed great presence of mind by taking my train under my arm, and every one found that the king was in the right."

All Paris is now acquainted with that caricature entitled, "*The Fashion for the next Year*," representing a female, whose petticoats do not come lower than the knee, while her sleeves, by an amplitude not less *outrée*, train almost on the ground. This coarse attack was, a few Sundays since, represented to the life, in the garden of the Tuilleries, by a lady whose dress, carried to the extreme of fashion, offered a complete parody on the taste of the present day; though her countenance and her carriage were of the most agreeable kind, she was not the less subjected to the curious investigations of a public, always ready to seize whatever is ridiculous; and, in a short time, a crowd of men and women were collected, chiefly to examine her dress, which descended no lower than to the calf of the leg, and the poor lady was obliged to hasten from the scene in which her appearance had met with such ill success; more than a thousand persons were witnesses of the confusion with which she escaped from the crowd which had thickened around her; and perhaps this little adventure may turn out to her profit, as well as to other characters of the same stamp, who have the temerity of exposing their whimsical tastes to the public. There is a certain class in society where may be heard related a mystification which took place about twenty years ago, to three females well known, and whose reputation for beauty is not yet extinct; having ventured to appear in the Tuilleries so thinly clad, that they were almost indecent, they were obliged to have recourse to the protection of the guards on duty to escape being insulted. It must be, however, confessed that amongst the constant promenaders at the Tuilleries, there is a prying curiosity which is sometimes very distressing; a new style of demeanor, a remarkable beauty, a shawl, a feather, or a ribbon of an uncommon kind, will cause some to run forward, others to stand upon their chairs, and every one seems under the influence of some spontaneous kind of agitation, as if a whole nation's interest was concerned, or something worthy of very serious observation, and sometimes they have only seen a pretty woman, a ridiculous man, or a foreign uniform; but they have just committed what is requisite to give a stranger who may observe them,

a complete idea of what is meant by a term they so well merit, the *badauds* (cocknies) of Paris.

Always at the conclusion of a performance at the theatre, if a lady has a fine shape, just before she quits her box, she stands up, and wraps her cachemere shawl round her in graceful drapery, with her back turned to the audience. A woman who is rather thick set, or has nothing in her form worth notice, takes care to put her cloak on, before she turns round to go out.

The former road of the Bois de Boulogne by the avenue of Neuilly, is now very little frequented: the preference is given to the avenue of Charles X. which crosses the plain of Passy, and leads directly to St. Cloud. Every day, from two to five, it is thronged by carriages and equestrians.

Napoleon's mother, MARIA LETITIA spends her summers at Albana, her winters at Rome. She lives in a very retired manner, seeing scarcely any one but Cardinal Fesch; who is so hardly situated as to be obliged to dispose of some of the pictures of his Gallery, to maintain his rank. JOSEPH (*Count Surveilliers*) rusticates in the United States, since 1814; his wife resides at Florence. LOUIS (called *Count Saint Lew*) makes at one time Rome, at another, Florence, his dwelling-place. HORTENSE BEAUHARNOIS passes the winter at the latter town. LUCIEN (*Prince Canino*) whose financial speculations have impoverished fortunes, has sold his palace, and retired to the vicinity of Ancona. JEROME (*Prince de Montfort*) spends the summer in the same part of the country. PRINCE BORGHESE resides at Bologna. As to the COUNTESS M. LIPANO (Madame MURAT) political matters retain her still in Austria; and thus are the family of the hero who made nations tremble, and who deemed himself invincible, scattered!

Of the *Florentine Theatricals* of some of our English noblemen, we shall speak out in our next. If all we have heard be true, amateur green-rooms need weeding, as well as others we could mention.

It has been well said by a poet (BROOME) now no more, that Death,

"Unaw'd by power, in common heaps she flings,  
The scrips of beggars, and the crowns of kings;"

for here read we that the GRAND DUCHESS of HESSE DARMSTADT, died suddenly at the chateau of Averbach, and when, although her health had been precarious, no immediate fears were entertained of her decease. No pomp, nor splendid shews attended the last offices performed upon this Princess, she having been interred quite quietly on the fifth day after her decease.

But Marriages in the great world abroad, also take place. The project of a law for the union of the PRINCESS MARIANNA with PRINCE ALBERT of PRUSSIA having been agreed to in the States-General; unanimsly, and almost without dissension. PRINCE CHARLES of PRUSSIA had arrived there.

On the 9th of November, died in the Commune of Villavique, at the patriarchal age of 101 years and eight months, Mademoiselle Poirier. She was long a very distinguished and popular actress of the French Stage. Of the most happy disposition, she retained to the end of her life, the entire use of her faculties and reason; nay, and her constitutional gaiety, and the equanimity which marked her during so long a career.



MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN HIGH LIFE,  
WITH A GLANCE AT PROJECTED UNIONS.

“As good and wise; so she be fit for me,  
That is to will and not to will the same;  
*My wife is my adopted self*; and she  
As me to what I love, to love must frame,  
And when *by marriage* both in one concur,  
Woman converts to man, not man to her.”

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

“Thus *wear'd from earth* where pleasure scarce can please,  
They reach th' abodes of everlasting peace.”

BROOME.

The extracts above, taken from two authors of eminence, sufficiently premise the subjects upon which we are about to enter, namely, *Marriage* and *Death*, possibly, independent of the joyous nature of the former, the two most serious epochs allied to mortality. Our illustrations will commence with the information that at Cheekly were united WILLIAM MARTIN, Esq. eldest son of the late Rev. C. Martin, and nephew to the Duke of Atholl, and SARAH, eldest daughter of the Rev. C. B. Charlewood, of Oake Hill, Staffordshire; and on the 5th of November, HENRY, son of R. Bunn, Esq., to MARGARET ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of the late M. Piners, Esq., of Charles Street, Cavendish Square. And also at Christ Church, Marylebone, JOHN CLAYTON COWELL, Esq., eldest son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Cowell, to FRANCES ANN HESTER, youngest daughter of the Rev. Richard and Lady ANNE BRICKENDON, and niece of the Earl of CAVAN; and thus is the weak invention of busy bodies relative to an elopement, proved but as “tinkling brass,” and a “sounding sycamore.” But, as if to show that whilst one domain is the place of joy, another may be the house of mourning, it is imposed upon us to record, after a long illness borne with the patience and resignation of a christian, the death of MARGARET, COUNTESS, Dowager of CLONMEL. She was the relict of John, first earl of that name. Of her it may be said, that she had

“—— all that virtue can bestow,  
All the good practice, and the learned know,  
Such holy rapture as not wars, but fires,  
While the soul seems retiring, or retires;  
Such transports as those saints in vision share,  
Who know not whether they are wrapt thro' air,  
Or bring down Heaven to meet them in a pray'r.”

And on the seventh also, after a protracted illness, ELIZABETH CURTIS, wife of JOHN GOSLING, Esq., of Gloucester Place, New Road, and daughter of the late GEORGE CHERRY, Esq., Chairman of the Victualling Board, in the 55th year of her age.—Then, convincing us that tender years are no protection against the tyrant's arrows, on the following day was taken from her sorrowing parents and weeping relatives, at the Rectory, Newington, Surrey, CHARLOTTE GEORGIANA, youngest daughter of the late ARTHUR ONSLOW, D.D., Dean of Worcester.

“O she is dead to them, to all:  
Her lute hangs silent on the wall,  
And on the stairs, and at the door,  
Her fairy step is heard no more.”

Returning to the bright side of the picture of human life, we gladly place upon our page the statement of an alliance in the fashionable world, which promises much honour and happiness to the parties making it. They were BETHEL WALROND, Esq., M.P., of Montrath, Devonshire, and the Right Hon. LADY JANET ST. CLAIR, only daughter to the EARL of ROSLYN, at whose house the ceremony was performed, at 8 o'clock in the evening, and by special license.

“Through the thick gloom the torch red-gleaming burns,  
O'er shrouds, and sable palls, and mould'ring urns;  
While flowing stoles, black plumes, and 'scutcheons spread,  
An idle pomp around the silent dead.”

These lines of the poet BROOME, the contemporary, and fellow labourer with POPE, occurs to us as we read the account of the decease of a nobleman, on many accounts remarkable in comparison with the common mass of man. He was long honoured by a confidential intimacy with his Sovereign, and was conspicuous (so say the papers) for his contributions to the annals of gallantry and play. For awhile successful his was “a bed of roses;” but, so fickle is fortune, it, we fear, ultimately, and because of the errors of a terrible passion, that of play, became “a couch of thorns.” But his heart was good though his ardour might have been eager. He erred, but he his errors covered from the prying eye of slander, by the remembrance that after “life's fitful fever,” he must be less or more than man, who would “rake up the ashes of the dead.” We allude to the Marquis of HEADFORT, by whose death a vacancy occurs in both branches of the legislature, the County of Meath losing the service of his son, he being now a peer in his own right, but not a senator, because of laws which, possibly, might be cancelled with advantage and honour. His Lordship married the very beautiful daughter of Sir JOHN STEVENSON, the widow of a Mr. DALTON, in very truth, one of “nature's fairest productions.”

When veterans fall surely we should plant upon their graves generous remembrances; and these we now give to the memory of General GARTH, who *laid down his arms*, and exchanged his *martial cloak* and his *uniform*, for the *pall* and the *winding-sheet*, on Wednesday the 18th November. He was Colonel of the First or Royal Regiment of Dragoons, and entered the service on the 21st of April, 1762, as a cornet in the same corps. He was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant on 21st August, 1765, and became Captain on 28th November, 1775. From this period his advance was as rapid as deserved, and he has departed to the GREAT COMMANDER of all men, at the age of 85 years; carrying the good wishes and the respect of those he led, and the country he served, to the grave along with him.

The same may be said of him who was General GRANT; a hero in every respect of the word, as will be fully proved in being generally recognized by his fellow soldiers as *Secunder-Gaw GRANT* from his having served so gallantly at the taking of that Indian fortress. Upon his tomb may also be graved the noble sentence “*vero immortale*.”

Of PROJECTED UNIONS, we think, we can confidently mention the following: may they be productive of all that happiness in life, which the distinguished principals, and their friends so justly anticipate.

It is reported, and the authority seems good, that PHILIP DAVIES COOKE, Esq., of Owston Park, Yorkshire, and Gwyn Sandy, Hall, Flintshire, a gentleman highly



respected and of much affluence, is shortly to conduct to the hymeneal temple, the Hon. LADY HELENA KING, daughter of the Right Hon. VISCOUNT KINGSBOROUGH.

“And thus they sacrifice to union-blest  
Sure in caressing they must be carest.”

### THE DRAMA.

Inasmuch as after every great natural effervescence in the moral world a calm will ensue, so in the *Theatrical hemisphere* it is reasonable to expect a pause in novelty must succeed to stirring exertions and triumphant performances. Thus, it can no more be matter of surprise than it is of blame that the *November Month* should have produced at neither of our Theatres much that was truly novel, whether we speak of *first nights* or *first appearances*. We must, however, be allowed to think that it is now high time Miss KEMBLE should be presented to the expecting public in an *additional* character. All the world is satisfied she can play *Juliet* to perfection, and all its inhabitants wish to discover,—deeming, at the same time, that she must be,—whether she is not equally great in other characters of a similar grade,—*Opheëlia*, *Belvidera*, *Desdemona*, &c. Or why not allow us to witness her energetic efforts in an entirely new personation; as the lovely *Hebrew* of Mr. WADE'S Tragedy, for instance? We can discover no imaginable cause for longer delaying *that*. At all events, and even delightful as it is, many will tire of *Romeo and Juliet* being played perpetually; particularly as some of the characters are far from possessing adequate representatives. We speak this out of respect for the management of *Covent Garden Theatre*, and with an earnest desire to uphold and extend its fortunes prosperously.

MR. BALLS, whom we should like to see oftener, has added to the fame he gained in the *Weathercock*, by his representation of the *Singles* in that eccentric farce, *The Three and the Deuce*, which Mr. ELLISTON made so popular some years back. We cannot yet so far flatter the younger performer, as to say he is at all equal to his predecessor; but we do think that he comes the nearest to him of any one on the modern stage. Of the *Three (in one)* personages imitated, the *Fop* is the best; then the *Idiot*; Signor *Gravity* is inferior\*.

\* IMPORTANT AND EXTRAORDINARY! We hardly know whether we shall believe even *Shakespeare* again, and take for granted there is *nothing in a name*. To our cost we have found it to be a very sorry thing to write or *print Richard for Robin*? We say “print,” because we scarcely know whether *brother TYPE*, or *ourselves* are most in fault, perhaps *both*. Certain it is one; “Sir Oracle” scolds; another “Diogenes” sneers; this “Aristarchus” lifts up his wondrous eyes and says nothing; and that “Bavius” grows hot with volubility and asserts, in good round terms, we are incapacitated for our duty; when we will wagger him our own reading of *Shakespeare* to him, that we have seen more plays, and written more *accepted* critiques in Magazines, Newspapers and Reviews than he has; and that too, at the rate of a betting man's odds, five to two.

Now the fact is we were “caught napping;” and no wonder, for we had been *dining* with ALDERMAN VENABLES, though not the guest from his table, that got caged in the watchhouse from the “potations pot

At *Drury Lane*, Mr. BUCKSTONE'S comic piece, *Snakes in the Grass*, makes “hay” for the manager, not whilst the “sun shines,” but during the blaze of *foot-lights* and *brilliant chandeliers*. LISTON is quite at home; we never saw him abroad but at his *poulterers*, and in his carriage (with the *little woman*) in *Janus*, a complete double-faced second edition of *Paul Pry*; and “Mrs. J.” his “loving spouse,” is quite as *au fait* in brewing mischief as the Vicar of Wakefield's wife was in making green-gooseberry-wine. HARLEY, as *Tact*, and in truth the *factotum* of *Volatile*, (well suited to JONES) a blustering officer, was as eccentric, yet as sententious, in his home-truths as may be; we hardly ever saw him play better. What he gave up of his former fidgettiness he more than compensated for by sound sense performance; in fact, the whole piece was played with a good deal of spirit; and, possessing as it does, pleasantry and whim—though lacking character in originality—went off like a good fowling-piece, without recoil.

Again, at the same Theatre, has been produced a very promising, and well put together, serious drama, of the foreign school; our own play-writers having no ambition with the title, which at once explains its character of “The Brigands.” It abounds in exquisite scenery, in actions of daring intrepidity, in adroit adventures, and interesting situations; nor does its interest flag till the green curtain falls upon its catastrophe; namely, the death in the halls of Villa Rosa, of the robber-chief. WALLACK was really great in this well-wrought character; for WALLACK, though he cannot play the fine creations of Shakespeare, can enact wonders in such personifications as *Rolla*, *Rob-Roy*, and now *Alessandro Massaroni*. The *brother* of this gentleman was also more in his element than we have before witnessed him to be, (having found his level), and W. FARREN, Mrs. BARRYMORE (as the Brigand's wife *Maria Grazie*) and Miss. FAUCIT, contributed much to the complete success of the drama. The “*ayes*,” in fact, had it without opposition.

COVENT GARDEN has also, whilst we are penning these rapid notices, produced a *petite opera*, for the characters are few, and the story simple, called *The Night before the Wedding*, and the *Wedding Night*; but as we have not space to go into an inquiry upon its claims to public favour, or into the merits of Mr. DEAN the new performer it has introduced, we shall defer minute criticism, and merely say that it survived its first night's ordeal and still lives; and that both play and players are in a course of repetition before successive authors.

The ADELPHI is prospering, and most deservedly so. Activity characterizes its management, and care and interest its performances. This general praise must satisfy its worthy proprietors; we cannot now afford to *strand* ourselves with lengthy illustrations, and so we say farewell.

deep” which he had sacrificed to at that Bacchanalian citizen's domicile. Our fault was, we stated that on their talented daughter's first appearance as JULIET, Mr. C. KEMBLE gave up *Hamlet* to play *Mercutio*; and Mrs. C. KEMBLE enacted the *Nurse*. Whereas, we should have written, that the former gave up ROMEO, and the latter played LADY CAPULET, the *actual mother* of the sweet “Lady-bird.” There, now, reader, we have made the *amende honorable*; and, considering that *Quando dormitat Homerus*, the best may *sometimes sleep*; “let him that is *without fault* cast the first stone.”



## NEWEST LONDON AND PARISIAN FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1829.

This Publication is indebted to Mrs. Bell, removed to No. 3, Cleveland Row, opposite St. James's Palace, for the designs and the selection of the Fashions, and the Costumes of All Nations, which regularly embellish it. Mrs. Bell's Magazin de Modes is replete with every fashionable article; and at which there is a daily and constant succession of novelties in Millinery, Dresses, &c. &c. &c. AND AT MOST MODERATE PRICES.—Mrs. Bell's Patent Corsets are unrivalled, and very superior to all others; they impart an indescribable grace and elegance to the figure.

## FIRST PLATE.

FRENCH FANCY-BALL DRESS.—(*Une Merveilleuse.*)

The fancy-balls of the French were formerly entirely confined to one season of the year; but among the British now residing in France, are many of the fair daughters of Hibernia, who are passionately fond of fancy balls, and who were the first who introduced them to that high favour they are now in England. Since the sojournment of our Islanders in the French capital, though confined to a select few, and those of the very higher classes, the fancy-ball of various *travestissemens*, has been introduced with a success which foretells its progressive influence.

It seems, however, that they have not quite attained to the true spirit of the beautiful diversity displayed by the British on these occasions; and that their fancy displays itself much in a kind of burlesque on the present fashions: such as the short petticoats, tunic robes, pinched-in waists, and flying ribbons at present in vogue. Such appears to be the design of the dress which we present to our readers, which was worn on a particular fancy *fête*, by a French lady of distinction.

It consists of a short petticoat of garnet-coloured satin, trimmed by a band of velvet the same colour round the border, finished, we cannot say, next the *feet*, but *considerably above the ankle*, with narrow lace of a Vandycke pattern. Over this is a tunique robe of orange-coloured *gros des Indes*, lined, and turned back with facings of white satin, edged in battlement-notches. This tunique is short, is left very open in front, and has, on each hip, a band of orange ribbon with long ends. The back of the body, (for there is no appearance of it in front) with the *Mancheron* sleeves, are of white satin, trimmed with blond; to these are attached long sleeves of orange-colour, fitting tight to the arm, and where the sleeves unite at the elbow are orange-coloured ribbon, with long bows and ends.

The bust-part of this dress is left extremely open, yet it is entirely concealed: a double trimming of blond on white satin, unites at the waist to the notched facings of white satin down each side of the tunique. A shirt of delicately fluted tulle is worn over the neck, and front of the bust, turning back with a fine Vandycke lace collar, and the shirt fastened down the front by buttons of emeralds set in gold.

Over this is a scarf of embroidered tulle, the ends depending low down the front of the petticoat, and finished all round by a very narrow Vandycke edging. The hair is very elegantly arranged in the newest French style, and is ornamented on the left side with a bow of orange-coloured ribbon, of rather an *outré* size; from this spring four black Heron's feathers; two almost erect, two drooping. The stockings are of white ribbed silk; with shoes of white satin cut

down remarkably low, and very long quartered. The ear-pendants are large, and of the new heavy fashion of massive gold. Over the neck is thrown a chain of gold beads.

We have authority for saying that this dress is worn to ridicule the female *dandies* of France, known by the title of *Merveilleuses*: ladies whose aim is to excite sensation and wonder, by their following every fashion, in the extreme.

## A DINNER-DRESS.

A dress of very light fawn-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a very broad flounce, in points; those points which are at the head of the flounce pointing upwards; each are edged with green satin brocaded in spots of ruby colour. The body is made plain, with a collar *à la Paladin*, pointed all round; the two front points, longer than the others, terminate under the sash, and form a kind of stomacher in front of the bust; and are trimmed like the rest of the collar by a full quilting of blond and a narrow rouleau of green satin; the sleeves are *à l'Imbecille*, and are finished at the wrist by a cuff trimmed with narrow blond; and confined next the hand by a neat gold bracelet with a pearl brooch. A sash of plaid ribbon encircles the waist, of ruby, fawn-colour, and green, and ties in front with a small bow, and ends just above the head flounce. A papillon-rosette, formed of blond and green ribbon, is placed on each shoulder; though the breadth of this dress over the bust appears capacious, and the tucker of blond very narrow, yet the shoulders are more concealed, and it is altogether a very decorous improvement on the low dresses worn some months ago. The bonnet is of the last new shape which we so highly recommend; appearing like a hat in front, from being so becomingly short at the ears. It is of celestial blue *gros de Naples*, spotted with ruby, and finished by slight puffings of broad striped blue ribbon, and two blue aigrettes. A small bow is placed under the right side of the brim, on which side the bonnet ties close, with a bow; very broad strings float loose. The shoes are of lilac satin. The ear-pendants are of rubies.

## A WALKING DRESS.

A lilac pelisse of reps silk, ornamented down the front of the skirt, where it fastens by embossed satin, representing leaves, with three points; these are divided by a rather full rouleau, on each side of which are spread out the leaves. The body is made plain, with sleeves *à la Donna Maria*; the two bands which confine the fulness of the sleeve at the top, have the appearance in front of a pelerine-cape; which it would not be possible to wear if the sleeves were left unconfined. The pelisse is made as high to the throat as possible, where it terminates by a narrow ruff of lace. The bonnet is of white satin, trimmed and tied with white



striped ribbon; the crown is also ornamented with blond; and a demi-veil of blond turned up in front, is placed at the edge of the brim. A *mentonnière* of blond fastens the bonnet under the chin. The shoes are of black corded *gros de Naples*.

N. B.—A back view of the same costume, in fawn-colour, with the bonnet trimmed with blue striped ribbon.

### PLATE THE SECOND.

#### A CARRIAGE DRESS.

—A pelisse of Cachemire; the colour *tourterelle*, made *en tunique*, with coloured Cachemire-shawl bordering. The body made plain, and the waist encircled by a band of the same kind of trimming which forms the tunique; sleeves à *l'Imbecille*, with rounded ornaments at the wrists, turned back the same as points; with a ruffle of lace next the hand, and beneath that a bracelet of *aqua-marina*, and gold. Two pelerine-capes, each edged round by shawl-trimming, descend over the shoulders; and a double ruff of lace encircles the throat, tied in front with white striped ribbon. The hat is of black velvet, trimmed under the brim, on the right side, with an ornament, *en coquille*, of broad blond, having, in the centre, a rosette of white striped ribbon; a rosette of which, is placed on the left side beneath the brim; and two long puffs of this ribbon, mingled with two of black velvet, ornament the crown.

FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.—FIG. 1.—Canezou-spencer of white jaconot muslin, the body laid in plaits, and a black satin *fiancée* round the throat, fastened in front by a gold buckle. A hat of pink *gros de Naples*, with very broad stripes of green and dark purple: the crown trimmed with bows of green ribbon, figured with purple.

N. B.—Back view of the same figure.

FIG. 2.—Front and back view of a crape béret of ethereal-blue, ornamented by bands of silver; that part of the *calotte* inclosing the hair in front, formed of silver net-work.

FIG. 3.—Back and front view of a bonnet in white plush silk; with three bias stripes under the lining, of broad, pink plush; the edge of the brim bound with the same. The crown trimmed with a row of puffing all round, of broad, pink, striped ribbon, with a bow of the same on the left side.

FIG. 4.—Front and back view of a black blond cap, the edges of the blond embroidered with white, and the crown embroidered with white sprigs. The borders of this cap turn back, and over each temple is a bow of rose-coloured satin ribbon; a bandeau of which, crosses the forehead; puffs of the same ribbon are elegantly disposed among the blond.

### PLATE THE THIRD.

#### A CARRIAGE DRESS.

A dress of myrtle-green satin, with a broad hem at the border, headed by a braiding of satin. A Melclat-cloak in *satin de laine*, of a dark Etruscan brown, with broad stripes of scarlet, on which are Arabesque designs in black. A large pelerine cape descends rather lower than the elbows, and is surrounded by a deep fringe; over this is a rounded collar-cape, fringed in the same manner, the fringes of the same mingled colours as are found in the cloak, which fastens in front of the throat by a double

broach of white and gold enamel, and is surmounted by a bouffant-ruff of net. A bonnet of black velvet with ornaments of black blond and plumage, with a black lace veil. Half-boots of black corded *gros de Naples*, and doe-skin gloves.

#### A WALKING DRESS.

A dress of milk-chocolate coloured *gros de Naples*, fastened down the front of the skirt with large rosettes, representing quatrefoil; the body *en gerbe*, with a pelerine-cape, trimmed round by broad fringe, with a beautifully wrought head; next the throat is a falling collar finished by the same kind of fringe, and surmounted by a very narrow, single ruff of lace. Sleeves à *l'Imbecille*, confined at the wrists by very broad bracelets of gold, fastened by an ornament-broach of jewels, composed of sapphires and rubies. Bonnet of pink *gros de Naples*, with large puffs of the same, in the centre of which is one of milk-chocolate colour. Half-boots of sage-green kid, and white gloves, embroidered at the back of the hand in colours.

#### A BALL DRESS.

Over a satin slip of bright Jonquil is worn a frock of tulle, of the same colour: above the broad hem, at the border, is a trimming, in wavings of gauze ribbon; each point of which is finished by a rosette of the same, and a full-blown Camelia (Japan rose) with its green foliage. The corsage is à *la Saigné*; with very short sleeves, over which are ornaments à *la Physche*, of very broad, white blond. The hair is arranged in the Chinese style, with the loops of hair much elevated on the summit of the head; and is crowned by bouquets formed of ears of corn, full blown damask, or Japanese roses, and blue corn-flowers. The ear-pendants are *en girandoles*, and are, as well as the necklace, formed of cameos in coral. The shoes are white satin, tied *en sandales*.

N. B. Two back views are represented in this plate; one of the black velvet bonnets in the carriage dress; the other the head-dress in hair, à *la Chinoise*, on the ball-dress.

### PLATE THE FOURTH.

#### AN EVENING DRESS.

A dress of mignonet leaf-green satin, with two white blond flounces over a moderately broad hem; these flounces are at some distance from each other; and from the upper one to the feet, are placed, in front, four rosettes with one pointed end; in the centre of each a gold button. The body is plain, with fichu-robings, which are edged with white blond and fasten under the sash, which terminates in a bow in front, of the same kind as the rosettes at the border. A double ruff of lace comes just below the throat: as this is one of those high dresses, which a slight indisposition may plead excuse from the usual etiquette of low dresses for evening parties. The sleeves are à *l'Imbecille*, with blond ruffles turned back; and next the hand very broad bracelets of braided hair, fastened by an emerald set in gold. A dress hat of white satin is trimmed under the right side of the brim with three ornaments of blond, and under the left by two rosettes of richly striped white gauze ribbon: the crown of the hat is ornamented with blond, and full bouquets of pink and white exotic flowers. The shoes are of green satin, the colour of the dress, and the gloves white kid.



## SECOND EVENING DRESS.—(Back View.)

A dress of ethereal-blue crape, the corsage à la *Sevigné*; the sleeves à la *Donna Maria*, of white blond or crape; the Spanish points at the wrist, double, and of rich blond. The head-dress, a *béret* of blue crape, ornamented by bands of silver. This dress is trimmed at the border of the skirt, by a very full *rûche*, set on in points, forming an ornament nearly approaching to the knee.

## A MORNING DRESS.

A *pelisse robe de Chambre* of some very fine stuff texture, such as double Merino, Lyonesse-crape, or European Cachemire. This represented in our engraving is of a buff-coloured ground, on which is a running pattern of flowers of various colours. Over sleeves, which fit almost close to the arm, and terminate at the wrist by a cuff of royal-blue *plûche de soie*. are very loose sleeves below the elbow lined with blue plush, and which appear like the Russian-mantelet-cape. Over this is worn a pelerine of royal-blue plush silk, the ends dependent in front, to the feet. Round the throat is a very narrow, but full ruff of lace. The hair is arranged à la *Madonna*, with a cap of fine point lace in the Cornette-style, but not fastened under the chin. The slippers are of blue kid.

## FASHIONABLE HEAD-DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—*Béret* cap of white satin and blond; the caul, white satin, and the front part formed of double points of blond; long lappets of blond depend over the back, and strings of gauze ribbon of pink float over the shoulders in front. At the base of the row of blond next the hair are bouquets of the yellow blossoms of the *Auricula*.

FIG. 2.—Head-dress in hair, parted on the forehead with full clusters of curls on each side of the face; on the summit of the head is a loop of hair, behind which the remainder is formed *en corbeille*, in open-work.

FIG. 3.—Back view of the same head-dress.

FIG. 4.—Fashionable blond cap; the caul formed *en coquille*, by rouleaux of blue satin; long ends of blue satin ribbon with lappets of lace float loose.

FIG. 5.—*Béret* of pink satin, ornamented by gold bands.

## NEWEST LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER, 1829.

Deeply penetrated with gratitude towards our fair and distinguished patronesses, for the increased success of our work, we feel it an incumbent duty to anticipate their wishes, by a faithful detail, both of English and foreign fashions, and their several changes; cautioning, at the same time, our general readers, to guard against following the *extremes* of fashion, for such are always avoided by the female of real elegance. The dresses for the ball-room, and for the evening party, will be found, this month, more delicate in regard to what concerns the display of the shoulders; and though the petticoats are short, they are not indecorously so. The high patronage Mrs. BELL has long obtained from many ladies of the first rank, enables us, through her kind information, to offer a sure criterion, whereby to regulate the toilet of a distinguished female.

The most beautiful novelty in the hat department, is comprised in those for the carriage, one of which is of black velvet, bound with a bias of *ponçeau* and black velvet, figured in a pattern à la *Grecque*. The crown is trimmed

with ornaments of black velvet, edged with the same velvet as that which forms the bias binding. A black weeping-willow feather, of tassel plumage, formed from what is called the ostrich-hair or harbs, droops gracefully over from the right side of the crown, and is fastened to one of the ornaments near the front, by a *ponçeau* net-work, formed of narrow satin *rouleaux*.

A still more novel and truly superb carriage-bonnet, is of beautifully figured velvet; its colour is that of the dark velvet leaves, belonging to the petals of the *pensée* (heart's-ease). White satin ribbon ornaments the crown, with a beautiful white weeping-willow feather, formed in the same manner, and of the same material as the black plumage above described. We particularly recommend the beautiful article of which this charming bonnet is made, which will be found far superior for winter than the newly-invented damask-satin; though the pattern on this splendid velvet is of a running kind, and the flowers represented thickly set, yet they are small, delicate and distinct, and the white ornaments impart a liveliness to the rich, sombre colouring of the *pensée*. The bonnets for the promenade are of plain black velvet, or of black satin, lined and trimmed with velvet, and these latter are expected to prevail much this winter, either in figured or plain satin; on the right side of the velvet bonnets, which are generally trimmed with black satin ribbon, is a bow, with the ends finished by feather-fringe net, with light fringe depending from the net, of extreme fineness, and of a marabout texture.

A very elegant dress for *demi-parure*, or afternoon home costume, is of Lyonesse crape, of French grey, with a broad flounce at the border, festooned, and pointed and bound with black satin; the body made tight to the shape, and confined round the waist by a pointed cecus, bound with black satin; the dress is made rather more than partially low, with a Paladin collar round the tucker part, pointed in front, and bound in a similar manner to the other ornaments. The sleeves are of a very moderate width, and have *mancherons* diversified with black satin. Another home dress is of *gros de Naples*, the colour *terre d'Égypte*; this dress is made in the skirt *en tunique*, formed by layers of emerald-green plush silk, two rows of which surround the border, and face the sides; the body is made plain, and a broad collar-cape surrounds the throat, which is fastened close down like the facings. The sleeves are à la *Amadis*, with the gauntlet-cuff formed of two rows of silk plush, the latter row coming nearly as high as the bend of the arm. This dress fastens down the front *en pelisse*, and is faced down, over where it is fastened, in *plûche de soie*.

Though there are as yet no balls of any *éclat* in London, it is expected that white crape dresses, beautifully embroidered or painted, in various colours, will be much in favour for that style of costume; the same light kind of dresses are also likely to be in favour for young persons at evening parties. Rich fringes prevail much in ornamenting dresses of satin or *gros de Naples*, and have a beautiful effect: in the make of the gowns, and in the form of their sleeves, there has been but little alteration this month, nor can we expect it till the fashionable winter is finally set in; the shoulders, certainly, are not exposed so much as they have been for the last two months, and when a dress is low, it is, while accordant with the rules of full dress, perfectly decorous.

The new head-dresses boast more variety; in particular,



we mention an opera-hat of the most becoming and elegant shape, formed of black velvet and black satin ribbon; scarlet and flame-coloured plumage, in feather-fringe, are tastefully mingled and disposed over the crown and brim; while a slight ornament, composed of the same, archly bends under the brim, and ties the hair; another head-dress for the same elegant spectacle, is a black velvet *béret*, with a row of very large white beads across the front part, which encircles the head, and round the crown are white satin puffs, and white *marabouts*. For the dinner party, the *béret* cap is reckoned very elegant; the crown, or caul, is of black velvet. The front is in Vandycke tiers of tulle, edged with blond, and white satin *rouleaux*, with points of pink satin, placed alternately. A *béret* for the evening dress party is peculiarly elegant; it is of black tulle, entwined by gold coloured satin *rouleaux*, which also form an open caul in treillage work, from whence depends a bow of gold-coloured satin ribbon, with long streamers; a beautiful plumage of gold colour droops and plays, in several feathers, over this very tasteful head-dress.

The novelties in out-door costume are also very attractive; the most admired is a pelisse-cloak of *gros de Naples*; the colour, a beautiful tint, between the peach-blossom and the *tourterelle*. A mantelet-cape of black velvet, falls as low as the elbow, and is trimmed round with a rich, broad, cordon fringe. Over this is a falling collar, trimmed, also, with the same, while a pointed, standing-up collar of black velvet surmounts it at the throat. The great comfort, as well as the additional beauty to this cloak, is the Venetian sleeves, which are left open, and then fasten again down the arm, by gold buttons, exquisitely wrought, and in the shape of hearts; the seams of the sleeves are finished by a narrow *rouleau* of black velvet, and they terminate at the wrists by a black velvet cuff.

Another elegant envelope is a pelisse of *gros de Naples*, the colour Nile-water green; it is trimmed with sable fur-fringe, *en serpentine*, down each side of the skirt, in front, and over a moderately broad hem at the border: in the interstices formed by the serpentine wave, are branches of round foliage, formed of the fur-fringe, each leaf surrounded by a narrow *rouleau* of green silk, the colour of the pelisse. The corsage turns back, with lappels of green satin, discovering an elegant habit-shirt, or *chemisette*. The sleeves are à l'*Amadis*, finished by a gauntlet-cuff, with a very full frill-trimming, the same material as the pelisse, at the opening where the cuff buttons.

The colours most in favour are *pensée*, lavender-grey, peach-blossom, *terre d'Égypte*, emerald-green, gold-colour, pink, flame-colour, and bright geranium.

#### NEWEST PARISIAN FASHIONS, FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

There are hats of figured silks in very large patterns, that are named *Juliette*. These hats are generally trimmed with blond and flowers.

Damask satin is a very brilliant looking silk; a hat has appeared of this satin of *Jaune-vapeur*, the trimming of which consisted in large puffs of plain black velvet, with notched ends. These ends were lined with satin and ornamented with fringe, with an open head of net-work.

The artificial florists make, with velvet, flowers resembling half-opening roses. These flowers are generally

placed on white satin hats. Many hats of satin are ornamented with a very large bow, formed of a broad bias of satin. The two ends of this bow are trimmed with feather fringe. The greatest part of deshabille hats are of satin plush, or velvet, and have only a simple ribbon round the crown, which crosses and ties under the chin. Young persons wear hats of plush, very broad white stripes, on rose-colour, or *Jaune-vapeur* on white. These tie simply down by a white satin ribbon, which crosses the crown. The black velvet bonnets have almost all a broad black blond at the edge of the brim. Many hats of lilac, or of celestial-blue satin, have, on the brim, a half handkerchief of black satin, trimmed round with a *rûche*; the wide part is formed in puffings round the crown; and the corner is brought down to the edge of the brim. The hats are lined with black velvet, and the brim edged by a *rûche*; they have also four or five bows of gauze ribbon, with satin stripes. Some hats are of white satin, with four white aigrette feathers, tipped with *Jaune-vapeur*, with a demi-veil of blond at the edge of the brim.

The fashion-mongers give the name of *apprêts* to these bands or bows with long puffs, which are always placed obliquely on hats; the same also extends to the end of the bows, to the fringes, or bars of feathers.

The most fashionable of all colours is that of the orange-coloured breast of the Toucan, a bird from Brazil; this colour is particularly admired for bonnets, and looks well when trimmed with ribbon of cherry-coloured gauze.

Hats of *Pensée* coloured velvet are ornamented with a band of the same, as broad as the crown is high. The two ends of the band are trimmed with fringe, which is very broad. In front is placed two butterflies' wings, formed of white blond.

Several hats, whether of velvet, or of satin and velvet, have, at the two ends of the bows, which form the trimming, a fringe, with a handsomely wrought head. Fringes are made from the barbes of the Ostrich, as well as from silk. A hat-bonnet of plain black velvet, is ornamented with a long plume of the bird-of-paradise, and is reckoned the most elegant head-covering for the public promenade. For the morning-walk, the most appropriate hat is of velvet, in the English form.\*

The pelerine-cape is trimmed with a fringe the colour of the cloak, mixed with black, and sometimes the fringe is all black. The collar is of plain velvet, and always of the same colour as the cloak. Wadded pelisses have very long sleeves, with narrow wristbands, and the plaits on the shoulder are fixed down by two or three rows of narrow braiding, placed at equal distances. Under these kind of sleeves, the stiffening is again introduced to puff them out.

Ladies coming out of the Theatre Italien, have been remarked with satin cloaks, lined with plush: they have very large capes, which, according to the present mode, descend below the elbow. On some cloaks are large open sleeves, which hang down on each side, and which are wrapped over the arms at the promenade.

A great number of pelisses have appeared, of changeable

\* About five years ago, a very handsome female friend of one of our Editors, went to Paris, where she acquired the name of *La belle Anglaise*, and every body imitated the small gypsy hat she wore; but such is not now in favour with the English ladies, nor has it been seen in England for some years.—T.



*gros de Naples*; they have two pelerine-capes, and a square falling collar, all surrounded by fringe. The front of the pelisse is ornamented with satin crescents, fastened in the middle by three buttons, which serve to confine the pelisse.

There are some pelisses of *gros de Naples*, having the two fronts of the skirts trimmed with a broad facing, edged with fringe; the corsage is also faced in the same manner; the sleeves are enormous at the upper part, but very narrow at the lower.

Boas, pelerines, and muffs, are the present order of the day.

A name is always of some importance, therefore we must not omit that given to a new material for cloaks; this is the *meotaline*, inspired by seeing the costume of the heroic followers of William Tell. It is of a very beautiful and appropriate texture.

A fashionable lady has again been seen at the Tuilleries, wearing pantaloons. These last were rather full; they were of dimity, and descended as low as the heel of the half-boot; they were cut away over the instep, and were fastened under the foot by a strap on each side, with a gold button. It must not be imagined that a riding-habit was worn with them. The lady who had on these pantaloons was habited in a silk dress.

Cloaks are now so much in favour, that a lady of fashion has sometimes four or five in her wardrobe. It is to satisfy such diversity of taste, that has brought into vogue those charming envelopes of merino, and pearl-grey Cachemire, embroidered in shaded green silk. Satin cloaks, which are destined for the morning walk, have large capes of velvet, falling below the elbow, and surrounded by fringe.

OUT-DOOR-COSTUME.—Down the front of pelisses of *gros d'hiver*, or of Turkish satin, are seen ornaments of satin, which serve as fastenings. On some wadded pelisses, pelerines, trimmed with fringe, are added.

From two o' clock till four, the crowds at the Tuilleries have been lately immense. There were seen several pelerines of velvet on dresses made of changeable silk. One lady wore a pair of pantaloons, *à la Mameluke*, the fulness drawn in under an embroidered band round the ankle, edged with narrow tulle. This trimming fell over half-boots of Turkish satin.

Some spencers have appeared in the promenades, a few days since; some were of black velvet over a silk petticoat. Others were of blue or green *gros de la Chine*, with a white petticoat. One of these had, across the bust, a drapery *à la Sevigné*.

The pelerines of the new cloaks, whether of kerseymere, or double merino, descend lower than the elbow, and are trimmed with fringe, having an open work head of net. If the cloak is figured, the fringe corresponds in colours with those of the pattern and the ground.

A certain fashionable Duchess has been seen with a pelisse of satin, the colour, *Jaune-vapeur*, lined with white silk plush; the skirt was not closed down in front, but discovered a pretty muslin petticoat, with bouquets of flowers embroidered over the broad hem. The pelisse was trimmed round with a narrow rouleau of satin; but a double cape was surrounded by tassel-fringe.

Boa tippets are worn in every style of dress; and the *fiancées* tied round the throat are of velvet of two different colours; some are one part velvet, the other satin, and are trimmed with narrow blond.

Pelisses of *gros de la Chine* are trimmed with tufted fringe; they are of changeable colours.

The newest cloaks for ladies are of double Merino, and are generally blue or red. Sometimes they are of nut-brown or lilac, figured with black, generally in Etruscan designs leaving rather a large space between. At the border of the cloak, and that of the pelerine there is, on these spaces, a small palm or a flower.

DRESSES.—Dresses of Alepine or of Chaly, with figures painted on them, are all made with stomachers. They have only a broad hem round the border, at the head of which is placed some fancy ornament.

To preserve a medium between those too tight sleeves, named *à l'Amadis*, and those very wide ones called *à l'Imbecille*, the dress-makers have now introduced three or four narrow wristbands, which they place as high as to the middle of the arm, and which fasten down the folds like those which are *en bérets*. In order that these folds may keep in shape, the material of which the dress is made is lined with stiffened gauze; the sleeve then falls in all its amplitude only from the lower part of the elbow, and gives ease to the figure. Ruffles are very general; the most in favour are of fine lawn, edged with Valenciennes of equal fineness.

On crape dresses, feather fringe forms a graceful ornament; some have been remarked of white feathers, tipped with *jaune-vapeur*, which placed above the hem of *crêpe-vapeur*, formed a charming novelty.

The fringes which are expected to be worn on winter dresses will be so rich and varied in their ornaments that they will be regarded as a new fashion. On dresses of crape or painted gauze, fringes will be placed, of gold, and of silver, with rich heads in bullion. A new kind of sleeve on a dress of white satin, has been remarked; it was short and very full; the fulness divided by a band, so that it seemed to form two *béret*-sleeves, one above the other; the lower part approached very near to the elbows.

One or two rows of narrow beading, set close together, without any space between, the same as the *gros de Naples* or sarcenet, and of the same colour, on which they are placed, mark the height of the knee for dress aprons. The colour of them is generally nut-brown, *verd-antique*, or slate colour: these aprons are worn by young females before the dinner hour.

A new way of trimming dresses consists in a row of triangles, as wide as about three inches; the points are placed upwards. Another kind of trimming in front of a dress, from the sash to the feet, is composed of small *païtes*; these are fastened one to the other by rosettes of satin or buttons of gold.

Changeable silks increase daily in favour; and satins are often figured in very small spots.

Some ladies wear, round the tucker part of their dresses, a kind of collar-cape; this is of tulle over a coloured dress; it has four points, and is very narrow in the centre. On each shoulder are two long points. Besides the fringe which heads the broad hems as high as the knee, there is also a fringe round the epaulettes.

The fashionable sleeves for this winter form an interesting and important subject: what have appeared are very graceful; they are half *à la Mameluke*, and half *à l'Amadis*; but they are better suited to robes for dress parties than to the dishabille. With a low dress many young females wear a *fiancée* of black velvet; the two ends of which are drawn through a runner of small diamonds.



Morning dresses are of French Cachemire lined with plush ; but the most general are of Greek *Chaly*, with coloured patterns on a light ground.

Dresses made with stomachers, have almost all of them drapery in plaits across the breast, at the upper part of which, and at the base of the waist, they are very much spread out. For morning dresses they have a fringe at the head of the broad hem round the border. There are no ornaments now at the top of the long sleeves ; they are merely placed on the corsage which is destined to receive them. At the termination of short sleeves, whether of velvet, satin, or other materials for full dress, are ruffles à la *Seigné* : they are of blond, very long at the elbow, and are caught up in front of the arm by a satin bow. The boddices of all gowns are expected to be very long this winter. All the boddices, which are of thick materials, will be spread out very wide in front. There are some beautiful ball-dresses, ornamented with embroidery in coloured silks mingled with silver. White crape is the newest material for this purpose, worked in white silk.

**HEAD-DRESSES.**—Young females are desirous of adopting the Chinese head-dress in preference to any other ; those who are older, will also venture to wear their hair in separate bandeaux on the forehead, but those who wish to preserve their youthful appearance wear those two tufts of curls which are becoming to every face. The hair is often ornamented with bows of ribbon, flowers, feathers, or chains of gold, and strings of pearls. Plats of hair are much in favour ; there are sometimes five, seven, and even nine of them ; they are large, but almost transparent.

*Bérets* of blond, with the crown in treillage work, formed of satin, are trimmed with Japanese roses, or with a wreath composed of various kinds of small flowers.

Dress hats are of white satin, with blue ribbon, and three blue feathers. Mademoiselle SONTAG has appeared in public in one of these tasteful hats ; it was placed very much over the left side, over a silver net. A row of diamonds issuing from the top of the forehead, and which was fixed to one of the ribbons, served to fasten a feather ; the other feathers were placed over the brim, and the end of one of them seemed hooked under it.

Nothing can be more charming than the small blond caps now worn in half-dress by ladies eminent for the elegance of their taste. They are of rose-colour or of blue tulle, with trimmings of the same, to the edges of which is sewn *Alençon* point lace, or that of English manufacture. There are also caps of black tulle, ornamented with white.

Dress hats for the theatre are of pale pink, with white feathers, and a branch of white Dahlias. The brim is ornamented underneath, with blond, in various ways.

The hair is arranged in a bandeau, which comes very low over the temples. A broad braid of hair, platted, forms a diadem on the summit of the head, above which is a comb with a high gallery.

What is most remarkable in the new blond caps, is the caul, on which is placed, at equal distances, rouleaux of satin ; when the caul is drawn in, these rouleaux resemble the different marks of a cockle-shell. Another peculiarity is the bow of ribbon, which, instead of being placed over the trimming, is sometimes under it ; or, it may rather be said, that the trimming is turned up, and that the bow supports it.

For the theatre and the evening party, small caps of blond, which discover all the plats and puffs of hair be-

hind, are much in vogue ; these caps ought to be placed on by a tasteful hair-dresser. The greater part have long lappets, which float over the shoulders.

An oval *béret*, of black velvet, has been remarked on the head of a celebrated singer : it was hollowed out on the right side, and adorned with two large roses, placed at each extremity of the right and left side of the brim. A bow of rose-coloured gauze ribbon, with satin stripes, fastened each rose : that on the left side was terminated by two ends, which hung down lower than the sash.

Two ladies have been seen with their hair elegantly dressed, on which was placed in front an *auriole*, formed of five or six ostrich feathers.

At the *Theatre Italien* some velvet turbans have appeared, the plaits of which were spread out in front, so as to give them the form of a very graceful *béret*. A golden serpent wound its folds in various ways among the plaits, and then crossed as a bandeau over the forehead.

Some milliners have invented some small blond caps, named *Egyptian caps*, and which are very becoming to a French countenance.

**JEWELLERY.**—Coral is again in high favour ; there are many ear-rings of that material in cameo. Some jewellers have made long chains of it, at the end of which is suspended a cross, formed of five coral cameos. The cameos are placed at equal distances, in order to hold together the double rows of chains which form a kind of *sautoir*.

The rings are of an enormous size. On the greater part of these finger ornaments, are traced hieroglyphics, in gold.

Collars and bracelets of black velvet, buckled or brooched, with splendid gold ornaments, are quite the rage.

Most of the jewellery is very weighty, yet fillagree is much made use of : this has appeared in the ear-rings, and on the sash of a bride, which sash was fastened with a fillagree buckle.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Several fashionable ladies fasten to one of the corners of their pocket-handkerchief, a gold seal, on which is engraven their cypher. This mode dates its origin from the drama of Henry III.

Arm-chairs and elastic sofas, though dearer than those of ordinary kind, have the advantage of never being out of shape.

The oblong carpet at the foot of the bed, now reckoned the most elegant, is the skin of a tiger or of a leopard, not dressed, that is to say, with the head and paws.

Young females, who occupy themselves in painting, make use of a new kind of aqua-tinta, named, on account of its colouring, Oriental painting. Some large butterflies have been seen, some dahlias, and other rare flowers, painted in this manner. The white ground is on Bristol drawing-paper.

The perfumers sell the foot of a levrier, set in silver or gold ; this is made use of by the Parisian ladies to put on rouge with.\*

Ladies who wish to have their feet well dressed, wear very fine stockings of open work ; but, least they should suffer from cold, they have, underneath, very long stockings of flesh-colour, which serve as drawers, and are tied to the waist, like those of children.

\* Known universally in England, near ninety years ago.—E.



## LITERATURE.

## GENEALOGY OF THE NOBILITY OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND;

SHEWING THEIR ORIGIN AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR ELEVATION.

## LXVI.—English Earls.

## SHERARD, EARL OF HARBOROUGH.

This family derives its descent from one *Schirard*, who, at the time William the Norman conquered England, held very considerable possessions in the counties of Chester and Lancashire. He was the ancestor of Robert Sherard, who married Agnes, daughter and heir of Sir Laurence Hawberk, Knight, and with this lady he received the manor of Stapleford in Leicestershire, the residence of the present family. This must be very gratifying to many of our nobility, when, at the present day, they are "seated under the vine and fig-tree" belonging to their remote ancestors. The descendant of this Robert Sherard was Sir William of Stapleford, who was knighted by James I. in 1628, and, by Charles I. on July 10th, 1627, was created Baron Sherard, of Letrim, in Ireland. He died in 1640, and was succeeded by Bennet, his son, who died in 1700, and was succeeded by Bennet, his son, the third lord, who was created Baron of Harborough, in the county of Leicester, on the 19th of October, 1714, with remainder, for want of issue male, to Philip Sherard of Whissenden, in Rutlandshire, grandson of the honorable Philip Sherard, the second son of William, the first Baron Sherard, who died in 1640. His lordship was created the 8th of May, 1719, and was

*The first Earl of Harborough*—Deceasing without issue, the title and honors devolved to his cousin, Philip Sherard, who became

*Second Earl*.—He married Anne, sole daughter and heir of Nicholas Podley, Esq. of Huntingdon; and by her, who died in 1750, on February 16th, he had issue

*BENNET, the third Earl*.—His lordship was first married on June 27th, 1748, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Ralph, last Earl Verney, and by her, who died June 7th, 1756, he had issue, four sons, who all died very young, and three daughters, who shared the same fate. His lordship, on July 3d, 1757, married secondly, Frances, daughter of William Noel, Esq., and by her, who died September 13th, 1760, had one daughter. He married thirdly, on March 21st, 1761, Margaret, daughter of Thomas Hill, Esq. of Tern, in Shropshire, by whom he had a daughter, still-born. His lordship's fourth wife, whom he married on the 8th of October, 1768, was Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Cave, Bart. of Stamford Hall, in Leicestershire, by whom he had no issue. The Earl died on February 23d, 1773, without surviving male issue; he was therefore succeeded by his third brother, Robert, who was

*The fourth Earl*.—He was in holy orders, and canon residentiary of Salisbury. He was born on the 21st of October, 1710. He married, first, Catharine, eldest daughter of

Edward Heart, Esq.; she died on the 5th of February, 1765. On January 10th, 1767, he married Jane, daughter of William Reeves, Esq., and by her had one son and daughter. His lordship's second wife died on the 9th of November, 1770, and the Earl married thirdly, May 25th, 1772, Dorothy, daughter of William Roberts, Esq. by whom he had a daughter. His lordship died April 21st, 1799, and was succeeded by his son, by his first wife, Philip,

*The fifth Earl*.—He was born on the 10th of October, 1767, and was married on July 4th, 1791, to Eleanor, youngest daughter of the Honorable Colonel John Monckton, of Finchade, in Northamptonshire, and cousin to Robert, the fourth Viscount Galway, and by her had issue one son and six daughters; the son was Philip,

*The sixth and present Earl*.—His lordship was born on the 26th of August, 1797, and succeeded his father, Robert, the late Earl, at his death, which took place December the 10th, 1807.

The motto of this ancient and illustrious family is, *Hostis honori invidia*—"An enemy's envy is an honor."

## LOVE AND GUILT;

A TALE BY REGINA FISHERG.

It was in the evening of a boisterous October day that the Countess Maria of Lindenholm, with her two male and a confidential female domestic, reached a miserable inn on the frontiers of Bohemia. Although she had now travelled two days, and as many nights, it was owing chiefly to the affectionate assiduity of Josephine (her maid) that the young Countess would, even now, be prevailed on to give a temporary relief to her many fatigues. But she slept not: on the contrary, seating herself before her writing-desk, she sought to confide her sorrows and her wrongs to one affectionate bosom, by penning the following to a beloved relative:—

"My dear Amelia conceives me to be in the ample enjoyment of unmingled bliss; and yet there exists not a more unhappy being than her Maria! Judge if it be not so from the history which I can no longer keep concealed from your sisterly anxieties. How closely Lindenholm and myself were united in affection, you, our earliest confidant, can well attest; nay, to your intercessions, even as much as to our own entreaties, do we owe the reluctant consent of parents to our marriage; their wish being to possess Henry of Wartenstadt for their son-in-law; not alone for his rank or worth, but because his and my parent had served in the army together, and because Henry had fought by the side of my brother, when the fatal ball deprived the latter of his existence, and community of one of its ornaments.

"That Henry, however, had entertained a strong passion for me I could not be aware, since he withdrew the moment he heard of my choice, and did not even trust his secret to thee, my Amelia.

"I became Countess of Lindenholm, the wife of one noble in demeanour, handsome in person, and universally admired; I, too, was thought beautiful, elegant, and sensible;

B B



my husband was envied the possession of so accomplished a wife; and I received the homage of the world. For awhile all was sunshine, until the sudden death of our dear mother first drew me from the scenes of gaiety and pleasure in which I lived at Paris. Lindenholtm was also much affected by my loss. He accompanied me to the paternal roof, and if amidst such sorrow consolation was possible, his love would have afforded it.

"You are aware of the circumstances which took place immediately after our arrival amongst you; but you are now for the first time to know that I soon began to observe that Gustavus seemed at times more pensive and grave than formerly. His general demeanour was evidently cooler: nay, I was soon more surprised to hear him say, partly in jest, partly earnestly, 'it seemed obvious that I was not as averse to Captain Wartenstadt, as I had formerly been; and that his impassioned glances did not seem to be noticed with indifference.' I candidly replied that 'Wartenstadt never had inspired me with aversion, still less with love.' But that *his* for me should have continued undiminished in spite of absence and the preference of another, could not fail to affect me deeply. Still my whole soul belonged to my husband, and had I still to choose, it is on him my choice would have fallen. But yet Lindenholtm's suspicions grieved me; so that when, by mere chance, or the interchanges of society, I met the Baron, I hardly ventured to speak to him, and strove never to meet his eye. The alteration did not escape him; and he once exclaimed, in a tone which wrung my heart, 'What crime have I committed, that, of all mortals, I appear to be hated most; I, whose veneration (the word *love* did not escape him) is so poor as to deserve a better reception than such coolness, nay than such contempt!'

"What could I answer?"

"He observed my embarrassment.—'You are silent,' he continued, 'and this confirms the comfortless conviction of my being more than disagreeable to you. How I have brought this severe fate upon myself is best known to Heaven! *Never has woman so unjustly bestowed her hatred and her love, as has COUNTESS LINDENHOLM!*' and with these emphatic words he hastily left me more than ever confused and uneasy. But reflection soon came, and I was struck with many things I had not observed very particularly before, and the Captain's words remained stored in the rising uncasiness of my heart, and replete with meaning on my mind. Was, then, Gustavus unworthy of Maria, for at whom but him would the Captain's words apply? At whom but himself, when speaking of my hatred? What could he know of my husband to warrant his assertions? And could Gustavus be paying his court to another? That thought, far from alleviating the pain of my heart, assailed it with unutterable anguish; and were it not that my compassion for the Baron had become most vivid, the suspicion which he raised in me against my husband, would have produced a thorough hatred of himself.

"It now appeared plain to me that the Count became every day more and more grave and repulsive, nay of his infidelity, though I could not guess the object, I had no longer a doubt; and, tortured by a thousand apprehensions, I resolved to follow him, close as his shadow, into every company, in order that she who had robbed my home of its most honored treasure might not escape me.

"It was at a ball given by the Master of the Horse that I soon after again met Baron Wartenstadt, who, observing I was not in the file of the dancers, thus addressed me:—

'How is it that the Countess Lindenholtm, one of the best and most pleasing of dancers, is disengaged to-day?'

"The same question might be put to you, Baron,' I replied.

"Not exactly so; had your Ladyship deigned to observe my conduct, you would have discovered I have long since declined the amusement.'

"I now pleaded a head-ache as a reason of my sitting, and went on to say, 'This ball seems to be conducted with very little spirit, many gentlemen do not dance at all; even Lindenholtm is, as yet, a silent spectator.'

"He will not remain such,' significantly added the Baron.

"Whence do you draw that inference?"

"But at that instant a loud muttering was heard throughout the spacious hall, as the young Baroness Darnan entered, decorated like a queen, and looking as beautiful as a creature of celestial mould. An accidental glance at my husband unveiled the whole secret. In an age the Captain could not have detailed so much to me, as at that moment did Gustavus himself. He made way through the splendid throng, hastened towards the Baroness, attended her to a seat, carried her shawl, spoke to her with animation, as if to reproach her for having come so late, and soon after stood up with her to join in the dance. All this he did as if I had not been present, or as if he had been the bridegroom of that beautiful lady.

"I could scarcely breathe. I had not power to look Henry in the face, lest in his countenance I should read my own humiliation. He had predicted the Count would dance; he knew, also, for whom the latter was waiting; and this unfortunate connexion, which had been concealed from me, had been long known to him, nay to the world. Thus I was made an object of derision to the envious, and to all such as rejoice in the misery of their superiors.

"Upon Lady Darnan's character rumour was severe. She was charged with coquetry of disposition, and levity of character; and it was known that she had not lived on happy terms with her husband; thus to see my Gustavus publicly display his adoration of her, was more than I could bear. It awoke me to the fatal thought of retaliating, and that too with the Captain, in order to enhance my revenge on Lindenholtm. Passion hurried me to the brink of my ruin, and I abruptly challenged Henry to lead me to the waltz. In vain did the Baron, more wise, more discreet than your unfortunate sister, urge the most solid yet temperate arguments, in opposition to my wish. I did not desist till he consented. During the dance, there arose in my bosom a tempest that no words can describe. The Captain seemed not only to understand but to pity me. I felt his kindness, and a pressure of his hand was the interpreter of my gratitude. In his ardent look, which seemed to penetrate my very soul, I saw only a mean to discover my thoughts; for that he knew the emotions of my mind, and that I was, at length, undeceived in regard to the Count, I could easily imagine.

"When, after the dance, he led me to a seat, I felt his lips touch my hand; but this I attributed to his kind participation in my cruel fate, and did not observe that his modest wishes were gradually rending the chains, which circumstances had forced upon them.

"I burst from the ball, and the Count soon followed. No longer master of his feelings, he upbraided me, in the harshest terms, with my conduct; and in the most countenacious with reference to Wartenstadt.



“Every day the breach between my husband and myself grew wider and wider; no advances, no concessions took place; and that my pride allowed it in this way to go on, without ever complaining, served only to render him more and more peevish. Thus one error draws another in its train!

“Count Lindenholt did not now disguise the estimation in which he held my rival; and that Wartenstadt was not deceived in this juncture of our affairs, was as easily discernable, and I had but myself to blame for his greater boldness towards me. I grew ill—was confined to my chamber. Inquiries were numerous, and visitors many to wish for my restoration to health. Among the rest came the Baron; and why was not my Amelia by to counsel wisdom? I admitted him. He repeated his visits, and more and more did my distrust of my husband, and my reliance upon him increase. He had striven many times to soften the animosity which existed between the Count and myself; and surely he, I argued, who laboured to re-unite a disunited couple, could not harbour concealed and selfish motives; but the more fervidly I felt myself beholden, the more strenuously did I beseech him not to waste another syllable on my concerns, and not to provoke still farther the wrath of the Count. ‘What could it profit me,’ said I, ‘to have my husband and my dearest friend meet in the heat of passion. Comfortless I must become, if harm happened to one of them; comfortless I should bemoan the other with never ceasing tears.’

“The tone in which I spoke this, the tears that moistened my eyes, threw the Baron off his guard. He suddenly cast himself at my feet. Terrified, I implored him to rise. The door opened, and—my husband entered.—

“‘Villain!’ exclaimed he, in a voice choking with passion.

“Immediately my senses forsook me. When I recovered, I found myself surrounded by my women; but the Count and the Baron were gone.

“Hours seemed centuries, and I received for many—no intelligence. At length Josephine announced the Count’s return; and at the same time, that he had retired to his study and bolted the door.

“‘He is dead, or mortally wounded!’ cried I, flying to his apartment. My faithful attendant placed herself in my way, and deemed it advisable to inform me that he was alive, but wounded, and that the surgeon was, at the time, engaged in examining and dressing the wound; and I had soon the satisfaction of being assured that the bullet had been extracted from his left arm, leaving little impediment to the patient’s recovery. Now that my solicitude for the life of Gustavus was quieted, Wartenstadt occurred to my mind, with inexpressible alarm and anguish, as did the whole load of wretchedness that weighed so heavily upon me. But my heart impelled me towards Gustavus. I naturally wished to appease him; and felt that he ought to be made to feel that I had not been faithless. I wrote him a letter, candidly and clearly detailing the chain of circumstances which had led to my misery and his peril.

“Not with the confidence with which I wrote the letter, did I await the answer, and when, at last, I held in my hand the paper that was to determine my future destiny, I was hardly able to unfold it. Judge, Amelia, with what sensations I read these lines:—

“No communication can henceforth exist between me and Countess Lindenholt; the sight of her would inflict a more painful wound than has my rival’s ball. She may

choose one of my estates for her future residence, and there she shall want for nothing necessary to live suitably to her rank.

“‘Baron Wartenstadt is but slightly wounded,—this for your comfort. Your Ladyship’s, &c. &c.

‘GUSTAVUS COUNT LINDENHOLT.’

“Thus, then, was the curtain of gloom dropped over the light and joy of my life, and I was banished from him whom only I had loved on earth, even at the time, too, when he had acted most culpably towards me, and while another, ever affectionate and anxious, strove to anticipate my every wish, my every thought.

“To add to my misery, intelligence was brought me that my husband had suffered a relapse, that his case was dangerous, and his mind, in consequence of my letter, in an alarming state of irritation. Above all, it was stated that I must, on no account, intrude upon his chamber.

“My mind was, however, soon made up. No one could, under any plea, forbid me to tarry in the apartment next to his, and thence to superintend the nursing of the patient. As long as Gustavus’ life continued in danger, I had rested neither day nor night, and had taken scarcely any nourishment. God, who, at all times, however, aids the feeble and forgives the penitent, gave me also strength to endure. My anxiety was still unappeasable, and I ventured another attempt to remove the *ban* which was placed against me. I sent Josephine to beg the favor of the Count’s admitting me into his presence. His written answer was to this effect:—‘I thought Countess Lindenholt had long since left this, and found comfort in the thought.’

“The paper slipped from my trembling hand. All was lost except my pride, which supplied me with courage and strength to tear myself from him. Before the expiration of four-and-twenty hours, I was in my carriage, hastening to Echenberg. At the moment of my departure I received from the CAPTAIN the following letter:—

“Happy had it been for me if my opponent’s weapon had pierced my heart, and that I had not now to feel in its heavy palpitations the bitter reproaches which weigh me down. Weak was I to imagine that, for a moment, the most excellent of her sex would descend from the bright height of virtue to bless another with her love. Never have I cherished a design of conquest over Lady Lindenholt, since MARIA OF BASSERFELD rejected me. I valued too highly the woman whose power over me was unbounded to think that possible which never could become so. On the contrary, I avoided her; I tried to restore a strayed husband; hence what induced LADY LINDENHOLT to choose me in particular, at that memorable ball, did not escape me. My vanity was moved by the idea of being made the mere tool of her revenge, and I declined the honor. MARIA forced me to obey her, and a sudden tremor seized my breast, that felt a secret wish to perceive in your’s a something which it had not hitherto perceived. Your confidence misled me, and, impelled by the thought that Maria set a *particular* value on my life, I threw myself on my knees to thank, and perhaps to reveal to her the secret, so long confined within my heart. To bring disgrace, never entered my mind. The blush of modesty that suffused your cheeks, convinced me of my error before Fate had introduced him, who, of all others, ought least to have been a witness to my humiliation. The unceasing Maria has suffered on her husband’s account, the many tears she has shed for him, her unremitting attentions, all must have proclaimed that she *did* love, *could* love, only him. Count Lindenholt was justified



In his anger till he was informed of all the attending circumstances ; and I, who am the cause of Maria's affliction, shall banish myself from her neighbourhood. I shall demand my dismissal, and sail to foreign lands ; in them to atone for the wrong I have done here. Perhaps a pardoning thought may then be directed towards him, who would rather have sacrificed his life than have occasioned one sad moment to MARIA. Tell me, I implore your Ladyship, that I am pardoned; and I will endeavour to bear my hard lot with composure and fortitude. May Heaven bless you—and grant quiet and peace of mind to your ever faithful friend,

‘ HENRY OF WARTENSTADT.’

“ Though, on the point of entering my carriage, I could not begin my journey without sending a few lines in reply. I know too well what it is to be expecting a final answer.

“ I conjured him to suffer no reproaches to fall on himself; that I alone was to blame. I entreated him not, therefore, to leave the place of his nativity and his country, and thereby add a new calamity to the many others I had to endure; and I concluded by saying, ‘ To you, my dear Captain, the future rises with brighter beams; to me the past only presents itself, casting a dismal gloom over all my most cheering reminiscences. Tranquillizing intelligence from those I esteem, is the only thing that can yet afford relief to my aching heart. Imprint that thoroughly on your mind, and rely on my ever feeling the most lively interest in your happiness and welfare.’

“ I have now, my dear Amelia, told you all; and more than I have confessed cannot be laid to my charge. What the issue of my fate can be, One alone can tell; I only see the flame, and shudder at the devastation! I, however, trust in that One, great and good as he is; He will support me; and it shall not be said of the daughter of Count Bassenfeld, that she abandoned herself to unseemly weakness; I will resume my courage, and maintain a dignity in misfortune, that shall extort even from the most reluctant, respect and esteem from your——MARIA.”

True to her resolution, Lady Lindenholt strove to raise herself from the wreck of her happiness; but the task was difficult, and the struggle painful; whilst she sustained a fresh trial by the arrival of her aged father, to whose ear had been conveyed exaggerated reports of his daughter's dishonor. The scene that ensued may be better imagined than described. She, however, succeeded in convincing him that another was more in fault than herself, and the old Count resolved to remove his child from Echenberg to his own domains.

The trial was a severe one in the mind of the agitated Lady; but she at last exclaimed, “ I will submit to your advice, my dear father; I will rend asunder those bands which death ought only to have unbound. Gustavus also will long after unrestricted liberty, he shall be indebted for it to Maria!”

It was finally determined, that as soon as her father should be strong enough to return, the Countess should accompany him to Bassenfeld, and that she should shortly change the name of Lindenholt for that of her own family.

It was on the morning that she had fixed to leave Echenberg for ever, and even at the very moment of quitting her chamber that its door flew open, and in the next moment she found herself folded in her sister's arms.

“ Rejoice, my dear Maria; arouse, awake from your sorrows, I am the messenger of good tidings.”

Doubtful the Countess raised her head, and scarcely

trusted her tear-bedimmed eyes, when she saw, standing behind, Amelia, her husband, her Gustavus!

“ O, God of Mercy!” stammered she, and sunk paralyzed to the ground.

“ The sight of me has killed her; she hates me,” said the Count, “ I told you she would not forgive me!”

“ Be patient,” resumed Lady Hohenringen; “ she will not only pardon, but will, in the returning love of her husband, find new life, new joy.”

And she did find these in the society of a restored husband, and in the charities and comforts of a peaceful home.

It remains to state, however, the happy means by which these joys were accomplished.

Her sister, upon receiving Maria's affecting narrative, determined to visit the residence of Count Lindenholt, trusting he would be unable to resist the ingenuous description, every word of which so thoroughly portrayed Amelia's faith towards and affection for him. She went, announced her name and rank, and was admitted. In the Count's own description of the meeting, the narrative will be best concluded.

“ When Lady Hohenringen was announced, a most violently painful sensation pervaded my whole system. It was not as easy a task to me as Maria might imagine, to pronounce the sentence of banishment against her, for though another form could insinuate itself into my heart, it was my wife only *that I could love!* Although the sacrifice I had made, I considered due to my honor; had I consulted my heart only, the fiat would have been stayed; thus I felt again and again an anxious desire to learn what had become of the Countess. My faithful Muller's unremitting attentions brought a severe illness upon himself, and had it not been for this circumstance, I certainly should have discovered Maria's magnanimity, and have prevented her departure.

The arrival of the Baroness, her dear sister, shook my very soul; in a moment she recalled to my mind whole years of the past. Amelia had gained us the favor of our parents; she had often been the witness of our happiness, and now I could not receive her without an inward struggle, so that I was obliged to summon every manly feeling to my aid to enable me to ask the purport of her visit.

“ This direction will explain it,” replied Amelia, and gave me her sister's letter to herself. “ I shall return to-morrow,” she added, “ and if the truth that breathes in every line, does not suffice to enlighten your heart with its bright beams, it were better Maria had never, Count, beheld you.”

No words can depict the feelings that letter raised in me. To know Maria was innocent, to find myself, as formerly, beloved by her, was more than I was able to bear; and I was just about to send to the Baroness to entreat her to obtain for me the pardon of my much injured, much afflicted wife, when Captain Wartenstadt was announced. He advanced towards me in a grave and formal manner; but I, to his great surprise, embraced him. “ My dear Baron,” I cheerfully exclaimed, “ all between us is now righted. You loved Maria before she was mine, and to conquer that love was no very easy task. I have most sensibly experienced how the whole happened, and indeed could not fail to happen. I now know and own myself the more culpable. Let us henceforth be friends. You hated me not so much for being Maria's husband, as for being capable of preferring, *even for a moment*, another woman to my own estimable



wife. The cause of your hatred no longer exists. I love none but Maria, and I hope her generosity will induce her not to lay too much stress on my offence."

The Captain replied, "to-day is the first of my going out since the duel. I hoped, Count, to find you now cooler, and have not been disappointed. I am to have an explanation with you, and have brought these papers which will strongly confirm what I have to say."

I unfolded them, and soon found they contained nothing new to me.

"Take them, Captain; I know from Maria herself both what you wrote to her, what she answered, and I join with her most strenuously in impugning your resolution of quitting the service, the more so as it is my intention, if my wife approves, to spend a few years with her abroad."

A warm pressure of the Count's hand by Maria, proved to him how much she was delighted with his proposal.

"Amelia flew to me, at my request," resumed Lindenholm. The Captain was yet present whilst I expressed my remorse and repentance, and begged her to hasten with me to Echenberg, and in spite of her remonstrance and my medical adviser's fears on account of my health, I directly ascended, along with Amelia, the strong guarded sledge, and am now here prepared to view the past as an evil dream, if my Maria will pardon and forget."

"From the inmost of my soul," exclaimed the latter, and embraced her Gustavus with an affectionate warmth that entirely reminded him of the blissful times of their first love.

#### QUESTIONS IN RHYME,

OR A FRIENDLY FAREWELL TO THE YEAR.

"I stood between the meeting years,  
The coming and the past;  
And I said unto the future one  
Wilt thou be like the last?"

L. E. LANDON.

Farewell to the year,—farewell!  
An adieu to the fleeting year;  
Hark to the toll of its funeral knell,  
And behold its cypress bier!—  
Soon shalt thou be mingled  
Old sage with the past;  
And thine offspring that cometh,  
Shall fade with time's blast:  
Like thine own hoary honours,  
Thy sons shall decay;  
And its twelve months of glory,  
In dreams pass away.—  
Then answer my questions old sage,  
If 'tis so in your power to do;  
Ere we finish thy recording page,  
And bid thee a final adieu.—  
Will people be wiser or better?  
Will beauty to love's voice incline,  
Less or more in the year that is coming,  
Than in thine sage and grave twenty-nine?  
Will fashion be found less capricious?  
Will summer have less rainy days?  
Or Jerusalem ponies less vicious?  
Or poets print less of their lays?

\* "The Brighton Jerusalem ponies," said a wag, in one of the papers during the "summer that's gone," "have

I prithee old veteran tell

With thy laurels all withered and sear;  
Ere we bid thee a final farewell,  
What will hap in the forthcoming year?

Will PASTA again melodize,  
In this cold foggy climate of ours?  
Will ladies still purchase and prize,  
Large bonnets and boquets of flowers?  
Will ST. ALBAN'S more frequent have routs?  
Ambassador's smuggling be stopp'd?  
Will the in's still rejoice at the outs?  
Or the Catholic question be drop't?

Will SONTAG come to us again,  
In all her additional glory;  
Or to HEINFITTER yield up her reign,  
Who comes with a similar story? \*  
Will EMILY COWPER be married,  
That brilliant and beautiful gem?—  
Or ELPHYNSTON grieve that she tarried,  
Rejecting gay MONSIEUR DE M——?

Will MORI his fame hold in town,  
When his new rival puts forth his claims?—†  
Will his MAJESTY have battered down  
The ugly old Palace of James?—‡  
Will Lord HERTFORD'S gay party to Rome,  
Search that classical region o'er;  
And then return languidly home  
Just as learned and wise as before?

Will young ladies still love to elope,  
Taking pattern by pretty Miss B—;  
And descend by a ladder of rope  
To the arms of a Lieutenant C—, §  
Will romance-writers' serious prose,  
Cause sensitive beauty to weep;  
Or afford a composing quick dose,  
To lull the dear creatures to sleep?  
Will next summer be better for VEREY,  
Than the gone one so dismal and dank?  
Will that beautiful belle LONDONDERRY,  
Again have her fête at Rose Bank?

never been known to have been so vicious and stubborn, as they are at present; thereby depriving the fair visitors of much of their pretty amusement."

\* MADemoiselle HEINFITTER, who is astounding the good people of Paris by her vocal talents, has already given a specimen of a series of adventures, which promise to be quite as interesting as those of SONTAG. It is reported that she is engaged for the ensuing season at the King's Theatre.

† PAGANINI, a celebrated violinist who has obtained great celebrity upon the continent.—He is expected in London in the course of the ensuing season.

‡ It is to be feared that there is no truth in the report which has been current during the last few weeks, of the intended demolition of St. James's Palace.

§ Without venturing upon the question of the propriety of Miss BRICKERDEN'S elopement, we cannot but express our surprise at Lady B'S disapproval of the match, since we believe Lieutenant COWELL to be a gentleman of good fortune, and unsullied honour; and two year's devotion to the object of his regard, must, we think, sufficiently testify the sincerity of his affection.



Will dark hair and eyes be more prized ?  
 Will the ladies abandon French curls ?  
 Will the cits become more civilized ?  
 Or LAPORTE shew us more pretty girls ?  
 Will the fat dirty sheep meet our sight,  
 In the *Park* formed for *fashion's* gay reign ?  
 Will the box keeper, brave CHARLEY WRIGHT,  
 Have additional call for Champagne ?  
 Will LORD DUDLEY S — be deprived  
 Of the spouse he thought solely his own ?  
 Will NAPOLEON'S widow be wived,  
 To the Prince who's gone richly fraught home ?

Will ladies to arrows and bows,  
 At St. Alban's this summer incline,  
 Hitting not only targets, but beaux,  
 And bringing them down to their shrine ?  
 Will MISS HALSEY win victorious fruits ?\*  
 GERTRUDE BRANDE win the prize above all ?  
 Will LORD DACRE again dance in boots,  
 At the ladies' gay archery ball ? †

Will ROTHSCHILD be king of the Jews ? ‡  
 Or O'CONNELL be king of the mob ? —  
 Lady Morgan be queen of the blues,  
 And with *politics* once more hob, nob ? §  
 Will ROSSINI'S new piece, *William Tell*,  
 Draw a crowded and elegant house ;  
 Or go off but "indifferent well,"  
 Like the fable of Mountain and Mouse ?

Cans't thou answer those questions old year,  
 With thy worn out and tedious tongue ?  
 If not, you may go to your bier,  
 And I'll go and ask of the young.  
 I never will sigh for the joys,  
 That in happier moments have passed ;  
 Nor think pleasure will have more alloys,  
 In the coming new year, than the last. —  
 Then farewell to the year, — farewell,  
 An adieu to the lazy old year,  
 We'll toll the bell for its funeral knell,  
 And we'll make up its cypress bier.  
 Though the sage swiftly flies from our sight,  
 We'll not with dull sorrow repine ;  
 For " *Thirty* " will shine quite as bright,  
 As ever did " *Twenty and nine* ! " † † †

#### HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

##### CRUEL AND SINGULAR STRATAGEM.

Mehemet Almehti, King of Fez, an artful, cruel, and hypocritical prince, was engaged in a long war with the

\* MISS HALSEY was among the most victorious of the archers, at the late performance at St. Alban's.

† LADY VERULAM, at the evening ball, had for her partner LORD DACRE, who danced in boots.

‡ This "great man of the city," is exerting his endeavours to procure Jerusalem from the Sultan, in order to form "a home" for those outcast and long persecuted people, the Jews.

§ The Paris papers have again introduced her ladyship to the political world; one of them, a short time ago, published the *important* intelligence, of Lady M. having received intimation of the downfall of Constantinople !

neighbouring nations, who refused to submit to his tyranny. For some time he was victorious, but having lost a battle in which he had sacrificed the flower of his army to his blind fury, his soldiers mutinied, and refused to march against the enemy.

In this extremity he devised an extraordinary stratagem to bring them back to their allegiance, and inspire them with fresh courage. He secretly assembled a certain number of the most loyal among his officers, unfolded his plan to them, and engaged them by promises of immense rewards, and vows of eternal gratitude, to assist him. After some hesitation, they agreed, and accompanied him directly to the field of battle, that no time might be lost in putting his plan in execution; there, they suffered themselves to be literally buried in the earth, but in such a manner, that each grave had a hole through which its inmate could respire.

Mehemet returned directly to the camp, and immediately called his officers together. "You are," said he to them, "the soldiers of the prophet, the defenders of the faith, and the protectors of the truth. Dispose yourselves to exterminate our enemies, which are also those of the Most High. He will deliver them into your hands, if you profit by the opportunity he now gives you; but if you suffer it to vanish, no other will ever be afforded to you, and the divine vengeance will incessantly pursue you."

"This is what the prophet tells you by my mouth; but lest there should be fools, or cowards among you, who may doubt the truth of my words, I will convince them by a miracle. Let us go then to the field of battle, and interrogate our brothers, who have fallen in this holy cause; they will assure you that celestial felicity is their reward."

The officers fell into the snare, and accompanied the tyrant directly, though it was in the middle of the night, to the spot. When they reached it, Mehemet cried with a loud voice, "Oh! illustrious assembly of martyrs, deign to reveal to us, what you have seen of the wonders of paradise?" His confederates instantly answered in the words that had been previously agreed upon. "The human imagination cannot conceive the great and glorious rewards which the prophet has bestowed upon us."

Struck with awe and astonishment at this reply, the chiefs ran directly to publish it in the camp, and the troops duped likewise, flocked in crowds to the royal standard. In the mean time, Mehemet had fallen down in a pretended trance, at the sound of the voices. He no sooner found himself alone, than he hastened to the graves from which his credulous servants expected their deliverance, and stopping the apertures through which they respired, rid himself by that barbarous act, of the necessity of keeping the promises he had made them, and of the fear of being betrayed.

##### A MAN WHO BORE A CHARMED LIFE.

During the religious troubles which desolated France, when the Catholics besieged Rouen, in 1562, Francis Civile, one of the most intrepid gentlemen of the Calvinist party, being desparately wounded, fell senseless from the ramparts of the town. The soldiers believing him dead, stripped and buried him in the negligent and hasty manner usual on such occasions.

A faithful servant, desirous of procuring his master a more decent sepulchre than the handful of earth which scarcely covered his remains, went to seek him among the newly buried. He disinterred many bodies, but found them all so disfigured with wounds, that he was unable to



recognise his master. He covered them again with earth, and turned to leave the place; but casting a sorrowful look behind, he perceived that he had left the hand of one of them above ground. He returned to place it in the earth; and in the performance of that pious office, a moon beam fell upon a diamond ring upon the finger: it was his master's ring. He instantly took up the body, found that the heart still beat, and took it upon his shoulders, without a moment's loss of time, to the hospital of the wounded.

Vainly did he implore medical aid, the surgeons were exhausted with fatigue, and, believing him past human help they refused to dress his wounds. The faithful servant was obliged to transport him to a public house, where he languished four days without any assistance.

At the end of that time two surgeons visited him, dressed his wounds, and pronounced them not mortal. Soon afterwards, the town was taken by assault, and the conquerors had the inhumanity to terminate his life, as they supposed, by throwing him out of a window. Fortunately he fell upon a dunghill, where, abandoned by every body, for his faithful servant had been killed, he passed three days. On the night of the third, a relation of his had him secretly conveyed to a country house, where he received all the cares necessary for his cure, and those cares succeeded so perfectly, that he entirely recovered his health, and survived his unparalleled sufferings for forty years.

The special providence which had preserved this gentleman in so many, and such imminent dangers, had also presided at his birth. His mother died when she was with child of him, and her husband being absent at the time she was buried, without the people about her thinking of having recourse to the Casarian operation to save the infant. The morning after the interment, her husband returned, and learning what had happened, he had the body taken up, and opened, and, by that means saved the child.

### A COMPANION TO THE TOILET;

CONTAINING USEFUL AND INNOCENT RECIPES FOR THE PRESERVATION OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

*Art of ornamenting the Hair.*—Flowers should never be disposed among the tresses till the bows are formed and the arrangement of the hair completed. There are various ways of placing flowers, which depend on the diversity of tastes. Some are fond of grouping them together in small bouquets; others in placing them on the hair in a scattered way, as if they had been thrown on at random. Flowers are certainly a pretty ornament, and give a grace to the countenance, but only when they are well placed, and that their colours are not injurious to that of the hair or the complexion. Half-wreaths of flowers are always agreeable.

Persons who are tall and thin, whenever they adorn themselves with flowers, should always reserve the prettiest for the temples, which they should take care to ornament more than the rest of the head. Flowers on the summit of the head, and on the tufts, look well for round faces: if the complexion is too ruddy, the flowers should be of very lively colours, and brought very near the face, which will temporize the vivacity of the natural colour; if, on the contrary, the complexion is pale, recourse should be had to light and delicate shades; the faintest rose of maiden's blush is the most becoming. White flowers are suited only to those females who have very light hair.

The placing of marabouts depends on their quality; when they are very beautiful, they should be made very conspi-

cuous; consequently they should be placed as much in front as possible. Much tact is required to dispose marabouts well; when ill, they produce the worst effect. They must be touched with the utmost precaution; care must be taken not to crush them, or break them with pins. Once placed, they should be left to float; too many marabouts have a very ungraceful effect.

*To make the Hair grow.*—Take an ounce of fresh beef marrow, and an ounce of the fat scum of pot-liquor before any salt has been put in; melt them together in a small new pipkin of earthen-ware: pass this mixture through a sieve, and then pour over it an ounce of oil of nuts.

*To prevent the Hair from falling off.*—Take of aromatic reed, and of dried red roses, two ounces; benjamin, one ounce; aloes, six drachms; of the flour of beans, six ounces; orris-root, eight ounces; have all these ingredients pulverized, in order to procure a fine powder. This powder will keep the hair from coming off, and facilitate its growth. It has, moreover, been said, that this remedy serves to enliven the imagination, and strengthen the memory.

*Lip-salve.*—Take oil of sweet almonds, the mucilaginous part of marshmallows, of each one ounce; goose-grease and veal-marrow, two grains; gum-dragon, a grain and a half. Mix them all together over a slow fire, and, when they are thoroughly melted, pour them into a small porcelain vessel, closely covered up, in order to prevent the lip-salve from becoming rancid.

*Paste, to soften and whiten the Hands.*—Take one pound of sweet almonds, and a small portion of the crumb of fine white bread; three pints of clear water, the same quantity of brandy and of white wine vinegar, with two yolks of eggs: after the almonds have been peeled, they should be raised up in a heap, and bedewed well with the vinegar, to prevent the paste from turning to oil; add then the crumb of bread, which should be well moistened with brandy, mixing it with the yolks of eggs and the almonds: let these ingredients then be all boiled together over a slow fire, stirring them continually, in order that the paste may not adhere to the sides of the saucepan or pipkin, and become burnt.

(To be continued.)

### RIBBONS.

Ribbons are the constant accompaniment to every festival of our lives, to every holiday; they are of every age, of every class; they ornament the front of a diadem, as they do the cap of the female cottager; only the richness of their quality makes them distinguished, and fashion changes their appearance according to her fancy.

We behold men of riper years, in their meetings for public charities, their dinners on the same occasion, wearing the ribbons of their respective brotherhood, and we see also the youthful maiden adorned with ribbons, the colour of the summer rose, or the modest primrose, emblematic of her early bloom.

She has attained the age when she begins universally to charm, and the lovely girl again is occupied with pretty ribbons; she now mixes them tastefully among her tresses; then her toilet takes up but little of her time, and she enjoys without regret those pleasures which to her youthful imagination are so seductive; will she be happier when she shall dress more elegantly? when at night she divests her head of more brilliant ornaments, will no painful emotion be imprinted on her brow? ah! when a light simple



head-dress embellished her countenance, she felt no occasion to force a smile, nor did one feeling of melancholy give to her looks that distracted and serious expression.

Formerly, ribbons held an important place in marriage festivals; the bride's garter was distributed to those who had not yet contracted the sacred tie. We have lost these simple customs observed by our ancestors, they have been cried down by ridicule, but are we happier? and this day, consecrated by them to joy and feasting, what is it now, but a scene of wearisome etiquette?

But there is a ribbon to which no frivolous idea can be attached; it is that which decorates valour, and the reward of noble actions: it surrounds with the testimonies of esteem him who has deserved it; it augments the happiness which has been given by those feelings, in the consciousness of being the object of that esteem; his aged parent regards him with tender pride, and his chosen bride feels confidence in the hero whose arm supports her; when she sees a threatening storm, if he is near her, she has no fear; it seems to her that he can defend her against every danger.\*

TO ELLEN,  
ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF HER DAUGHTER.

*"These for remembrances."*—HAMLET.

The delight, dearest Ellen, the bliss is all thine,  
Our sweet one this day to caress,  
Whilst far from her prattlings one comfort is mine  
In my prayers our sweet pledge to caress:  
Yes, Ellen can feast her bright eye as she traces  
The beauties which Nature has given,  
Can fondly exult o'er the infantine graces  
Bestowed by the bounty of Heaven!  
Whilst the Father, in gratitude, pours out this lay,  
To the *Father of all!* on his child's natal day.  
In the season of Spring 'tis the gardener's pride  
Each flow'ret and plant to support,  
To screen them from winds which will ruthlessly ride  
Destruction their business, their sport;  
But Ellen, with ten-fold the gardener's care,  
Will foster her infant with joy,  
Will delight every comfort and blessing to share,  
And kiss the young tear from its eye:  
Whilst the Father, in gratitude, pours out this lay,  
To the *Father of all!* on his child's natal day.  
I remember, my sweet one! thy parents, thy friends,  
Rejoic'd on *thy first* natal day,  
But what their delight when *another extends*  
*Thy promise and bloom to display;*  
They rejoice and entreat that no chilling frost  
May injure the bud of thy youth,  
Nor through life on the world's heavy tempest be lost,  
But repose in the sunshine of truth:  
Whilst *thy husband*, his gratitude pours in this lay  
To the *Father of all!* on our child's natal day.—J. G.

\* A modern author has lately given a list of the derivation of many words hitherto unknown, and he tells us that the first ribbons were red; that we, who borrowed the art of ribbon weaving from the French, corrupted the word *ruban* into ribbon. That *ruban* was derived from the latin *rubus*, red; which gave the title of *ruban* to every ribbon, of whatever colour it might be.

CONUNDRUMS FOR CHRISTMAS,

*Most reverentially and respectfully presented to all the beautiful readers of "THE WORLD OF FASHION," by their most devoted servant to command, WILLIAM (alias BILLY), BLACK.*

MOST RESPLENDENT LADIES,

Christmas is coming! mad and merry Christmas, with all its fun and frolickings, festive merriments and whimsified vagaries, and, upon my credit, gentle creatures, I could not withstand the impulse of my feelings, eternally whispering in my ear, "Billy, Billy, thou must make some *Cons.* for Christmas, for the ladies——!" by my faith, that was enough, for you all know, sweet creatures, how devoted is your humble servant, who, putting pen to paper for the first time (know, ladies, that I have learned to write, and do make pretty bobbish letters, as Betty chambermaid often tells me) ventures upon the following collection, which, I presume to hope, will serve to amuse you in the long and gloomy evenings of this, the dullest portion of the year.

Why are you, beautiful ladies, when you are walking up Richmond Hill, like his Majesty, when he gives his sanction to the bills in Parliament? Now, ladies, set your little brains to work to discover this curious conundrum, consider every word, and after all, if it is not possible for you to solve it, I will compassionate, and tell you.—*Because it is an ascent* (assent.)

Why is the prettiest novel of the season like the ugly-looking sheep in the enclosure of St. James's Park? By-the-bye, gentle ladies, is it not intolerable that they should keep such dirty creatures in such an agreeable place? They are a disgrace, not only to the park, but also to the individuals who sanction their remaining there; why do you not remonstrate with your lords upon the subject, and thereby occasion their removal?—they can refuse you nothing! But to my *con.*;—d'ye give it up? *Because they are well penn'd.*

Why is the upper room of your house, when the rain don't come in, like the bride of Venice? There's a little bit of foreign romance for you,—you see I am a dabbler in history too,—you don't know how I am getting on. Will you give it up, though?—*Because its a-dry-attic* (Adriatic.)

Why may a distiller be always said to be sorrowful, when he has sold off all his stock? There's a very easy one for you. D'ye give it up?—*Because his spirits are gone.*

Why are hackney horses like the colour of scarlet? I say, that's a poser, 'en't it? D'ye give it up?—*Because they are hired* (high-red.)

Why is Covent Garden Theatre, on the evenings that FANNY KEMBLE performs, like a well-stocked shoemaker's shop? Now there's one for you that I'm sure you ought readily to understand, because, as the young lady has become so fashionable, you have all made yourselves parties to my conundrum. Well, well, will you give it up?—*Because it is full of souls* (soles.)

Why is a blind man heavier than one who can see? I dare say, now, you think that a mighty queer affair, but it is very easy, notwithstanding.—*Because he is not so light.*

Why is a large fire like a man thankful for benefits conferred on him? Can't you guess that, gentle ladies?—*Because it is grate-ful.*



Why is a justice of the peace like a malicious libeller? Now I know that's a very hard one; don't you think so yourselves? I'll not trouble you to guess about it, for 'tis—*Because he right's wrong* (writes wrong.)

Why is the spirit of evil, riding upon a mouse, like one and the same thing? Now you may think that not a very easy one, but it is, though, notwithstanding. Well, you give it up?—*Because it is sin on a mouse* (synonymous.)

What river is that which runs between two seas, without ever falling into either? I say, now, that's something of a puzzler, 'en't it? Shall I tell you?—I will. It is the *River Thames*, which runs between *Chel-sea*, and *Batter-sea*.

Why is the toll, payable at Kew Bridge, like a rector's deputy? Now, that's a pretty tolerably easy one, and which, I dare say, you will find out without giving it up. *Because it's a Kew-rate* (curate.)

And lastly, ladies—Why am I, BILLY BLACK, the conundrum-composer, like a maker of almanacks? There, now, can't you tell that? Why, 'tis—*Because we both live by our nonsense*. 'En't that comical? And if this nonsense should have afforded you the least amusement, beautiful ladies, I shall be satisfied in having done my duty, and most joyfully wish you all a merry Christmas, and a very happy new year. Your's to command.

WILLIAM (*alias* BILLY) BLACK.

### THE ROSE OF AFFECTION.

Affection may plant her roses in the garden of life, and though the envious glances of the world may harm them not, yet slander's lightning will wither all the flowers, unless they are carefully cherished by the hand that grafted them.—EASTERN APHORISM.

A rose was planted by Affection's hand,  
In life's gay hours;  
It bloomed in beauty, fairest in the land  
Of summer flowers;  
But Envy on it cast her baneful eye,  
It bowed its head;—  
When o'er it, swift, the withering glances fly,  
And the flower fairer spread!  
Increased in beauty, fragrance, and in fame,  
The white rose bloom'd;  
But short, alas! its incense-breathing reign,  
The flower was doom'd;  
For Slander's reptile breath its heart assailed,  
With venom'd pride;  
Too late Affection her sweet flower bewail'd,  
It droop'd its head, and died!—\*.\*

### PAUL PRY IN THE WEST.

"A word with you,  
Touching important matters; be it nois'd  
That through our diligence this various news  
And information spreads."—SHAKSPEARE.

Enter Paul, Peter, and Miss Kitty Pry.

Paul Pry.—And wherein consists the wisdom, Kitty, of going out of town, when there is so much delight to be found by remaining in it. A Christmas in the country, I

am ready to admit, is a pleasant sort of thing; nay, that it is sometimes redolent of character, full of hearty, if even rough salutations, and of homely friendships. But, then, a Christmas in London is still better; for, with the same hospitalities, we have more "grace and ornament;" with an equal portion of kindness and merriment, we possess a larger measure of elegance and fashion.

Kitty Pry.—It may be so, nay, I am inclined to think it is so; still there was something exceedingly pleasant in the little innocent romping, under the sanction of the peace-making, holy season—

Peter Pry.—And the shadow of the *mistletoe*, eh! Kitty?

Kitty Pry.—For shame, brother, you are positively worse than LUTTRELL, and more sarcastic than that master of the ceremonies for race-courses, CHARLES GREVILLE; but since you say, Paul, we are to be gay in town, and have our country cousins to tread upon our new carpets, be-praise our new window-curtains, and to talk learnedly of our new books, we will e'en forget the reels and *contra* dances of distant corporation towns, and be contented, as we ought to be, with the quadrille, the waltz, and the galopade, here.

Paul Pry.—Together with the thousand and one other novelties, rivalling the Arabian princess's stories, which the fertile inventress, *Fashion*, is sure to produce; especially as many of her richest and most devoted idolators, are even now fast pouring into the shrine they love so ardently.

Peter Pry.—All this is as the buds of spring, or the young corn-plants of the husbandman's domain, giving promise of goodly times hereafter.

Kitty Pry.—Or say that the arrival of these "excellent gentlemen" will prove as the magnet does, an attraction not to be resisted, to other beings of "glorious quality" that must follow. But who are come,—who are coming?

Paul Pry.—That Prince of a Duke, he of DEVONSHIRE, has concluded his Chatworth festivities, "*fêtes*, flirtations and all," and returned to Devonshire House, and has already commenced the season with London dinners. The EARL of ERROL has arrived; and SIR GEORGE MURRAY has arrived; and PRINCE LEOPOLD is daily expected to arrive, again to make the windows of Marlborough House look cheerful from the splendours within, and its chimneys smoke from the blazings of hospitality.

Peter Pry.—I see, the inventive daily's, or weekly's, are again proved ill at their hits. How they have been giving his GRACE of BUCKINGHAM a female fellow-traveller, in the person of the romantic Mrs. WYSE, that distinguished connexion of the BUONAPARTE family; when he, "good easy man," was, all the time, sailing across the seas to "home, sweet home," and hundreds of miles from his fair enchantress, and is now among the most distinguished "arrivals" of the day.

Paul Pry.—May I never do a good action, or tell a merry tale again, if these penny-a line paragraph gentlemen are not growing worse and worse as their trade grows smaller and smaller. They are not now content with raising a fire—one that scathed roof, floor and rafter—which only blazed in their own imagination; or destroying "an interesting female," by making her leap from Waterloo-bridge—a *she-Curtius*—when she was all the while mending her mistress's stockings; but they pick holes in the garb of honesty, and *stiletto* the reputation of men of quality?

Peter Pry.—Truly they are worse assassins than those who make it their trade, and more than rival the bravo of



Naples, or the hired destroyer of Spain. I speak of those who create falsities, and indite libels to feed their feverish pockets, and ill-natured appetites, and not of those members of the public press (and they are numerous), who are not only capable of amusing, but anxious and ever ready to inform.

*Kitty Pry.*—The rude creatures! I mean the *Sinons* of the printing camp, they were unkind enough to affirm, also, that a family quarrel had alienated the respect of father for son,—that the DUKE of BUCKINGHAM and the MARQUIS of CHANDOS were at variance, whereas, I rejoice to find, that the worthy sire and the gay young lord, who is as kind-hearted as he is patriotically inclined, are absolutely together at the family-mansion of Allington, where may they spend many a cheerful Christmas, and many, many a happy new year!

*Peter Pry.*—Amen to that. But now to diverge into other important matters of the day; have you *dropped into* the neighbourhood of the smoky prison-looking old palace, Paul, to enquire what Mr. STEPHENSON, and the Commissioners of the Woods and Forests are about to do with it?

*Paul Pry.*—To be sure I have, and I really cannot concur in the expense they seem about to incur there in beautifying and adding to the internal comforts of a pile of incongruous masonry, which, in order to make the vast improvements at present being made in its neighbourhood, correct in all their parts, must, sooner or later—the sooner the better—be razed to the ground, and the beauty of the park, and the light of the sun let in upon the inhabitants of St. James's Street.

*Kitty Pry.*—But are not the decorations, or whatever they are, to add to the comforts of the residence of LADY WESTMEATH, an official personage of the royal establishment; if so, are they not excusable? For you know, Paul,

“When a lady's in the case,  
All other things, of course, give place.”

*Paul Pry.*—I think not. Miss PRY. If the Sovereign, when he comes to town, which he does much, much too seldom, can put up with small, dingy apartments, and a “make-shift” of furniture, apologies for splendour! surely his subjects may, whether arrayed in the habiliments of man, or in woman's robes. The KING feels that he shall have a palace shortly, furnished to his use, and is content to wait patiently its completion, and I cannot think *HE*, at all events, will approve the profuse, because unnecessary expenditure of the public money upon a building which will, most probably, very soon “leave not a wreck behind.”

*Kitty Pry.*—I am convinced, woman as I am, I must yield. For I feel, as a patriot English Spinster should, that even the sex must succumb when the benefit of the community is put in the scale against their private likings. I wish all the *City ladies* had been so complacent when they found that the present Lord Mayor had wisely determined, like his predecessor, to discontinue the balls which became very “vanity fairs,” to the wives, sons, and daughters of, till now, plain, plodding, citizens; and “bear gardens” of those meetings which should have been select.

*Peter Pry.*—And were the “city madams” very cross, very fiery hot with anger?

*Kitty Pry.*—Oh! you never heard such indignation talked against the first magistrate of the first city in the world, as characterised the tongue-language of half the feathered

dames who jostled themselves into better company on the memorable ninth of November. This was wrong, and that was wrong; the puddings were overdone, and the pine apples not ripe; the sherry was too red, and the port was too pale. The LORD MAYOR was decorated vilely, and the LADY MAYORESS overdressed. The DUKE of WELLINGTON spoke too much, and Mr. PEEL too little, whilst SIR PETER LAURIE looked as if he were seated on the bench to try criminals, rather than the Aldermanic chair to give his opinions upon Mr. SHERIFF RICHARDSON'S wines.

*Paul Pry.*—Will you, any more than these voluble Madams, have not lost your spirits Kitty. But the feast altogether was well done; in my opinion superior to most of former years. The arrangements were liberal, and tolerably fairly preserved; and the attendance, as well as the knives and forks, unexceptionable; which, we all well remember, has frequently not been the case.

*Peter Pry.*—The display of *variegated lamps* was really superb.

*Kitty Pry.*—And the *great mirror* between our old acquaintance the Giants of Guildhall, a happy hit.

*Paul Pry.*—Although it *cast a reflexion* upon former Chief Magistrates. But I *won't intrude* upon days that are gone.

*Kitty Pry.*—After all, I think, the most interesting personage of the day was little GEORGE of CUMBERLAND. It was quite pleasant to behold his generous countenance, beaming joy, good nature, and satisfaction, as he gazed at the “stately pomps that passed down Ludgate's steep”

“Whilst clustering artizans, and common herds,  
Jostled each other for a casual glance,  
Of rich robed Aldermen, or mailed men,  
Upon whose casques the feather'd plumes would shake,  
Submissive to the breeze.—”

*Paul Pry.*—And, on the other hand, it was inexpressibly droll, as good as a farce, and a broad one too, to watch eyes from hundred heads thrust out of chariot and of hackney coach; and fingers rudely pointed by those “unread in havior's school,” at the young prince. One gentleman actually broke the glass of his carriage window by the desperate profundity of his bow, and a lady dropped the *ringlets* of Mr. Ross, of *Bishopsgate Street*, in her eagerness to kiss her substantial hand to so pretty and princely, a gentleman. But come, we must go dress for dinner; for,

“Time it waits not for the best,  
Or proudest of their state;  
And he is wise, if host or guest,  
Who seize him e'er 'tis late:  
The longest life the world can give,  
Is short to those who wisest live.”\*

\* A pretty anecdote is related of this promising young PRINCE. Namely, his good natured attentions to a poor chimney sweeper,—one “spited by the world,” and born of better parentage—whose ambition or respect urged him to follow generally, or keep pace where he could with this scion of the Brunswick stock, who, mounted upon his docile pony, attended a coursing meeting at his Uncle's park of Bushy. PRINCE GEORGE not only smiled upon the “poor little sweep,” but commanded him to come to his *Father's* house at Kew. He did so, and the *Sire* approving of the *Son's* conduct, relieved the destitute and promised him promotion. Actions like these do honour to high birth, and give promise of a fame truly bright in older days.



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## TO THE SIXTH VOLUME

OF

# THE WORLD OF FASHION,

AND

## CONTINENTAL FEUILLETONS.

JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1829.

### EMBELLISHED WITH FORTY-EIGHT PLATES.

No. 56, FOR JANUARY, 1829.

*Embellished with Four Plates:—First Plate, Costumes of all Nations, No. 35, Russian:—a Walking Dress, a Morning Dress, and three Fashionable Head-dresses.—Second Plate, a Dinner Dress, a Walking Dress, three Half-length Figures, Head-dresses, &c.—Third Plate, a Walking Dress, an Evening Dress, and three Fashionable Head-dresses, &c.—Fourth Plate, an Evening Full Dress for a Lady of Quality, a Dinner Dress, and two Fashionable Head-dresses.*

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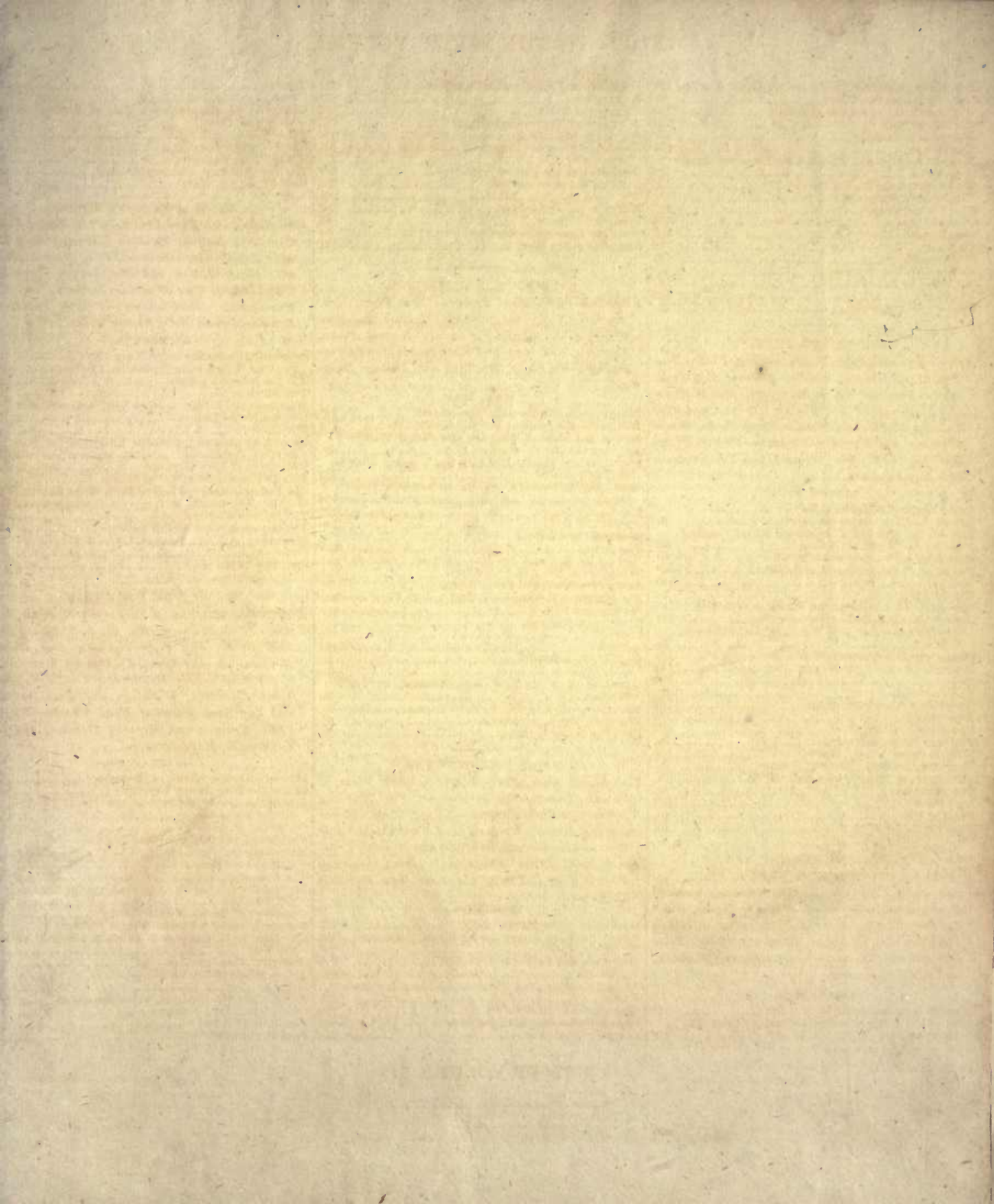
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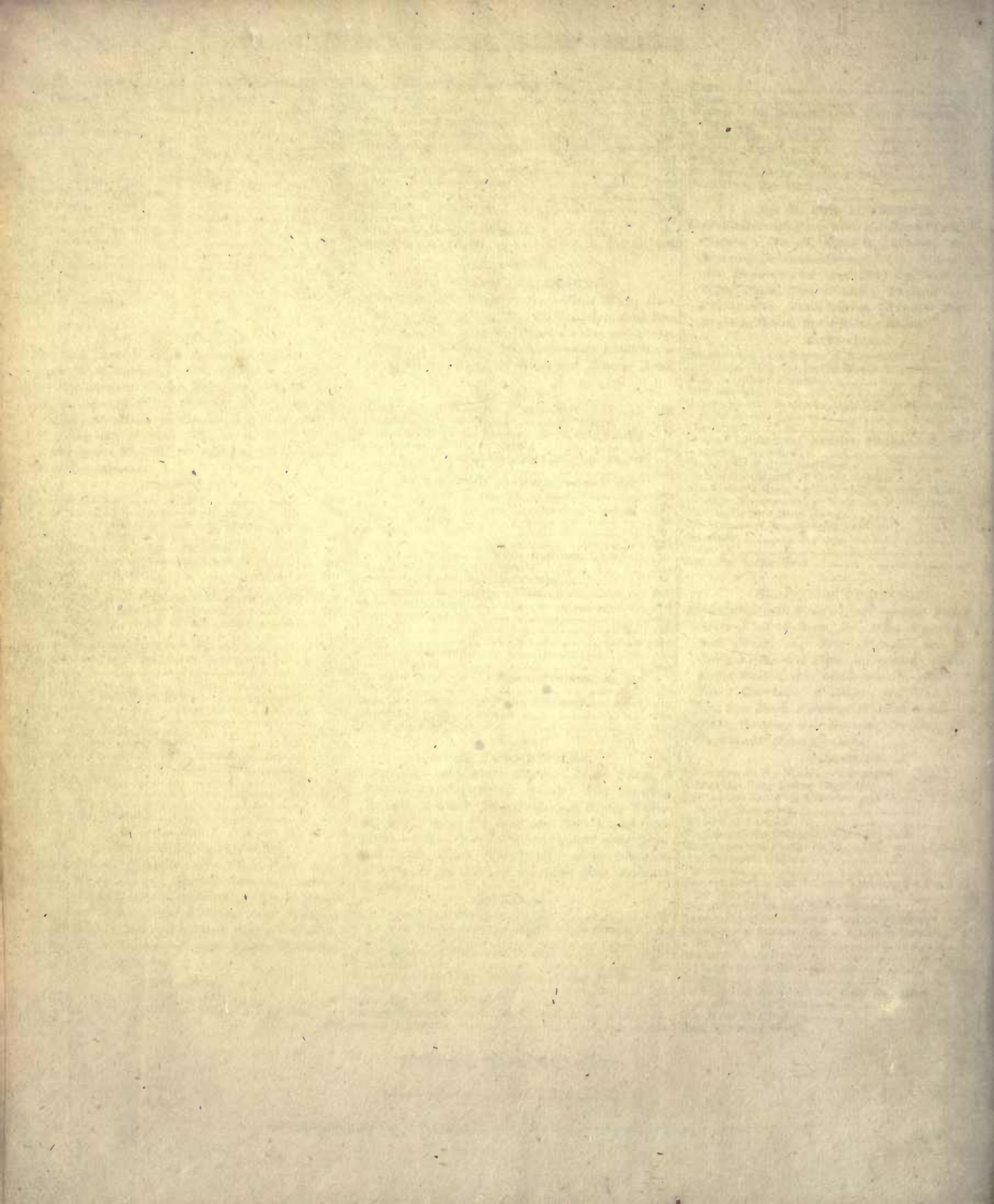
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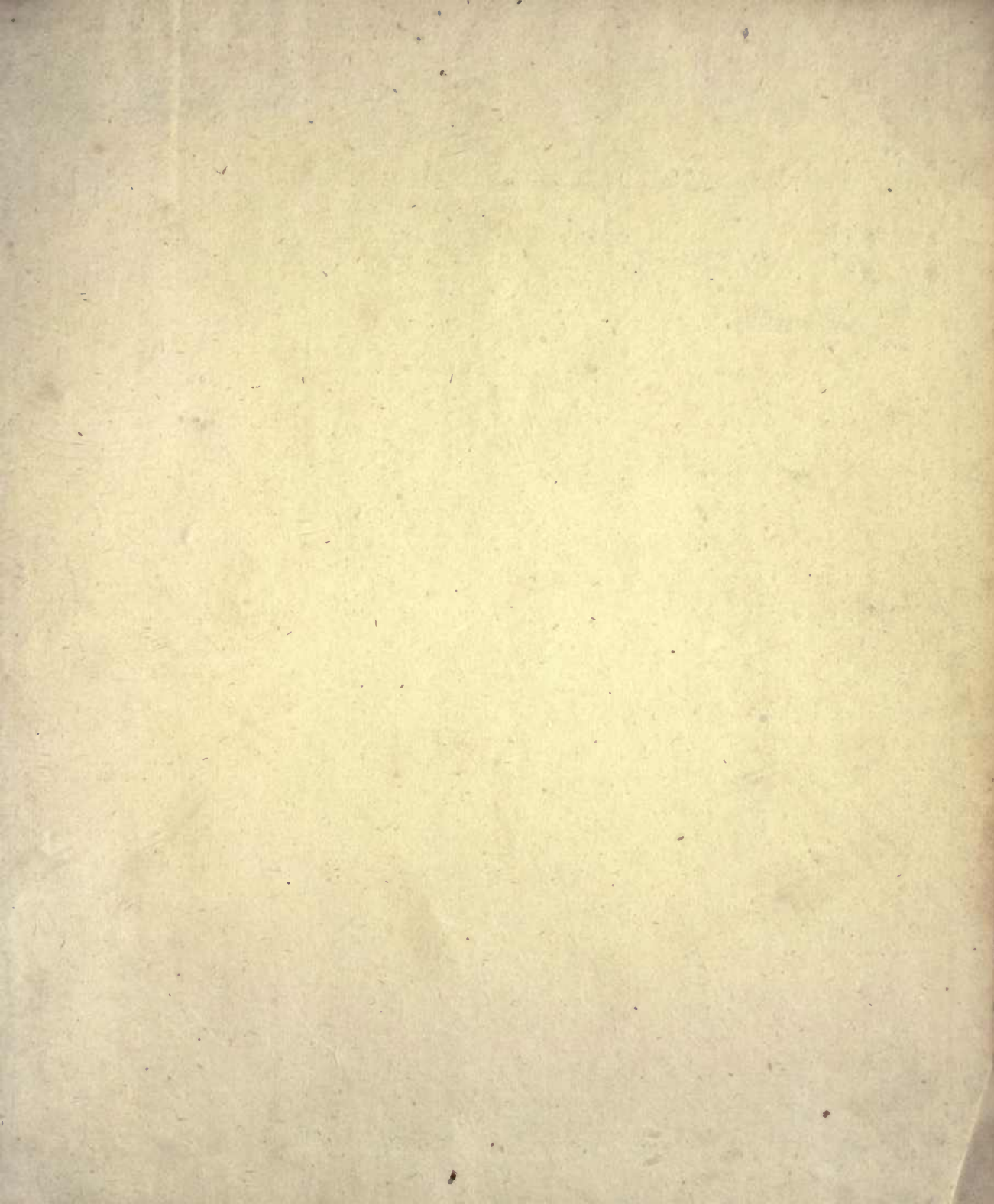




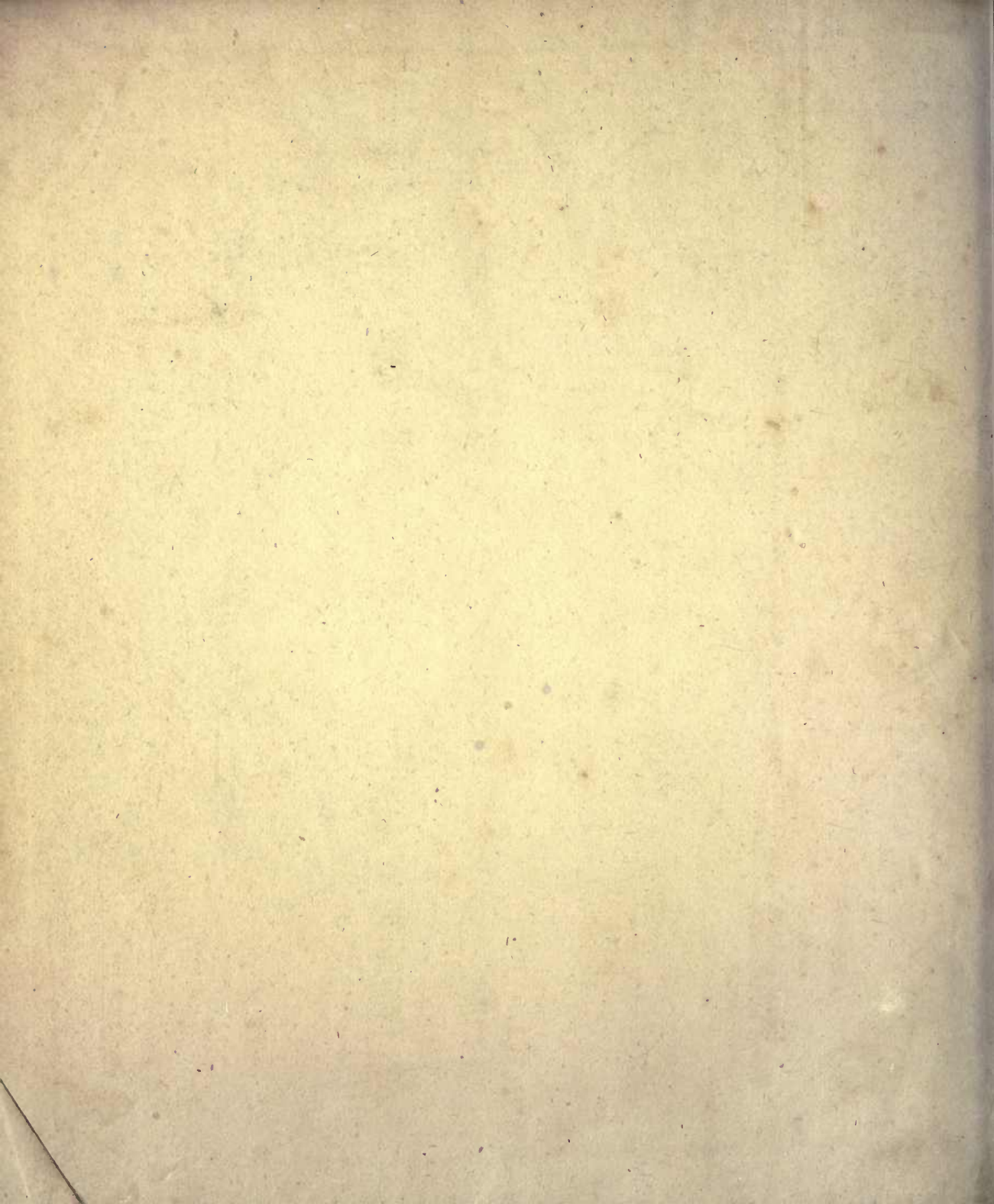














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