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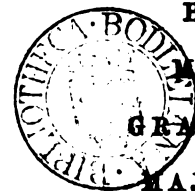
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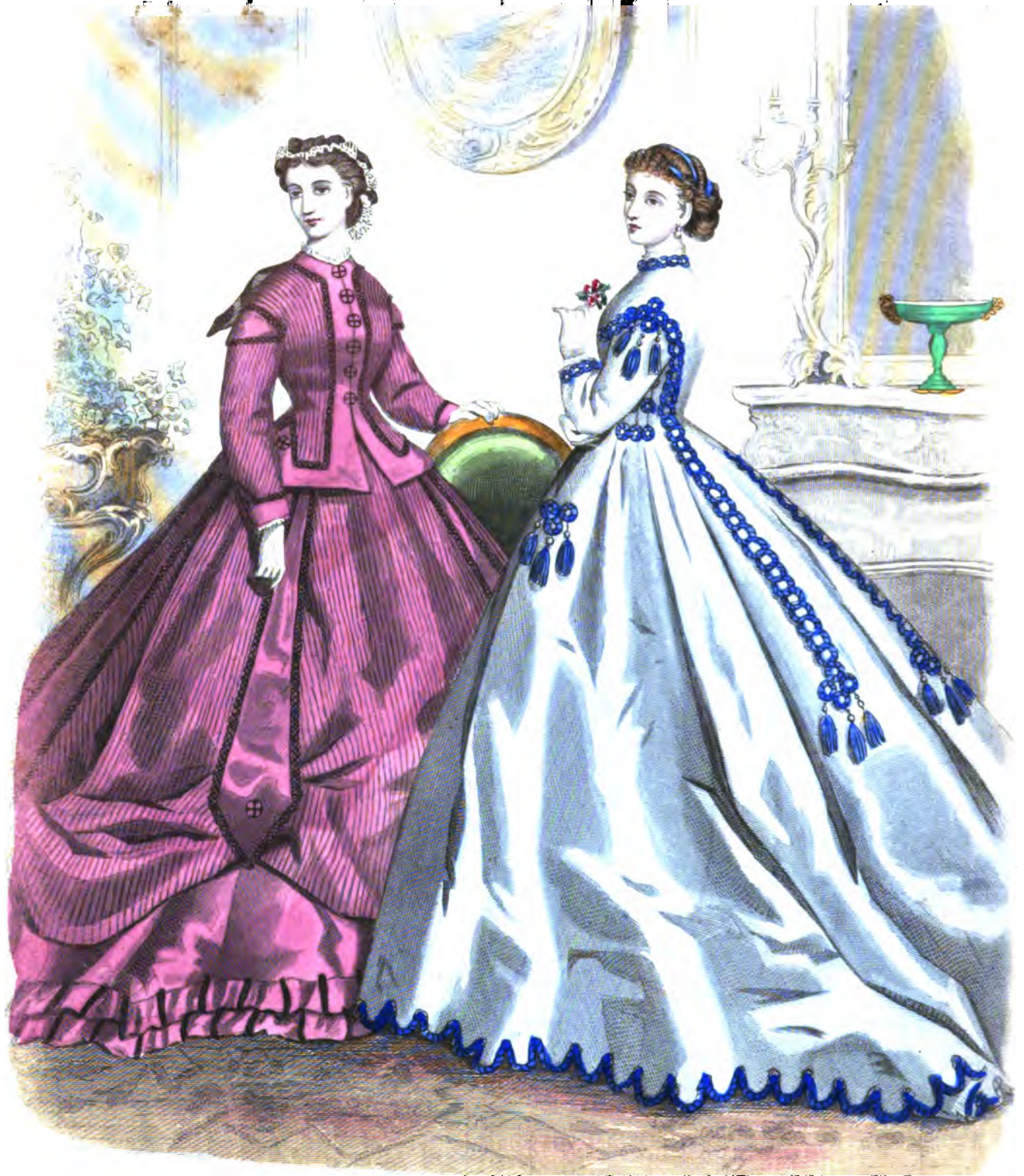
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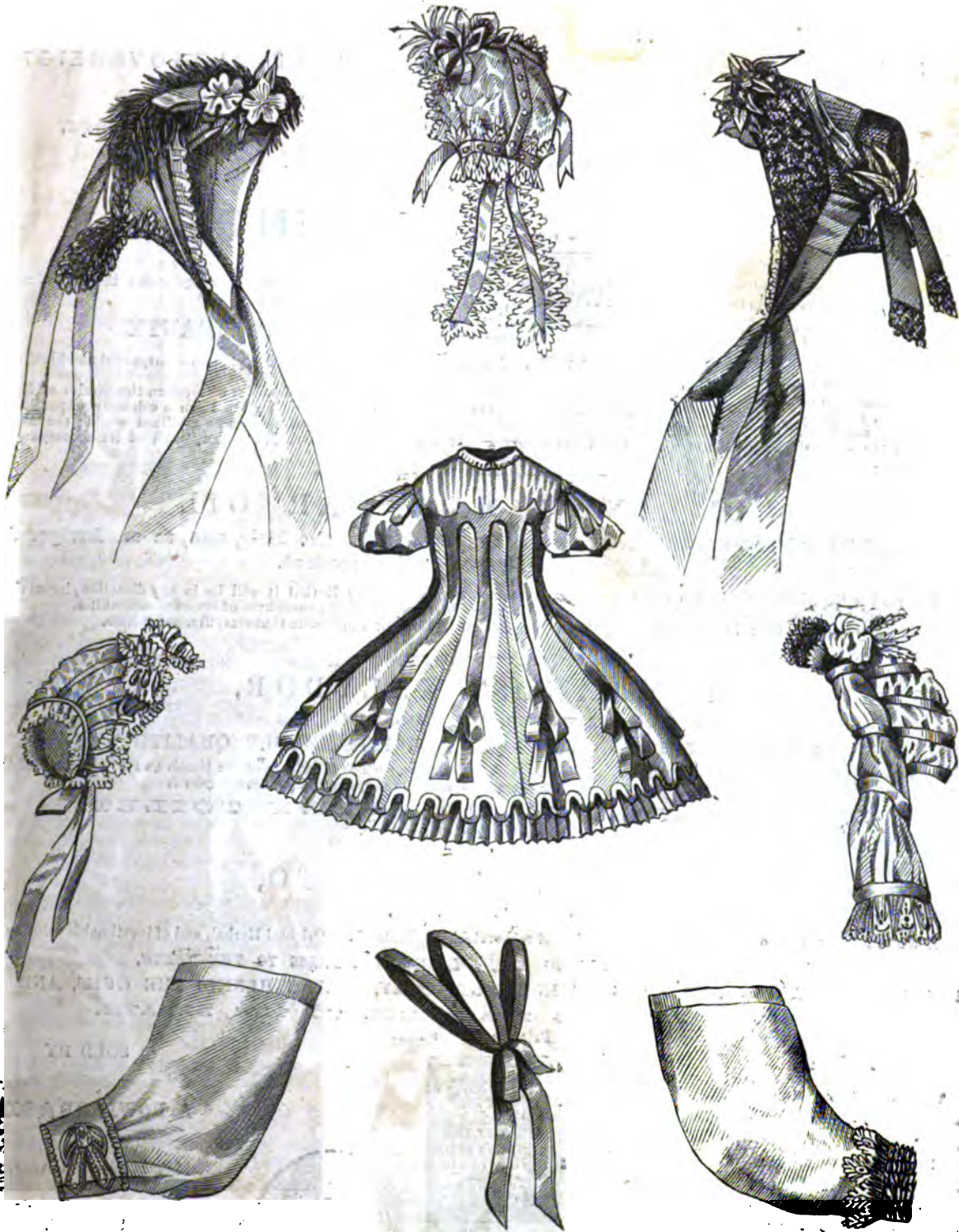
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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, December 22nd, 1865.

CHERE AMIE,—In the materials I mentioned to you in my last letter there has been no change as yet; therefore there is nothing new to tell you regarding the colours or materials, excepting that now the beautiful ball costumes are becoming visible. I will, before I close, detail some of the most fashionable to you; but I must first speak of the hats and bonnets: these I somewhat neglected in my last. There are scarcely any new shapes in the opera mantles, but there is some variety in materials, several new fabrics having been very recently introduced, which answer admirably for both mantles and circular capes; a great deal of elaborate trimming is used, and the old bernous shape is in favour. I am not surprised at this, as there is great elegance in its amplitude, besides great comfort.

The ball-dresses are noticeable for an excess of ornamental work, and designs of much intricacy, involving great labour; however, as the sewing-machine has now arrived at such a perfect state of utility, this is not surprising.

I will quote several new hats—"toques" they are called—but the "Garde-Française" is the greatest of its kind, and ornamented differently, in a form always as graceful as possible. Thus, a "tricorné" of black felt, edged with black velvet, and a gold cord tied with the tassels hanging over the side; towards the middle, and on the right side of the tricorné, three small cock's-feathers of black and white, sprinkled with gold, were adjusted.

Another, of the same form, was in blue velvet, gallooned with silver, with ostrich feathers forming a crown and tuft on the middle. A tricorné of black felt, edged with curled feathers, velvet torsads and gold cord round the calotte, is very pretty. In the cross of the tricorné, bunch of black velvet and gold arrow; behind, black velvet.

Another is in turtle-gray felt, with relieved edges ornamented with velvet to match. In the three corners of the hat a large knot of velvet; on the side a bird with emerald plumage, nearly as large as a pigeon, was set.

A bonnet in royal white velvet, of the Empire form, ornamented on the side by a wave of blond and regina velvet, held by a cameo of malachite, encased by a wire of gold; on the other side, a small bird of the same colour as the velvet; set on the foot of an ostrich feather, turning towards the part of the bavolet, is a band

of regina velvet; in the interior, band of white velvet, studded with cameos of malachite.

Another has a passe of emerald velvet and a ground of white bouillonné tulle, on which is fastened a large "barbe" of Chantilly lace, the ends of which fall rather lower than the bavolet. These barbes are traversed in the middle by a cordon of foliage in dark-green and emerald velvets, with the edges of silver. Bavolet band in emerald-green velvet, edged by a continuation of small silver cord commencing at the edge of the passe; in the interior, band of dark-green velvet, with leaves of emerald-green.

In the "lingerie" of the present day the white guipure takes nearly the front rank. On the toilettes for young girls they set coquettish corslet, of bright colours, on which are disposed guipures under the form of *entre-deux de points*, &c. Thus I have seen a bernous corslet of blue taffeta, on which, in front and behind, is a point in guipure cut like a fanchon. This corslet was, in the bottom, cut all round with pointed basques, on which was fixed a square in ancient guipure.

The "Abbé" parures are also much in vogue; they are—collar and cuffs, sleeves brodered and edged with valenciennes, two "pans" composed of this lace form the band.

As an ornament of evening toilette I will quote a coquettish pélerine of clear muslin, with draperies of valenciennes, relieved on each shoulder by two tassels of valenciennes and embroidery.

I have seen a charming dress of pansy "épingline," open in tunic on petticoat of pansy moiré antique. The petticoat is bordered and relieved by a cordelière of the same colour; in front, plastron of pansy moiré cut squarely, like the Louis XV. corsages. The small sides of the front are in "épingline;" behind, the back is terminated by three basques cut squarely to their extremities; that in the middle is longer than those at the sides.

Town dress of velvet, ornamented on the sides of the petticoat by a fine passementerie. The bodice is, in the front, composed of two parts—the first is a gilet of moiré antique; straight sleeves; casaque likewise in velvet, to match with the robe, garnished with the same. Bonnet of velvet, garnished on the bavolet band by several roses, with foliage behind on the hair; strings of a bright colour; the interior has a few flowers.

In-door Toilette.—Dress of white or blue cashmere, ornamented in front and on the bottom of the petticoat all round by a band of white cashmere, if the dress is blue, or blue if the dress is white; the gilet must match with the band; straight sleeves; "Dorine" head-dress, terminated behind by two small floating "barbes."

Ball toilettes.—Robe of rose taffeta, veiled with rose tulle, bouillonné as low as the knee; white bodice in plaited tarlatan, accompanied by a corslet of black taffeta; sash of taffeta, with long ends. Head-dress formed of crown of roses, set *à la Pompadour*.

Dress of white taffeta, veiled by bouillonné tulle, with a tunic with fine poppy stripes; coralet of white taffeta; under-coralet of white tarlatan, with a knot of lace and tuft of roses on the shoulders; "Sortie de Bal" in white cashmere. Head-dress of roses.

Toilet composed of a first petticoat in blue satin, veiled by a tulle of the same shade bouillonné in a losenge. The second petticoat is in imperial blue velvet, and forms a train. Bodice in imperial velvet, cut very low and with basques. Head-dress ornamented with daisies strewn in the hair towards the front.

Toilette composed of a first petticoat of white satin and a second in algerine gauze with gold stripes. Bodice with point before and behind; Greek sleeves in gauze; Marie Antoinette, strewn with roses, and accompanied behind by a long branch, forming a train to about the middle of the back.

Full-dress in-door toilette.—Dress with two petticoats; the first is in plain foulard, the second is with black stripes. This last is accompanied by a coralet to match. Under-bodice to match with the first petticoat; on the middle, black and white buttons in jet or mother-of-pearl. Head-dress ornamented by several rows of velvet of the same shade as the first petticoat.

Negligeé in-door toilette. — Robe de chambre in poul-de-soie, poplin, or cashmere. This model is cut like a demi-adjusted basquine, and is very ample in the bottom. In front, the petticoat is open on a jupon of tarlatan, with four volants mounted with large pleats; adjusted sleeves, ornamented by a cuff of black velvet, encased by a band of very delicate cashmere. Head-dress of valenciennes, disposed all round a catalane of embroidered muslin.

Black laces are much used for ball-dresses. I lately gave the description of the "Impératrice" robe in white bouillonné tulle, the ornaments of which were composed of a high black lace. The lace goes serpentine on the robe at the bottom, not appearing on the front. Velvet dress; tunic of moiré antique of another colour, garnished with Cluny guipure bodice, with basques ornamented with pearls and Cluny guipure. Head-dress of the mallow flower.

Dress of "Faye" relieved by an under-petticoat of the same material, quilted and edged with ponceau velvet. The ornaments of the dress are chevrons and buttons of cerise velvet. Head-dress of small cerise velvet, in rosettes on each side; hair frisée.

At a ball the other evening I observed a very charming robe, which was particularly remarked upon by most persons present. It was in white poul-de-soie with ponceau stripes, ornaments on the seams of the breadths by long oval leaves, longer at the bottom and diminishing in size as they ascended.

These leaves were in ponceau taffeta broidered with pearls; at their extremity fell a pastille of jet.

On the shoulders a bretelle of the same ornament was repeated. The bodice is open, square in front and behind.

The head-dresses which are now worn are generally in blond, muslin, or flowered tulle. Before I finish I must mention a dinner toilet I saw. It was in poul-de-soie, with stripes, ornamented at the bottom of the petticoat by an entre-deux of black lace. Bodice with round form; sash of velvet worked in gold or silver, retained by a cameo; straight sleeves; linen collar; lace cravat.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Morning dress of striped alpaca, trimmed with narrow coloured silk, edged with black lace; the skirt is looped up over a petticoat of silk to match, trimmed with two narrow flounces and black velvet. Cap of white lace, trimmed with black velvet ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Robe of blue poplinette, trimmed with cord and tassels of a darker shade.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Walking dress of blue poul-de-soie, made with a plaited flounce, and trimmed with broad bands of black velvet down each width: Mantle of black cloth, with trimmings of cord and fringe. Bonnet of black velvet, with blue feather and ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Robe of green Russian linsey, with the skirt plain. Mantle of brown cloth, with black braid and tassel trimmings. Bonnet trimmed with green terry velvet and lavender flowers.

Fig. 3.—Little girl's dress of silk tartan. Jacket of Saxony lambs'-wool, dotted with scarlet, and trimmed with narrow black velvet. Black velvet hat trimmed with scarlet ribbon and white feather.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—Evening dress of green poul-de-soie, looped up over a white silk petticoat by cords and tassels on one side, and trimmed with rich deep fringe on the bodice and upper skirt. The under-petticoat is trimmed with green embroidery to match. Coiffure ornamented with silk cord and tassels and flowers.

Fig. 2.—Robe of golden brown taffeta, trimmed with black chenille embroidery. Opera cape of blue cashmere, trimmed with swans'-down. Coiffure trimmed with narrow blue ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Little girl's dress of white grenadine figured in pink. The dress is trimmed with narrow frillings, ornamented with narrow pink velvet. Sash of pink, silk-edged, with frillings of the same.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Walking dress of brown silk, trimmed with black velvet. Mantle of dark gray cloth, ornamented with silk cord, and aiguillette of the same colour. Bonnet of black and brown corded silk, trimmed with a drooping feather and silver stars.

Fig. 2.—Robe of cuir-coloured silk, made with a double skirt, and jacket cut in vandykes edged with black velvet.

Fig. 3.—Robe of blue lustre, trimmed with broad bands of silk of a darker shade, edged with black lace. Head-dress of blue ribbon and beads.

PLATE V.—Young lady's evening dress of pink glacé silk, trimmed with ribbon down the skirt to correspond; worn over an under-bodice of white net, ornamented at the bottom with a frill of white muslin.

Carriage bonnet of green terry velvet, ornamented with a feather and white flowers.

Promenade bonnet of violet velvet, ornamented round the front with black lace, also with velvet flowers and leaves.

Morning cap of white net and narrow pink ribbon.

Second ditto of white blond made in puffs, fastened with narrow orange-coloured ribbon, ornamented at the back with bow and ends of the same and white lace.

Dress cap of white blond, ornamented with bands of pale blue velvet, and a primrose-coloured flower and leaves.

Under-sleeve of muslin, made with a tight cuff, trimmed with narrow edging and bow and ends.

Second ditto of net, trimmed at the cuff with a ruching of pink silk and white lace.

Head-dress composed of three bands, with bows and ends of blue ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this Number a Model of a Fichu for evening dress. It is to be made of light material, the colour to suit the dress, and scalloped round or edged with black lace.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

It was just before Christmas, but no snow had yet fallen, and the roads about the country-seat of the Tremaines were hard and dry; so that, as yet, Miss Tremaine had not been prevented from taking her daily rides. She came dashing up the avenue on her fiery, black horse, her long habit sweeping nearly to the ground, her scarlet feather floating backward on the wind, her cheeks aflame, and her eyes kindled out of their customary languor by the exercise, or perhaps by some secret hope, till they shone like two stars. Her groom followed her flying pace as best he could, and was at hand as soon as she stopped, to take her from the saddle, but she scarcely seemed to touch him as she dismounted. She threw him her gay reins, and then walked up the steps and stood a moment on the terrace, looking out over the pleasant landscape.

As she stood there she would have been a fit subject for Murillo's brilliant tints. She had great dark eyes, like an Andalusian's; long black hair, with a sort of purplish shade where the sun shone on it. Just now her beauty was at its height. A clear, vivid colour burned on her cheeks, and her lips were a brilliant scarlet. But these hues were born of the exercise, the cool, crisp day, or her mood, perhaps. Ordinarily you would not see them. Ordinarily, at this period of her life, her lips were pale, her face a clear, dark olive, her eyes languid. Her beauty required some stimulus to bring it out. Her manner, too, was indolent. There was plenty of *cerve* and spring in her, really. She would go through more to carry a point than any other woman I have ever known, but she made no unnecessary displays of strength or energy. Her figure was tall, and almost too slender. The lines of a wonderful grace were there, but she wanted a little more fulness and softness. Her habit, however, fitted with French skill, concealed all this; and, just as she stood, she was perfect.

A strange, exuberant sense of joy and power thrilled, wine-like, through her veins. She tasted to the full the exquisite delight of living. Just then, if never before or never after, she was happy. Wait a moment, Destiny, before you turn the next leaf—leave us awhile this image of splendid grace, of royal joy. But Destiny was immovable. It touched her elbow, in the person of Rosette, her French maid, and it said with a curious voice, which had in it neither love nor hate, sweetness nor temper, but had yet a certain quality of exciting attention, insinuated itself with a certain power.

"There are letters for you up stairs, Miss Veronica."

And so Veronica went in.

Her room was characteristic of her tastes and her temperament. She kept it summer there all the year round. It was heated by no visible means, for the furnace register which warmed it was concealed by drapery. Opening the

door, you seemed to enter the atmosphere of a summer day. Green creepers covered the windows; a bird sang in the warm, perfumed air. All the hangings were of vivid, brilliant tints, and scattered around was every article of luxury, every dainty device of the toilet that the most capricious fancy could crave. Between the two western windows stood the writing-table. Miss Tremaine's desk was on it: a curiously carved affair, lined with sandal-wood, and containing secret drawers and pigeon holes enough for a conspirator. On it lay three letters. She took them up, and glanced at the first two carelessly. They were from young lady satellites, a group of whom revolved unweariedly around the wealthy Miss Tremaine. The third letter she touched more tenderly. Looking at it, the glow deepened on her cheeks, and into her proud eyes came a softer ray.

"From Gerard!" she said to herself, in a low, caressing tone. Then she took off her hat and tossed it one side, and sat down in front of the table to read her letter, her habit still on.

As she read, her face darkened strangely. All the light and glory passed out of it. The lips were no longer scarlet. The cheeks grew pale as ashes. Her eyes did not lose their brightness, but the expression changed and grew terrible. And yet, if you had been looking over her shoulder, the words she read would scarcely have explained to you her emotion. It was a cordial, cousinly letter, full of kind thoughts of her, and pleasant memories of their old life under the same roof; such a letter as might have been written to a sister, with, toward the close of it, this passage:—

"I wonder if you will care to hear of the new lesson I have learned since I saw you last; the lesson which comes, I suppose, to every one sooner or later? Shall I tell you about Alice Lauderdale?"

It was those few words which changed the expression of Veronica Tremaine's face, and blanched it to such a deadly hue that Gerard himself would scarcely have known her. She read them over and over, helplessly, clutching the paper fiercely in her hands.

"Faithless!" she cried at last, with a tone which sounded like the cry of some deathly agony. But she sat still. She did not pace the room, or weep, or give any other vent to her sorrow. She bowed her proud head, and, sitting still, let all the waves sweep over her. After awhile she set herself a task, to go over all the past and see when and why she had begun to love her cousin Gerard, and whether, when she had believed in his love, she had deceived herself utterly without reason.

She recalled the day when she first came to her uncle Tremaine's. She was an orphan; and Rosette had taken her from her father's death-bed in the south of France, and brought her home to her uncle, Ralph Tremaine. It had been a strange household for a young girl to enter. Mrs. Tremaine was dead; and a housekeeper—a commonplace woman, who understood pies and cakes better than human nature—was, except servants, the sole female influence in

the house. Mr. Tremaine himself was absorbed in business. He was a man possessing very contradictory elements of character; grasping, selfish, wilful, yet weak; visionary, and with a strong affection for all who belonged to himself. In this affection his only son, Gerard, had, of course, the first place; but he also adopted Veronica into it, for he had loved his only brother, whose child she was. Her welcome was, probably, none the less sincere from the fact that she was heiress to a large fortune, which came at once into his sole control as guardian. It was so left that he could invest it as he pleased; and, having already been bitten by the madness of speculation, he at once conceived an idea that he would double or treble it for her.

She was fifteen then, for it was ten years before the opening of my story. Reckoning by dates, Gerard was a month only younger than herself. Judging by maturity of thought and capacity for emotion, she was five years the elder. Yet from the very first she had liked him. How well she remembered that first day! How chill and strange it seemed to her when she had taken off her wrappings, and came, a lonely stranger, into that great drawing-room! She could scarcely remember her mother; but ever since her death she had lived with her father in that sunny nook in the south of France, where he had died. It had been the balm of that soft air which had preserved him to her so long, for he had been wasting away for years. She had loved him with a frantic sort of devotion. It was her nature to love so, where she loved at all, and her father had been her all in the universe.

She looked solitary enough, in her deep mourning robes, when she went into that strange room in the new home, and, going up to the window, gazed out upon the desolate grounds, and the dreary, drizzling November rain. She cried, involuntarily, like Mignon,

"I am so cold here;"

and a few passionate tears splashed down upon her face, as the rain splashed against the pane.

Happily shyness was not in Gerard's temperament. He was not very intense, not particularly strong; he would never be a great man, but he would always be gallant and graceful. He was so in his fifteen-years-old boyhood. He went up to his cousin and stood beside her.

"Do not cry," he said, simply. "I am glad you have come. My mother, like yours, is dead, and we can comfort each other when we are lonely. You will like it here, after awhile, for I will make you happy."

She remembered now how those words, spoken in those sweet, boyish tones of soothing, dropped into her lonely, sorrowful heart. Again, as so long ago, the gust of responsive emotion shook her, which made her cling to Gerard, and cry like a tired child come home.

"Yes you can comfort me—you can, you can."

Was that the beginning of her love for him? After that he was everything to her. She learned to think of the southern grave, with the cross above it, on which she had hung a

wreath of *immortelles* the day she went away with something like resignation—with even a feeling sometimes that she would not have her father back, if to do so she must give up Gerard. Of course, in those days she had not thought of any future relations between them. The present, just as it was, satisfied her.

As they grew older their intimacy strengthened. They rode, and walked, and read together; a tie bound them as strong and sweeter than if they had been brother and sister. Yet Veronica was never Gerard's ideal; for a boy does not grow from fifteen to twenty without an ideal. She was dear to him—he made her happy as he had promised to do—he would have sacrificed himself for her in any conceivable manner, but the woman he dreamed of and idealized was of another type. She, on her part, knew all his weaknesses—how easily persuaded he was, how disinclined to exertion, in some things how weak. She knew that her own nature was stronger, and yet, just as he was, she was satisfied with him. It was not in her to dream or idealize. She loved without reason, and with no thought of self-control.

When they were separated, during Gerard's college life, she existed from one vacation to another she hardly knew how. She only *lived* when he was at home. After he graduated, he went away for two or three years of foreign travel, and this separation was a hard trial to her. His gay pleasant letters, full of gossiping descriptions, were her only comfort. But she did not give herself up to melancholy—she had a steady purpose which she never lost sight of. Gerard's tastes should not outgrow her. When he came home, he should find her in no wise inferior to the most brilliant women he had met. She engaged the best masters, and she cultivated herself assiduously in every accomplishment.

He came home in time to pass his twenty-fifth birthday. Here had gone by a month before. She was in the full radiance of her charms—as beautiful as she would ever be—graceful, and with all her good gifts of nature developed to the utmost. Gerard admired her, was very proud of her, thought that she surpassed any one he had ever seen in power of attraction; but it was a purely brotherly pride and fondness. He wanted his friends to see and admire her also—there was none of that jealous exclusiveness which belongs to love. Veronica saw this, and bent her best energies to the task of moving him from his calm. Sometimes she thought she was succeeding. Again, some careless, cousinly speech would make her doubt. It was not until the very last evening of his stay at home that she began really to have faith in her own success.

It was a September night, balmy as summer. The next day Gerard was to go to London—partly to meet a travelling companion, who was located there, and partly with a view to establishing himself in some profession or business. This latter was not a very definite purpose, however. He had a fortune quite independent of his father, one inherited from his mother. The income was not large, but sufficient

for the wants of a single man; and though he kept affirming that he ought to do something, it was doubtful how soon his plans would take any practical shape.

Veronica was in high beauty that night. The excitement of his presence was sufficient to flood her eyes with delight, and call to cheek and lip their brightest sparkle. She wore a dress of some thin, black fabric, with cardinal flowers in her hair and on her bosom. A subtle odour of some Indian perfume surrounded her like an atmosphere; an odour which carried with it a sort of magnetism. Gerard had never seen her so radiant. She sang to him for awhile, and then he asked her to read. Of all her gifts none had been so carefully trained as her voice. Her singing was flooded with a flexibility of expression that entranced you, but even that was less magnetic than her reading. There was nothing to which I can compare the piercing sorrow and sweetness of her tones. Glancing back, I feel as if I had told you nothing of her—given you no idea of her power to charm. To a man who met her for the first time she would have been irresistible. Gerard's proof-armor had been familiarity. He was used to her, as you are used to sunshine and summer. Do you think you can tell what a July day would be to a blind man whose eyes were suddenly unsealed? Would he see no more than you see in the green fields with the summer ripeness on them—the haze in the air—the light and shade on the hill-sides?

But on this September night of which I write, perception seemed to come to Gerard Tremaine like a new sense. Veronica dazzled him. He sat half breathless while she read "Evelyn Hope," then some of Mrs. Browning's passionate and superb Portuguese sonnets, and ended at last with a fragment from some unknown pen, whose tender melancholy thrilled to his heart, and stirred his pulses with a new spell:—

" You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
' You'll think of this again, some day,
Some day !'

" Some day! I shall not feel as now
Your fond hand rove about my brow—
I shall not slight your light commands,
And draw the long braids through my hands;
I shall be silent and obey,
And you—you will not laugh that day,
Some day !

" And while your tears are falling hot
Upon my lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress,
And leave the rest to silentness,
Remembering that I used to say,
' You'll think of this again, some day,
Some day !'"

He sat watching her as she read, beginning dimly to comprehend her capacity for emotion. The soft light fell on her from the ground glass shade above her head—over the polished forehead, with the black hair growing low and heavy upon it—over the passionate, speaking face, the dark, bright eyes, the cheeks kindled to flame, the brilliant lips. As she paused, he bent toward her, swayed by an impulse new and resistless, and whispered:

" I love you, Veronica !"

" And I you, Gerard !"

He just caught her answer—was there any sweetness unexpressed by her tones?—and at that moment his father walked in. Have not parents and guardians been marplots from all generations? Gerard saw his cousin no more alone.

He had not really *meant* anything by his words—they were the tribute to her grace, to the charm of her voice, to the magnetism of her presence. He scarcely thought of them again until he began to love Alice Lauderdale, and then an uneasy consciousness of them came back to him. He wondered if they had conveyed to Veronica more than he intended—if her answer had come from a deeper emotion—had expressed more than the significance of his own words. He wrote to her with hesitation—though he contrived to make his letter sound natural enough—and the few sentences toward the close about Alice were put in as a test. He could judge by her reply, he thought, whether she had ever cared for him—whether she held him free or bound. He forgot that at twenty-five women like Veronica are not quite transparent.

Going over all these things in her own room that December day, Miss Tremaine understood, at last, just how much and how little his words had meant—a cousinly love, warmed somewhat by a momentary burst of admiration. Something seemed to rise up in her throat and choke her with a perfect passion of self-contempt, as she remembered how she had lived on those words ever since—how, that very morning, riding over the hills, they had thrilled like music at her heart, and kindled her whole nature to a responsive passion of joy. Did he remember them, she wondered? Had her answer—"And I you, Gerard!"—conveyed something more to him than cousinly regard? Was he, perhaps, even now pitying her, and was that why he wrote so hesitatingly and briefly of this new love of his? The thought of his pity stung her. Cost what it might, she would free herself from that. She drew her desk toward her. Just then the bird at the window burst into a gush of song, as if his whole being were thrilling to some musical memory. The sound vexed her. She rose and threw a shawl over his cage to shut out the light, and delude him into believing that it was night. As she sat down again, she caught a glimpse of her own face in the mirror. Its fierce expression, the tense lines, the hard, glittering eyes startled her, and she struggled for composure till she looked a little more like herself.

She wrote a kind and most cousinly letter to Gerard. Reading those smooth periods, he would never know what an effort they had cost her. Surely, she wrote, he must tell her about Alice: why did he not tell her before? Did he think she deserved to be kept waiting; or did he doubt her interest in all that concerned him—her nearest friend? She read the letter over when she had done, and smiled bitterly at her own success. It was precisely what his sister—if he had had one—might have written to him.

Then she looked at her watch. It was just three-quarters of an hour to dinner. They dined late, and Mr. Tremaine usually returned from town in time to take dinner at home. If she had not been more than eighteen, she would, probably, have staid in her own room and nursed her misery; but at twenty-five women are beyond making a parade of sorrow. You may "guess the length of the sword by the sheath's"—the wound you shall never see. She put away her papers, then rang for Rosette and made her toilet. Radiant in a crimson silk, which suited the day and her dark beauty, she went down to dinner with a face which had not a trace in it of sadness or emotion.

Pouring himself out a glass of wine, when dinner was about half over, and looking reflectively at the brilliant colour mantling against the delicate crystal, Mr. Tremaine asked—

"How old is Gerard?"

"Twenty-five."

"Ah! yes; but I had not realized it. He has been convincing me this morning that he was not a boy. Have you heard from him?"

She understood the question, and accompanied her "Yes, I had a letter," with a bright, arch smile, which convinced Mr. Ralph Tremaine that his niece's heart was not broken; for, though in general he thought very little of such matters, somehow a suspicion had grown into his mind of Veronica's love. Hitherto, indeed, she had taken little pains to hide it. She had worn the blossom royally; henceforth, though she could not kill it, it must grow in secret, and hide itself for very shame. It was in her nature to dissemble skilfully. She would have no trouble in concealment. She had never made a confidant in her life. Even Rosette, born lady's-maid and plotter as she was, had tried in vain for the post. Though she had force enough in her to have won a hold on most women, she could never do more than guess at Miss Tremaine's secrets.

(To be continued.)

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of the boy, but Memory that of the man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of Heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavour is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when the cup is taken from our lips.

THE THEATRES.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The opera, which simply acts as an introduction to the event of the evening, is a small one in one act, entitled *Christmas Eve*, and is quite sufficient to keep the audience amused until the curtain rises for the pantomime—*Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp*. The magnificence of the new scenery, dresses, and appointments, are something almost as marvellous as the wonders revealed to the lucky holder of the magic lamp. The house is nightly crowded literally to the ceiling, as the gods are permitted an elevation here superior in its altitude to even old Drury.

DRURY LANE.—The pantomime, for it is useless to speak of anything else, is entitled *Little King Pippin; or, Harlequin Fortunatus and the Magic Purse and Wishing Cap*. The beautiful character of the decorations, inclusive of more than the usual amount of scenic surprises and transformation wonders, are insured by the fact of their being entirely designed and, for the greater part, executed by that justly celebrated artist Mr. William Beverley, whose eminent services have this year been retained by Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, the managers of the theatre. The general action of the pantomime is arranged by, and the whole produced under, the direction of Mr. Robert Roxby. With such help as this, it need scarcely be added, all is perfection.

HAYMARKET.—The chief event has been the return of Mr. Sothern to this favourite theatre. In *Brother Sam* Mr. Sothern is as perfect as in *Lord Dundreary*; all those minute and delicate points, all the attention and care of the veriest apparent trifles, which rendered Mr. Sothern's Dundreary a creature of his own creation, have been bestowed upon *Brother Sam*; and yet they are in effect as different as *light* from *darkness*. The new Christmas travestie is entitled *Orpheus in the Haymarket*. It is written by Mr. Planché, and is an immense success.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—This renowned bazaar has been, as usual, one of the chief attractions to the crowds who come up to town for the Christmas sights. The court circles are exceedingly brilliant, having been recently arrayed in new and magnificent robes of immense value; and to the celebrated Chamber of Horrors have been added the latest claimants for unenviable notoriety.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—This ever charming place of amusement puts forth announcements of a rare treat for the juveniles; amongst them a new Christmas pantomime by Mr. Nelson Lee, to be performed in the new and splendid theatre lately erected in the centre transept, an afternoon promenade with the palace brilliantly illuminated at dusk, which really transforms the palace into a giant's fairyland. The beautiful new arched sub-way is now open leading from the high-level station into the centre transept, and is alone worthy of a visit.



PL. I

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PLATE IV.



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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, *January 26th, 1866.*

CHERE AMIE,—All anxiety is now extended to the forthcoming costumes for the spring: although I have been permitted to examine some of the most beautiful, they have not, of course, yet been visible in public. Some of the lighter silks are of exceeding beauty, both of colour and texture. In so far as my observation goes at this moment, blue will be the prevailing and favourite hue for the early spring fashions. The Empire modes are still in the ascendant, and receive, naturally, favour at the French court. In my next letter I shall be able to give you full particulars of spring toilettes: they are spoken of here as likely to be very graceful and brilliant.

The chinchilla fur is again in fashion, and is extensively used for trimming the dress and paletot, or the tunic-robe only. I have seen several toilettes trimmed with this charming fur, some of which I must describe:—

Petticoat of black velvet; tunic-dress of green "faye," garnished with chinchilla; muff and boots garnished with the same; small bonnet in white stretched crape, with green bird and aigrette.

Second toilette.—Dress, with a train, and small paletot of white satin stuff with red stripes. The paletot is trimmed with sable: fur is no longer put round the paletot, but only at the collar, openings, and reverses of the sleeves; the top of the sleeves are not garnished. The same toilette is made in black and white striped velvet.

As to ball-dresses, it is impossible to give an exact description of all the marvels which I have seen.

I observed a ball-dress of white tulle, striped with a small gold thread: this dress is draped on an under-petticoat of white satin, with pleated flounce threaded with gold; sequins of gold edge the basque of the scarlet velvet bodice, and beaded blondes as the ornament, as well as of the dress and sleeves.

Young lady's toilette.—Dress of rose faye, garnished at the bottom by a bouillonné of white tulle, and retained by a gold galoon brodered with daisies. Second petticoat of embroidered tulle, scalloped and garnished with the same; corset bodice of rose faye, buttoned in front; gimp of tulle. The sleeves and the bodice are garnished with a gold band.

Young girl's toilette.—Dress of blue and white striped foulard, ornamented in the bottom by guipure on transparent blue

taffeta ribbon; bodice of organdie muslin with guipure; head-dress of blue flowers and ribbons.

Caps, bonnets, and dresses have not any particular features to distinguish them.

Of in-door caps, I have seen a model composed of very clear muslin, traversed by two Oluny guipures set on ponceau velvet; behind, at each extremity, guipure and velvet, forming a flat bow.

The bonnets which are made this season are always charming, and very delicate. I have seen a model composed of a passe in regina velvet, on which are fixed medallions of white guipure; the calotte is in black velvet, with barbe of black lace, knotted on the side, and set so as to hide the reunion of the velvet; a black and white cameo, circled with gold, is set on the band of the lace; behind, bavolet of regina velvet, ornamented with guipure lace; in the interior, three bands of velvet, veiled with guipure; on the side, aigrette of regina velvet, with a cameo at the bottom.

Another model is in bouillonné tulle, ornamented by ponceau velvet, veiled by white blonde, each accompanied by a small gold crossing, with fluttering butterflies; on the side, coques of blonde and small velvet; in the interior, band of black velvet, with ponceau medallions, veiled with white guipure.

Another is in imperial blue velvet of the Empire form, with the calotte covered by a very beautiful barbe of white lace; bavolet band of regina velvet.

Following comes a bonnet in green tulle, shaded with bouillonnés of tulle, sprinkled with silver butterflies; a large barbe of Chantilly lace is fixed round a small Empire calotte by a large lozenge of ancient guipure; in the interior, green bouillonné of tulle, with butterflies of silver-work in the middle.

As a toilette actually made, I will quote a robe of poul-de-soie, with two petticoats—the first violet, the second black: the black parts of the breadths are not closed; they are, nevertheless, ornamented by a beautiful torsade of violet silk, which is prolonged sufficiently to each corner of the breadths, and terminated by tassels and knots; the corners of each breadth are also trimmed by guipure. The petticoat of the last shade is ornamented by baguettes of violet velvet, having at the bottom of each a medallion of white guipure. The bodice of this dress is violet, accompanied by a Greek habit without sleeves, in black velvet. This kind of habit is cut with very fine shoulder-pieces, and does not rise in front and behind towards the top any more than an ordinary corset. The buttons fixed in front are covered with white guipure; the sleeves are ornamented by a silk torsade.

Another was an in-door toilette, composed of a first petticoat of green satin, formed with gold buttons, and by a second petticoat of plain velvet of the same colour, open in apron on a petticoat of satin; bodice forming a Hungarian vest, open in front; satin

sleeves; linen collar, with stars of guipure at the corners; under-sleeves, with assorted cuffs; in the hair, a velvet band.

Town dress.—Robe of moiré antique, with large stripes; Chinese coralet, formed in three points behind, top and bottom; plain under-bodice of poult-de-soie; confection of black velvet, cut behind in the form of a habit; embellished sleeves; Empire bonnet of white velvet, with passe of monseigneur violet velvet, on the middle of which is set a feather of the same colour; white bavolet band, surmounted by a bias of violet velvet; in the interior, band of violet velvet, veiled by a small entre-deux of Cluny guipure; on the sides, mow of tulle.

Dress of mauve satin, veiled in the Louis XV. manner by waves of gauze, silky and thin; in front, the gauze is open in an apron, and is relieved on the sides by mauve velvet. Cameo coiffure, ornamented on the front by leaves.

Dress of jonquil satin, lozenge by tulle of the same colour, with detached daistes in Chantilly lace, fastened at the corners of each lozenge. Empress Josephine coiffure, simply ornamented by a diadem of brilliants, accompanied by a string of the same stones, forming, without interruption, a necklace, which is fastened to the middle of the bodice.

Town toilette.—Poult-de-soie dress, with two petticoats; the first is garnished at the bottom by a band of Astracan fur; the second is bordered by a large cord. Bodice cut in a point in front and behind; straight sleeves ornamented with Astracan fur; bonnet of black velvet, ornamented simply on an Empire form by a large barbe of lace; in the interior, band of velvet, on which are attached small chains of gold, retaining gold sequins; muff of Astracan fur.

Young lady's toilette.—Dress of blue poult-de-soie, accompanied by a black poult-de-soie, gilet Louis XV. style; basquine of Montagna velvet, of a shade assorted to the petticoat; straight sleeves; triorne hat in grey felt, ornamented by a blue feather; collar in linen.

Toilette for a little girl five years of age.—Dress of ponceau velvet garnished round the bottom by a band of swan's-down; basquine of the same velvet, and trimmed with the same; straight sleeves; Scotch togue of grey felt, edged with ponceau velvet; Hungarian boots edged with red morocco.

Visiting dresses are very variable at the present time, and the milliners are trying to rival each other in making the petticoat novelties.

A petticoat of water-green moiré antique is sometimes put with a black velvet or satin frock; sometimes the frock is trimmed with fur, or some suitable ornament, such as Cluny guipure, cameos, jet fringe, or silk torsade.

For the simple and tasty toilet, we still have the satin and velvet, which are always admitted; they are preferred as much as moiré antique.

Dress of poult-de-soie, with ornaments of pearled Cluny guipure; Empire fan, with leaf of taffeta; head-dress, with a rose on the side.

The crinolines are now worn slightly decreased in circumference, and are made almost flat in front; otherwise they still maintain their position in the most fashionable toilettes.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of lavender-striped lustre, made with a jacket trimmed with quilled mauve-coloured ribbon; skirt looped up with the same, over a petticoat of silk, trimmed with black velvet. Coiffure ornamented with narrow mauve velvet.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of cinnamon-coloured poult-de-soie,

trimmed with figured ribbon velvet. Mantle of black cloth, trimmed with broad ribbon and jet ornaments. Bonnet of brown velvet, trimmed with small feathers.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of green taffeta, with a bodice of black velvet; skirt trimmed with black chenille. Coiffure of curls, ornamented with spring flowers.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of blue alpaca, trimmed with black lace; the skirt is looped up over a petticoat of the same material, trimmed with bands of white ribbon, ornamented with black buttons.

Fig. 2.—Mantle of black velvet, trimmed with guimp and tassels. Bonnet of mauve-coloured velvet and white lace.

Fig. 3.—Robe of fawn-coloured poplinette, embroidered in green and scarlet. Cap of white lace and green ribbon. Child's dress of maroon-coloured French merino, braided in white and black.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of grey silk striped with violet. Mantle of black satin, trimmed with fur. Bonnet of violet velvet, white silk, and lace.

Fig. 2.—Robe of cuir-coloured silk. Fichu of black lace, trimmed with dark blue velvet. Coiffure with curls at the back.

Fig. 3.—Ball dress of white silk, with an over-skirt of tulle, trimmed with pink velvet and small edging, looped up on each side with a bouquet of roses; bodice and sleeves to correspond. Coiffure of small curls, ornamented with flowers.

PLATE IV.—Carriage bonnet of mauve silk, made in plaits, ornamented with a band of ribbon of the same colour, black lace, and a cluster of small feathers.

Promenade bonnet of tuscan, trimmed with orange-coloured ribbon and flowers.

Dress cap of white tulle and lace, ornamented with a large white flower and scarlet ribbon.

Evening cap of tulle, made with a loose crown, trimmed with narrow blue velvet and ribbon to correspond.

Morning cap of white net, trimmed with white lace and pink ribbon.

Second ditto of white net, ornamented with mauve ribbon and black and white lace.

Under-sleeve of white muslin, made into puff at the wrist, and finished with a frill of lace and insertion.

Second ditto of net, ornamented at the wrist with insertion and white lace.

Bodice of white silk, trimmed with broad white lace and blue ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The Model given with this Number consists of a Pelerine for Ball-room use, with sleeve; it is to be made of light material, trimmed with bugles or lace, the sleeve to be trimmed to correspond.

VALENTINES.—Mr. Rimmel has hit on a novel and charming idea for a Valentine—*Animated Flowers*. Such is the title of this new missive, which represents lovely maidens clothed in floral garb, and representing various sentiments. The designs are beautifully executed in brilliant colours, and the verses are selected from our best poets.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

(Continued from page 8).

CHAPTER II.

THE WOOING.

WHEN Gerard Tremaine received his cousin Veronica's letter he was quite satisfied. She had meant no more than he had, he thought. Of course she loved him, just as he loved her. It would be impossible not to care for each other, after all their years of household intimacy together, but as for any other love, it had been absurd for him to fancy it for a moment. By the same post came a brief epistle from his father, in answer to an announcement of his intention to propose to Miss Lauderdale. Ralph Tremaine was the least authoritative or dictatorial of parents. Loving his son as much as it was within the compass of his nature, he had never interfered with his plans and projects. Of course he did not commence now. Secretly, he would have been glad if his son's choice had fallen on his cousin Veronica. He had reasons of his own which would have made him rejoice to see her thus settled and provided for. But he had too much worldly wisdom to do anything so useless as to hint this now. His letter was kind and cordial, and he offered with frank *bonhomie* his wishes for the success of the wooing.

Now then—as Gerard said to himself, in young men's phraseology—the coast was clear, and he had nothing to do but to go in and win. A smile, with a little anticipatory triumph, curved his lip, as he thought that this would not be very difficult. He had a pleasant sort of self-esteem, not in the least obtrusive or offensive. It did not prevent him from giving every one their dues; but so far the world had been kind to him, and it is not strange if he had faith in his own deserts, as well as in his own fortunes. He had fulfilled the promises of his boyhood. He was not a great man—not a man who would influence the age, and make himself felt as a power in the land—but he was a far pleasanter person to live with than one of those immense, intense men, cast in a grand, heroic mould. He was a gallant, gracious gentleman, not above enjoying the good gifts of this life—not too high and mighty to notice a ribbon or a shawl. He was handsome enough for a school-girl's Apollo, thorough-bred all through, from the haughty head to the long, slender hands and feet. With an eloquent smile, bright eyes, and manners, to which were united grace and kindness, it is no wonder that all women liked him, or that he anticipated little difficulty in making his way to the timid, fluttering heart of gentle Alice Lauderdale.

"Dear little, brown-eyed darling!" he murmured to himself, as he thought of her. He recalled the time he had seen her first. She stood among a group of gay girls, at an evening party, and he had been attracted by her at once. It seemed to him she looked like a simple wild-flower, trans-

planted by some mistake to bloom in a hot-bed of brilliant exotics. Not quite eighteen, she seemed yet younger than her years. Her figure was slight, her face as sunny and unsuspecting as a child's; yet there were depths of feeling in her brown eyes as yet unsounded—the promise of a dawn that might break gloriously by-and-by. About the dainty, rose-bud mouth was an expression which seemed like a constant appeal for tenderness and protection. Her whole existence, you could see, must be one of the affections. She looked like one to whom nature has given a right to a quiet life; the safe, sweet shelter of a home; the warmth and peace of husband's and children's love. Her dress was a simple robe of some delicate, white fabric, and only a few rose-buds, as fresh and graceful as herself, were twisted for ornament in her bright, brown hair.

This then was what Gerard had been waiting for. He recognised his ideal in her at once. That was ten weeks ago, and, though he had seen her almost daily, her charm for him had lost nothing of its potency. There had been but one discouragement. He had discovered that she was an heiress, and was beset with a fear lest he should be suspected of fortune-hunting. It was not powerful enough, however, to keep him from her side, though it did haunt him uncomfortably at times.

Miss Lauderdale was come of good old stock. The stately family mansion, in which more than one generation of her ancestors had lived and died, looked from its great windows over a wide stretch of country, not an acre of which was not hers. She was the only child of the last Lauderdale, and her careless hands recked little of the power they held. The poorest of poor cousins could not have been simpler or more unpretentious. She had a guardian, however—a shrewd, sarcastic man of the world. He had no children of his own, and I think Alice had found the softest place in his heart. He was ambitious for her, and exacting for her. Even Gerard Tremaine, with his comfortable endowment of self-esteem, stood a little in awe of Simeon Goldthwaite, Esq. He was haunted as he tied his cravat by Mr. Goldthwaite's keen, shrewd, gray eyes—his visions of the sweet consent in Alice's face were shadowed a little by speculations as to what her guardian might say to him. But "faint heart never wins," he said to himself, by way of exhortation and encouragement.

He found Alice at home and alone, but it was not quite as easy to open his heart to her as he had imagined. It was in the drawing-room of her guardian's town house, where her winters were always passed; and just opposite the would-be wooer, hung a portrait of Mr. Goldthwaite. The keen, shrewd, gray eyes seemed to Gerard to be asking with sarcastic emphasis what he wanted. It was almost as bad as having an actual human listener in the room.

He led the conversation on by devious paths, meaning to bring up at the right gate at last; but somehow he got no nearer. It had been easy enough to pay Alice compliments, but when it came to making serious love to her, there

was something in the very atmosphere of her girlish simplicity and innocence which hedged her round, cold and sparkling, yet enticing, like hoar frost. At last he made a desperate plunge.

"Why will you persist in seeing me only in the presence of your guardian? It is deliberate cruelty."

"Of my guardian?" with the prettiest surprise in her inquiring eyes.

"Yes," glancing at the portrait. "Don't you see how he looks at us? I am afraid before him to tell you that I love you. And yet," seeing her cheeks turn crimson, "I must say it, for all my future life depends on your answer."

By that time he had quite forgotten the cool, watching eyes of the picture, and his true feeling made him eloquent. He told her of all she was to him—the realization of his dreams—the embodiment of his ideal; of all she could be in the future—his guardian angel, his household deity—his—

Spare me the rest, and, if you are a young man, and have a "brown-eyed darling," imagine it; if you are a young lady, and have a lover, remember it.

Shy little Alice was startled at first. She was not one of the class of girls who see a possible suitor in every gentleman friend. She had liked Mr. Tremaine, enjoyed his society, felt complimented by his friendship. This being asked to belong to him, to share his life, was a new and unexpected phase. At first it surprised her—then she began to think she liked it—to understand why his praises had been sweeter in her ear than any other homage she ever received. When Gerard won her shy consent that he should ask her guardian, he was triumphant.

It chanced that fate gave him the opportunity for the interview sooner than he expected. As he was going out of the door he met Mr. Goldthwaite coming in. Leaping with desperate courage upon the bridge of the occasion, he asked a few moments, conversation, and they were accorded immediately. Mr. Goldthwaite was the most trying of confidants for a tender secret. He did not smile, made no encouraging responses, only listened with the quietest and most scrutinizing attention, looking his interlocutor steadily in the face with those cool, shrewd eyes.

Tremaine told his story as well as he was able—said something of the ardent love he felt for Miss Lauderdale, hinted his belief that she returned it—then paused for judgment.

Mr. Goldthwaite's first question regarded the extent of his fortune. The sum seemed absurdly small to Gerard as he answered.

A satirical smile crossed Mr. Goldthwaite's lips, and he asked—

"Do you know what Miss Lauderdale has?" and then he named an amount which absolutely startled Gerard, who had never heard any particulars beyond the fact that she had great possessions. He was vexed and humiliated by her guardian's manner, and began an indignant dis-

claimer as to interested motives. Miss Lauderdale's fortune should be settled on herself—he preferred it—he cared only for her.

Mr. Goldthwaite interrupted him.

"Excuse me, this is not my province. If my ward is convinced of your affection, and favours your suit, I have neither right nor inclination to interfere. She will be eighteen next May. At that time, by the terms of her father's will, her fortune passes absolutely into her own hands, and she becomes her own mistress. If you will excuse me a moment, I wish to speak to her."

Alice looked up with a bright blush as her guardian entered the drawing-room. Stern and cynical as he was to others, he was always kind and tender to her. There was a fatherly gentleness in his manner as he spoke to her.

"What am I to do with this suitor, Alice—this young man who has come pestering me? Shall I send him away?"

"If you ask me, I think I shall say keep him," and she looked up with eyes which told the same story as the shy blushes on her cheeks.

"Then you love him, Alice?"

"I am afraid I do."

He looked at her for a moment, as she sat there in her girlish grace, her unclouded happiness, and a mist grew before the eyes of the man the world called so cold. She was as dear to him and his invalid wife as the daughter would have been whom heaven denied them. He could not bear to give her up. Would she ever be so happy again? Was he not seeing her at her best now—a girl just learning to love, joyous light in her eyes, blushes coming and going on her cheeks—young, innocent, hopeful, with all her troubles lying before her? And yet he had no reason to urge why Gerard Tremaine should not make her happy. He put his hand with a caressing motion on her bonny, brown hair, as he said—

"Are you sure this suitor loves you for yourself, Alice? Do you know what a very rich woman you are?"

"I am sure. I am ready to venture it, at any rate," she answered, bravely. But his words had struck a pang to her heart—they insinuated a doubt, of which, left to herself, she would never have dreamed.

Thereupon he went back to Mr. Tremaine. "Well, sir," he said, in a tone which he tried to make cordial, "I find that you have won a consent more important than mine, so I may as well make up my mind to second the motion. She is a good child—deal kindly and tenderly by her."

"As I hope God will deal kindly by me," Gerard answered, with an earnest solemnity which, more than anything that had gone before, impressed Mr. Goldthwaite in his favour.

Then the lover went again to his gentle Alice and claimed her as quite his own—took some kisses from the pure, bright lips, and then urged her to name an early day for the rite that was to unite them wholly. Listening to him, her soft, brown eyes grew full of tears, and she turned to him

with a passionate earnestness of expression, so unlike anything he had seen in her before, that it startled him.

"O Gerard! Gerard! do you love me, and only me? Remember, if you take me, that I shall love you very dearly; and I could bear no coldness, no half-love. Do you give me all, Gerard, *all*?"

"Alice—child—darling! Do you doubt me? *can* you doubt me? I am *all* yours—yours only. You are as much to me as ever woman was to man. Be satisfied."

It was strange, but even in that moment it occurred to her that he did not say he had never loved any one else. But he *did* say that he loved her only. There was an earnestness in his manner which she could not doubt, and she trusted him entirely—satisfied him to the full with her assurances. He won her promise, before he left her, that their wedding should take place in four months, on her eighteenth birthday.

He went away at last, to sit up half the night writing to Veronica the story of his happiness, and Alice went up stairs to Mrs. Goldthwaite to be petted, and congratulated, and cried over after the manner of women.

That was Wednesday. On Friday morning the letter written by Gerard Tremaine with such eager delight, was punctually laid before his cousin Veronica. It was a real lover's letter—full of happy, unconscious egotism; eloquent over the charms and graces of his little betrothed—telling how good she was, how sweet, how innocent, how simple, how utterly unspoiled by her fortune and the indulgencies it had brought her, how beautiful and how young. He wrote of what he fancied their life would be together—the home joys they would share—the perfect union of which he dreamed. Oh! if Veronica could only see her! He knew she could not help loving her. They must be dear as sisters to each other. How happy they would all three be in the visits she must pay them in the future.

As Veronica read, she felt a slow hate curdling about her heart. It seemed to her that the girl had done her a bitter wrong. She had wiled away from her, so she said to herself, the only heart she coveted on earth. She smiled a bitter, scornful smile as she murmured.

"My turn will come. By-and-by I shall have my day. By-and-by he will tire of his eighteen-years-old doll. He will prefer wine to milk and water. My day *shall* come. She shall drink the cup she is pressing to my lips."

Do not judge her too severely. Her sufferings, like her nature, were intense. Weaker hearts could not fathom them. She had known Gerard and loved him for so many years what right, she thought, could any new comer have in comparison? In judging her all through, remember that she was born with violent impulses, and without high moral sense. Remember that she had no mother to study her character—foster her good, and weed out her evil. Pity her, then!

She forced herself to talk cheerfully about the projected marriage to her uncle. No one could have guessed what

sorrow lurked under that gay, brilliant manner of hers. Warmed to cheerfulness by his son's prospects, or, perhaps, by the wine in which he had drunk his health, Mr. Tremaine put aside for the time a mysterious burden that had seemed, of late to weigh him down, and grew almost merry. He even jested with Veronica about her lack of a lover; and expressed, in so many words, his wonder that she had never married.

"I suppose all the men I have met have been too meek, uncle," she answered, with a gay laugh. "We do not read that the lion and the lamb shall mate together until the Millennium. It's a pity I had not more of the turtle dove in my composition, if, as the world seem to think now-a-days, the chief end of woman is matrimony."

She got away from him as soon as she could. His light words jarred on her mood. Of late he had been self-absorbed and silent—almost cross, and that phase suited her better than this new pleasantry.

By the next day he had settled back into his grave, sad ways again, and Veronica noticed how fast he was growing old. Weary day after day passed on for her. Snows had come at last, cold and deep. She was confined for the most part in doors. She invited no one, however, to bear her company. She was better alone, she said, in answer to her uncle Tremaine's remonstrances. She did not care for any one she knew; they were like old books—she had read them all through. He did not interfere any further. In truth, at that time he had his own troubles; and, when he was at home, was quite as well pleased that the house was quiet and there were no guests to make any demands upon his courtesy.

How the lonely days went by to Veronica, she could never have told. She received every few days joyous letters from Gerard, full of anticipation; and had to bear them and answer them as best she could. But every one of them was a link in the chain that bound her to her purpose—a steady purpose that grew stronger day by day—to win him some time—some time to shut the door of his heart on that young girl who had crept into its throne, and reigned there herself sole empress. If it crushed that other woman's heart, blighted her life, what matter? She persuaded herself that she would only be giving as she had received.

And yet, I say, pity her. Since her father died she had never known satisfaction for the great need of a woman's heart—to be loved—*loved best*. Until you have felt that hunger, until your very soul has fainted for that manna, do not assume to be her judge. In all the world there was not one heart which held her first and dearest—one being whose world would be darkened if she dropped out of it. There was no soul to whom she could turn for strength or comfort; and so her secret stung her like a scorpion in her solitude, and penetrated every fibre of her being

(To be continued.)

MADELINE.

I.

THY father's halls are stately, Madeline,—
 His towers bestow a prospect of wide lands,
 His walls are tapestried with velvets fine,
 And menials ever wait at thy commands,
 And thou canst rest 'neath many a silken fold
 Of purple hues and gold :—
 Why sittest thou then on this grey stone at even,
 Pondering so deeply, Madeline ?
 What seest thou in yon radiance divine,
 The fading splendours of the summer heaven ?
 Thy cheek reposing careless on thy hand,
 Thine eye with dreamy gaze upturned where
 The first pale star floats in the azure air :—
 Let me thy musings share,

My Madeline !

II.

What dost thou see within the dusky woods
 That wave these old baronial halls around ?
 Breathing with hollow sound
 Old nature's speech of solemn mystery,
 Then swelling like the distant roar of floods,
 Or the deep murmur of the moonlit sea.
 Seest thou the forms that throng yon shadowy cells
 Gliding with rustling footstep through the grove ;
 The spirit of the wind within them dwells,
 The sylvan sisters in light measure move
 Down the dim vistas of the forest scene,
 The Dryad glides the mossy trunks between ;
 And as thou sittest thus in pensive mood,
 See those two flying forms that pass the view !
 Hark from afar the Satyrs wild halloo,
 And Pan pursuing Syrinx through the wood !

III.

And that old volume with quaint clasps of gold
 Hath waked thy fancy, Madeline.
 It tells the legends of the days of old,
 While sweet romance is in its every line.
 And Launcelot and Arthur, and the time
 Of wizards, giants and maidens fair as thee,
 Have filled thy soul with their wild poesy,
 And borne thee to a land of solitude,
 Of mystic caverns, haunted field and flood,
 And a soft radiance pours adown thy dreams.
 Oh, let me share in these congenial themes !
 And frame a world for but thy soul and mine,
 My dreamy, pensive Madeline.

W. W.

HE who has made time his friend will have little to fear
 from his enemies ; but he that has made it his enemy will
 have little to hope from his friends.

As we stand by the sea-shore and watch the rolling tide
 come in, we retreat, thinking we shall be overwhelmed ;
 soon, however, they flow back. So with the waves of
 trouble in the world, they threaten us, but a firm resistance
 makes them break at our feet.

THE THEATRES.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—A pretty operetta entitled, *Christmas Eve*, precedes the pantomime at this establishment, and under the able direction of Mr. Alfred Mellon, goes off brilliantly ; the light and sparkling music sufficing to occupy the attention of the audience, most of whom have come for the pantomime alone. *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp ; or, Harlequin and the Flying Palace*, are titles which will easily suggest visions of the most gorgeous description, nor will these anticipations be disappointed, for the Messrs. T. and W. Grieve have painted scenes which, in their brilliancy and beauty, leave nothing for the imagination to conceive more exquisite. The various dances, which are admirably arranged by M. Desplaces, are excessively admired for their artistic grouping and beautiful positions.

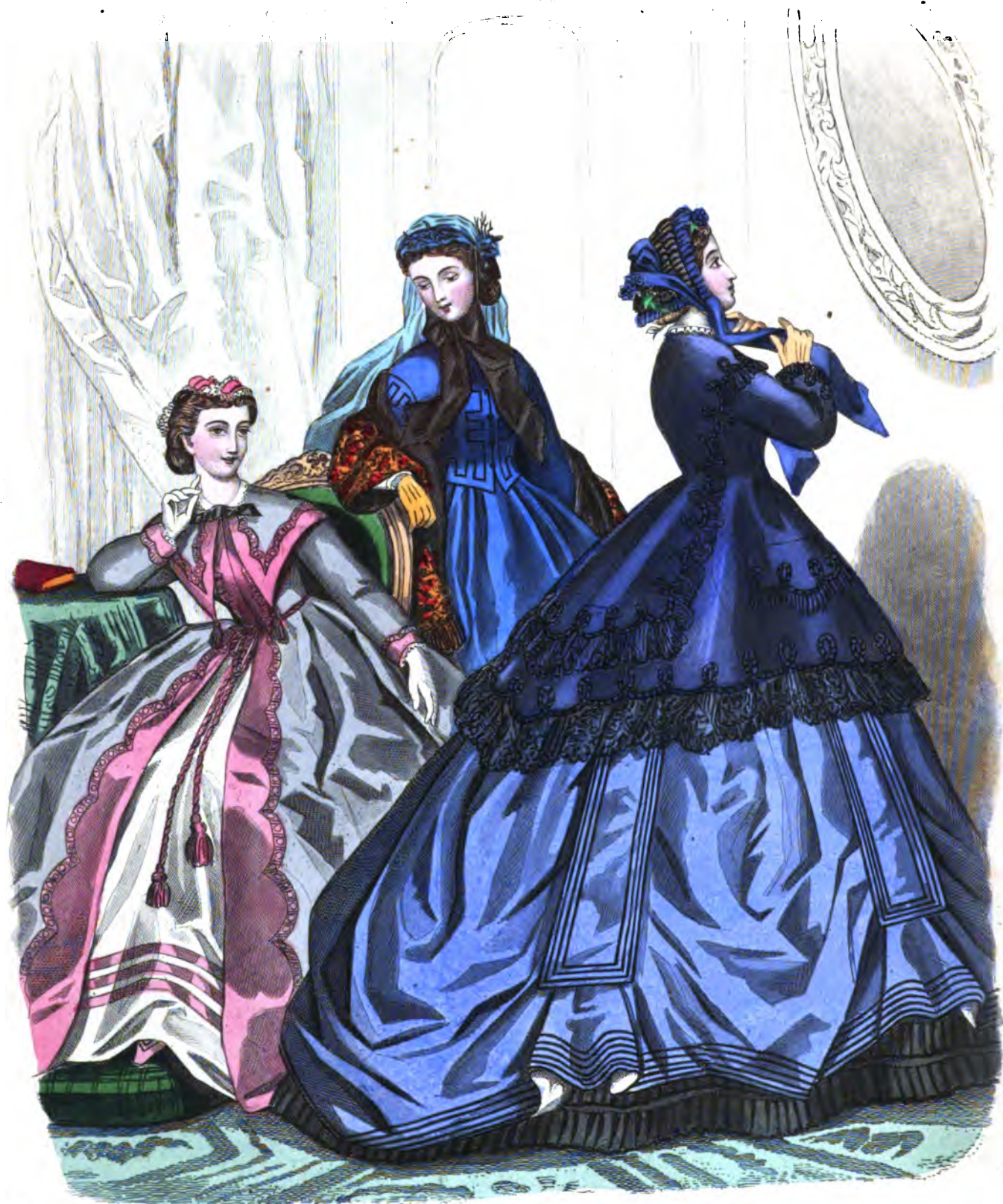
THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—The old comedy of the *Jealous Wife* has been revived here ; it was brought out at this house in 1761. The characters are most ably sustained, the principal ones by Mr. Phelps and Mrs. Herman Vezin, Mr. Phelps meeting with the usual enthusiastic reception accorded to him. The pantomime is very beautiful and attractive. *Little King Pippin*, with the brilliant scenic appliances, and really fine acting of Master Percy Roselle, elicit nightly those vigorous plaudits which have accompanied each appearance of the Lilliputian monarch since he began a reign which bids fair to be of long duration.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL ADELPHI.—The romantic and effective drama of *Bip Van Winkle* which, through the admirable acting of Mr. Jefferson, has retained so firm a hold upon the public favour, has been preceded by a new and laughable farce, entitled *Pipkins's Bustic Retreat*. Mr. J. L. Toole's acting calls for the highest praise that can be bestowed upon it ; he has certainly made the part of the persecuted and terrified *Pipkins* one of the best in which he has appeared.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Brilliant in its *petite* decorations, fresh and new—fascinating in the beauty of its actresses—the home of the wildest and most extravagant burlesque, the Strand is always dedicated to laughter. Care holds no place within its walls, and dulness is unknown.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—There is still an ample round of amusement provided at this beautiful and healthful palace of the people, and as the access has now been rendered as easy as moving from one chair to another, it affords perhaps the best of all treats for the juveniles during the holidays.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—The latest celebrities have just been added to this magnificent and world-renowned exhibition. Scarcely any character which has acquired the slightest notoriety escapes the research of the proprietors ; and those who have only silently wondered what the bearer of some great name may be like in the flesh, can here fully gratify their curiosity.



PLI

LONDON AND PARIS
Fashions for March 1860.

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PLI

LONDON AND PARIS Digitized by Google
Fashions for March 1866.



Pl. II

LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for March 1866.

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LONDON AND PARIS Digitized by Google
Fashions for March, 1850



LONDON AND PARIS Digitized by Google
Fashions for November 1876

PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for March, 1866.



Pl. II

LONDON AND PARIS
Fashions for March 1866.

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LONDON AND PARIS

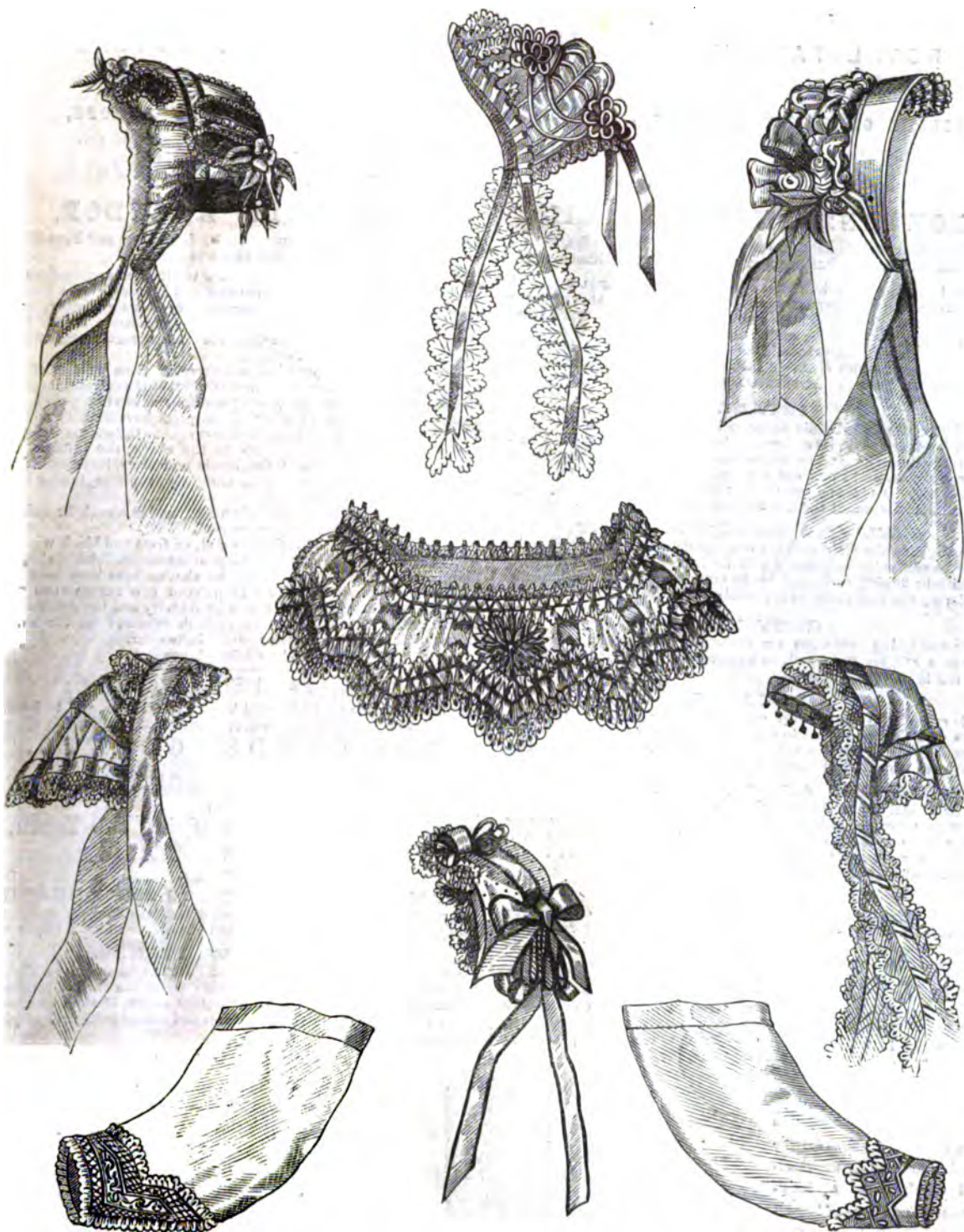
Fashions for March, 1856

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LONDON AND PARIS Digitized by Google
Fashions for March 1870

PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for March, 1866.

edges the slope of the bodice. This dress has a first petticoat of tarlatan, ornamented at the bottom by folds of the same stuff, forming crosses straight at the sides and larger in the middle: these folds are covered with lace; a very light cordon separates these crossings.

I must give you a few descriptions of new bonnets which I have seen.

The first was in rose crape, the bouillonnés of which were separated by small rose Easter daisies; behind, bavolet band of velvet, covered with guipure; in the interior, small cordon of Easter daisies.

Another is in emerald-green tulle, with the passe of crape of the same colour; rolls of green taffeta separate the bouillonnés at the base; a cordon of ivy leaves, accompanied by a sprig of violets, separates the ground of the calotte; in the interior, band of violet velvet.

Another is white, with passe of fine velvet, and ground in white tulle.

On the passe and bavolet band we fix white azaleas.

In the interior, band of white velvet brodered with fine pearls.

A ball dress which I saw the other evening was ornamented by small flowers of a bright rose colour, spotted with gouttes d'eau. The dress, of white satin, opened on a front of tulle. I saw this at the Prussian ambassador's ball.

The only real change is in the "chapeaux." It is certain that in the spring the pamelas will be only adopted.

I will give an example of this charming bonnet. Pamela bonnet of white tulle, bouillonné at the passe, which is very small. The form behind is neither the "Empire" nor the "Fanchon." It is a mixture; sometimes it has a long point falling over the "catogan." We never put many ornaments. They are jet, gold, and silver cords, sigrettes, or small feathers. The strings are in moire or satin.

Green is the fashionable colour of the day for grand toilets in satin or faye.

Petticoat of faye garnished by a silk cord. Frock of satin or silk, bordered with velvet and ornamented with passementerie.

Of the excessive magnificence and singularity of some of the ball costumes used at the court of the Empress, I have no space in this to speak; I must, in my next, describe one or two for the satisfaction of some of your readers.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Morning robe of grey cashmere, trimmed with facings of pink silk, edged with Indian patterned bordering. Under-skirt of white cambric, trimmed with pink bands. Cap of white lace and pink ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of blue silk, trimmed with black velvet, worn with a Paisley shawl. Bonnet trimmed with flowers, and a long gauze veil.

Fig. 3.—Robe of mauve silk, trimmed with narrow velvet, worn looped up over a black silk petticoat. Mantle of dark mauve velvet, trimmed with lace and silk cord. Bonnet of black and purple silk, trimmed with lace and flowers.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of stone-coloured silk, figured with green satin stripes. Mantle of black Lyons velvet, trimmed with grebe. Bonnet of green velvet, worn with a veil.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of mauve silk; bodice of white tulle, trimmed with lace and ribbon; a sash of dark mauve-coloured satin ribbon fastened at the left side; coiffure of curls and braids, trimmed with narrow ribbon to correspond with the dress.

Fig. 3.—Robe of cuir-coloured poplinette, trimmed with cords, tassels, and buttons of the same colour.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—Evening robe of rich green corded silk, forming a tunic trimmed round with bouillonné of satin and pearls; a deep flounce of Cluny lace forms the edging of the tunic; the bodice is made to correspond. The effect obtained is exceedingly graceful.

Fig. 2.—Full-dress Evening Toilette.—A robe in very rich grey satin, handsomely trimmed with gold and cerise ornaments and fringe to form a tunic of great elegance of design.

These beautiful robes are from the Silk and Fashion Rooms of Messrs. Grant & Gask, of 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, Oxford Street.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Mantle and dress of Russian linsey, trimmed with cord and tassels to match. Bonnet of blue silk, trimmed with white flowers and black beads.

Fig. 2.—Evening dress of pink silk; the under-skirt is striped with satin of a darker shade; the trimmings are of rich black lace, and the sash of the same; bodice and sleeves of white tulle over white silk; coiffure of curls, ornamented with a band across the head of pink silk, trimmed with pearls.

Fig. 3.—Robe of foulard silk, trimmed with black braidings; jacket of cashmere, with the same braiding as the dress.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of white silk, made in a puff at the front, and ornamented with bands of black velvet, edged with lace and white flowers.

Promenade bonnet of pale green silk. The crown has puffings of the same, and bows and ends to correspond, and finished with two white flowers and green leaves.

Morning cap of net made with a loose crown, and trimmed with pink ribbon and white lace.

Dress cap of blond, made in puffs at the crown, and trimmed with white lace and narrow orange-coloured ribbon, finished round the front with a quilling of the same, and lappets to correspond.

Evening cap of blond, trimmed round the front and down the lappet with mauve ribbon, crossed with narrow black velvets, together with white lace.

Second ditto, of spotted blond, ornamented with blue ribbon edged with velvet of a darker shade and black lace.

Under-sleeve of muslin trimmed at the wrist with edging and black lace insertion.

Second ditto of net, ornamented with edging and insertion.

Pelerine of spotted blond, ornamented with bands and ruchings of pink ribbon, and a rosette of the same in the centre, and narrow black blond edging.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this Number a useful Model of a jacket-sleeve, trimmed with epaulette on the shoulder, and braided and festooned on the wrist.

THIS SEASON'S CRINOLINES.—The variations compelled by fashion in these graceful and necessary aids to true elegance in the art of dressing, have never been so exquisitely made as they are at the present time. The crinolines especially from the establishment of Messrs. Hubbell and Co. are of the lightest and most flexible description, while their extremely graceful and flowing appearance takes from them the awkward and stiff-looking proportions of those usually sold; in fact they are an aid to the skirt of any dress, not to be obtained by other means, giving to it an amplitude that is just sufficient to insure a charming effect.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

(Continued from page 19).

CHAPTER III.

THE WEDDING.

THE white, pitiless winter days that shut Veronica in, and chilled her heart with their pale silence, went by on golden wings for Gerard and his brown-eyed darling—each one bringing nearer their day of days. Alice was happy—utterly happy. Gerard felt a little man-like, lover-like impatience for his bridal, and had, in the midst of his happiness, one slight vexation—the persistent refusal of his cousin Veronica to come to the wedding. He was not going to take his bride home until midsummer; partly he feared the effect of the penetrating northern spring, with its biting east winds and uncertain temperature on her delicate and unacclimated constitution, and partly because of her strong desire that they should go at once to her own home and pass their honeymoon in the spot most likely to be endeared to them by the joys and sorrows of their future. So the present prospect was, that he would have to wait some little time before displaying his prize to his cousin.

This was a trifle, however, in his sum total of happiness. Nothing could seriously annoy him when a great part of every day was passed with Alice, and every evening found him at her side. Mrs. Goldthwaite complained that he did not give the child time enough to be fitted properly to her dresses; and even Mr. Goldthwaite had begun to be satisfied of his devotion.

And so, at last, the May morning came on which they dressed Alice for her bridal. Mr. Ralph Tremaine had arrived the day before blazed and paternal. He seemed to have left his mysterious burden, whatever it was, behind him. He was all smiles and geniality. He professed himself delighted with his son's choice, and I think the satisfaction was real. As I have said before, he had a strong affection for all things nearly connected with himself; and the strongest emotions of love and pride which he ever experienced were concentrated on Gerard.

Never was more enthusiastic bridegroom. To him his brown-eyed darling, with her delicate, spiritual beauty, clad in her robes of misty white, seemed a being fitter for heaven than for earth. He loved her with a love which was the essence of all that was best and noblest in his nature. His comfortable self-esteem gave way to a sense of unworthiness of so much goodness and grace—a fear lest he might not make her entirely happy. Could any shadow ever come to darken such a love—any frosts to chill it?

Alice felt neither doubts nor fears. Joy as pure as heaven shone in her clear eyes. Perfect love and perfect trust shone on her face. Surely never was fairer promise of happiness.

By two o'clock it was all over—priestly benison, congratulations of friends, good-byes—and with sunshine over

her bonny head, and flowers strewing the path she trod, the bride stepped into the carriage which was to convey them on the first stage of their journey.

To Veronica, far away, the day rose mockingly. A chill east wind blew—a wind which seemed to blow over her life, sweeping away all its blossoms, and whirling them like withered leaves over a path where no other steps would ever join her solitary feet. Her uncle being away, she had breakfast in her own room, and Rosette waited on her. She was not well, she said; and truly white lips and ashen cheeks indorsed her statement. Rosette watched her keenly. Once she remarked, looking straight into her mistress's face—

“It is strange Mr. Gerard did not wait till next month. They used to say in France that marriages in May were always unlucky.”

If she had expected any sign of emotion she was disappointed. Not one muscle of Miss Tremaine's face quivered. She answered in the most careless tones—

“Lovers are not apt to like waiting. They make their own omens.”

Rosette retired, as usual from any trial of skill with her mistress, discomfited. She knew well enough the secret that proud face scorned to reveal, but she saw that not even by so much as the movement of an eyelash would Miss Tremaine confide in her.

The rest of the day Veronica sat alone. She made no plans—she scarcely thought at all. It was a day so bitter that no cup she might ever again have to drink could contain worse dregs. She drained them drop by drop; but her purpose never failed—the day should come when that girl-bride should weep for her lost lover—when she, Veronica, should wear the crown of that man's love.

Alice Tremaine would never know a happier hour than when, with her husband by her side, she came in sight of their great house, raising its gray height toward the May sky, and looking its grandest and stately, with its doors open as if spreading out arms of welcome. Here she meant to live her happy life. Every nook of the old place was dear to her. Father and mother, friends and kinsfolk, had lived and died here. The old home seemed to her like a friend. She almost believed that the loved and lost still walked to and fro under those ancestral trees—that hands she could not see were stretched toward her in blessing, and faces, which her dim eyes had no power to distinguish, were looking at her on this her bridal day with looks of love. She grew jubilant over Gerard's admiration of Lauderdale Hall. She made him go with her into all the rooms; look at all the pictures of dead Lauderdale's; note from the windows how yonder you gazed on the sea, with its shifting waste of emerald, and from the other side you looked into a beautiful country, with stately trees, soft, bosky dells, and paths that seemed to lead into green vistas of peace.

It had been her home through all her early girlhood, before her father died; and ever since Mr. Goldthwaite had

been her guardian, she had always persuaded the family to come here for part of the summer months. She had come back to it now, in her new happiness, feeling as if her joy was more real than it could be elsewhere; and, with Gerard by her side, she thought she had found her Paradise.

May its gates never shut her out! May the blossoms of Eden grow for ever in her path—her skies never lose the radiance of the dawn—her suns never set in darkness!

But earth is not yet heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

RALPH TREMAINE'S TROUBLES.

It was almost summer. The time for Gerard to bring home his wife was near at hand. That morning Veronica had been superintending some preparations for their reception. It was nearly dinner-time now, and she went down stairs and walked to and fro on the broad terrace, waiting for her uncle. Not all her secret wretchedness had brought a touch of change to her sparkling beauty. She looked as regal as ever, as she paced backward and forward, speculating about the future. She turned as she heard the hoof-beats of a horse ridden rapidly up the avenue. What could possess her uncle to come tearing home at such a pace? In a moment she saw it was not Mr. Tremaine. Then, as the rider drew still nearer, she recognised a man who had occasionally come out on business from her uncle's office. What could be the matter? She knew by the look on his face that he came to bring no pleasant tidings. He dismounted, and said respectfully—

"My errand is to you, Miss Tremaine. I am to give you this letter," and drawing one from his pocket, he put it into her hands.

"You will wait to rest your horse and take some refreshment?" she asked, with a mechanical instinct of hospitality.

"No, thank you; I must return at once."

He looked at her a moment with a curious expression of admiration and pity; then he mounted his horse and rode away as rapidly as he had come.

She went to her own room before she broke the seal of the letter; then she opened it and read these words:—

"I have nothing to say for myself, no excuse to make, only one crushing fact to tell you. I am ruined! Every farthing of my property and of your fortune is gone. Why was your father so mad as to leave it in my charge, to be invested according to my judgment? I meant for the best. I thought I should double the money. The mining stocks in which I invested it promised well, but they have burst like a child's soap-bubble. I wonder I dare to write you this. My own calmness and courage surprise me. I know you cannot forgive me, so I do not ask it. If you have any message for me—if there is anything that I can do for you—write to me at the office. I shall not come home again until you have left the house. The establishment, of course, must be broken up; as a first step you will have to

go away. After that I will manage the rest. You can have several weeks in which to make your arrangements. Fortunately, you are not without money on hand for immediate uses. Of course you can go for awhile to Gerard; and, by-and-by, I hope to be situated so as to help you. If I dared, I would promise some time to pay you all; but I am getting an old man, and I do not venture, when the past has been so disastrous, to count upon the future. Gerard's fortune, thank Heaven, is in his own hands; otherwise that would have gone too. Believe me, I can bear the shock to myself willingly, and well enough. The hardest part of the blow to me is, that it must fall on you. As I said, I know you cannot forgive me—but blame my poor judgment, my weak brain, not my intentions toward you. Of intentional wrong toward my dead brother's child, Heaven knows I am guiltless.

"RALPH TREMAINE."

Veronica read the letter through without indignation, with an honest pity for the stricken, humiliated man. She had faults enough, but love of money was not one of them. She was kind-hearted, too, where some stronger passion was not interfered with. She was not at all cast down by this blow. Indeed, her eyes brightened over a thought that came into her mind as she read. She would have lost ten fortunes for the sake of the hold she could foresee that she might acquire through this loss upon Gerard. She sat down and wrote, first of all, a letter to her uncle, full of business. She told him that, had his speculations been successful, and her property increased in his hands, no one would have blamed him for the manner in which he used it—then surely it would be unjust to blame him now, when his intentions had been the same, and he himself had lost all. She begged him to come home at once, and let her help him in all his arrangements; to feel sure that she should never blame him, any more than she would have blamed her father, if, through any misfortune, he had lost the property before it came into her hands.

This done, she wrote to Gerard. She enclosed to him the letter from his father, and told him he would understand by that her position. If she might come to them for a few weeks, until she could make some arrangements for the future, she should be very glad. She hoped to have no difficulty in procuring a situation as governess; but she knew so little of the steps necessary to be taken, that she would wait until she could have his advice and assistance. She begged him not to blame his father, and declared her entire conviction that he had acted with the very best intentions. She expressed her regret that the visit they had been planning should be interrupted, and that, instead, she must throw herself upon their hospitality; and concluded with an injunction that they should not pity her nor condole with her, for she was not going to lament her loss. The trial would strengthen her, and do her good.

(To be continued.)

MY OWN.

PERHAPS her lips no redder are
Than those of every other ;
But, oh, I know those lips are *mine*,
And not shared with another !

Her hands, you say, are not more fair
Than those of all her kind ;
But still they tremble lovingly,
When they are clasped in mine.

To you her eyes may not be bright,
Nor of a charming hue ;
But constantly they say to me,
I love—and only you !

Perhaps her voice no sweeter is
Than voices you have known ;
But, oh, it reaches to my soul
In every changeful tone !

You say her hair no softer is
Than that of many a girl ;
But it has coiled around my heart
By every silken curl !

Perhaps her feet no smaller are
Than other feet you see ;
But then they gladly run to meet
No other love but me !

You think her waist, though round and small,
Is not a perfect circle ;
Before my fond, admiring eyes
'Twere fit for Venus' girdle !

And hands, and lips, and eyes, and voice,
I claim them as my own ;
And, oh, 'tis bliss to know that they
Belong to me alone !

G. H. H.

WOMAN.—It is hardly possible to overrate the influence of true-hearted woman, from the time it is first felt in her childhood's home, where by her presence she gladdens the heart of father and mother, and by her mild gentle love holds sway over the heart of her brother, filling his mind with images of purity and faith in woman. No man, however debased he may become, if he has been blessed with such a sister, can ever forget her. Thoughts of her love will come to him, until, angel-like, they lead him back to the path of virtue and peace. How precious is the bond between a sister and an only brother ! With how much patient love she overlooks his waywardness ! And let that brother thank "the Giver of all good gifts" for the priceless one of a true-hearted sister. Let her strive to win and retain his confidence ; and, though she may form nearer ties, let her not, in her own happiness, forget to sympathize in his joys and sorrows, feeling deeply conscious that her influence is wielded alike for time and eternity.

THE THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—The pantomime is still running, but will terminate this month. It has been one of the most successful of the season, and with a very judicious selection from the favourite dramas, in which Mr. Phelps appears, suffices still to crowd the house nightly.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—This popular house has been highly patronized as usual, and nightly full to overflowing. Mr. Sothorn completes his term of engagement on the 10th, when, for a time, he will have to fulfil his numerous provincial promises, and will doubtless meet with as warm a reception as his talents deserve.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S.—"One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Night of *It is never too late to Mend.*" This is the announcement which immediately ushers in the programme of this favourite theatre ; and as "house full" has constantly to be posted on the doors, nothing more need be said than what has already been announced relative to the effectiveness of Mr. Charles Reade's drama and Mr. Vining's management and abilities.

ROYAL ADELPHI.—After having had a run over 150 nights, *Rip Van Winkle* still continues to attract the largest audiences ; and the applause which greets the several points in the piece shows how little of its original interest the drama has lost. An extravaganza, founded on Offenbach's celebrated Opera Bouffe, *La Belle Héloïse*, has been some time in preparation, and will shortly be produced.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—In noticing this charming little house, we cannot do better than quote from the *Times*, which, in speaking of the new comedy, *the Fly and the Web*, just produced, says, "That a work so severely a comedy and so greatly dependent on acting of a refined order has received such unequivocal success, is highly creditable to the Strand Theatre." *L'Africaine*, a purely Strand burlesque, with *Lending a Hand*, completes one of the very best entertainments in London.

THE BEAUTY OF A BLUSH.—Goethe was in company with a mother and daughter, when the latter, being reproved for something, blushed and burst into tears. He said, "How beautiful your reproach has made your daughter. That crimson hue and those silvery tears become her much better than any ornament of gold or pearls ; these may be hung on the neck of any woman, but those are never seen disconnected with moral purity. A full-blown flower, besprinkled with purest hue, is not so beautiful as this child blushing beneath her parent's displeasure, and shedding tears of sorrow for her fault. A blush is the sign which nature hangs out to show where chastity and honour dwell."

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LE DIVIDON ANID LE PAIRIES

PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

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Polite Literature, etc.

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VOL. 39.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, May 26th, 1866.

CHERE AMIE.—The length to which my last letter extended has prepared you for the scantiness of this one. The bonnets are at this moment more the anxiety of the milliner than anything else—in truth, there are no bonnets; a few light and elegantly adjusted shreds on the apex of the *chignons* serve instead. Of the dresses, I will detail a few of the new ones since I last wrote you.

A dress is in "poil de chèvre" green striped, with petticoat ornamented by an imitation chain, the small links of which are cut in white satin, and are not any larger than a No. 3 ribbon; this chain we embellish with small green crystal beads. The bodice is made in the "Princess" form; around the shoulders an appliqué of chain like that of the petticoat. Half-fitting sleeves ornamented with more delicate chains, which seem to turn around the arm. With this toilet, confection of lilac grey chiné, ornamented with steel passementerie. The cuffs are trimmed with Cluny guipure, as also the bottom of the sleeves. Buttons of steel, to match with paletot, serve to fasten it. The bonnet is of the Pamela kind, in straw, trimmed by mauve anemones and ribbon. If this robe is worn at the sea-side, we should choose the round hat of the Mexican form, in Italian, with form encircled by a torse of black velvet, on which is wound a chain of bright steel, to which is attached large balls of amber of a pale yellow.

Summer Toilette.—Dress of gros grain taffeta or light fancy woollen material. Casaque bodice, descending long and oval behind. Straight sleeves. Collar in double lawn, with edging of guipure. In the hair, comb ornamented with gold. Earrings to match.

Little Girl's Toilette.—Robe of light fancy tissue. Very low bodice. Sash of black velvet. Guimpe with Swiss plaits. Hat of Italian straw, with edges relieved and separated behind and before, in the middle. On the front tuft of cock's feathers, a poppy velvet edges this hat.

The velvet bonnet has vanished; it is gone, and its form also. We only see the "Lamballe" and the "Fanchon;" the former is, however, preferred by most ladies. These two kinds of bonnets are worn in straw and tulle.

Dress ornaments have changed their aspect. We no longer wear jet or gold in the morning; but rolls of satin or taffeta have taken their place: rolls of satin on ball dresses, rolls on silk foulard, and "lincs" dress.

Let me quote a few ball dresses before proceeding further with the Spring toilets.

A dress belonging to a lady of the Empress's court. Robe of white tulle, on which were rolls of mauve satin in festoons. This was the only trimming on the bodice and robe.

Another "fourreau" dress in water-green taffeta, with two tulle veils of the same colour, set one over the other, without plaits in the top, and in a fan-shape beneath. Another was a dress of the Princess Metternich in maize moiré, with rolls of maize satin, powdered with crystal.

Wedding Toilette.—"Impératrice" robe of white faye, ornamented in front on the seams by pearls; each side is set under a ruche of illusion tulle. In front the dress is fastened by buttons, each having a small group of orange flowers; the ornament of the sleeves is made to match with that of the dress. Shakspeare parure. Veil of illusion tulle.

Young Lady's Toilette.—Dress of taffeta, with square bertha, ornamented with black velvet. Chemisette in muslin, with entre-deux of Valenciennes.

The other day the Empress had a dress of black grenadine in fourreau on black taffeta, and the casaques doubled with black taffeta. For a hat, she wore a galette of black, trimmed with yellow cloves.

Ball toilets.—Robe of poult-de-soie, with blue coralet, above which we place a second bodice of bouillonné tarlatan. High sash of white moiré, Marie Antoinette coiffure, not powdered and strewn with wild flowers. Robe of striped gauze. Josephine bodice, very low and with gathers. Short sleeves. Rose sash fastened by a large bow. The hair is dressed "à l'Impératrice Josephine," and has a blue tulip on the middle.

Robe of white poult-de-soie, composed of a first petticoat, ornamented with four bouillonnés of tulle. Tunic of tulle, embellished by two puffings. Bodice in ponceau velvet; under-bodice of tulle. Short-puffed sleeves. Collar of velvet. Marie Antoinette head-dress, without powder, having a few field-flowers.

House toilets.—Dress of Indian toile-de-soie, ornamented by coquilles of white taffeta. Casaque bodice, ornamented at the bottom by the same coquilles, repeated also at the top and bottom of the sleeves. White gros grain sash. Linen collar. China cravat. Hat of Italian straw, encircled by a rose and white cord, as well as a long ostrich feather.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with the Number for June a Model of a Shakspeare Collar and Cuff intended to be nicely braided on linen material. With the following Number will be given a full-size Model of a Mantlet.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—The New Sea-side Costumes.—The robe is of fine Arabian glacé, very tastefully printed in embroidery to imitate lace. The mantle, of the same material, is semi-fitting, and ornamented to correspond with the dress.

Fig. 2.—Sea-side Morning Toilette.—A pretty robe of French percale cloth with the new stripe. Printed trimming round the bottom of skirt; the trimming of the bodice and sleeves to correspond with the skirt.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Elegant Promenade Costume.—The robe is of rich green poult-de-soie, the skirt is trimmed in vandykes round the bottom of Cluny lace, which is headed with a rouleau of silk, piped with white satin, over which is another row of Cluny lace. The jacket, "Athénien," is made of the same material as the robe, and is trimmed to correspond; it is semi-fitting, with loose hanging sleeves, the effect being very graceful.

Fig. 2.—Evening Dress.—A robe of beautiful grey French satin, with platings of grey areopane up the length of the skirt, each row headed with ruching. The bodice to correspond, with tight-fitting jupe of satin appliqué, ornamented with jet beads on rouleaux of white satin, forming a charming and quite new costume.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—Promenade Toilette.—Handsome robe of blue corded silk, trimmed with Cluny lace, the skirt plain, with a frill or plaiting of silk of the same colour going up the front and round the bottom; the bodice to correspond. The mantle "Casaque Piccinina" is of rich black poult-de-soie, handsomely trimmed with a bullion fringe, edged with a double row of white beads, a large loose hanging sleeve, trimmed with white and black passementerie trimming, semi-fitting shape, forming an elegant dress for the promenade.

Fig. 2.—Promenade Toilette.—Robe of rich drab poult-de-soie, elaborately trimmed with white Cluny lace, and arranged so as to form three skirts; the bodice to correspond. Paletot "Benetton" in black poult-de-soie; semi-fitting shape, with real Maltese lace and passementerie trimmings, having handsome braided work at each corner, with sides pointed, and larger at the sides than at the back; a most effective costume.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Promenade Dress.—Mantle demi-adjuste in rich black poult-de-soie, ornamented on the shoulders and back with silk passementerie and fringe. Robe of silk, with new double stripe.

Fig. 2.—Promenade Dress.—New mantle in rich corded silk, handsomely trimmed down the back from the shoulders, and on the arms with silk and small jet ornaments. The robe is of grey poult-de-soie, with narrow double stripes, having an intermediate stripe and small spot.

PLATE V.—Promenade bonnet of white silk, made in plaits ornamented with bands of the same edged with white lace.

Second ditto of white chip, trimmed with straw-coloured ribbon and tassels of straw.

Hat of rice straw, ornamented on one side with blue bird, and on the opposite with a veil of blue gauze.

Dress cap of black blonde, trimmed with mauve ribbon and white lace, and finished with a cluster of white flowers.

Second ditto of white lace, ornamented with blue ribbon and white flowers.

Evening cap of white lace, trimmed with pink flowers and ribbon. Little girl's dress and jacket of white alpaca, trimmed with narrow black velvet and drop buttons.

Under-sleeve of white blonde, made with a cuff composed of puffs and insertion.

Second ditto of white muslin, ornamented with white lace and insertion at the cuff.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

(Continued from page 59).

CHAPTER XI.

ALICE.

THAT day she sought Alice. It was time for her next move, and she made it with scarcely an impulse of regret or hesitation.

Adroitly she led the conversation to Robert Huger; and, for the first time, told Alice, in so many words, of his proposal.

"Why did you not accept him?" Alice asked, glad of an opportunity to solve at length the mystery which had puzzled her.

"Because I could not love him. I wanted to, and tried my best. I knew if I could, I should be happier; but it was impossible."

"And yet he was very noble," Alice said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, he was noble. It was not his fault, but my misfortune. Alice, if anything had separated you from Gerard after you were engaged to him, do you think you could have learned to love and marry some one else?"

"I cannot think how anything but death *could* have separated us," the young wife said, simply, "unless I had found that he was unworthy of me; and then, I hope, love would have died."

"Love does not always die when it ought. If it did, mine would have been dead long ago."

"Were you betrothed?" Alice asked, timidly.

"Not exactly. I suppose that is how he keeps his conscience clear, and feels himself a man of honour still. No, he only told me that he loved me, and I answered him. It was an amusement, perhaps, to him; a pretty speech he may have made to twenty different women—to me it meant life or death. The next day he went away. That was the end of it. He saw a girl, gentler, younger, a great deal richer, and he married her. What a fool I am to care! How can that man have power to sway my soul—to shut the gates of all other happiness against me? And yet I believe he did love me once. There, child, ask me no more. I have told you more than any one else knows."

"And you will not tell me who it was?"

The words struggled, in spite of herself, from the young wife's white lips.

"Tell you! You are mad to ask it. Forget that I said anything, and never speak of it hereafter. My confidential moods come but seldom. To-morrow I shall be sorry that I told you."

As she spoke, she rose to go. Alice put out her hand, involuntarily, as if she would hold her back. Her face was white as death. She would have given worlds to say, "At least tell me it was not Gerard!" But she read no

pity in those proud, dark eyes. She drew back her hand, and let Veronica go without another word. Then she sank on her knees, and lifted towards heaven her white, piteous face, her eyes wild with torturing fear.

Was it Gerard? Was it Gerard? She asked herself the question over and over again; but there was not even an echo to answer her.

She got up and went down stairs. She wanted to change the current of her thoughts a little. Her light feet made no noise on the soft carpets. She heard the sound of music in the drawing-room. Veronica was singing—the same song she had sung that night at Mrs. Lauderdale's. She went to the door, and stood there looking in. They did not see her, neither of them. Veronica sat there radiant in beauty, her fingers sweeping that wild, bewildering music from the keys; her voice quivering on the air with its burden of impassioned melody; her eyes—those matchless, compelling eyes—looking full in Gerard's face. As the song ceased, he fell on his knees beside the singer, and pressed her slender hands to his lips. His wife heard him say—

"I was not worth your love. Forgive me, Veronica."

After that she heard no more. She hardly knew how she got up stairs. The world seemed slipping away from beneath her feet, and leaving her alone in blank chaos. Putting out her hand, and groping blindly, she touched a low easy-chair. It was one Gerard had given her last week, with a kiss, and some fondly, playful words about the lullabies she would sing in it. Last week! Between then and now was there not eternity? She sat down, and laid her poor, throbbing head against the back of the chair. After awhile Gerard came up. She did not know whether it was one hour or three since she had seen him kneeling at Veronica's side. It was an honest impulse of penitential tenderness which drove him now to her; for, after all, she was his wife whom he loved and had chosen. If she had less delicacy, more self-assertion; if she could have brought herself to tell him what she had seen, all might have been made right, even then; but she could hardly have done so if her life or his had depended on it. She turned from him a little coolly, however—perhaps it was not in human nature to help that—and begged him to leave her to herself. She was not well. She needed rest and quiet.

He thought her manner seemed petulant. Perhaps, blaming himself so much, he was glad of an opportunity to blame her a little. After all, he thought, he had thrown away the proudest love when he had given up Veronica. He went down and asked her to ride with him. He had no idea of ever loving her as he did his wife—of her ever being more to him than now; but he pitied her, and, because he thought he had wronged her, he was very tender to her. He did not look forward at all. What was to grow out of this confidence between them he never questioned. She charmed him into forgetfulness of all but her-

self as they rode under the trees that pleasant May afternoon.

Alice, left alone, meantime was striving to look the future in the face. One belief swayed all her thoughts—the belief that Veronica's right to Gerard was first and strongest; that, but for her, she would have been his wife. Too generous to blame either of them, she blamed herself for having come between them and their happiness. Then, with a shivering sigh of relief, she thought of the near future; welcomed as a friend that phantom of early death which had looked so grim and ghastly to her a little while before. Yes, that was the way—when her baby was born, she should die. Then they could be happy.

She knelt down, poor, helpless child, scarcely nineteen, and prayed for her husband; that he might be good and happy; that no shadow might darken his life; that he might have all the desires of his heart, and that she might be taken out of his way.

Out of his way! and, with those words, she began to sob in an agony of self-pity. She had scarcely been married a year—the next day but one would be the first anniversary of her wedding. She was very young, and very lonely.

The wedding anniversary, when it came, was a painful and unsatisfactory day enough. Gerard was prepared to be very affectionate. He had been to town the day before, and brought back a gift which he thought would please his wife—a brooch, on which was exquisitely painted a beautiful Madonna with the Holy Infant in her arms. He gave it to her in the morning, and was vexed at her want of enthusiasm about it. He never guessed what she had seen two days before, or what Veronica had hinted to her. He thought she was cross; and began, for the first time, to find fault with her in his heart. On her part, she believed that he had loved his cousin with his first, best love, and had married her only because she was an heiress. She felt that to die and leave him to Veronica was the sole kindness she could show him.

He found Veronica ready to console him—to sing, and read, and talk to him; and he passed most of the day with her. Alice was too wretched for disguises. She was thankful just to be let alone. She sat the long day through in her own room, looking back to the hopes and dreams, the happy home-coming of one short year ago—pitying, almost, as if it were another, the young wife desolated, the weary heart, in which all hopes of youth lay dead before their time, and which throbbed with only one despairing longing, to go anywhere out of the world.

CHAPTER XII.

THE STORM'S WORK.

Two weeks went on after that, during which there was but little outward change. Gerard had not ceased to love his

wife; and the estrangement between them, though he did not understand its cause, disquieted him greatly. He was easily vexed, and easily flattered. When he thought Alice cool or moody, he turned to Veronica, and she never disappointed him.

He only remembered how well and vainly she had loved him, and felt for her an intense pity. Perhaps he loved her a little too, for a man's love is not always the exclusive passion romancers have pictured. He never quite forgot his wife's claims on him, even in the hours when his cousin's fascination was strongest; and I think there never was a time when, in the depths of his heart, he did not love Alice best. The other was on the surface, appealed to the weakest, and therefore most easily moved, part of his nature. But it was his wife to whom his *soul* was linked.

Alice passed this time mostly alone. She was certainly in a fair way to realize Veronica's hope, and her presentiment. She grew thin, and listless, and moved about the house like the ghost of her former self. Veronica looked on, pitiless. The day of her triumph, she thought, was near at hand. Surely, in a few short weeks, Gerard would be free; and then, could she not console him for all griefs?

There came a June day, sultry as some June days are. Gerard had ridden away, early in the morning, to keep a business appointment in a neighbouring village. He was to dine there, and return when the sun was lower. He would be at home by seven, he said to Veronica at parting.

When the time drew near, it seemed as if she could not wait for it. Something impelled her to go and meet him. The grounds were extensive. She could walk more than a mile before reaching the gate. She would go and wait for him there. She longed feverishly to see him after his day's absence—to look into his eyes, and know what he would say to her. She took a long, black veil, and folded it around her. She looked like a Spanish woman, with her great, black eyes gleaming through the lace. She walked like one, too, as she went out under the trees with that free, haughty step of hers.

All nature was motionless when she went out.

As she walked, a change came over air and sky. Clouds began to sweep rapidly from the four corners of the heavens. Distant thunders muttered. She pressed on. She reached the gate, and opened it for him. Then she went back a few paces, and stood under a great tree, waiting. Lightnings flashed round her, and thunders rolled; but her spirit seemed to rise exultant with the wild and rising storm. Soon she heard in the distance the hoof-beats of his horse, coming, coming fast.

"Gerard, Gerard!" she cried, her voice rising on the wind like the call of a spirit. Just then came a crash, a blinding, terrible light, a rushing, horrible, deafening sound. Gerard heard it, and hurried on through the gate. The great tree, shivered to fragments, blocked his way

with its rent boughs; and across them lay Veronica, her long hair falling about her in dense masses, her white face, with the smile of welcome and expectation still on the lips. Was she dead?

He sprang from his horse, and felt for her heart. It seemed to him there was still a faint pulsation. The lightning had spared her, perhaps, and the shock stunned her. He got her upon his horse—how he lifted the dead weight he never knew—and, supporting her there as best he could, he took her home. The storm, as if it had done its work, subsided. The rain fell still, slowly and heavily, but the thunders only muttered sullenly in the distance.

At his own door, his first call brought the servants to his assistance. They took the pale burden, resting on them so helplessly, into the house; and then the men started, in opposite directions, for the first physician who could be found. They had carried Veronica into her own room and laid her on her bed. The housekeeper and Rosette were both at hand; and Gerard was hesitating whether to summon his wife, when he heard her voice. She had come down noiselessly, and stood among them, her face scarcely less white than the one lying so still upon the pillows.

"What has happened, Gerard? Is it death?"

He told her, as tenderly as possible, what he had to tell. All the methods of resuscitation, of which she had ever heard, flashed into her mind, and were at her service. Neither brain nor hands failed her. She had just one thought.

"Veronica *must* live. Who else could console Gerard when she left him? Veronica must live to be happy when she was gone—to enjoy the love which ought never to have failed her."

She chafed the long, slender limbs, and infused into them her own vitality. It was a case in which delay would have been fatal, but Alice's promptness saved her.

Before any physician reached the house the lids had risen from above those dark eyes; a faint pulse fluttered in the slender wrist; and when Dr. Wrentham came in and looked at her, he said—

"Your promptness has kept her alive. She has a chance now for her life."

"Then she is not yet out of danger?" It was Gerard who spoke.

"No, after such a shock as this, fever will be very apt to set in, and she will need careful nursing to save her."

Before midnight the event had justified Dr. Wrentham's prediction. Veronica was burning with fever, and talking in wild, incoherent strains—now of Alice, then of Gerard—sometimes of Robert Huger, and sometimes of her uncle Tremaine. Gerard had been banished from the room; and after awhile Alice sent away the housekeeper and Rosette, who still lingered, saying that she would watch for an hour or two alone. She stood there then and looked at Veronica

—her rival. A temptation swept over her soul for a moment—a temptation to go away, and take thought for her own safety, making her situation the all-sufficient excuse—to go away, and leave Veronica to the care of others, let life or death come as it would. Then came the thought—“another might neglect her, whether I should save her.”

Two weeks passed after that, of constant watching. Gerard roamed penitent, wretched, despairing, about the house. Alice, at Veronica's side, fought her battle with death.

Alice took no thought for herself—never ceased her watch.

At last, on the fifteenth day, came the crisis—that long, heavy slumber, through which so many anxious hearts have watched and waited, since the world began. Alice kept steadfast vigil, with Dr. Wrentham beside her, hour after hour, until the day—it was the last day of June—went down, and the summer night came, with its dew, its stars, its breath of peace. It was midnight before the watch ended. Alice had fallen on her knees at last, and was praying silently and fervently that the life for which she had struggled so long might be spared. While she still knelt, Veronica's lips parted with a long sigh. A shiver ran over her limbs, and she opened her eyes, and met Dr. Wrentham's, as he bent over her.

“Mrs. Tremaine,” he said, speaking first of all to Alice, “your patient will live. It is your care which has saved her.”

A low cry burst from Alice's lips—a cry of thanksgiving; and then her head drooped lower, until she lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

Dr. Wrentham very quietly summoned Gerard, who had been waiting for tidings in the next room; and between them they carried Alice to her own chamber. There were a few hours of terrible suffering; and then, in answer to her intreaties, they laid her baby girl upon her bosom, cold and dead. The “little dark-lashed eyes would never open;” the sweet face would never smile. She murmured, for the first time, against her fate. Why was she kept alive to be the dark shadow between Gerard and the sunshine—to make the life she had saved to Veronica worthless? Oh! the bitterness of those tears that fell on that dead baby's face—burning drops, wrung from the anguish of a breaking heart!

All this time Gerard was so tender of her. It was remorse, she thought; or a kind heart which could not let him look, unmoved, on suffering—for she had no longer any faith in his love. He began to guess dimly at the cause of her coldness; and his very penitence for the thoughts that had wandered from her made him cowardly.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE THEATRES.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—The advent of the brilliant and fascinating Adelina Patti has been hailed by the patrons of the Covent Garden house with unequivocal delight, the demand for seats being far in advance of the accommodation of even this magnificent establishment. Returning with every talent as an actress rendered more perfect, and with a voice which has no living equal, Mdlle. Patti is at this moment without a rival.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Brilliant audiences have nightly filled the house to listen to the grand music in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, or the more sparkling strains from Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Mdlle. Ilma de Murka and Mdlle. Titiens have each their separate characters and are welcomed with the applause they so fully merit.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—*The Favourite of Fortune*, with Mr. Sothern in the principal part, still continues to attract large audiences, a clever farce generally terminating a most pleasant evening's entertainment.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Radiant in beauty, adorned both by nature and art, standing in the midst of a fairy scene, this charming realization of a beautiful dream may well claim the homage so willingly and constantly paid to its varied attractions by its many thousand admirers. The admirable arrangements are so perfect, and the cost of the visit so insignificant, that it is by the praiseworthy management of its proprietary brought within the limits of all. The guinea season ticket, as an investment, becomes really to *Paterfamilias* a piece of domestic economy, returning an amount of joy and healthy recreation ludicrously disproportioned to its original value.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—There has always been for the visitor, however frequent a one he may have been, something new and interesting at this charming exhibition. At this moment the groups are looking especially fresh and lifelike; the Court circles have just donned their new and rich robes, trains, and costumes, and the “sheen of satin and glimmer of pearl” throw over the whole a gorgeous and imposing effect.

MRS. AND MR. GERMAN REED AND MR. JOHN PARRY.—These charming *artistes*, in the truest sense of the word, are still on their *Yachting Cruise*—Mr. Burnand's very cleverly written sketch; and, as the audience all go with them, the trip is one of the most enchanting description, no *mal de mer*, no *ennui*: all life and gaiety to the end; Mr. John Parry terminating the pleasant evening with one of his characteristic domestic *scenès*, *The Wedding Breakfast*. No one has yet attempted to describe minutely one of Mr. John Parry's “sketches from nature,” simply because it is all but impossible properly to describe them: the marvellous power of a look, the volume conveyed in one or two slight but interesting expressive motions, the amount of information conveyed even by the piano under the spell of such a master, are matters better conceived than expressed.



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PLATE III

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FROM GRANT & GASKELL



PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS

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Polite Literature, etc.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, October 26th, 1866.

CHERE AMIE,—

The milliners are deferring their show of their winter bonnets until the Empress returns to Paris.

Velvet bonnets are still made in the *catalane*, and are the only shape worn (in light colours) for the theatre and dressy toilets.

The fashionable demi-toilet bonnets are white and light-grey felt, and are made somewhat in the *Lamballe* form.

A perfect revolution in the fashions has taken place since my last, the principal dressmakers having made some ball-dresses with short skirts! However, very few will adopt these yet; but when the official balls take place again, it is very probable that *les élégantes* will wear them for the sake of novelty.

I will proceed to give you some details: Skirt of grey striped *poult-de-soie*; bodice of darker stuff, forming a second petticoat cut in the same pattern, and having a long train. Behind, in the middle of the back, large funnel-shaped pleat; the middle of the back is, by reason of this pleat, the only part in two pieces with the black petticoat. The patterns of the small sides of the back are only made with the *basque* petticoat on the hips. Pleats in front between the pattern of the small side-piece and the back.

A black lace *passementerie des jours*, very light and daintily pointed with jet, is set on the bottom of this dress, on the edge of the second petticoat, and rises on the bodice as high as the collar. Towards the top of the sleeves bouillonnée of black satin, lireteny covered with black lace.

A dress of pearl grey *poult-de-soie* with two petticoats, the first trimmed at the bottom by a voland of daisy-pleats. A bias piece of white satin trimmed with pearls hides the top of this voland, which is graduated to the height of each side. The other skirt is also in grey, edged with the same pearl bias; on each side it is sloped a half circle, where the daisy pleats are set higher at this part. A lining of white satin is placed in the middle of a large funnel-shaped pleat on the hips: behind, this petticoat is made in

an oval train. The front is much shorter, and is cut squarely. The bodice and this petticoat are in one piece, like the *basque*. Sash of white satin, embroidered with pearl beads. Sleeves attached *à la juive*, rather lower than the slope, by an *agrafe* of pearls. These sleeves with a train are cut square at the bottom, and are much larger at the top.

Out-door Toilets.—Dress of *poult-de-soie*, with a very straight skirt, without pleats at the waist. *Juliano* mantle in black velvet, cut very oval behind and in front, and falls much lower at the back than in front. Half-fitting sleeves. *Coquille* bonnet, formed alternately by bias pieces in imperial rose velvet, and bias piece of the same colour crape. On the front edge a fringe of pearls is placed. Strings of flowered *tulle-blonds*. This model is ornamented with wild roses.

Dress composed of a skirt in black taffeta. Over this is another in black and violet-striped *poult-de-soie*. Bodice with round form. Sleeves notched at the side. *Wasilika* mantle, trimmed all round the bottom edge, by a row of jet buttons. On the shoulders and bottom of the sleeves guipure lace fixed by jet buttons. *Catalane* bonnet in black lace, edged with jet.

Dress of striped *moiré antique*, simply trimmed on the bodice on each shoulder by clusters of *passementerie* of the colour to match with the stripes. *Miranda* cloak of velvet, edged with and trimmed by rows of jet beads. Sleeves ornamented at the bottom by a double lace, fastened on each side by a row of jet. Bonnet of white tulle, crossed by a bias-piece of mauve velvet draped in three pleats. Strings of white blonde.

Robe of plain blue *poult-de-soie*, trimmed in front by a tress of taffeta in bias. Sleeves of white taffeta, around which winds a light tress to match with that of the skirt. *Ceres* mantle, formed in a short *paletot*, with three seams behind. All the designs traced on this model are brodered in jet *passementerie*. The front is very close. Straight sleeves. *Lamballe* bonnet in blue crape, trimmed all round with crystal drops.

Robe with two skirts, each edged with black velvet. *Rachel* mantle in black cloth, with the seam rising on the shoulders, descending in front on each side of the part forming the slope. All the contours of this mode are marked by points of jet. Plain sleeves. *Catalane* of black velvet, trimmed with jet, and ornamented on the side by a long ostrich feather.

Costume with a short skirt of two colours, the under-skirt being in black, ornamented at the bottom by a blue voland with daisy pleats. *Oriental* confection in French blue cloth, demi-adjusted, ornamented on the sleeves, seams, and the middle of the front, by large buttons of jet fixed between two rows of galoon. *Toquet* hat

in black velvet, encircled by a band of plain green peacock's feathers, and accompanied by a green veil.

Robe of English woollen and silk tissue, spotted with white. Petticoat with seams cut in bias. Bodice with round cut. Sash veiled with guipure. Mantle in velvet, cut round the bottom in oval scollops, and fringed with jet. *Catalane* bonnet in crape, ornamented at the top by two clusters of velvet ribbon. At the edge, a fringe of crystal.

Robe of *poult-de-soie*, trimmed at the bottom by a volant of daisy pleats. Bodice with basques, forming a second petticoat, in white satin, edged by a galoon, and terminated by a tassel. Under-sleeves of white bouillonnée tulle, trimmed at the cuffs by Honiton lace, and collar in the same lace.

Toilet for little boy of eight years.—Costume composed of pantaloons in light cloth, jacket, to match opening in front on a waistcoat in the same cloth. A dark braid edges the jacket and pockets.

For a little girl of nine.—Skirt of blue foulard, trimmed at the bottom by a volant of fan-shaped pleats. Second skirt in grey poplin. White under-bodice with large pleats. Mantle to match in poplin, trimmed with taffeta bias pieces. Hat in grey felt, edged with wide blue velvet and field daisies.

The *moyen age* mantle is generally made in cloth, is quite straight at the waist, and is trimmed by an *ambrière* covered with passementerie of jet. The *ambrière* is retained by ribbons of of pearled passementerie, attached to a sash, also of pearled passementerie. The very original paletot, the *Régence* is made in black velvet, and is cut behind like a basquine. It has three seams between which are the basques, lined with satin, either black or coloured according to the choice of wearer. These basques form at the bottom of the middle of the back two large cross pleats on which we set a large ancient-shaped button. As these pleats form funnels, the lining can be observed. In front this model is in satin and velvet. Each moiety of the velvet is bordered by a slip of the same satin as that of the basques. *Jean Jacques* sleeves, nearly straight, large at the bottom, and having an ornament of black satin crossed with bars of passementerie.

The mantles for the season will be short. As to bonnets none of the new form have been worn yet, the *catalane* and the round shapes being those most favoured.

I have seen one of these round bonnets in velvet. Around the calotte was a *frisé* of feathers to match in colour with the velvet, but in front, rather on the side, white tuft of small feathers. On the edge falls a Chantilly lace, which turns behind, forming waving ends.

Another is in violet velvet, simply edged by a snow bouillonné of tulle, on the gathers of which we fix a small tuft of feathers. The *catalanes* are of the puffed form, nearly rounded in a half circle. In front there is a small edge of about an inch. This kind is made in velvet, brodered or plain. The leaves and flowers are also in velvet, and are set in the middle towards the front, and turn over on left side. On the other side ruche of lace and a fringe of pearls. Behind, on the hair, a lace falls.

I have seen a charming bonnet in imperial rose velvet, retained on the summit of the head by a scarf of tulle, edged by blond lace. This scarf is set negligently on the calotte, and is fastened under the chin, with a rose on the band; a large rose set on the edge of this bonnet is nearly covered by the scarf. A great many satined tissues in woollen, and silk, and *châmes*, will be worn for *petites* toilets.

I have seen a dress with a very graceful skirt, which was called *comète*; it was in black faye, with a train sparkling with jet pearls, strewn on large *entre-deux* of black passementerie, set in clusters of

unequal height, on the train only; seams of the skirt in bias, and trimmed at regular distances by small tassels with jet beads; the *monture* of the waist having several large pleats behind, and flat in front. Bodice of the round cut, embellished with clusters of pearl *entre-deux*; three are set in front, three behind. Tassels on the seam of the shoulder, and braid along that of the elbow, to the top of sleeves, where a cluster of passementerie is placed.

A very elegant dress, called the *Breast Castel*, is in emerald-green faye; on the seams of the breadths are seven *échelons* of green satin. A *torade* of silk edges; these ladders (if you may so call them), form a knot with a tassel under each of them.

The sides of this dress are, at the bottom, cut sloping to a height of about twenty inches, and so open on an under skirt of white satin, at the bottom of which is a cordon of foliage cut in green faye, rising like a vine on each side; all the leaves are covered with jet.

There is a new *Empire* bonnet, which is much in favour at the present, with a calotte only an inch and a half in height, and completely flat. It is covered with velvet, a fringe of blue feathers falling all round the calotte.

Another, with a sloping ground, is lightly puffed and covered with violet velvet brodered with pearls. A group of three or four leaves in velvet falls behind on the hair.

Another, with a flat calotte is veiled by black tulle blonde, and is ornamented by ribbons of passementerie and bright foliage.

The most charming form of the present day is, without doubt, the *Sicilian*, in black velvet, lightly undulating on the summit of the head, with a point towards the front, rather waving on the sides, and edged all round by a jet fringe. In front, velvet flowers.

Soirée toilets.—Dress of white muslin, with two skirts falling on a taffeta transparent. The second has also the same. Bodice with shawl basques, with a point behind and two points on the sides. Rather high sash. *Polignac* head-dress, with wild roses.

Toilet composed of two petticoats of tulle reposing on green transparent. Coralet bodice, edged at the top by cut stars. Underbody with pleats. Stars on the sleeves, which are formed by a pleated volant. Head-dress ornamented with velvet, sustaining tea roses.

Skirt of bouillonné tulle, shaded by blue-grey gauze. Bodice of white draped tulle. Sash of black velvet covered with white guipure. Short sleeves, composed of a pleated volant. Head-dress ornamented with velvet passed through the hair and coronet of pomegranate leaves, with a flower in the middle. Dress in tulle, with bouillonnés separated by rolls of blue satin. Second petticoat of the tunic. Blue coralet in *poult-de-soie*. Under bodice in bouillonné tulle. In the middle, branch of rose buds. Lamballe head-dress, with roses.

As a whole, there is not the variety in mantles or jackets this season that is usually displayed in autumn; there are some very prettily cut cloth jackets, quite novelties indeed, but the chief attraction seems, in the general run of these garments, to be confined to the trimmings. These, on some of the half-fitting jackets, are excessively elaborate and graceful. The jet ornaments of all descriptions seem still especial favourites in the different combinations selected for the jackets.

There seems but little alteration admitted as yet in the extreme length of the skirts; one or two desperate attempts have been made to look fashionable with the decidedly short skirt, but the innovators have been driven into the general mode by the singularity of their own appearance amongst their universally long-skirted sisterhood.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Little girl's dress, consisting of a jacket of velveteen, which admits of a variety of trimming.

Fig. 2.—Robe of Japanese cloth, the upper skirt looped up with silk bands, trimmed with fringe. The lower skirt terminates with a border of the same, edged with cord.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of green silk, trimmed with ruchings of the same. Coiffure ornamented with flowers.

PLATES II and III.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of rich green *poult-de-soie*, the upper skirt being shorter, and looped up with black passementerie or ornaments; the bodice is trimmed to correspond, the whole forming a new and very elegant costume.

Fig. 2.—Robe of beautiful mauve silk, handsomely embroidered in white silk, in imitation of real lace, the design quite new. The embroidery is carried up the front and the centre of the back, and round the edge of the dress; the bodice is high, and trimmed to correspond with the robe.

Fig. 3.—Promenade costume: the new mantle, *The Albanais*, from one of the most elegant and latest designs; it is made in either black, brown, blue, or white *drap-de-velour*, elaborately embroidered in braid of black silk, and jet beads down the front, back, and sides, in a very graceful pattern. The robe is of handsome *poult-de-soie*, of the new shade of brown called *Bismark*, gracefully trimmed down the front and round the edge with a darker shade of the same description of silk as the robe; the buttons and tassels to correspond.

Fig. 4.—Dress of violet *poult-de-soie*, elegantly trimmed with plings of satin, which form a tunic, the rosettes are also of satin. The bodice high, fastened with buttons in front, and trimmed to correspond, the loose piece from the shoulders terminating in a tassel of silk, and being very effective and original.

Fig. 5.—Robe of rich grey silk elaborately embroidered with white silk, in quite a novel design; the embroidery in the centre of the skirt in front having somewhat the appearance of a *châtelaine*. The graceful sweep from the waist of the lines of embroidery, and its looped design round the skirt, render this costume one of great taste and beauty.

These dresses are all from new designs, prepared in Paris expressly for the establishment of Messrs. Grant and Gaik, of Oxford Street and Wells Street, London, and are now ready for inspection in their silk and mantle rooms, together with all the new mantles and jackets.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Promenade costume. A mantle of black velvet, trimmed with grebe fur. The dress of black *poult-de-soie*, trimmed with passementerie and jet beads.

Fig. 2.—Indoor dress. The jacket fits close, and is prettily braided behind. The dress is of poplin, and is handsomely braided from the waist and round the skirt.

Fig. 3.—The jacket is a very graceful one, and has been invented and patented by Mr. Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street and Regent Street—it has no visible seam. The shoulder and sleeve are without seams, securing an even fit to the shoulder: it is made in all materials. The dress is of the new cashmere linsey, trimmed with the new Italian velveteen, bordered with black and white cord.

PLATE V.—Hat of black velvet, trimmed with scarlet flowers and berries, and ornamented with a black blond veil.

Promenade bonnet of black and white straw, ornamented with flowers to correspond, and blond strings.

Carriage bonnet of white silk, trimmed with scarlet flowers and black lace.

Hat of Italian straw, trimmed with pendent velvet leaves, and spotted veil.

Evening cap of white lace, ornamented with golden fuschia blossoms and amber-satin ribbon.

Dress cap, with the crown made in puffs, and trimmed at the front with a pink rose and lappet of ribbon edged with lace.

Fichu of white net, made in pleats, and ornamented with insertion and rosettes of blue ribbon. Under-sleeve to correspond with fichu.

Second ditto of white net, with a cuff, trimming of white lace placed at intervals over mauve ribbon.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

There is given with this Number a Model of a new dress sleeve. Its novelty consists in its being cut in one piece, including the cuff. It must be cut on the cross or diagonal of the material; the cuff, ending in a point, is to be turned back as far as the point-hole in the centre of the Model; the upper part, or shoulder, is to be slightly gathered.

A NICE IDEA.—A London lady, corresponding with her country cousins through the medium of the press, mentions a novel, beautiful, and without inexpensive ornament for the dinner-table. She says:—"Talking of dinners, let me tell you of a new idea. I was present at a very *recherché* entertainment the other day, where I saw the following arrangement for the centre of the table. There was a large square block of Wenham Lake ice, weighing, I should say, at least twenty-five pounds, which was placed on glass castors, in a dish or trough of some kind; the dish was rendered quite invisible by being entirely filled with moss, into which soaked the water which melted from the ice. Delicate ferns fringed the edge, and bright-coloured flowers were imbedded in the moss, the foliage reaching above the lower edge of the ice. The object of raising the block on castors is to prevent the water from accelerating the melting of the mass. Over the iceberg there were two arches, prettily arranged, crossing each other; they were, apparently, of cane, and were bound round by garlands of flowers. The effect was enchanting. The atmosphere was delightfully cooled; the flowers were kept fresh; and the sight of this translucent mass was far prettier than the most costly centre-pieces of gold or silver plate. I believe I am right in stating that this novel idea first made its appearance at Orleans House, Twickenham. It can be so readily adopted that I felt you would be glad of the suggestion."

THE RIVALS.

CHAPTER III.

AN EXCITING CHASE.

It was six o'clock at Clermont Castle, and dark. Seven hours had elapsed since the departure of Horace and Augusta for the abbey ruins, and meanwhile the Earl and Mr. Seymour had returned.

"Where can they have gone to, I wonder, to keep them so long?" said the Countess to Lady Vernon.

"Oh! dear me, I cannot tell," answered the latter nervously. "How very distressing it is! I trust that they have not met with an accident. Yet I feel very apprehensive, for they promised to be back by lunch-time."

"I think that I'll drive over to the old abbey," said the Earl, "and see if I can hear anything of them. Faith, I should not be surprised if they've been run away with."

"I think I'd better go too, James," suggested his sister; but from this he dissuaded her.

"Don't you think, then," she continued, "that you'd better take something with you. Wait a moment, and I'll get you a bottle of sal-volatile and a little eau-de-cologne, in case she feels faint, and she'll want her heavy cloak at this time of night. O dear! I'm afraid they've met with an accident."

In a few minutes the Earl and Mr. Seymour, who had volunteered to accompany him, drove away on their errand, leaving Lady Vernon in a state of fidgets, and wondering what could have become of the missing two.

It was a fine moonlight night, and the sound of the horse's hoofs against the hard road reverberated through the dry, frosty atmosphere as the carriage continued on its way towards the abbey, in front of which it finally stopped. The aspect of the gloomy ruin, when associated with the barren and desolate waste of country which surrounded it, was decidedly forbidding. The wintry north-east wind blew about and shook the leaves and long crawling branches that fastened around the crumbling towers and ivy-clad walls of the ancient monastery, and went sighing on its way through the nave and vestibule, occasionally uttering low, sobbing murmurs. By day, a mummy-looking old woman sat in a sort of cave hollowed out of one side of the gateway at the roadside. She had punctually attended there as a guide and mendicant every day, from morning till dusk, for twenty years or more, always seated on the same large stone, that served the purpose of a chair, and smoking a short black pipe of unfragrant tobacco, which she said was her only comfort. She was now absent from her accustomed haunt, but the large stone, smoothed and even polished by the use to which it was turned, was still there. She had returned to her mud hut in the village. The roofless gables and the ivy-mantled towers had a strange, picturesque

appearance as the moonlight brightened one side of the ruins only to throw the other into deeper shade. No human step or voice could be detected by the listeners on the jaunting-car, but they descended and advanced to the side of the ruins, which, like all ruins in Ireland, was desecrated by both the peasantry and the pigs. The former made continual havoc among the inclosures which had once been choir, chapter-house, transept, or dormitory, carrying away the relics of antiquity to make uncouth ornaments for the graves of their departed kinsmen that lay around; while the latter with their snouts burrowed up the newly-buried bodies, and greedily devoured them. On all side were evidences of comparatively recent interments, while skulls and bones were plentifully scattered in the midst of rank and noisome weeds. Vestiges of the once elaborated tombs of abbots, prelates, and nobles, fragments of mullioned windows, and *chefs-d'œuvre* of exquisite sculpturing and curious interlacings of groined arches lay amongst the rubbish, the rifed remains of what was once so sacred, but now the butt of the most heedless peasantry in the world. The whole ruin had a grim and skeleton form, and the rustling of the twining branches and dwarf-alders, that reared their heads above the long, luxuriant nettles, and the hollow sepulchral voices that came up with the whistling wind from its dark recesses, did not tend to lessen the weird effect of the sombre spectacle.

"There's no use in waiting here," said the Earl; and with a feeling of relief they resumed their places, and drove away, instituting inquiries on the road, but without gaining the slightest information of the missing pair. No one on the abbey-road could be found who had even seen the jaunting-car pass by. So, startled and wondering, the Earl and his companion returned to the Castle, but only to find that the two were still missing. His lordship had a vague idea of foul play, and forthwith he despatched fifteen men to scour the country and inform the constabulary in all directions, besides five others, armed and mounted, giving instructions to all to remain out till daybreak unless successful in their search.

"Do you know," said Mr. Seymour to Lady Vernon, "I think they have eloped." His manner was very serious, and his expression of countenance extremely grave.

"Mr. Seymour," she replied, drawing herself up to her full height, "I don't know what reason you have to think so. I should be sorry to harbour a suspicion that Augusta would, under any circumstances, resort to any such improper proceeding. No, Mr. Seymour, I cannot think that. Besides, they've always been together. What would they want to elope for?"

To do him justice, it must be said that he did not quite see the force of the argument.

Hours passed away, and Lady Vernon's alarm increased as the night advanced. She expected the return of the lost every moment, yet had very naturally a strong suspicion that something had gone wrong. What it was that had gone

wrong she did not attempt to divine, but she struggled to make herself believe that, whatever it was, it could not have taken the form of an elopement.

"Oh, the agony of suspense!" she cried, as the clock struck twelve. She sat up till daybreak, counting the weary hours, and listening for the sound of a footstep or a voice. She was nervous and excited, and her imagination was crowded with impossibilities. She shed tears from time to time, and it required all the influence of her sister and the Earl, who sat up with her, to keep her moderately calm.

At length two of the scouring party returned with the intelligence that the jaunting-car with the truant couple had been seen on the Dublin road, full twelve miles from the Castle.

"And faith, yer honour," said one of the Earl's informants, "the gentleman was driving as if the devil was after him, and n'er a one with him but the young lady; so it's safe they are, and may luck go wid them."

This strange news, comforting as it was with regard to their personal safety, aroused the indignation of Lady Vernon to a very high pitch indeed. She began to see that the visit to the ruins was part of a prearranged plan for what she called the abduction of her dear Augusta.

"I'll go after them immediately, and save her," she exclaimed with energy. "James, order the carriage to be got ready for me, and call Mr. Seymour, and ask him if he'll accompany me. If not, I wish you'd come yourself."

It was six o'clock in the morning, and Mr. Seymour had retired to his chamber a few hours previously. On being awakened, and acquainted with the intelligence just received, he said—

"That's exactly what I supposed. O woman! woman!" he soliloquized. "Well, I'm glad she ran away before marriage rather than after it."

For the first few moments he felt undecided about accompanying Lady Vernon so early in the morning; but, upon reflection, he thought it would be a relief to get away from the Castle, and he agreed to join in the pursuit; not, however, for the sake of the game—that was already bagged by a more successful hand. He felt that it was all over with him, that he had been nonsuited, and that it was idle to think of her any more. But he did not suffer the disappointment without some bitter feelings, which were directed more against Horace than the girl, whom but yesterday he had looked forward to as his bride. Alas! how fallacious are the hopes we sometimes cherish! The Earl decided to be one of the pursuing party of three, and they lost no time in starting: he on horseback, and Lady Vernon and the jilted millionaire in a carriage drawn by four swift horses.

For the first twenty-five miles they gained no intelligence of the fugitives having halted on the road, but soon afterwards they stopped for a relay of horses at a small hostelry, where they ascertained that the objects of their pursuit had also changed horses on the previous afternoon; and,

after partaking of a little refreshment, had continued on their journey.

"I want to see somebody who saw them," exclaimed Lady Vernon from the carriage-window.

"Shure I saw them, and your ladyship can see the mare they left in the stable beyond," said the boy who stood near, watering the horses. He was about five feet two high, with a rickety body poised on a pair of bow-legs, and a remarkable fulness in the epigastric region; a projecting mouth, which he constantly kept open, whether asleep or awake, as if for the purpose of exhibiting his large, red gums and his huge and prominent teeth; a flat, doggish-looking nose; advancing cheek-bones, and a forehead so low that he could hardly be said to have had any forehead at all. He was a descendant of one of the many who, two centuries ago, were treated as rebels by the English, and driven into the more inhospitable regions of their country, where, exposed to the influence of the two great brutalizers of the human race—hunger and ignorance—they transmitted to posterity some very degenerate specimens of the great Irish family.

The journey was continued with a pair of fresh horses, one of which was the identical mare that had carried the fugitives thus far towards the metropolis. It was like a gun that, having fallen into the hands of the enemy, was doing good service against the side it once supported.

"Dear me!" said Lady Vernon to the disconsolate Mr. Seymour, "I never thought that Augusta could be so cruel. But it's all owing to that audacious Mr. Lowe, I'm sure. Foolish, foolish girl! she'll have many a long day to regret her misconduct."

The interest of the pursuers increased with every mile they travelled; for, travelling so close at the heels of the runaways, they were carried along by the expectation of finding them resting somewhere on the road. They stopped to make inquiries at every hostelry, or other house where there was any probability of their having halted, but it was only to hear at long intervals that a lady and gentleman answering to their description had passed on their way to Dublin on the previous evening.

Cold and weary, they drove into Dublin at eight o'clock, and how to discover the elopers in the city or out of it was the problem that required a prompt solution.

"I'll give notice to the police, in the first instance," said the Earl, "and have inquiries made at all the hotels."

They drove to the Bilton Hotel in Sackville Street, and engaged apartments. It happened to be the very house to which Horace and Augusta had gone when they reached the city, at two o'clock that same morning.

"Allow me to see who's staying here," said the Earl, and the hotel clerk showed him the register. There were two recent entries in the book that made him inquire who the persons were. They stood thus:

WILLIAM MAXWELL.
MISS SARAH MAXWELL.

The clerk described them and their tired appearance on their arrival that morning without luggage, and the Earl became at once convinced that Mr. and Miss Maxwell were Mr. Horace Lowe and Miss Augusta Cathcart:

"Here they are; we've got them," said he, running to inform his sister and Mr. Seymour, who were in the reception-room close by.

Lady Vernon screamed and said: "Let me go to her at once—where is she?" and Mr. Seymour became suddenly very much excited at the prospect of meeting his rival and the blushing Augusta.

"Are they up-stairs now?" asked the Earl with excitement.

"Oh, no, sir!" answered the clerk; "they left by the Liverpool steamer this afternoon."

The shock of surprise and disappointment occasioned by this announcement was too much for the old lady, and she fainted on the spot, while the unhappy M.P., as she sank into his arms, groaned in the spirit and uttered a heavy sigh, the Earl meanwhile standing like one thunderstruck in the centre of the group, with his eyes fixed in amazement on the wondering book-keeper. He was the first to speak, and his words were—"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

CHAPTER IV.

A STARTLING DENOUEMENT.

MRS. VERNON recovered quickly from her swoon, and with more than feminine tenacity of purpose resolved on following the fugitives to Liverpool by the steamer to sail on the next day. The Earl declined going any further, and left the sport to his sister and the bridegroom that was to have been. Fourteen hours after leaving the North-Wall, in the Liffey, they arrived at the Clarence Pier, in the Mersey, and drove immediately to the Adelphi Hotel. There they could hear nothing of the runaways; but Mr. Seymour was well acquainted in the town, and, at the suggestion of Lady Vernon, he lost no time in employing an attorney to discover them, and after that—why, the aunt would do the rest.

It was not long before the lawyer succeeded in finding them, which indeed it was easy to do, for they were staying as "Horace Lowe and wife" at the Waterloo Hotel, within view of the "Adelphi."

"You'd better come with me," said the solicitor to the aunt.

"Yes, that I will," said she with excitement; "and Mr. Seymour, you come too. Oh! my poor niece, she's ruined, she's ruined."

They were at the hotel in a few minutes, and entered.

"Now, hadn't I better see Mr. Lowe first?" said the attorney.

"No, no. Send up my name to him. We'll see him together," replied the old lady.

When the waiter entered the room where Horace and

Augusta were seated, and announced that Lady Vernon had called, both experienced even a greater shock of surprise than the Earl when it was announced at the "Bilton" that they had left for Liverpool.

Augusta, who had just been saying to him, "I really do wonder what Aunt Vernon will say," clung to him like a child in fear, and burying her face in his breast, burst into tears. At that moment footsteps approached, and the aunt, followed by the attorney, entered the room.

"How could you dare, sir, to carry off my niece?" she exclaimed, unable to control her indignation. "And, Augusta—Augusta, I say, how could you be so cruel to me and so wicked to yourself to act as you have done? I've brought an attorney, sir, for you," she continued, addressing Horace, "and I'll have you punished for ruining her as you have done. How could you dare, sir, to abduct her from her home. O Augusta! Augusta! come away with me immediately; you're a bad, ungrateful girl."

Meanwhile, Augusta had remained sobbing on the breast of the man she loved.

"Lady Vernon," said the latter with calm dignity, "I can quite account for your excited manner, but I cannot permit your unjust aspersions to remain uncontradicted. In the first place, I did not abduct your niece, and in the next, I have not ruined her, unless indeed it is by marrying her."

"But you're not married," ejaculated the aunt. "I tell you, sir, you're a villain."

"Pardon my interrupting you, Lady Vernon," continued Horace; "and allow me to inform you that she is my wife."

The attorney and the aunt exchanged looks of astonishment.

"We were married," he continued, "by the parish Registrar in the city of Dublin the day before yesterday, and I have his certificate in my pocket, which, as you seem to doubt my veracity, I may as well show you;" and he drew the document from its cover and held it before her.

"Allow me to look at that, sir," said the attorney.

"On condition that you return it to me."

"Certainly, sir; I'm a professional man."

The solicitor perused it and handed it back, with the remark: "There's no doubt about that. The marriage is perfectly legal."

"O aunt, dear!" exclaimed Augusta, turning from her husband and throwing herself into her embrace, "forgive me. I know I did very wrong, but it was all because of Mr. Seymour. Forgive me, aunt, pray forgive me."

This earnest supplication completely disarmed the old lady, and she took her to her bosom and kissed her.

The attorney bade her good-day, and went down-stairs to inform the disconsolate Mr. Seymour that they had come too late, for the runaways were married; whereupon that gentleman became exceedingly agitated, and quitted the house with all possible dispatch, in company with the solicitor, who, being a personal friend, expressed his sympathy in a very friendly but still very gallant manner.

When Lady Vernon wished to return to the "Adelphi," she found neither of those last mentioned to escort her, a circumstance which gave Horace an excellent opportunity to ingratiate himself into her favour by seeing her safely to her hotel.

When Horace and his bride returned to London a few days after this, he found a letter from his mother awaiting him at his lodgings. It informed him of her intention to leave Lima for England by the steamer to sail a fortnight after the date of her note. She might, therefore, be expected to arrive at Southampton by the next West-India steamer. He had not seen her since the day he left Callao seventeen years before, but he still remembered her well, and he looked forward to her coming with affectionate joy.

She came. They met on the steamer's deck, and never did mother greet son, after long separation, more ardently than she. His bride was by his side. He presented her. It was the first intimation she had received of his marriage, but how tender the salutation!

She accompanied them to London, and shared apartments with them in Harley Street, where Horace gave her a full account of his adventures with Augusta, her engagement to Mr. Seymour, their trip to Ireland, their elopement from the Castle, their marriage in Dublin, their discovery in Liverpool.

The mention of the name of Seymour produced a sudden change in her countenance, and she inquired more about him. "Can it be he?" she thought; "no, surely not." But she said nothing more than that she had known a gentleman of that name at Lima.

One afternoon, about three weeks after her arrival, Lady Vernon, who had gradually become quite reconciled to the young couple, was announced, and she entered the drawing-room, where Horace, his wife, and his mother were sitting, not as usual alone, but accompanied by no other than Mr. Seymour. His appearance, as may be supposed, was entirely unexpected. Mrs. Lowe became deadly pale, and was seized with a violent trembling, and the other two betrayed considerable embarrassment.

"I've brought Mr. Seymour with me," began Lady Vernon, "to shake hands with you both. He forgives you and wishes you many, many happy years of married life; and as he's one of my best friends, I wish him to remain one of yours, and let the past be forgotten." Even while she spoke, the eyes of Mr. Seymour had become intently fixed upon Mrs. Lowe, and he gazed into her face with that steady vacancy which men often assume in a fit of abstraction. It was the vacancy of an astounded man.

"Mr. Seymour, my mother," said Horace, introducing him.

Mr. Seymour bowed without averting his eyes and said: "Madam, I think we have met before."

There was an ominous silence, and the blood rushed to her heart. She would have left the room, but her strength had forsaken her. It was the father of Horace who stood

before her—the husband from whom she had been separated more than twenty years. What a strange meeting of two who had never expected to meet again!

"Mary," said he, "I thought you were dead long, long ago, and I had engaged myself to marry again;" and as he spoke he turned towards Augusta. "But *she* preferred *him*," turning to Horace, "and I think she'll be happier with him than she ever would have been with me. Is he the Horace you took with you when you left Manchester—the child that was born to us in the first year of our married life?"

"He is! he is!" was all that she could articulate.

A profounder sensation was never created in a family circle than by this surprising revelation.

"Then," said he to Horace, "I must claim you as my son, and I'm proud of you. I thought I was childless, but now—" Emotion stifled his utterance, and he could say no more.

The mother sat crying in her chair, while the group exchanged troubled glances.

"God bless my soul and body!" exclaimed Lady Vernon, with unusual emphasis, breaking the spell which seemed to bind them, "who'd have thought of such a thing—Mr. Horace Lowe the son of Mr. Seymour! I always thought there was a family likeness between them"—a remark which disturbed the gravity of Augusta, and seemed to strike Mr. Seymour with an entirely new idea.

"Verily," he exclaimed, "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." And grasping the hand of his son, he said: "We were rivals once, but henceforward call me father; and you," turning to Augusta, "who were to have been my bride, let me claim as daughter."

Horace looked at his mother in wonder that she should have kept him in ignorance of her first marriage, and taught him to regard Mr. Lowe as his natural parent. He felt hot and angry, and his pride was hurt.

"How came you to take the name of Lowe, Mrs. Seymour?" asked the old gentleman.

She sobbed aloud.

It was too painful for her to confess that she met Mr. Lowe at Boulogne; passed herself off as a widow, and went through the mockery of marriage with him, after which she accompanied him to Lima, where he had resided ever since, ignorant of the fact that he had taken to his bosom not a widow, but a wife.

Mr. Seymour lost no time in obtaining a divorce after this discovery, and Mrs. Lowe returned to Lima, where, by the banks of the Rimac, she found rest in the grave.

The young couple, under the delightful spell of that love which bound them more firmly together than the chain-cable of matrimony, and made the world bright with sunshine and gladness, diffused by their own true hearts, lived on in the serene enjoyment of existence—softening for each other all the rude asperities of life. Augusta was no longer a capricious girl, but a devoted wife; and Horace, alive to the

responsibilities of his altered position, began to turn his attention to some means of increasing his income; but all anxiety on this point was removed by Mr. Seymour, whose name Horace now assumed, making him an allowance of five hundred pounds a year; and Lady Vernon dying not long afterwards, and bequeathing her entire fortune to her niece, left the happy pair in circumstances of sufficient affluence to warrant the support of an establishment in Belgravia. Here endeth the chronicle.

K. C.

THE EXTRA TICKET.

(From the French.)

WHEN the opera of the "Prophet" was first brought out in Paris, so great was the demand for seats that tickets were resold at a most extravagant premium. One night a young military officer, who had just made an unsuccessful application for a ticket at the box-office, and was about to fall back in despair, was dexterously lightened of his watch by a pickpocket. Detecting the thief before he had time to escape, he recovered the stolen timepiece without the intervention of a policeman, then taking the culprit aside he entered into conversation with him.

"You are an expert in your profession," said he; "and I now wish to avail myself of all your skill."

"Monsieur le capitaine may command me to the utmost of my abilities," replied the sharper.

"Then," whispered the officer, "go immediately and relieve some gentleman of his opera ticket, and I will pay you one hundred francs for it. No hesitation! be quick! the money is ready."

"It shall be done!" was the business-like answer.

In three minutes the adroit rascal returned with an elegant card-case containing four opera tickets, together with a number of cards having the name of Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant engraved upon them.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the captain, "you have been robbing a lady!"

"No indeed, sir!" replied the sharper. "There is my unfortunate victim," he continued, pointing to a rosy cheeked young gentleman in a black dress-coat, black tights, white vest with plain flat gilt buttons, and white kid gloves, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a couple of young ladies just within the vestibule.

"Dolt!" exclaimed the captain, "that is a lady dressed *en cavalier*; it is Mademoiselle Solange Dudevant herself! Return the articles immediately."

"Monsieur is right," said the pickpocket. "No one but a brute would knowingly rob a lady, especially when that lady is the daughter of George Sand, whom we all love so well. Excuse me, monsieur; I will yet procure you a ticket."

In an instant the sharper placed himself before Mademoiselle Solange, with a profound bow.

"Begging mademoiselle's pardon," he said, "she has had the misfortune to drop her card-case."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mademoiselle Solange, taking the card-case into her hand. "Allow me to reward you for returning it."

"As to that, mademoiselle," said the sharper, "permit me humbly to suggest that you have four tickets in your case whereas your party consists of only three persons."

"You then would like to have the extra ticket?" said mademoiselle.

"Exactly so, mademoiselle," he replied.

"You are quite welcome to it," said the lady.

The sharper took the ticket to the young officer, who, having noticed the manner in which it was obtained, did not hesitate to receive it and pay him the promised hundred francs.

On taking his seat in the opera-house, the captain found himself elbow to elbow with Mademoiselle Dudevant, with whom he was well acquainted. He frankly explained to her the equivocal process by which he had procured his ticket, and the lady laughed heartily at the trick of which she had been the unconscious victim.

A. H. P.

LOVERS.

THEY linger in the garden walk,
Talking as only lovers talk,
Sweet, foolish trifles, Love's delight,
With joy and faith their faces bright.

Sometimes she stops and plucks a rose,
To hide the truth her sweet blush shows;
Scattering the rose leaves in the air,
A dainty shower o'er face and hair,

With laughing looks she sees them fly,
Then sudden stops and breathes a sigh;
For youth and love as soon are gone,
And death and age are hastening on.

He gathers from the garden plot
A tuft of pale forget-me-not;
She takes them with a careless jest,
Then hides them in her snowy breast.

He lays a rose-bud in her hair,
Whispering she is wondrous fair;
While tenderly his loving hands
Linger o'er the rippling bands.

They pause to watch the evening sky,
And see the golden sunlight die.
A squirrel startled from its lair
Breaks the calm quiet of the air.

She trifles with her golden curls,
Till the bright red flag the wind unfurls,
And blows a tress across his face,
Touching his lips with soft embrace.

They reach the great hall door at last;
He holds her slender fingers fast,
Then kisses them, as well he may,
While she, all blushing, speeds away.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT GARDEN.—The promenade concerts still continue to attract audiences vast enough to fill even this magnificent house. Mr. Alfred Mellon has now become quite as well known, and deservedly popular as a conductor of giant concerts, as the late M. Jullien. The programmes are always admirably varied in their selection, so that an opportunity is afforded to almost every class, however different their musical tastes may happen to be. The excellent order maintained during the performances of the different pieces is an earnest of the appreciation of the public generally for really good music, correctly and artistically rendered.

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.—Goethe's romantic play of *Faust*, adapted from the poem by Bayle Bernard, with musical illustrations from *Sphor*, &c., has just been produced here, and has met with the most unequivocal success. Mr. Phelps appears in the character of *Mephistophiles* and Mrs. Herman Vezin as *Marguerite*. The scenery, by Mr. William Beverly, is exceedingly beautiful and effective, and the play is put upon the stage in the most perfect manner, every detail having received the attention requisite for its proper presentation. Mr. Phelps is especially suitable to the part, and, difficult as the undertaking is, the poet's exquisite points, tropes, and metaphors are rendered with an appreciative precision and comprehension of their true value which is most grateful to the ear.

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.—This pleasant and comfortable house is always well filled; let who will go short of an audience, the Haymarket is certain to have a good house. With such actors as Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Charles Mathews, few evenings are likely to prove heavy, and the judicious selections usually made by one who is invariably on such amicable terms with his audience as Mr. Buckstone, renders that universal favourite always successful in compressing the greatest amount of pleasure and amusement into the smallest portion of time.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—The *Huguenot Captain* is still the attraction here, and has proved powerful enough to nightly fill the house. Preceded by some light piece, it is sufficient for a most pleasant evening's entertainment. The engagement is announced of a celebrated comic actress, Mrs. John Wood.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—A drama by Wilkie Collins, entitled the *Frozen Deep*, around which are some peculiarities which do not always fall to the lot of ordinary pieces, has been produced at this house, and has met, as it deserved with the greatest success. It was first performed by an amateur company at the residence of Mr. Charles Dickens about nine years since. The next representation of this drama took place at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, by the same company, and it was once, it may be remembered, specially performed, by command of Her

Majesty, before the Queen and the late Prince Consort. Some alterations and adoptions have been expressly made by the author for the production of the drama at this theatre.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. Burnand's *Der Freischütz* is the special attraction here, and the fun is fast and furious enough while it lasts. The piece sparkles with wit, both broad and implied; it is, as usual at the *Strand*, splendidly dressed, and beautifully placed on the stage; Miss Ada Swanborough is as fascinating as ever, and her solo on the cornet, à la Levy, is something worth the entrance-fee to hear.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—This very pretty theatre holds fairly its own amongst the favourite places of entertainment, and that it is always well filled is no more than the merit of the pieces produced, and the able management of its charming lessee, Miss M. Oliver, thoroughly deserve.

HOLBORN THEATRE ROYAL.—Mr. Sefton Parry, the proprietor and manager of this new and elegant theatre, has commenced most fortunately and successfully. Boucicault's new drama of *Flying Scud* has proved so great a loadstone to the public, that the theatre is filled long before the time for the curtain to rise. The drama is one which appeals strongly to the many, and is, in some of its scenes, eminently sensational, holding the audience almost breathless with excitement, produced by the life-like vividness of portions of the drama. Preceded by a sparkling farce, it is certain to have a long and prosperous run, and thus happily inaugurate the opening of the new house.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—A favourite place of resort alike with country cousins and with residential Londoners, the gallery in Baker Street has lost none of its attractions for those who care to see, in their habits as they lived, a judicious selection of kings and queens, of philosophers and poets, warriors and statesmen. In truth, Madame Tussaud's Exhibition may fairly be considered as offering a series of illustrations, the accuracy of which no one can dispute, both to our books of history and to the daily papers—illustrations which materially help in the comprehension of the text. The canons of selection are, assuredly not over strict; and, in default of fame, notoriety, or even infamy, will serve as a sufficient passport for admission to the wax-work Valhalla. Thus, amongst the more recent additions, we may notice a model of the miserable man Jeffery, who recently perished on the scaffold; but there is an equally characteristic effigy of Count Von Bismarck, and, best of all for sight-seers pure and simple, there is a bridal group of the Princess Helena and Prince Christian, in which the gorgeous dresses of the ladies can be less easily imagined by ordinary mortals than described by the Court milliner. An exhibition in which so many and such various tastes are liberally catered for cannot fail to retain the hold upon public favour which it has now so long possessed.



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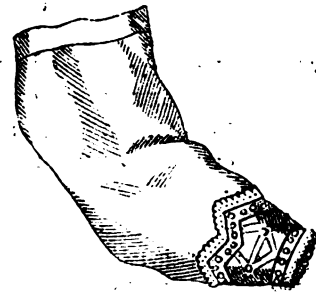
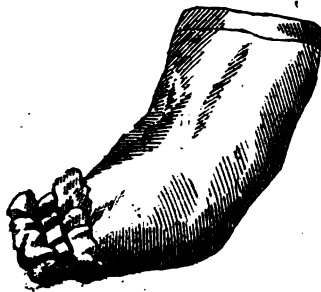
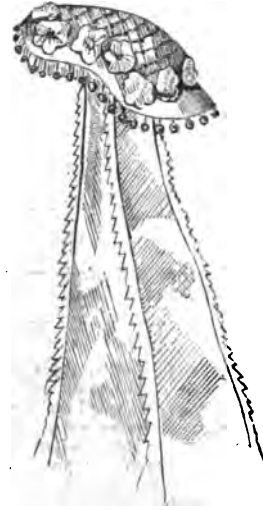
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No. 432.

DECEMBER, 1866.

VOL. 39.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, November 26th, 1866.

CHER AMI,—Black dresses are more than ever in fashion; of the others, it is the same for all the sombre colours, except violet, which loses a little of its favour for young people only, for ladies who cannot wear rose adopt violet.

Black toilettes are particularly in vogue for full dress; velvet, satin, *moiré drap de Lyon*, *gros de Tours*; these last two stuffs will require to have jet trimmings. These stuffs will be generally used for mantles. I have to notice a new *moiré antique*, meant to replace the old *moirés*. It is a magnificent stuff, with varied designs; I have seen them in pansy, leaden grey and black. Anything more beautiful can scarcely be imagined. Next come the stuffs between the *poult-de-soie* and satin: viz., the satined and marbled *armures*, the dotted satin, the chinés of pansy colour, a charming stuff for morning visiting dresses; another superb material in black *poult-de-soie*, with striped ribbons of two greys, plain gros rain taffetas and satins, then all the black taffetas, of which several are of much reduced prices, and at last poplins; poplinettes of silver and pearl greys, and all the beautiful materials in black, white, and grey woollens for full dress toilettes. I have seen one in white satin, trimmed by white beads on narrow black velvet; another in grey velvet, with a train and *en fourreux*, with a poplum of grey velvet. All the ornaments are surrounded with grey satin. A black dress of very strong *poult-de-soie*, with two narrow petticoats, the first forming a jupon with a pleated volant, surrounded by a small trimming of white; the second petticoat shorter, is cut *en grecques*, with a trimming of white velvet, so that all the breadths of the skirt and the seams of the bodice are of the Princess form.

Another toilet, much more simple, for morning walking, is a beautiful black Irish poplin; pleated jupon, with short skirt, trimmed by an edging of grelots; another yet in violet, cashmere with a skirt of black silk with a jet of fringe, vest of silk trimmed with the same, the paletot in wadded violet cashmere, with long bands of passementerie and a fringe of jet in the bottom.

Dress for a little boy of ten years: Jacket and pantaloons in blue poplin, trimmed with flaps of worked galoon held by buttons; sailor hat of felt, with a *moiré* ribbon; cloth gaiters.

For a little girl of twelve or thirteen years: Skirt of plain taffeta trimmed by a volant pleated *d la russe*. High bodice trimmed by pleated band. Peplum of striped taffeta, ornamented by a bias. Hat of felt, with a *moiré* ribbon and a tuft of feathers.

As to bonnets, it will be difficult to say which will be most in vogue. Thus, I have seen a model simply formed of a circle of rose crape, trimmed by a large fancy flower of rose velvet, with a tail of foliage on the rose-strings, which are trimmed by blond. Another, cut *en losenge*, was in violet velvet, traversed in a bias by a feather of the same colour, having at the foot a brooch of pearls. At the edge of this bonnet a very light fringe of violet and white, with crystal beads.

A *Catalane* of velvet is trimmed by lace with jet; behind on the hair and on the front, among a fringe of jet, fall fuchsia of velvet.

Strings of fuchsia colour in crape, edged by black and white lace.

A *Chaperon Empire*, in blue velvet, strewn with *gouttes d'eau*, and held on the head by a scarf tulle edged with blond lace.

The *Lamballe*, formed of flakes of tulle, covered with flowers circled with fringes of pearls and held by strings tied behind. For going to the theatre, the form most in vogue is the round.

The mantles still continue to remain short. The sleeves only seem to undergo any modifications, becoming more and more necessary, according to the long trains which accompany the sleeves of the dresses at present worn. These sleeves are worn very long, and narrow at the bottom.

Among the latest dresses which have passed under my eye, I will quote a dress of *faye* or *poult-de-soie*. On the bodice a bertha is traced by a rain of fine beads of cut jet. This bertha is, on the seam, edged by bows with the same jet. The remainder of the bodice is plain. The sash is likewise strewn with beads of jet. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented by small crosses in fine jet passementerie. The mantle to match is in the same stuff, completely trimmed, and with sleeves large at the bottom—*Pagoda* kind, very pointed.

Among the short costumes the prettiest are certainly those in cloth, trimmed with bands of cashmere. I have seen a dress of this kind, which has a very *distingué* look. The first skirt was blue, trimmed at the bottom by flaps of cashmere grouped in fives. Between each group a cut leaf is set. The second petticoat is black, ornamented by a band of cashmere fringed like a shawl. The bottom of this petticoat forms five large round scallops, between each of which are pleats. Bodice of black, ornamented by leaves in cashmere; sleeves of blue, crossed by bands of cashmere. In the top, black jockey cut in denticulations, edged by braiding.

Soirée Toilet. Mauve dress, ornamented at the bottom of the skirt by two rows of Chantilly lace, forming a decoupé garland. This petticoat is veiled by striped Chambéry gauze. Coralet of mauve taffeta. Under bodice in pleated white tarlatan. Very low mauve sleeves and white under-sleeves. Head-dress ornamented by two rows of pearls, retained by amethyst medallions. Necklace to match.

Town Dress. Skirt of dark *poult-de-soie*, trimmed at the bottom by a string of pearls of jet. Round-shape bodice. Sleeves to the elbow. Mantle of velvet, very pointed on the sides. This model is trimmed with black passementerie of jet. Sicilian hat of black velvet, turned up with rose satin edged by a fringe of jet and ornamented by roses.

Ball Toilets. Dress of white satin veiled by two petticoats of white tulle. Coralet of satin. Under bodices of draped tulle. Marie Antoinette coiffure ornamented by tufts of *myosotis*.

Dress of yellow *poult-de-soie*, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt by a double bias piece in crape of the same colour. Scarf sash in English point lace. Corslet ornamented by a band of crape. Short sleeves. Tulle under bodice. *Polignac* headdress, ornamented with laurel leaves.

Mauve *poult-de-soie* dress, of the Empire without pleats in front, and trimmed on all the seams of the skirt, by black lace. Corslet body, with pleated tarlatan under bodice.

Robe of velvet. Corslet set on under bodice in bouillonné white satin, trimmed at the top by a cordon of velvet leaves. Training sleeves in velvet. Sleeves of bouillonné tulle or satin. Coiffure with snowdrops.

Indoor toilet. Dress of black satin, trimmed on all the seams by a double band cut in round denticulations. In the middle of these a double row of pearls are set. Narrow sleeves, the cuffs being trimmed with pearls.

Full dress visiting toilet. Skirt of *poult de soie* trimmed at the bottom by a high bouillonné. Plain bodice with narrow sleeves. Second petticoat of velvet. Velvet paletot. Large sleeves of Chinese style, forming a point. Tulle bonnet of a round form on the top, edged by pear-shaped pearls and trimmed by flowers set on the side. *Barbe* strings of tulle.

Another toilet is in violet *gros grain*, on each seam of which are rows of lace, cut in lozenges sparkling with jet, and butterflies of jet. These lozenges rise on the body to the shoulders. Sleeves with train lined with white satin, and edged by smaller lozenges. Round body with mantle in *faye*. Bonnet of white tulle, crossed by a band of violet velvet. In the interior, flowers of velvet.

Town Dress.—Petticoat of striped *poult-de-soie*, trimmed at the bottom by a wide blue taffeta band, with a row of flat buttons. Round corsage in striped *poult-de-soie*. Flat sleeves of the same stuff, trimmed at the top by a plain black silk jockey. Linen collar. *Toque* hat of velvet, with curly feathers.

Indoor toilet: Velvet dress open in front, and turned up with silk of a lighter shade than the velvet. Under skirt trimmed with two rows of pleats. Small shoulder cape of laced velvet; narrow sleeves. Head-dress of mauve velvet, edged with blond lace. Strings of velvet, also trimmed with blonde.

Robe of grey and white satin, formed in alternate bouillonnés, separated by a jet fringe. Another is in velvet (black), lined with white, and edged by a guipure to match with that on the shoulders and body.

The new Biarritz velvet, or velveteen, as it is called in English, is a very fashionable article at Paris, the favourite colours being blue and maroon, black being excluded, as it has no pretty shades. Silk cord is generally used for trimming this material.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Mantle of black velvet, trimmed in *Vandykes*, with a deep edging of black *poult-de-soie*, rich and deep fringe, on silk rosette buttons. Robe of lavender *poult-de-soie*, with graceful needlework pattern round the bottom of the skirt.

Fig. 2.—Jacket of Astracan, and robe of silk, trimmed with piping of white satin.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of cuir-coloured Russian lining trimmed with scarlet velvet, edged with black lace, and ornamented with steel buckles.

Fig. 2.—Robe of striped silk, mantle of violet-coloured velvet trimmed with beads and black silk braid.

Bonnet of violet silk, trimmed with black velvet and lace, ornamented with a rose.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—Little girl's dress of mauve merino trimmed with velvet of a darker shade, with narrow bands placed over it of the same material as the dress, fastened with small black buttons. Bournous mantle to correspond; velvet hat trimmed with a white feather.

Fig. 2.—Robe of brown *poult-de-soie*, trimmed with narrow black velvet and pendant.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of blue satin, with an over skirt and bodice of white gauze, edged with black lace. Coiffure ornamented with a wreath of leaves and flowers.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Morning robe of blue French merino made in the Princess shape, trimmed with black velvet and buttons, habit shirt of cambric, and black necktie.

Fig. 2.—Robe of striped alpaca, worn with a jacket of black cloth, embroidered and trimmed round the edge with beads; corsage of white lace, trimmed with pink ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of cerise-coloured taffetas, trimmed with black lace; over skirt of white tulle, edged with pendant crystal beads; bodice of white cambric. Coiffure of curls, ornamented with cerise berries.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of green velvet, ornamented with small black flowers, and green leaves; strings of gauze.

Promenade bonnet, composed of mauve silk, trimmed with beads and mauve flowers.

Dress cap composed of white blond and pink ribbon, and ornamented round with large black beads.

Evening cap of white lace and blue ribbon, with two large white flowers. The strings cross behind the head.

Under-sleeve of white net, with a cuff composed of two puffings with a ruching of red ribbon between them.

Second ditto of muslin, with embroidered cuff.

Bodice of cerise-coloured French merino, ornamented with crosses of narrow black velvet.

Jacket of beaver cloth, trimmed with velvet jet and passementerie made short and loose in shape.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

At this season it is necessary, as the cold increases, to take especial care of the young; we have, therefore, given a model of a paletôt, simple but very useful, and when made up in warm material and lined, it will be one of the best garments for winter wear.

HEEL AND TOE.

In a pretty cottage situated on the very skirts of the village of Inglenook, there lived, at the time my story opens, an old lady with her grandchild. They were then the only occupants of the cottage; though sometimes the son of the old lady, and uncle of the little girl, came from town, where he resided, to pay them a short visit—times which were looked forward to with great delight by all three concerned. The old lady was called Dame Grant by the villagers—Granny by her little charge. The little one, a quiet, reserved child, was named for her mother, Dame Grant's daughter, who, dying, had left her orphan child in the care of the one who had been her first and last friend. Poor Mary Grant! married at seventeen to a fine, handsome youth, the pride of the village, she died at twenty-two, a drunkard's widow, after watching her husband's downward course until his death left her broken-hearted. Little Mary was, at her mother's death, three years old; and from that time until the day on which our story opens, had known no other care than that of her grandmother, and sometimes her Uncle Harry.

I wish to place two pictures before my reader before I come to my story. First, the bedroom of the little cottage, Granny Grant seated in high-backed, old-fashioned chair, with Mary leaning against her; while the old dame, encircling the little child in her arms, is teaching her the mysteries of knitting a stocking with these words: "Now, Mary dear, when you can knit a pair all by yourself, I will pay you for them just what I receive for mine, and you can go on knitting until you earn enough to buy some more books; and Uncle Harry will send them to you from town."

"Oh, Granny! do you think I can ever earn enough to buy that book teacher told us about to-day, all about the foreign countries I am learning about in the geography?"

"All depends upon your own industry. You are doing nicely at school; but there are many books you would like to read that I cannot afford to buy you; and you must try to earn them yourself. But see, your eyes are not on this stocking. Remember, all your money must come from paying attention to 'heel and toe.'"

Another picture:—In the drawing-room of a large mansion in the heart of the village, the "great house" of the place, is another little girl just Mary's age. She is a beautiful child, with bright blue eyes, golden curls, and a pretty, sylph-like figure. On one of the crimson-covered sofas in the room is reclining a pale, languid-looking lady, watching the little girl and her dancing-master. The child is taking her dancing-lesson, but seems more inclined to *chassés* according to her own notions, than to follow in the steps her master is taking.

"Effie," says her mother, the lady on the sofa, "do pay more attention to your steps. If you dance to please

Monsieur Pierre by the time I go to town again, I will buy you that lovely blue dress you wanted so much."

"Oh, mamma! shan't I look pretty in it? Blue is so becoming a fair complexion! You promise, mamma?"

"Yes; but remember, pay particular attention to Monsieur Pierre. You are dancing on your own method now; and you will only earn your dress by following his system of 'heel and toe.'"

Excited as much as it was in her nature to be by the prospect of earning books for herself, Mary bent over her knitting, building fairy castles in the air, and hoping for the time when, by dint of study and reading, she should know as much as her teacher, Esther Little, a pale, quiet girl, who undertook to train the little girls of the village in their studies. Mary was her favourite among the pupils. The eagerness of the little girl to learn everything, her attention to the studies appointed her, and her quick intelligence were each a charm in the eyes of her gentle teacher; and many a lesson was imparted by conversation when, delighted by an invitation to tea, Mary sat at her teacher's feet listening to her instructions.

Year after year passed on, and again we visit the little village. There have been many changes. Granny Grant lies in the churchyard beside her daughter. Mary is the sole occupant of the cottage, and, at the age of eighteen, is now, by Esther's desire, on her wedding-day, installed as mistress of the village school. It was from the day when her interest in knitting was so strongly excited that Mary dated her growth in knowledge. Shilling after shilling was placed in her little box, kept safe in Granny's drawer, and book after book was added to her stock; while Esther, strongly interested by the child's thirst for knowledge, encouraged and aided her, and even gave her private lessons in French and drawing, which were well repaid by Mary's rapid progress in both accomplishments. From knitting for Granny she had learned to knit fancy articles, for which her uncle gained a good price at a fancy shop in town; and many a wealthy lady's baby put its tiny foot into one of Mary's fairy-like white socks, or its fingers into the pretty mittens knit by her busy fingers. She was particularly fond of this kind of needle-work, because, with a piece of knitting in her hand, she was still able to con her lessons, book before her. After the school was intrusted to her care, far from considering her education finished, in the desire to do fully her duty by the children under her, she applied herself closely still, in her leisure hours, to her books, and might be seen at the little window of the cottage, after her day's duties were over, her head bent over her books, and her fingers swiftly plying the knitting-needles. The little cottage was a miracle of neatness, for Granny's desire had been to make the little maiden thoroughly useful in her station; and no house was cleaner, no wardrobe in better order than Mary Watson's.

One day, there was a gay party starting for a ride from the "great house." First, mounted on a grey horse, her blue

habit and white-plumed hat setting off her blonde beauty to the best advantage, was Effie Fisher, the child of the house, and the belle of the village. Her education had been finished as it was begun—a perfect dancer, a brilliant performer on the pianoforte, a fine rider, and an accomplished flirt. She had, to attain perfection in these four arts, neglected all more solid pursuits, and was, at eighteen, as giddy, empty-headed, and silly a beauty as could be found. By her side rode Roland Rivers, a tall, handsome man of about thirty, rich, accomplished, and intelligent, and, as Effie's mamma told her, "a decided catch." "Do your best to make a conquest there," said the affectionate parent, "for such a chance will not fall in your way every day. And do, Effie, try to talk sensibly, for he is particularly fond of intelligent young ladies." The rest of the party consisted of Effie's brother George, with Miss Harding, a brunette, who shared the honours of belleship with Effie. Some other young people of the village, with whom we have no particular interest, made up the party.

There was a beautiful brook running along about a hundred yards from Mary's cottage; and on one side of it a large tree grew. As it was back of the cottage, in a retired place, Mary often took her book and work, and, seated on a large stone at the foot of the tree, passed many a pleasant afternoon.

The riding party started in high spirits, and it was near sunset when they turned their horses' heads homewards. Then, as they lived in different parts of the village, one after another fell off, until Effie and Roland were left alone.

"What a pretty cottage!" cried the young man, as they drew near the tiny dwelling. "Look, Miss Fisher; is it not like a fairy dwelling-place, all covered, as it is, with climbing roses and honeysuckles? Who lives there?"

"Only the village schoolmistress," said Effie.

"Pretty? She must be to suit the dwelling, and tasty, too, I know, by the appearance of that little garden. Can we not frame an excuse to stop here a moment? You have had a long ride, Miss Fisher. I am sure a glass of milk would refresh you. I will call out the charming occupant of this pretty place."

"Charming?" said Effie, with a sarcastic laugh—"charming? a little, demure-looking person, dressed in the fashion of ten years ago, with hands and feet like a washer-woman's."

Roland insisted upon seeing this individual, declaring he was enchanted by Effie's description; and, dismounting, he knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again, and then pushed it open. The room, parlour of the cottage, into which he stepped was empty. He walked to the back window, looked out, and then stepped to the back door, and looked again. Seated under a tree, with a brook between her and the house, was a young girl. Her white dress was cut low, showing a beautiful neck, and a round white arm, finished by a very pretty hand with delicate tapering fingers. Her soft brown hair was parted simply from her

broad white forehead, and made into a rich knot behind. Her complexion was fair, but pale, and her features delicate. Hearing Roland's step, she raised a pair of large brown eyes, and, with quiet grace, crossed the little bridge, and stood ready to do the honours of the cottage.

After a graceful apology for his intrusion, Roland obtained the glass of milk and returned to Effie, who was, with some difficulty, persuaded to dismount, and rest a few moments in the cottage.

Mary's quiet but perfectly ladylike manners showed to great advantage beside the haughty, supercilious manner. Effie thought fit to assume to the village schoolmistress. Roland's quick eye detected a volume of Racine in the book. Mary brought in from her seat beneath the tree. He soon entered into conversation with his fair hostess, and poor Effie found herself left far behind in the animated discussion of books and arts which followed. At length, to her great relief, they were mounted, and on their road homewards.

"Mamma," said Effie, about a week after the day just mentioned, "Roland Rivers has fallen in love with Mary Watson."

"Nonsense!" was the answer.

"But it is not nonsense. He would stop there the day we rode out, and the artful girl made love to him as decidedly as you ever saw anything done in your life. They talked about books, and drawing, and the pictures he had seen in Italy; and at last she made him promise to bring her a portfolio, and show her the sketches he made in Europe."

"Made him promise?" said the mother, "How?"

"Well, she didn't exactly make him, but he offered, just out of politeness; and she seemed pleased; so he had to go, and, worse than that, she has had him there every evening since. Just as long as that girl stays in the village he won't come near me, I know. The idea of being cut out by such a demure-looking, plain little idiot—that's what provoked me. A girl that spends her time knitting farmers' stockings, and teaching dirty little brats of children, to come in between me and my lover, for he was my lover before he saw her."

"Effie, I have it; we'll turn her out of the school. Your father is at the head of the school committee, and he is the richest man in the place; so the others won't like to offend him. I'll have her out."

Next morning Mary received notice that, as her quarters were nearly finished, her services would be no longer required at the school. The same morning came an invitation from her uncle to pay him and his wife a visit in the vacation. Childless themselves, they often sent for Mary to come to them when she could escape from her school duties. Her resolve was immediately taken. She would go to town, and perhaps her uncle could find her some work by which she could gain a living. With many a heart-pang she shut up the little cottage, packed her trunk, and sat down in the parlour, now all darkened except one window.

She was sitting weeping when a knock at the door aroused

her. On opening it, she found Roland. Explanations followed; and Roland asked her something to which came the reply—"But, Mr. Rivers, I have only known you a week."

"Long enough for me to learn to love you. But you are right; it is too soon. Go to your uncle; but promise to answer my letters; and when I come to claim my bride, unless you find out that I am *very* undeserving, will you be my wife?"

One year after this, Roland Rivers and Mary Watson were married in the village church.

"Roland," said his bride, "I bless the day when my grandmother first stimulated me to exert myself by revealing the mysteries of 'heel and toe.'"

"Mother!" cried Effie, bursting into her mother's room the same day, "Roland Rivers has married Mary Watson; and all this year that I have fancied her safe out of the way, she has been corresponding with him. It was her fine education that won him, I know. O mother! why did I not try to learn something besides that senseless 'heel and toe'?"

V. P.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Ring out, old bells, ring merrily,
And chant ye minstrels gay,
And deck your homes, ye happy ones,
In dazzling bright array.
Let ruddy holly gleam around,
Entwined with ivy green,
And boughs of pearly mistletoe
In lofty nooks be seen.
Let mirth re-echo through the land,
And every heart be gay,
And peace and plenty crown each board
On blithe old Christmas day.
Ring out, old bells, ring merrily,
In calm sweet liquid strain,
Fond memories of long past years
Ye conjure forth again;
And voices that are long since hushed,
And forms that still are dear,
Though long since passed from this frail earth,
Seem hovering ever near.
Loved ones are missed in many a home,
Yet, casting care away,
Let's strive to welcome with a smile
Time-honoured Christmas day.
Ring out, old bells, ring merrily,
In soft sweet pensive strain;
I love to hear the mystic peal
Float over hill and plain.
It tells me many a weary one
Has found a transient rest—
It tells me many an absent child
By tender words is blest;
It tells me living, honoured guests
Make many a homestead gay,
I trust each child of earth may spend
A happy Christmas day.

EMILY STEPHENS.

AMUSEMENTS.

MADAME STODARE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY.—Although the clever conjuror and able ventriloquist who gave his expert performances at the Egyptian Hall exists now only in the memory of the audiences he so long puzzled with his illusion of the Sphinx and the Indian basket-trick, the same public remains to be astonished, and the popularity of the name is not yet forgotten. Madame Stodare, the widow, has accordingly resumed Colonel Stodare's entertainment in the same building where it was last given, and having taken a prominent part in the most remarkable feats of natural magic performed by her late husband, we may fairly concede that no one could be better adapted to supply his place. The more simple feats of legerdemain are dexterously executed by Mr. Firbank Burman, announced to be a pupil of Colonel Stodare, and handkerchiefs and half-crowns disappear from locked boxes and closed hands, and reappear in French rolls and oranges, with the same rapidity of movement as before. The more complicated illusions which are still exhibited are as mystifying as ever, and whether induced by sympathy or led by curiosity the public will doubtless continue to bestow that patronage which, on the first of the present series of representations, was substantially afforded in the form of a numerous and gratified audience.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—The approach of the Christmas Holidays and the Cattle Show and pantomimes, generally causes an extra rush of the provincial as well as metropolitan sight-seers to the ever entertaining gallery of the celebrated Madame Tussaud. The chief lions of the moment are our charming Princess Helena, Prince Christian, and the redoubtable and fortunate Count von Bismark; the magnificent and life-like effigies of these notabilities will doubtless receive their full share of wonder and admiration.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This charming place of amusement continues to receive its usual share of the public patronage, and the careful and attractive programme issued daily by its efficient and enterprising manager, fully repays all who may prevail on themselves to take the few moments railway journey which so comfortably now brings them to the doors.

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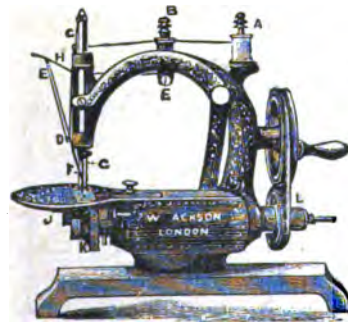
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 Gants de la M^{lle} Deschamps - Tricoteries pour robes de la M^{lle} des Indes - Dentelles
 de la M^{lle} Calise Confection de la M^{lle} Gagekin - Chaussures de la M^{lle} Lavoisier et C^{ie}

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Reine et Fichener imp. Steuss en l'île gde Paris

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 Ville de Lyon - Corsets de M.^{me} Vigouroux - Toulards pour robes de la Malle
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LONDON AND PARIS

Fashions for June 1867. Digitized by Google

From GRANT & GASK'S 58, to 62, St. Paul's.



LONDON AND PARIS
Fashions for June 1867.



1121

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Illustrations for June 1871

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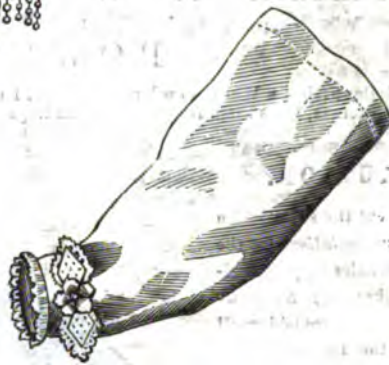
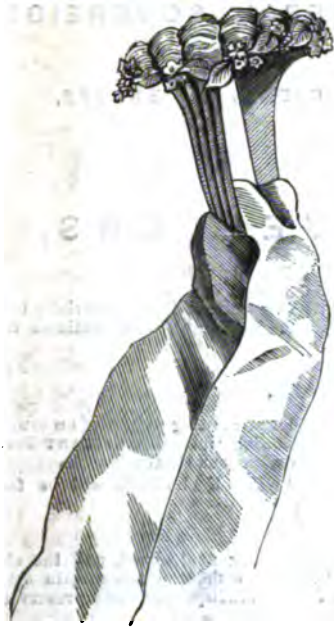


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Fashions of the 1870s

PLATE V.



LONDON AND PARIS
Fashions for June, 1867.



ELDON AND SONS
Fashioners
1878

V,

VOL. 40.

two half-length
net; the second,
the round form.
velvet, trimmed
of velvet passing
hind.
of foulard cut in
bordered in white
the denticulations.
bands of linen,
ornamented by a
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with crystal all
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soie, fastened by
dress ornamented
in the chignon.
necked bodice in
of satin. Long
flower buds to the
range flowers.
taffeta. Tunic skirt
e of a large pattern,
der bodice of platted
h of roses edged with

skirt of foulard. Second skirt
with basques edged with jet fringe.
dress composed of a delicate square
get-me-nots. On the side, a white rose.

ing lady.—Robe of silk gauze, with two skirts.
ornamented at the bottom by bias pieces of taffeta in
of the same material, trimmed

Honoured with the Special Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen,

THE
ROYAL FAMILY,

V.



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COURTS OF EUROPE,

AND UNIVERSALLY PREFERRED AND ESTEEMED.

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And to those who enjoy the Promenade, the Ride, and Drive. In all cases Ferrid Heat, and its concomitant Dust, materially injure the Skin, producing Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, and Discolorations of an almost indelible character. To obviate and eradicate these baneful results, recourse may with confidence be had to

ROWLANDS' KALYDOR,

An Oriental Botanical Preparation. Whether resorted to in its specific character as a thorough purifier of existing defects of an eruptive nature, and discolorations of the Skin, or as a preserver and promoter of its already bright and glowing tints, this *HEALTHY TONIC* REQUISITE has, in every instance, maintained its claim to the title of "THE UNFAILING AUXILIARY OF FEMALE GRACE."

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From the irritation caused by the chemical action of saline vapour. As a perfect illustration of the unquestionable safety attending the application of ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, and of the wide range of its utility, its introduction to the nursery, with the advantage which ensues in that interesting department of maternal solicitude, is most convincing; here it soothes every species of incidental inflammation, and fosters all those infantine graces upon which the parental eye dwells with delight.

From the sultry climes of India to the frozen realms of the North, this exotic preparation is perfectly innocuous, acting in all cases by promoting a healthy tone of the minute vessels, and is the most elegant as well as effective Toilet Appendage hitherto submitted to universal patronage.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per Bottle.

The heat of summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the Hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation, and, as an invigorator and purifier of the Hair, beyond all precedent.
Price 3s. 6d. and 7s.; or Family Bottles (equal to four small), at 10s. 6d.; and double that size, 21s.

Nor at this season can we be too careful to preserve the Teeth from the deleterious effects of vegetable acids (an immediate cause of Toothache) by a systematic employment, night and morning, of

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Or Pearl Dentifrice, a White Powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. It bestows on the Teeth a Pearl-like Whiteness, frees them from Tartar, and imparts to the Gums a healthy firmness and a pleasing fragrance to the Breath.

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To prevent the substitution of *Spurious Imitations* for the genuine articles by unprincipled shopkeepers, A. ROWLAND and SONS here add small copies of the Labels as they appear round the articles, from the *burin* of Messrs. PERKINS, BACON, and PETCH, the eminent engravers, of London.



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THE
LONDON AND PARIS
LADIES' MAGAZINE OF FASHION,
Polite Literature, etc.

No. 438.

JUNE, 1867.

VOL. 40.

This Magazine will be forwarded, post free, for six months, to any part of the United Kingdom, on the receipt of the half-yearly Subscription of Six Shillings and Sixpence.

FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, May 24th, 1867.

CHER AMIS,—

Fashion has chosen for the spring materials all the most harmonious and light colours; but, after all, black is still greatly in fashion, with grey, violet, and lilac for morning toilettes. I will commence with the mourning materials—the *bombastine Parisian*, English crape, Chambery gauze. Irish or Lyons poplins, cashmere, &c., &c., black taffeta, faye, and gros-grains. When half mourning is commenced, black taffeta is the only stuff permitted. One must not wear black, violet, or grey laine in this stage; black silk is the intermediate, after which black taffeta is the dress for all the world.

Town toilette.—Robe of mouse-colour goat's hair, with the seams of the breadths in bias. Bodice of a round form; sleeves ornamented at the top and bottom by a double bias piece, with stars of taffeta in the middle. Mantle in *falle*, cut straight behind, arched on the sides under the slope, and trimmed at the bottom by a large pear fringe. *Catalans* bonnet, rounded in front and square behind, in fine worked straw, ornamented by Parma violets; strings of tulle.

Indoor toilette.—Robe of taffeta, ornamented at the bottom by four rows of jet beads. Bodice of a round form, with sash embroidered with beads, fastened by a bow of taffeta; tight sleeves, trimmed on the sides of the shoulders by two double *pattes*. White burnous in China crape. Round hat in rice straw, edged with taffeta and ornamented with a tuft of roses.

Spring toilettes.—For a little girl of four years: costume composed of a first petticoat in red foulard or Scotch cashmere, trimmed by a daisy plait. Second skirt cut in bias, forming a small corslet in the same pattern. Morocco leather boots. Hat in felt, ornamented by an aigrette of cock's feathers, and a ribbon with long ends.

Robe of taffeta with petticoat, with train cut in bias, and the bodice in the same piece as the petticoat, like the princess robe. On the middle of the front, button fringes in *passementerie*. Tight sleeves. Pepium mantle in *falle*, ornamented by an edging formed of a broidery in jet. Cords with tassels with jet.

For a young person.—Robe of taffeta, with two half-length skirts. At the bottom of the first an embroidery of jet; the second, cut in bias, has plaits only behind. Bodice of the round form. Tight sleeves. Toque hat in straw, edged with velvet, trimmed with small blue flowers, and held by long strings of velvet passing under the hair, and with the long ends waving behind.

Country *négligé* toilette, composed of a skirt of foulard cut in front, and at the bottom indentations, embroidered in white taffeta. Bretonne vest in cashmere, cut in wide denticulations. White under bodice with plaits, alternating with bands of linen, strewn with mosaics in guipure. White jupon, ornamented by a plaited band of nansook, and edged with guipure at the top and bottom. Robe of faye, with two skirts cut *en biais*. The first is trimmed by Chantilly lace, set on quite flat; the second is, at the bottom, cut *en tablier*. Round sash, with large ends floating behind, edged with lace and pearled biases. On the seams of the shoulders, at the top and bottom of the sleeves, biases fringed with pearls. *Plateau* bonnet in blue tulle, fringed with crystal all round, and trimmed with tea-roses on the sides. Crape strings edged with white blond lace.

Ball toilette.—Robe composed of a first skirt of rose satin. Above all, a tunic skirt in Indian muslin. The bodice in rose satin is veiled by the muslin bodice. Head-dress ornamented with biases of blue velvet. Necklace of velvet.

Bride's toilette.—Robe of white satin, petticoat and bodice being in one piece. Tight sleeves. Sash of *poult-de-sois*, fastened by a cluster of orange flowers on the front. Head-dress ornamented by orange flowers, and branches of same flowers in the chignon.

Toilet composed of a white satin skirt. Low-necked bodice in satin. Tunic skirt in tarlatan. Short sleeves of satin. Long under sleeves of tarlatan. Fastening of orange flower buds to the sash. Head-dress ornamented by a wreath of orange flowers.

Toilette composed of a first skirt in white taffeta. Tunic skirt in blue satin. Empire corslet. Sleeves of tulle of a large pattern, ornamented with pearls at the bottom. Under bodice of plaited tulle. Head-dress embellished by a wreath of roses edged with blue velvet.

Dress composed of a short under skirt of foulard. Second skirt in faye, cut in angles. Bodice with basques edged with jet fringe. Small collar of linen. Head-dress composed of a delicate square of blond, edged with forget-me-nots. On the side, a white rose. Algerian burnous.

Toilette for a young lady.—Robe of silk gauze, with two skirts. The first is ornamented at the bottom by bias pieces of taffeta in the form of *baguettes*. Second skirt of the same material, trimmed

by five bias pieces of taffeta. Ceinture coralet, very low, covered with diagonal bands of taffeta. Under bodice of white muslin, with separated plaits. The two skirts of this dress have their seams cut diagonally. The coiffure is very high, and is sustained by a band of mauve velvet.

Another charming toilette was as follows:—The top of the bodice, which is high up, is in green satin, strewn with crystal drops alternately with pearls of a rather larger size. The top of this bodice is disposed in a *flên* square in front and behind. Over this is a coralet of green and white striped *poult-de-soie*. The union of these two materials is hidden by a band of plain green satin with a fringe of pearls. Tight sleeves in plain green satin with pearls. Training skirt with stripe cut at the bottom, having large rounded denticulations edged with green satin and fringes of pearl beads. The remainder of this skirt is also terminated in green satin.

The straight paletots, even of the new fashion, are always adopted for visiting, as well as the fitting *casaque* with a sash tying behind. The straight paletot is the most simple, and may be worn by persons at any age, while the other can only be worn by young persons. With the long dress, only the white under petticoat can be worn; with the short dress, and the *robe de campagne*, a petticoat of the same colour and material must be used. Among the newest bonnets that have appeared the following are descriptions of a few.

A *fanchon* of tulle ornamented by a simple wreath of emerald green foliage, mingled with berries of pearl. Strings of tulle edged on a large hem by a broidery of white beads.

Another is in rose, with a puffing of white tulle on the edge, covered by a band of primroses and foliage formed behind under the chignon.

Another is in lilac *bowillonné* crape, with a *cordon* of lilac on each gather. Strings of crape edged with white blond lace, and a narrow band of mauve velvet.

A model called the *Blanche of Castile* is a delicate *plateau* of white *ruché* tulle, embroidered with crystal. Behind, on the chignon, falls a square veil of flowered tulle, edged with blond and pearls. Strings of tulle.

A model in rice straw is trimmed with buttons of yellow silk, with black fruits in the form of a diadem.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—The New Costume Dress, in Arabian *glacé*, and a variety of new materials, forming a robe and petticoat in one. The skirt and jacket cut in vandykes, and richly trimmed. This style of dress is also made in the new Mexican cloth, Sultana cloth, and other new fabrics.

Fig. 2.—Morning Dress of the New Grey Linos, in a new and elegant design, having the appearance of two skirts, with a handsome sash, tastefully trimmed round with ornamental braid and drops. Loose Paletot, beaded, edged with braid and gimp, mandarin-shaped sleeves, with simple under sleeve, which can be worn so as to show a muslin or other sleeve at pleasure; tassels from point, back and front alike.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of flowered muslin, trimmed with a ruching of the same colour. Mantle of black *poult-de-soie*, trimmed with gimp and jet ornaments. Bonnet of Tuscan, ornamented with tassels of the same, and trimmed with white lace and pink ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Walking Costume.—Robe de deasons of lavender-grey

silk, with bands of mauve satin on the sleeves and skirt. The facings of the bodice and puffings on the top of the sleeves of the same material. The skirt is ornamented at the edge with a fringe of beads. The under robe is of mauve silk. Bonnet of white tulle, ornamented with white flowers.

Fig. 3.—Walking Costume of green lustre, trimmed with bands of white silk. Hat of black velvet, ornamented with a narrow feather.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—A superb robe, as exhibited at the Grande Exposition Universelle de Paris. Made of the richest *poult-de-soie*, trimmed round the bottom with rouleux of satin to match, and ornamented with pearls, having a handsome real Yak peplum, trimmed also with pearls. Also sash at the back, trimmed with satin and pearls. The bodice of Yak lace, and trimmed with satin and pearls to correspond.

Fig. 2.—Rich *poult-de-soie*, handsomely trimmed round the bottom and up the centre of back, with satin to match. Black Parisian lace jacket, in Spanish, Yak, Maltese, and French lace.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Evening dress of white silk striped with blue. Bodice of blue silk trimmed with white bead drops. Under bodice of white muslin trimmed with lace. Coiffure ornamented with a silver star and beads.

Fig. 2.—Ball dress of amber satin. Upper skirt of white tulle trimmed with bouquets of flowers. Lower skirt trimmed with a ruching of satin, (edged with blond. Coiffure ornamented with flowers to correspond with the dress.

Fig. 3.—Indoor Costume of Swiss cambric, trimmed with an ornamental braid. The coiffure is dressed with pink ribbon.

From the Silk and Mantle Rooms of Messrs. GRANT AND GASK of Oxford Street and Wells Street.

PLATE V.—Carriage bonnet of white crape, made in puffings, and ornamented with white flowers and green leaves. Strings of white ribbon.

Second ditto of pale green silk, dotted over with black beads, and ornamented at the side with long grass.

Promenade bonnet of white chip, trimmed with pink flowers and large white beads at the edge. Strings pink.

Evening cap of blue ribbon and white lace.

Second ditto of white tulle, trimmed with amber ribbon and flowers.

Dress cap of spotted tulle, ornamented with a large white flower, with bead leaves, and a roll of green ribbon at the back.

White muslin bodice, trimmed with narrow pink velvets.

Under sleeve of muslin, trimmed at the wrist with lace and bows and ends of blue ribbon.

Second ditto of net, ornamented at the wrist with a rosette of mauve ribbon, with ends of insertion and lace.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this issue a model of a pretty jacket for a young lady, to be made in any light material for summer wear. It is scalloped or indented round the sleeve as well as round the lower part, as in the model. It is to be trimmed with braid and gimp. The usual coat sleeve will answer very well for it.

THE MYSTERY OF THE JEWETTS.

BY E. S. KENNETH.

ON the second day after my return to my home, in the far north of Scotland, from college, where I had graduated as a physician, I took my gun and strolled away over the hills. Enjoying the balmy beauty of the evening, I sprang lightly over the rocks, whistling merrily, or breaking into snatches of song, as the fancy took me. I paused at last on the edge of a cliff, and looked away over the scene below. The broad stretch of fen and moor, with streams of water like silver threads winding through them; the white walls of the distant village gleaming in the pale light of the vapoury clouds, which were softly tinted by the setting sun; and the dark groves of pines, swaying in the fresh breezes, with a background of lofty mountains, whose summits seemed lost in the clouds, made a beautiful sight. As I stood mutely gazing, a large stone, displaced by a slight movement of my foot, rolled over the cliff. The noise of its fall was immediately followed by a cry of distress. I sprang forward and looked below. A little girl was crouching on the heather, and had probably been hurt by the stone. I hurried down to her, and found her sobbing violently.

"What is the matter, dear—are you hurt?" I asked.

She raised one of the sweetest faces I ever saw, the blue eyes overflowing with tears.

"The stone—it hurt my foot," she said, with quivering lips.

I knelt down beside her, and, removing the shoe and stocking, found the little foot badly hurt.

"You must go home," I said. "Where do you live?"

"In the old Burleigh House," she replied.

"The old Burleigh House!" I exclaimed, looking in astonishment at the neatly-dressed delicate-looking child. The old building, which had been uninhabited for years, stood on a lonely spot, and had the reputation of being haunted. At all events it was a crazy, weather-stained old place, and I thought could hardly be inhabited even by beggars.

"Yes," she replied. "But I cannot walk. What shall I do?"

"You must not try," I answered. "If you will show me the way, I will carry you."

She thanked me in a sweet, patient way, her little pale face working with pain, and I raised her in my arms and started down the lonely road. When we came to the old Burleigh House, with its stained stone walls covered with ivy, she pointed to a side-door and said:

"Do not stop to knock; you will frighten them."

Wondering at her words, I turned up the narrow path, which was slippery with fallen leaves, and passed in at the doorway, where the ivy hung low in swinging festoons. The wide bare hall was dark, and the house as silent and

gloomy as a tomb. Half believing that I had been misled by the child, I was about to ply her with questions, when the door opened and a lady came into the hall. She advanced a few steps towards me, then, suddenly catching sight of me by the dusky light, she stopped and broke into a terrified cry.

"What do you want?—what do you want?" she asked, wildly. "He is not here!"

As I stepped forward into the light, which proceeded from the room she had left open, the little girl cried hastily:

"Bertha—dear Bertha!"

The lady hesitated a moment, looking at us in a bewildered way, and then came forward, her colour changing at every breath.

"I beg your pardon," she said, interrupting me as I was about to speak. "You frightened me. What is the matter? Floy, what does this mean?"

As she spoke, she stepped back into the room she had just left, and motioned me to follow. I did so, and, going to a lounge which stood at the further end of the dim, large, scantily-furnished apartment, laid the child upon it.

"The little girl has met with a slight accident," I said. "She has hurt her foot. If you will allow me, I will examine and dress the wound."

"Are you a doctor?" she asked eagerly.

I bowed.

"I thank you—"

She paused and eyed me searchingly from head to foot. I returned her scrutiny with interest, and saw that she was young and rather pretty, but had a sad, careworn look which was strangely at variance with her youthful appearance. Her slender figure was robed in a dressing-gown composed of some kind of fine black woollen stuff, with a soft lining of crimson silk, and it struck me that so costly and rich a garment was out of place in that poor desolate-looking room.

"You are very kind," she said at last, apparently dismissing some suspicion regarding me. "You will excuse my rudeness. Your sudden appearance startled me very much."

I replied in a few courteous words, and turned to the child, as a relief to this strange scene. When I had bound up the swollen ankle, I gave directions for a simple lotion of herbs, and then turned to go.

"I will call in the morning if you like," I said, assuming a brief professional air as the safest.

"Will it be necessary?" she asked, quickly.

"It will be best," I answered.

"Then you may call, if you will," she said, simply.

A bent, wrinkled woman, who had been called in, and who was evidently a servant, went with me to the door. As I passed out, I glanced back and saw the young lady in her dark rich dress, kneeling by the lounge with her arms wound about the child, and for the first time I marked the resemblance between them. They were probably sisters. I

went home lost in wonder, and full of unsatisfactory conjectures. In the evening, when sitting alone with my good aunt, I approached the subject in a round-about way.

"Law, yes! said the good lady, swaying back and forth in her rocking-chair and knitting rapidly. "Isn't it strange about those folks? I didn't know that you knew anything about it, Ernest."

"What are their names?" I asked.

"Well, they call them 'the Jewetts' about here," she replied. "But it would be just like such strange-acting folks to take a false name; and for *my* part I believe they have. There is something curious, and I think wrong about them."

"Where did they come from?" I queried.

"That's something nobody knows," she answered, shaking her head ominously. "They appeared in the old Burleigh House one fine morning, and the next day the old woman, who is as deaf as a post, came to the village and bought some provisions. They seem to live well, though they do live in such a miserable place.

"How many of them are there?" I asked.

"The Jewetts? Only three—the young lady, and little girl, and old woman. Nobody knows how they get their living. They don't have anything to do with any one. They can't choose to live in that beggarly place of their own accord if they are rich, and if they are poor, what supports them? Isn't it strange?"

"Very."

I was so impatient that I could hardly wait until a seasonable hour for visiting the old Burleigh House in the morning. I found the child feverish, and weary with pain. The sprain would be a long, tedious affair, I saw plainly. I made my visit suitably short, leaving with the conviction that, by a sincere display of interest and care, I had made a favourable impression on the young lady.

Every morning for over a fortnight I called regularly, each day gaining a little vantage-ground towards installing myself in the lady's confidence and favour. And I succeeded in my aim. When the little girl could stand upon her hurt foot without pain, and I mentioned that she would need my services no longer, I saw that my words gave her sister as much pain as pleasure. She went with me to the door, and I took advantage of our being alone for a moment to say—

"My feet have become so used to travelling this path every morning, that you must not be surprised if they cling to old habits, and bring me here sometimes in spite of myself."

"There never was any affectation about me, Mr. Richter, and I will say frankly that I should be very happy to see you occasionally," she said, looking at me with her clear, beautiful eyes. "Your kindness to Florence has won my respect and esteem. But you must remember—"

She paused suddenly, for I had pressed the hand I had taken at my first words, and her eyes flashed open with a

look half of surprise and half of bewilderment. A quick blush broke over her cheeks.

"I have not been deceived in you? You will not oblige me to retract my words?" she stammered.

"Upon my honour, no," I said earnestly. "Forgive my impulsiveness. Let us pledge our friendship. Here!"

I broke a spray containing two crimson buds from a rose-bush which grew beside the door, and, dividing it, gave her one, while I retained the other. She smiled, and fastened it upon the bosom of her rich black dress.

"Now good morning, my friend Bertha," I said, taking her hand again.

"Good morning, Ernest," she replied, calling me for the first time by my Christian name. Pleased and smiling, I went away.

I put my bud in a glass on my toilet table when I got home, and, being busily engaged all day and during the evening, I forgot it until the morning. Then I found it a full-blown rose! Was it an omen? My life had a new interest from that time. I did not dare think sometimes how happy I was. I never was dissatisfied and moody as I used often to be. When I grew tired and "blue," as Bertha called it, I went and spent a few hours with her, and it always refreshed me. But I was obliged to be somewhat careful about the time of my visits, for the prying eyes of the village gossips were ever upon her, and their suspicions ever at work.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE GO-BETWEEN.—there is, perhaps, not a more odious character in the world than that of a go-between—by which we mean that creature who carries to the ears of one neighbour every injurious observation that happens to drop from another. Such a person is the slanderer's herald, and is altogether more odious than the slanderer himself. By his vile officiousness he makes that poison effective which else were inert; for three-fourths of the slanders in the world would never injure their object, except by the malice of go-betweens, who, under the mask of double friendship, act the part of double traitors.

BELLES AND DAHLIAS.—A modern writer, who evidently delights to study the most charming productions of nature, says:—"Dahlias are like the most beautiful women without intellectuality—they strike you with astonishment by their exterior splendour, but are miserably destitute of those properties which distinguish and render agreeable less imposing flowers. Had nature given the fragrance of the rose or the lily to the dahlia, it would have been the most magnificent gem of the garden; but, wanting scent, it is like a fine woman without mind."

GOOD breeding is a guard upon the tongue; the misfortune is, that we put it on and off with our fine clothes and visiting faces, and do not wear it where it is most wanted—at home!

BARBARA CLARE.

Do you know that I love you, Barbara Clare,
Though you never answer a look or word;
With the sunlight shimmering over your hair,
And your head with its poise like a southern bird;
And a flush fitting over your cheek, like the wing
Of that crimson bird, and some strange, wild thing
Looking out of the depths of those wonderful eyes.
Are you Goddess or Peri in mortal guise?

Haughty, beautiful Barbara Clare,
Is your heart like your forehead, made of snow,
And the scarlet flush drifting over it there,
Only a shade from the sunset's glow?
I heard you trilling an old love song,
"Oh, open the door, for I've waited long;"
Pray, sing that song to yourself, for me,
For I have waited so long for thee.

And so you scorn me, Barbara Clare,
And toss your proud, defiant head.
Ah! why were you born so wondrous fair,
And why has pity your bosom fled?
You knew that morning and noon and night
I only lived in the burning light
Of your dazzling eyes, and still it seems
Some sweet Elysian I've known in dreams.

Do you know that I worship you, Barbara Clare?
You will drive me mad with your cold, cold smile;
Oh, you have woven a cunning snare,
And you knew it would catch me all the while.
"You love me not, and you cannot wed
Unless you love." Ah! you did not dread
The evil to which when you led me on,
Till my life was wrecked and my heart was won.

CRINOLINE.—"The rage for expansive skirts is gradually diminishing, and the acknowledged leaders of fashion are now adopting a more moderate form of crinoline. Some ladies, it may be observed, have totally discarded the jupon, but the effect produced is rather peculiar than graceful, and such a decided change is scarcely likely at present to commend itself for general adoption. It is, in our opinion, a great mistake to verge into extremes at the mere indication of a change in *la mode*. Fashion varies by almost imperceptible degrees, and every fresh style that is introduced, in order to be successful should be an improvement on its immediate predecessor. With this fact in view, Mr. Addley Bourne, the well-known jupon manufacturer of Piccadilly, has introduced a New Crinoline, which he appropriately styles 'The Demi.' It is elegant in form, moderate in proportion, and in every respect admirably adapted to the present requirements in fashion."

The Glove Fitting Corsets lately introduced by Messrs. Thomson, of Crinoline celebrity, bid fair to be the Corset of the season. They are not only remarkably easy in wear, but are really "Glove-fitting," giving support to the figure, at the same time allowing perfect freedom for every movement of the body. Our best modistes prefer them to any other, as the "Glove-fitting" Corset enables them to fit the present style of dress so much more readily and perfectly. Messrs. Thomson's new style Crinolines are also well adapted to the present fashion.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The simultaneous revival of *Le Nozze di Figaro* at both opera-houses is a boon to the lovers of Mozart's music in particular, and to amateurs of music in general. The performance at Covent Garden, as far as the orchestral and concerted music is concerned, leaves nothing to wish. The overture, one of the most spirited ever composed, is admirably played, and nothing could well be more effective than the great finales of the second and fourth acts, in which two or three of the principal singers are, perhaps, more to be commended than even in their solos. Mr. Costa wisely distributes the opera into four acts, according to Mozart's own plan, and, by the restitution of the very characteristic fandango to the third finale, not only brings back that pleasing variety aimed at by the composer in the festive scene which celebrated the nuptials of "Figaro" and "Susanna," but imparts to it the symmetry of form, which is an invariable characteristic of Mozart.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Mr. Tom Taylor's adaptation of Miss Braddon's novel, *Henry Dunbar*, first produced at the Olympic, December 9th, 1865, was on Monday night revived at the Adelphi, in the place of *Lost in London*. The two principal characters, "Henry Dunbar" and "Margaret Wentworth," are still represented by the original performers, Mr. H. Neville and Miss Kate Terry, the part of a "Jeremy Diddler" kind of major, rendered very prominent in the Olympic cast by the excellent acting of Mr. Vincent, being now given to Mr. R. Phillips.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The preparations for the great festival benefit concert, which it is intended to hold on Wednesday, 26th June, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the palace, are progressing favourably, and the gardens are daily growing in beauty.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—*A Dream in Venice*, which still continues to attract, is now followed by *A New Domestic Scene, Merry-making; or, Birthday Festivities at Eveleen Hall*—in which Mr. John Parry, alone and unaided, continues to keep his audience in half an hour's continuous mirth by his special mimetic and musical powers. After some preluding on the pianoforte, burlesque recitative, and imitations of orchestral instruments, Mr. Parry commences a gossiping series of reminiscences of a visit to Derbyshire, including sketches of character, rendered with that rapid facility, that rich humour without exaggeration, which has long since placed this gentleman's performances far above the rank of ordinary stage representations. His imitation of a sentimental cornet player, his capital portrait of old Farmer Rakes, with his platitudes, and his description of his visit to London; various other representations of characters met with at the *fete*, concluding with a marvellous imitative description of a display of fireworks, in which the hissing of rockets, the fizzing and banging of wheels, the falling of showers of stars, are reproduced to the imagination by sounds and gestures—all these effects are so admirably realised, and depend so much on the special powers of the actor, that they must be seen to be duly appreciated.

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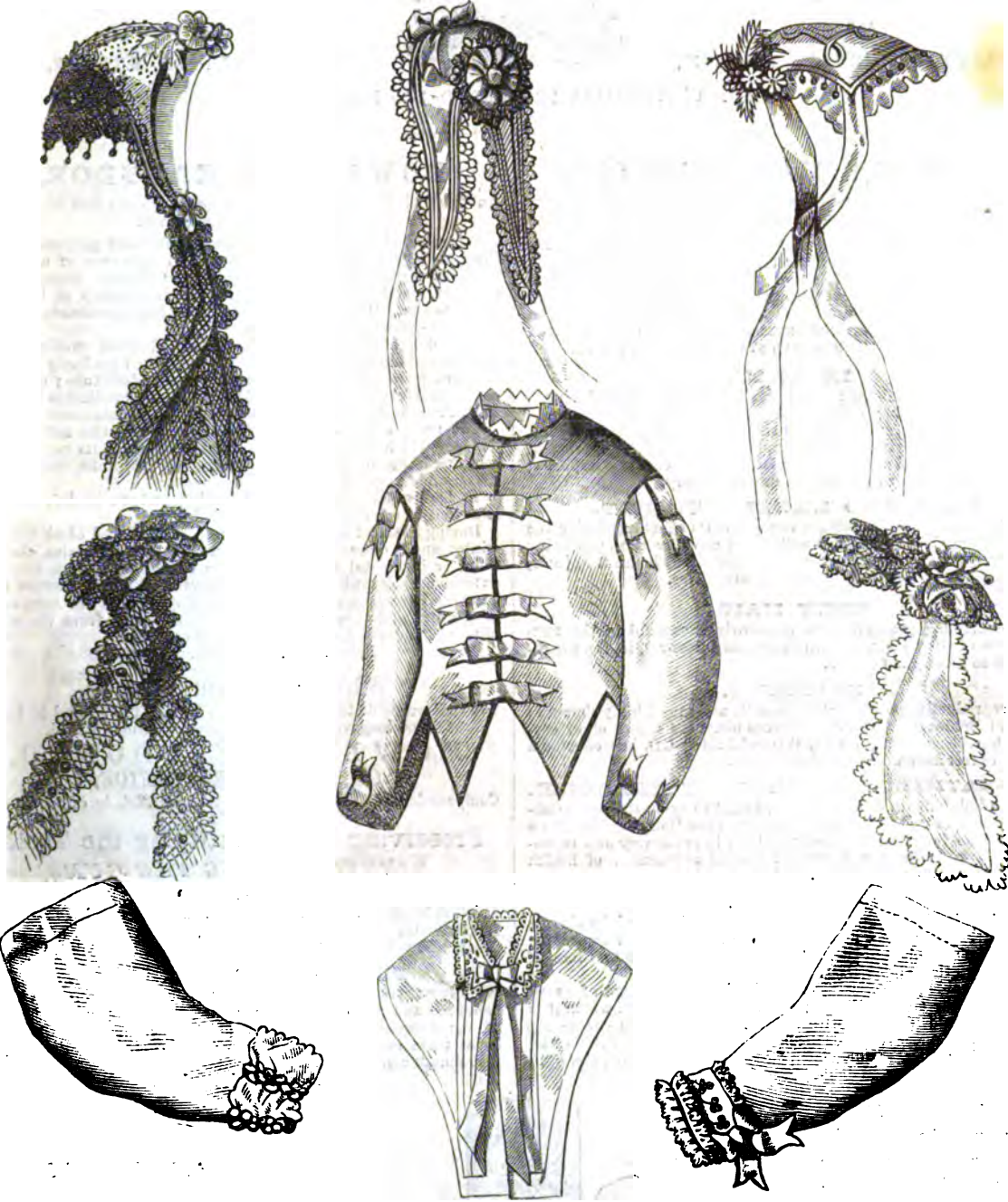


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PLATE V.



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ROYAL FAMILY,



R.
SEVERAL SOVEREIGNS

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NOBILITY OF GREAT BRITAIN,

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COURTS OF EUROPE,

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARD DES ITALIENS, September 24th, 1867.

CHERE AMIE,—

Although nearly every one has gone to the sea-side and baths, there are a great many fashionable strangers in Paris.

Black silk and other similar materials continue to be much worn, even at the sea-side; for instance, one I noticed was a robe of black taffeta, trimmed with a gladiator ribbon (*i.e.* blue and red) the paletot edged with the same, having the sleeves tied at the top with a similar ribbon. The same lady wore a large straw shepherdess hat, with a white veil, and ornamented with a bouquet of roses.

The peplum still continues to find much favour, and it is often accompanied by a scarf of several bright colours, tied lightly behind.

The toilettes of little girls have lost their ordinary gracefulness, since they no longer wear any ornaments. Their principal toilettes are nearly all white, with very simple ornaments, although always in colours.

Little boys generally wear the *Bretton* costume, with red stockings; there are many other styles for choice, however. The *Bretton* is decidedly the most adopted.

Robe of faye, ornamented with bias pieces set in rows. Peplum casaque, forming tunic behind, set off by a row of buttons. *Mettresick* bonnet, ornamented by a garland of flowers, and a long gauze veil.

Foulard robe, cut in denticulations, ornamented in front and at the bottom by a band surmounted by a white guipure. Small *Bretton* paletot to match with the robe, with denticulations in front, ornamented by the same sort of band. Fanshon bonnet of tulle, with garland of leaves and strings of tulle.

Alpaca robe ornamented by a cut volant, with large denticulations, edged by a bias piece, tunic buttoned on the right side, and edged with a taffeta bias, and relieved by a taffeta ribbon rising to the sash of the body. Long flat sleeves, and short Chinese sleeves forming jockeys. Bonnet of Belgian straw, with a garland of ivy and veil of gauze.

Short robe of foulard, cut in large festoons, edged and orna-

mented by bias pieces, and tassels in silk, under-skirt and paletot to match. Bonnet of tulle, with strings of lace, and garland of berries.

Château toilettes.—Robe composed of a first skirt of sea-green faye, ornamented at the bottom by a bias piece of the same light material. Tunic skirt in light faye, having the extremity of each breadth cut round. These breadths are each ornamented with a bias piece of dark faye. The coralet is made in the same piece with the skirt. Dark green under-bodice. Long sleeves, to match with the first petticoat.

Robe composed of two parts, one mauve and the other white faye, ornamented with black velvet. The first skirt is cut in the Empire style, ornamented at the bottom by a daisy plait, and in front by a row of knots of ribbons. Second skirt in white faye, with black stripes, formed of small strips of black velvet. This skirt is open in front, and forms a train. White page sleeves to match, with plain mauve under-sleeves.

Bonnet of worked straw, edged with a wreath of Parma violets, formed in an Egyptian, set between two Chantilly laces, with a flowered tulle veil.

As a full dress toilette, I must notice a very beautiful robe in dark mauve faye, trimmed at the bottom of the skirt, which is cut in bias, by a fringe of straw, tracing large denticulations of the Lambrequin style.

Bodice with basques, forming three round denticulations, and edged with the same fringe. Tight sleeves, ornamented at the top and bottom by straw fringes.

Bonnet in the form of a toque, in mauve crape, edged with white filac, and accompanied by barbe strings, edged by black and white blonde lace; these barbes, draped in several plaits, are attached behind, and crossed under the chignon, and knotted behind.

I have seen a charming model of the same kind as regards the form, but trimmed on the side in front with a tuft of wild daisies.

In the way of ornaments, gold is much used in fashionable toilettes. Many black bonnets, with branches, flowers, and leaves in gold, set on the side, or with groups of small leaves. Also I have seen a model ornamented with jet, with a lace scarf embroidered with jet.

Little Girl's toilette.—Costume composed of an under-petticoat of white Tunis gauze, white with blue stripes. Skirt with side seams in bias, and plaited behind. Towards the bottom, band of plain foulard, cut at the top only in round denticulations, embroidered with white. Second skirt, Empire form, without plaits. Large braiding of blue in the seams, and on the edge of denticulations, as well as on the neck of the bodice.

composed of shades of rose, green, and all the tints seen in the opal, veiled by a milky white. Anything more charming than this new silk tissue can scarcely be imagined. A cluster of golden fruits, with leaves in green and rose velvet, relieves the second skirt in drapery plaits. Green satin bodice, veiled with opal crape, passing in bias from the left shoulder to the right side, where two flaps fall, fringed with feathers.

Robe with empire skirt lightly gathered behind, ornamented in front by a single volant in English lace. A simple volant about six inches high forms a tunic. Above this last falls a volant of black Chantilly lace, having on the gathers a wreath of sable satin leaves set off at the edge with a roll of satin. Bodice with half circle basques, hanging from the fronts and turning behind, enlaced one on the other by a puff of sable satin with long ends pointed with Honiton lace. Short sleeves in sable satin.

Another robe is white, with first skirt of satin, ornamented with bows of rose satin set in rows the length of each seam of the breadth between them. Tulle drapery, on which passes from one side to the other a bias piece of white satin in the form of large Vs, at the bottom of each of which is set a cluster of white acacia. In all, there are three Vs only. Corslet of bouillonné tulle striped with rose puffings. Behind, at the bottom of the back, long flaps of bouillonné tulle, edged with blonde, and ornamented from top to bottom with Vs rolled with rose satin. Large sleeves in tulle, edged with three biases; rose in the middle, and white on each side.

Blonde tints are lately in grand vogue, as well as the golden green and garnet.

Laces, relegated a little time ago, are again decidedly in vogue. On rather dark satin they are very charming, and I am sure that much Chantilly, English point, Valenciennes, &c., will be used this year.

For town toilettes, bands of fur and cashmere are greatly used. They are cut very delicately, and fastened to the bottom of the skirt on the seams of the breadths. I have seen a robe of black velvet, with skirt forming behind, in the middle a rounded train, on the edge of which is found a band of sable, rising each side towards the sash, on the seams; the breadths falling on the hips are square at the bottom, and edged with the same. Breadths rounded at the bottom, in front. Agnes Sorel bodices descending below the waist and edged with sable. In front, from the top of the body to the bottom of the skirt, bands of sable. Double sleeves, the first of mauve faye cut flat, the second open, very long, and edged with sable.

Another dress is in grey faye, open on an under skirt of yellow satin, having at the bottom a high volant gathered at the top, and separated with a bow of grey satin with a star of pearls.

Among the new bonnets I have observed the following:—

A charming model in rose garnet velvet, its delicate form being nearly hidden under a tuft of white frisées feathers. In front, diadem of rose garnet velvet, quilted with fine pearls. Strings with white feathers set on the same velvet.

Another is in light blue velvet, ornamented in front by a diadem with a feather powdered with gold. Behind, a tuft of blue velvet, with a star of brilliants. Strings of blue blonde. On the band, cluster of plumes.

Another called "Mantilla," of exquisite grace, is in white tulle draped, ornamented by a mantilla in English point lace, fixed under the chin by a group of fruit in poppy velvet set off with gold.

Bonnets remain very small, being more like delicate head-dresses than bonnets.

Marie Antoinette fichus are more than ever worn for ball toilettes, and are made as light and vaporous as possible.

In robes for evening toilette, the foulards are shown w

immense success; the advantage and economy in using them are indisputable. Some exquisite styles of robes, of a white ground with satined stripes, chosen from the admirable designs which have been exhibited at the *Exposition Universelle*, are worth a medal. Foulards, in fact, are now of such extreme beauty that they are decidedly the fashion.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Little girls' dress of silver grey llama, worn with an under-skirt of the same material in mauve. The dress is bound with mauve velvet, and trimmed with buttons; sash of the same colour. Bodice of white nansook.

Fig. 2.—Walking costume of dark green velvet, trimmed with satin bands of the same colour, in a lighter shade. Bonnet of black lace over velvet, ornamented with a wreath of leaves.

Fig. 3.—Indoor dress of cuir-coloured alpaca, trimmed with silk bands and narrow black edging.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe de dessous of stone-coloured poplin of the same shade, and pipings of blue. Under-robe of the same material, bound with ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Morning dress of violet-coloured linsey, trimmed with black braid.

Fig. 3.—Evening dress of emerald green poult-de-soie, ornamented with puffings of silk gauze, and an upper-skirt of the same material.

The coiffure is dressed with a wreath of green leaves.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—Walking-dress of dark brown Russian linsey. Mantelet to correspond, trimmed with black velvet. Bonnet of velvet, trimmed with white lace, and a wreath of berries and leaves.

Fig. 2.—Walking costume of emerald-green cashmere, ornamented with fringe and braid to correspond. Hat trimmed with a white feather.

Fig. 3.—Robe of gros grain, with a trimming composed of satin rosettes. Bournous mantle of grey cloth, trimmed with black velvet. Bonnet of blue Terry velvet, with ribbon of the same shade.

PLATE IV.—Corsage of white muslin, ornamented with narrow black velvet and white edging, the front embroidered with flowers.

Carriage Bonnet of white Terry velvet, the front being raised and bound with black velvet, the back and strings edged with broad lace.

Second ditto, of lavender satin, made in plaits, the front trimmed with leaves and red berries, the strings tied with a bow to match the berries.

Hat of silver-grey felt, with white feather and trimmings of green velvet.

Second ditto, of Bismarck velvet, ornamented with a flower to correspond, and gold and brown feather.

Morning cap of white spotted blonde, the back trimmed with fringe, and with the strings vandyked, the cap being adorned with a ruching of black lace, and ends of pink ribbon.

Dress cap of black tulle, garnished with a white flower and green leaves.

Second ditto, of black blonde, ornamented with bronze leaves and small spring flowers.

Coiffure composed of blue velvet, formed into a bow, with gold fringe.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

We give with this number a model of a Circular Cape with Hood: the material cachemire, with a wide border of satin quilting. The marks on the hood show where it is to be turned.

THE LAST WORD OF THE SINGER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER II.

"BIANETTI," said the doctor, continuing his story, "awoke about ten o'clock next morning, and, in the report to the director of the police, said that she was utterly ignorant of who the person was, and could not give the slightest information. All the surgeons and physicians have received orders that, if they should be called to any patient who has been injured by a fall, or by a wound from a dagger, notice should immediately be given, so that, if possible, the murderer may be traced in this way. Thus the matter stands. However, I am as thoroughly convinced as I am of my existence, that a deep mystery hangs over the affair, which the singer will not unfold. Bianetti is not the person who would permit any one perfectly unknown to her to accompany her home. Her waiting-maid, who was present at the examination when the report was given to the police director, thinks so likewise. When she saw her mistress wished nothing to be known, she said not a word about the quarrelling she had heard, and gave me an imploring look not to betray her. 'It is a horrible affair,' she said, as she accompanied me afterwards to the door; 'but nothing on earth shall tempt me to reveal what the signora wishes to remain concealed.' She, however, confessed one circumstance to me which may be the means of throwing some light on the matter."

"Well, and may I not be made acquainted with this circumstance also?" asked the counsellor. "You see in what a state of anxiety I am: do not, for heaven's sake, keep me in suspense, or I shall be certain of another fit of illness."

"Listen then, Bolnau: collect your senses, and tell me, does any other Bolnau live in this town, except yourself? If another exists in the world, can you tell me where?"

"With the exception of myself, no one in this town," answered Bolnau. "When I came here eight years ago, I was thankful that I was not called Black, White, or Brown, not Meyer, Miller, or Bauer, for in that case all manner of unpleasant confusions might have happened. At Cassal I was the only man of the family, and now there is no longer a Bolnau on the face of the earth, except my son, that music-mad fool, who, since he sailed to America, has left us uncertain whether he be dead or alive. But why do you ask about my name, doctor?"

"Well, it cannot be the counsellor, and his son is in America. It is now a quarter past twelve, the Princess Sophia is ill, and I have already talked too long, so adieu: au revoir!"

"Not a step," cried Bolnau, holding him firmly by the arm, "not a step until you tell me what it was the girl told you."

"Well, if you must have it, Bolnau, keep it quiet. The last word of the signora before she fell into that faint, was *Bolnau!*"

Counsellor Bolnau had never been seen to walk along with such a sad and earnest face as on that day when Doctor Lange had left him before the palace. Formerly he had been accustomed to step on briskly and merrily, greeting all the ladies he met, old and young, with the most friendly smiles, laughing with his acquaintances of the other sex, telling them all manner of news, so that few would have thought he was a man of sixty. He seemed, likewise, to be in possession of every comfort; had amassed by speculation a tolerable sum of money; and now, satisfied with his fortune, he lived in the town of B— with his wife, contented and free from care. The only drawback to his comfort was a severe nervous disorder, which now and then attacked him. Year after year passed away happily and pleasantly. He had an only son, whom the old gentleman had destined to run the same business career as himself. The son, however, only lived and moved in the kingdom of sound: music to him was everything, and the trade and commerce of his father he despised as low and vulgar. The father was of an obstinate disposition, so was the son; the father was easily excited, so was the youth; the father carried everything to its extreme, so did the son: thus it may be easily conceived that it was impossible for them to live with each other. When the son had reached his twentieth year, his father was fifty, and he wished now to retire from business, give it up to his son, and live in quietness and peace. All, indeed, was soon peaceful enough; for, one fine summer evening, the son, along with some pieces of music, disappeared, and was no longer to be found. He had arrived safely in England, however, and afterwards he wrote a friendly epistle to his father, saying that he was going to America. The counsellor wished him a happy journey, and retired to B—.

Thoughts, however, of the music-mad fool, as he called his son, now and then oppressed him; for he had commanded the latter never again to appear before him, and of course it was not to be expected that he would return uncalled for. Indeed, at times, the old gentleman fancied that he had done wrong in wishing to compel his son to devote himself to business. But time, society, and a cheerful disposition, did not permit these reflections to rest long in his mind. He lived happily and pleasantly, and those who wished to see him in all his glory had only to walk, between eleven and twelve o'clock, along the broad street of B—. If they met there a tall thin man, whose neat dress, eye-glass, riding whip, and whole outward bearing seemed but ill to agree with his grey hairs, who was seen greeting almost every one in passing, chattering with much gesticulation now to this one, now to that, they might rest assured that this was Bolnau. The worthy counsellor was, in short, one of the *characters* of the good town of B—.

But to-day all was changed. The sad story of Bianetti had affected him almost too deeply, and the last words of the doctor had completely unbinged him. "Bolnau," Bianetti had uttered, just before she became unconscious! His own honourable name she had mentioned under such suspicious and dangerous circumstances! His knees trembled, his limbs seemed scarcely able to support him, his head sank heavily and thoughtfully on his breast.

"Bolnau!" he ejaculated; "Counsellor of his Majesty's Board of Trade! What if the singer should die? if the waiting-maid should unfold what she knows, and make the inspector of the police acquainted with all the particulars of the murder, and with that ominous word? What might a skilful advocate not make out of one single word? especially when his vanity would be stimulated in showing his acuteness in such a '*cause célèbre*'?" He eyed, with a most despairing look, the house of correction, whose gable was seen in the distance. "In that place, Bolnau! by special favour, and in consideration of so many years' service."

When an acquaintance passed and nodded to him, he instantly thought, "Ah! he already knows about the matter, and gives me to understand as much." If another passed without greeting him, nothing appeared more certain than that he had done so intentionally, to avoid coming in contact with a supposed assassin. "Little is wanting," he thought to himself, "to bring me in guilty of murder!" It was, therefore, no wonder that he made a long circuit in order to avoid the office of the police; for might the inspector not be standing at the window, see him, and call out, "Worthy sir, will you have the kindness to walk in for a few minutes? I have something to say to you." Was he not aware of a certain shuddering? Did he not feel as if his features were assuming the expression of a poor criminal, lest it should be believed that it was he whom the singer with her last word had accused?

It now occurred to him how injurious such excitement was to his constitution; he anticipated a fresh attack of his disorder; agonizingly he looked for panes of glass to divert his mind, and to calm himself by counting them; but houses and streets all danced before him, the very steeples seemed to bend mockingly towards him, a delirious terror seized him, he ran through the town, until, exhausted, he sank down in his own house, and the first question, after he had in some measure recovered, was, whether there had not been a police officer asking for him.

Towards evening, when Doctor Lange visited his patient, he found her much better than he had anticipated. He seated himself by her bedside, and entered into conversation about the unhappy accident. The signora rested her arm on the pillow, while her delicately formed hand supported her beautiful head. Her countenance was still very pale, but even the exhaustion of her strength seemed to lend an additional charm. Her dark eye had lost nothing of that fire, of that peculiar expression, which had attracted and interested the

physician when he first saw her in public. Although Doctor Lange was a man of grave habits, and past the age when imagination lends its aid to our admiration of the beautiful, he nevertheless confessed that such a finely formed head, such a lovely countenance; he had seldom if ever beheld. The features were far from regular, yet over the whole there was such harmonious grace and repose as almost puzzled the good doctor to account for. But his psychological studies eventually solved the riddle. It was that purity of mind, that nobleness of nature, which shed over those youthful features such spiritual brilliancy and loveliness.

"You appear to be studying my countenance, doctor," said Bianetti, smiling. "You sit looking at me so quiet and thoughtful, that you forget what I asked you. Or is the answer too unpleasant, you think, for me to hear? May I not be made aware of what is said about this accident?"

"Of what benefit could it be were you to know all the foolish conjectures which idle people first invent, and then repeat? I have just been thinking how distinctly your soul is imaged in your countenance. You have peace in yourself; why, then, should you trouble yourself about the opinion of others?"

"You evade my question," she replied, "and seek to escape from it by complimenting me. Should I not be anxious about the opinion of the public? What right-minded young girl ought thus to place herself beyond the opinion of society, and be quite indifferent to what may be said of her? Or perhaps you think," added she, more earnestly, "I should ask nothing about it, because I belong to a class who are but little esteemed? Confess to me then, that you believe me to be light-minded."

"No, certainly not," replied Lange; "I have never heard anything but what is good of you, Mademoiselle Bianetti, and of your quiet retired manner of living; you are much respected, although you are so isolated, and exposed to so many cabals. But why will you know precisely what people say, when I, as your physician, do not think such news at all good for you?"

"I pray, you, doctor, do not torture me," she exclaimed; "I read plainly in your eyes that evil is said of me. Why will you keep me in suspense, which is much more dangerous than even the truth itself?"

This last reason the doctor found undeniable;—during his absence might not some loquacious lady come in, and repeat things much more annoying than he could say?

"You know the people here," he answered. "The town is tolerably large; but a piece of news of this kind shows how very village-like our citizens can gossip. It is true you are the topic of conversation; this cannot surprise you; and, as nothing certain is known, then—then—all manner of strange tales are invented. For example, it is reported that the person in the mask, who was seen speaking with you at

the masquerade, and who, without doubt, is the same who committed the deed, is a ——"

"Well, do speak out," entreated the signora, in the greatest anxiety; "finish the sentence."

"It is said he was a former acquaintance, who had loved you elsewhere under other circumstances, and who, out of jealousy sought to kill you."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, while tears came into her eyes, "how hard is the lot of a poor girl who is without defence and support! But speak on, doctor, I beseech you; there is still something behind, which you do not tell me. In what town do the people say I——"

"Signora, I thought you had been stronger," said Lange, grieved at the excitement of his patient. "Indeed, I now repent of having said so much. I never would have done so, had I not feared that others, unasked, might have come, and repeated these idle stories."

The signora quickly dried up her tears.

"I will be calm," she said, smiling sorrowfully, "calm as a child in repose; nay, I will be cheerful, as if these people, instead of now condemning me, were showering upon me a thousand bravos. Only tell me the rest, dear, kind doctor!"

"Well, the people speak stuff," continued the doctor, in a tone of vexation. "It is said, that, when you lately played in Othello, there was a foreign count in one of the front boxes, who claimed acquaintance with you, and who had seen you some years ago in a certain house in Paris. But—bless me! you become paler and paler!"

"It is nothing; merely the shadow of the lamp. Go on—go on."

"This tale at first was reported only in the higher circles, but now it has become quite public; and since this accident has happened, the two things are put together—the former connection in that wretched house in Paris, and the present catastrophe."

During this speech, the most deadly paleness and the deepest crimson passed alternately over the expressive features of Bianetti. She had raised herself higher, as if not to lose a word of the horrid recital. Her burning eye seemed to fix itself on the lips of the speaker; she scarcely breathed; the beating of her heart was arrested.

"Now it is over," she said, raising her eyes with a sweet expression towards heaven. "Now it is ended; should he hear this, it will be too much for him. Ah, wherefore did I not die yesterday? then should I have been in heaven with my dear parents, and their child would have been comforted for the scorn of this cruel world."

(To be continued.)

THE DAUGHTER.—There is nothing more desirable in a daughter than intelligence joined to a gentle spirit. The mind is fashioned and furnished in the main, at school; but the character is derived chiefly from home.

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—A short, but very vivacious comedy, by Mr. Stirling Coyne, was produced on Thursday evening at the Haymarket Theatre. Its title is *The Broken-Hearted Club*, and it made its first appearance in Messrs. Warne's Christmas Annual "Gold, Silver, and Lead." The merest trifle, intended only to serve as a *lever du rideau*, it is still a clever and bright composition, the jokes in which are of the happiest description. It wiles away a merry half-hour, and was received by the audience with much laughter.

THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.—Mr. Parry has revived at the Holborn Theatre the "immensely" successful drama of *Flying Scud*, with which his career as manager of his new house most prosperously commenced. That the attractions of this thoroughly British drama were far from exhausted at the period when Mr. Parry first removed it from the bills was clear to all, and the revival must accordingly be deemed in every respect judicious. Several alterations have been made in the cast, and the action of the piece has been slightly varied and improved. All the great and well-known features of the drama are, however, preserved, and the Derby Day still presents that scene of indescribable life and tumult which, in spite of himself, thoroughly stimulates and excites the spectator.

HOLBORN AMPHITHEATRE.—An addition has been made to the performances at this fashionable and popular place of entertainment by the introduction of a new piece of comic extravagance, entitled *Shadows in the Fog; or, A Trip to the Moon*. A very ingenious and mirth-moving representation this is, depending for its effect upon optical illusion. Shadows are seen reflected by a bright light upon a species of large window-blind. These shadows represent the ordinary characters in a pantomime, but, by a clever arrangement of light, they can be made to swell into Brobdignagian proportions, or altogether, and in a moment to disappear. Many highly comic situations were produced by this invention, which caused much laughter in the audience, and concluded very satisfactorily an entertainment excellent in all respects. The riding of Madame Chiarini is the most perfect and graceful thing of its kind ever exhibited. The leaping of the entire company is admirable, that of Messrs. Kelly and Stickney being absolutely marvellous.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—This exhibition continues to receive almost as large a share of public patronage as it had during the recent Christmas holidays. The late additions, more especially the admirable portrait-model of Maximilian, late Emperor of Mexico, attract considerable attention. During the course of the evening some admirable music is performed by a most efficient orchestra.

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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARDS DES ITALIENS, October 27th, 1868.

CHERE AMIE,—

From what I have seen at the various operas and theatres, I can only say that the fashions for evening dress are not yet fixed. I have observed many white robes in muslin and more square décolleté bodices than any other form.

A particularly original toilet struck my attention: this was a toilet of white taffeta, ornamented with galloons of gold. First skirt short (that is to say without train), with five small cut volants; between each volant, three galloons of gold, rather large, and formed in squares. Tunic to match, ornamented with two of the same volant. Watteau bodice, with square décolleté bodice: behind, a small cut volant around the bodice, which opens on a chemisette of white blonde, with spots of white silk. Flat sleeves ornamented by bracelets of gold galloons to the elbow, and (a great novelty) a pair of small epaulettes with a gold trefoil, set on the robe like a uniform. The principal part of the epaulettes is in gold, the fringes in white silk and gold.

A sash of white gros grains with algerine stripes (across) completes this toilet.

The knot of the sash was very large, with four coques set like the sails of a mill, and having large and short pans.

Epaulettes of orange flowers are very much worn, and certainly nothing can be more charming.

I here give you details of a few chapeaux. A demi-fauchon, ruby velvet, in front of a coquille ornamented with black lace: on the side, a bow of velvet to match, with a very curly plume set with a ruby aigrette. Strings of côtelée silk tied; a Louis XVI. toque in lapis blue bouillonné velvet, edged with small black lace, behind the toque a bow of velvet to match with a double coque. Knot on the side to match. On the other side, demi-couchée aigrette with bird of paradise feathers. Strings of lapis blue velvet, lined with yellow taffeta glacé with white.

Regent toquet, black velvet, forming a decided point on the front; on the side tuft of purple velvet eyelets. Barbes of black lace forming the hood behind, and enclosing the

chignon. The strings, tied behind, in black velvet, passing under the barbes.

A Dubarry toque in sky blue feathers, quite open, and an aigrette furnished with two rows of buds at the bottom.

The following is the description of a very charming toilette which is destined to be much copied. On a robe of black faille, with a long and straight train, a volant plissé à la russe, the head of which is formed by three gauzes of gold satin, a tunic of well-stretched black tulle, forms a double puff, or panier, behind: the two stages of the panier are marked by rows of black lace, with two rows of yellow satin. Very tall ladies may add a third lace, which may descend very low behind, and rounded near the volant.

Victoria Paletot in black velvet, rounded in front; behind, a shawl point edged with black lace, above which is set a double row of black passementerie links. The point is edged with a high fringe. Cardinal-pelerine rounded in front and behind, ornamented with the same passementerie and fringe, forming a few plaits in the back, which are sustained by a bow of satin. Robe of iris poplin lightly gathered on the sides. Jupon of cashmere with volant to match. Fauchon bonnet of iris velvet, with ruche of black lace, strewn with bows of black velvet, with a black and white aigrette on the side.

Trouvère. Paletot negligée in large blue velontine, open squarely on the side, where it forms two draped plaits. At the angle of each plait, an olive of blue passementerie. Three galloons of black silk circle them entirely, and it is crossed at the waist by a blue sash fastened behind. The very ample back has the same plaits which decorate the side of the paletot. The sleeve larger at the bottom than at the shoulder is ornamented with galloons to match with the other. Fauchon bonnet of blue satin, edged with a ruche of black lace, on the summit a large knot of blue velvet, and in front a bias chiffonné of the same velvet, forming diadem. Robe of black faille, quite plain.

Dauphin. Short paletot of black côtelée faille, encircled by a bias of satin, surmounted by denticulations of black satin of the style known as cocottes. A half-length point crosses the paletot and ornaments it; behind it is encircled by a fringe of passementerie, and bears in the interior the same cocottes which edge the paletot. Two rows of passementerie, with a

silk at the edge. It must be observed that the skirt is much shorter in front. Bodice with round basque, forming a basquine, serrated at the waist by a sash of raw foulard embroidered with taffeta. The bodice is cut straight under the seams below the arms, and in consequence forms several plaits at the waist. It is ornamented with cerise velvet passed in the hem. Flat sleeves, trimmed at the top and bottom by the same velvet. Cerise velvet on the neck, sewn under the small collar of the dress. Few details are necessary for the cutting out of this costume, because the small cosaque gathered under the sash is very simple. It has no small side, but a decided centre under the arm suffices to diminish the excess of plaits at the waist.

The skirt is of the ordinary cut, such as I have before described for the green robe, which has only one flounce at least. The second skirt is of the same cut, and shorter all round, and solely ornamented by the fringe.

Bonnet of Coburg straw, ornamented with black velvet and garland of red roses.

Young ladies' toilette. Jupon of blue and white striped sultana. Tunic of white alpaca, décolletée squarely, ornamented with azure lace and small braid, with a small dahlia of white alpaca, embroidered with azure blue. The tunic is buttoned straight in front, with short sleeves with guimpe underneath in muslin, with flat plaits and small piped ruche round the neck. Round white chapeau, ornamented with sky blue velvet. Round the calotte small bow of blue velvet. Blue boots, with mother-of-pearl buttons.

Robe of mauve taffeta, first round skirt, half-length, ornamented in the bottom by a bias-piece to match, set between two rows of satin lozenges, each ornamented with three long pearls set across the lozenges. Second skirt of a darker mauve, ornamented in the bottom by a row of lozenges, and trimmed with a heavy silk fringe with passementerie top. This skirt rises with large plaits behind, and is lost under the basque tunic of the body, which forms behind a large bell plait, and two others on each side of the first, which are draped by degrees, and forming a half-length tunic in front, rounded and joining the bottom of the second skirt. Flat sleeves, ornamented near the cuffs by a large flat ruche, the middle of which is fastened so as to form a cuff à la vielle. The sash, round and plain, is fastened behind by a bow of different shades which compose the toilette.

Robe of flame-coloured faille. First skirt with a train trimmed with a volant mounted with large plait, having underneath a bouillonné to match, and small ruche of black lace for top. Rising tunic, without sleeves, in black grenadine edged with a volant to match, the top of which is fixed by a very small piece of black taffeta, embroidered with black satin; the tunic, rounded in front, forms at the bottom of the sides rounded parts, relieved by bows of black grenadine, and forms a rather long and ample puff behind. The bodice is ornamented with slopes of a volant of grenadine, fastened by a bias of taffeta to match with the trimming of the tunic, with the same bias round the neck. Underneath, high bodice, with flat sleeves of flame-coloured faille, terminated by a double-headed plait. Round sash, fastened on the side by a bow.

Round robe in black faille, with high volant mounted in piping in violet faille; flat bodice of round cut, and flat

sleeves. Mancini mantlet in violet faille, edged with small piped volant. The mantlet is with reverse, and open en cœur on the chest, the ends square and passed in the sash, rounded behind and retained in the sash, with long Hungarian sleeves edged with the same piped volant, terminating this charming toilette.

Chemisette in embroidered muslin and Valenciennes, ornamented by a small jabot; sleeves to match. Head-dress relieved in front with small coronet of muscat grapes of rose colour.

ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.—Trust not to uncertain riches, but prepare yourself for every emergency in life. Learn to work, and not to be dependent upon servants; to make your bread, sweep your floors, and darn your own stockings. Above all things, do not esteem too lightly those honourable young men who sustain themselves and their aged parents by the work of their own hands, while you care for and receive into your company those lazy, idle popinjays, who never lift a finger to help themselves as long as they can keep body and soul together, and get sufficient to live in fashion. If you are wise you will look at the subject as we do; and when you are old enough to become wives, you will prefer the honest mechanic with not a penny to commence life, to the fashionable dandy with a capital of five thousand pounds. Whenever we hear remarked, "Such a young lady has married a fortune," we always tremble for her future prosperity. Riches left to children by wealthy parents often become a curse instead of a blessing. Young women, remember this, and instead of sounding the purse of your lovers, and examining the cuts of their coats, look into their habits and their hearts. Mark if they are sensible, prudent men of business, and can depend upon themselves; see if they have minds which will lead them to look above a butterfly existence. Talk not of the beautiful white skin, and the soft delicate hand; the splendid form, and the fine appearance of the young gentleman. Let not these foolish considerations engross your thoughts.

MESSRS. SPENCE AND Co.'s ILLUMINATED ALMANACK AND CATALOGUE.—The well-known and extensive silk-mercers and shawlmens, of St. Paul's Churchyard, have just issued one of the most splendid, tasteful, and brilliant specimens of chromo-lithography and letter-press which has been yet seen. It contains a leading article on "St. Paul's Cathedral and its Churchyard," from the pen of George Augustus Sala, full of the local, historical, antiquarian, and social gossip which the associations of the place suggest, brief readable papers about "Silk and the Silkworm," "Wool and Woollen Goods," "Anecdotes," a list of the sights of London, and such like amusing reading. The calendar (on a separate sheet) is a beautiful specimen of colour-printing and a useful almanack. In short, this publication, intended for presentation to customers of the firm, is a charming combination of literature, colours, utility, and business reference, and a credit to the firm which has devised such a novel and agreeable mode of advertising.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Walking costume of pale brown poplin, trimmed with bordering of green silk. Bonnet of white tulle, ornamented with pink flowers.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of purple poul-de-soie; mantelet of the same, trimmed with satin bands and fringe. Hat of white straw, trimmed with a bunch of flowers in front and a gauze veil.

Fig. 3.—Little girl's dress of scarlet silk, with an overdress of white cashmere, trimmed with scarlet silk bands; straw hat, with a brown velvet wreath.

PLATES II. & III.—*Fig. 1.*—Gilt-wood coloured foulard robe, relieved by a knot à la Trianon on each side. Black satin sash with fringe. Bodice with plaits in the greatest part.

Fig. 2.—Mantle of black plaited faye. Robe of violet and red changing taffeta. Bonnet with puffs on the passe.

Fig. 3.—Young lady. Decollete squarely trimmed with small red ribbon. Robe relieved on the sides by puffs of the same ribbon.

Fig. 4.—Autumn soirée. Gilt or maroon faye or cashmere, ornamented by application to match. Long pelerine, in a nearly round form, the whole with fringe. Water-green robe, embroidered to match.

Fig. 5.—Child's toilette. Black velvet, red stockings. English collar.

Fig. 6.—*Costume de Plage* of raw foulard, relieved with red puffs and *pattes*, trimmed with red lacet. Short striped jupon, ornamented with red application.

Fig. 7.—Pelerine Cosaque without sleeves. Black satin capuchon, with pipings and plaits coque on the sash to match the robe.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Dress of striped silk, trimmed with a puffing of black silk at the head of the flounce. Tunic of black silk, trimmed with ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Walking dress of grey taffetas. Fichu of the same, edged with black lace. Bonnet of silk and lace, trimmed with blue flowers and ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Indoor costume of lavender-coloured faye, trimmed with pleatings of the same, bordered with violet-coloured satin bands. Habit-shirt of white muslin. Coiffure, ornamented with violet-coloured bows.

PLATE V.—*Fig. 1.*—Carriage bonnet of orange-coloured satin, trimmed with black velvet leaves.

Fig. 2.—Second ditto of black velvet, trimmed with white lace and pink flowers, with green leaves.

Fig. 3.—Third ditto of black lace and wreaths of berries and leaves. Hat of straw, with black feather and gauze ends, trimmed with black lace.

Fig. 4.—Second ditto of grey straw, trimmed with black velvet, blue feather, and lace ends. Cap of black lace, with narrow blue velvet trimmings. Garibaldi jacket of purple cashmere, with ribbon pleatings and bows of black silk. White sleeves of worked muslin and lace.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

The Model given with this number is a low body corsage for a young lady, which will be very useful for evening dress, as it is adapted for any colour or material requisite.

THE LADY GWENDOLINE.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

"FATHERS have flinty hearts," says poor Romeo, in his dying agony; that is, Romeo, according to the acting edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, says so; and Mr. Garrick is probably responsible for the remark. I suppose fathers—some of them, at least—always had flinty hearts, and will continue so to have till the end of time. But now and then, as in the case of Juliet, the tender heart of woman will assert its rights, and refuse to be bartered for a long purse, an old name, or a new peerage.

It is of an instance of this kind that I wish to tell my readers; but not in my own words, nor with any comment whatever. I tell the tale simply as it was told to me.

It is quite twenty years since I left my native land, and the pretty vine-embowered and rose-covered white cottage among the New Hampshire hills, to cross the sea, as the private secretary of an English nobleman. Although I had a fair but not exaggerated share of my countrymen's feelings with regard to the British aristocracy, I am bound to say that I had a thorough respect for the Earl of Brackenbury. He was a perfect gentleman—dignified, urbane, stately, scholarly, and if at heart harbouring the true old English idea of his own special self-importance, too well-bred to make it disagreeably evident. The earl treated me almost as an equal; and I was so much pleased at my prospects of seeing the world under such favourable circumstances, that I was quite satisfied with the footing on which I stood; and before we had reached the Old World I was conscious of a feeling of attachment for my employer equal to the respect in which I had held him from the first. The London season was at its height, and we took our way at once to the mansion in Mayfair. As it happened, there was a brilliant reception on the night of our arrival. The earl, who was not fond of society, and avoided all fashionable gatherings when it was possible, gave orders that his arrival should not be made known: and as for me, I was only too glad to go to my own room, without dreaming of an introduction to London fashion, which I was not crazy enough to have expected under any circumstances.

It was very late already; but the last sounds that greeted me as I lapsed into deep and tired slumber were those of revelry and music.

At breakfast, on the following day, I was introduced to the peer's family—consisting of the Countess of Brackenbury, Lord Thornton, the eldest son, and heir to his father's title, Mr. Arthur Thornbury, and Lady Gwendoline Thornbury. What my impressions of the countess and her two sons were on that occasion I cannot tell, for my entire attention was centred upon the Lady Gwendoline. I have seen many beautiful women since that day—I had seen many exquisitely lovely girls before that day, for the daughters of our own land are very fair; but no doubt

a Fate was in it that the first glance I bestowed on the peer's daughter was to imprint her image on my mind for ever. The fairest dreams of poets, the most dazzling creations of painters—all that the fancy could picture as most perfect of youth, grace, witchery—seemed to me embodied in that one rare form and face.

"Welcome to England, Mr. Erskine," she said, in a low, musical voice, and offering her small, delicate hand—that hand so exquisitely moulded, so white, slender, and pink at the palm, and rosy nails, that I was obliged to acknowledge it a type of her pure descent. I took it in mine, and bent over it so low that my lips almost touched its velvet softness. She drew back with a slight, a very slight touch of haughtiness, not unbecoming, though God knows a queen need not have resented the salute I would have bestowed—it was so fraught with homage, deference, devotion. My cheeks tingled, and my heart throbbled wildly for hours afterwards, when I remembered that, notwithstanding the wordless rebuke of her look and manner, the faint pink of her delicate cheek had deepened to the hue of carnation. Pardon me that I go into these trifling details—they are so much, so much to me, and the brightest portion of my life is contained in those sweet memories of Gwendoline.

Gwendoline! The strange, curious, musical Welsh name was ever sounding in my ears, like the echo of some sweet melody; and long before I guessed the truth, my whole heart, my soul, my thoughts, my life were hers—the proud peer's sweet daughter who bore that name.

Well, well! I'm a fool to think of all that now; and though I call it my pleasure, it is my pain too—keen pain, bitter pain. I loved her, and she was far above me. I might never hope even to tell her of my worship, and ask the boon of dying at her feet while I uttered the story of my passion. For that reason it still burned within me—a quenchless, consuming fire; and I grew pale, and thin, and haggard, but never made the smallest effort to recover from the gnawing anguish that fretted my life away; though agony, it was delicious, delirious agony, and I would not have exchanged it for gentlest, sweetest peace.

I saw Lady Gwendoline but seldom; she went into society a great deal; I, of course, not at all. The Earl expressed much anxiety about my failing health, and questioned me almost with the solicitude of a father. I could tell him nothing; and, desirous of benefiting me, he shortly proposed a visit to Paris, where he had important business. The intended kindness was to me the cruellest blow; but I summoned all my energies to meet it. In my innermost heart I believe I prayed that it might be of some avail, for my sufferings had become intolerable, and I heaved a sigh of relief on the morning we left for Dover. But before the third day my pangs were redoubled—anything—anything but that separation—anything but absence from the sight of her sweet face, the sound of her sweet voice. I will not attempt

to describe my feelings during those three weeks in Paris. I hate Paris; I never hear it spoken of but with disgust. At length we crossed the channel again, and were once more in England—dear England, that I loved more than was becoming in a true Yankee; but England was the land of her I worshipped, and everything in it, on it, and of it had charms for me from that one cause. The London season was over, and the Earl's family had retired to an old baronial house in one of the northern counties, and there we followed them.

Life here was different from the life in London.

I soon discovered that Lady Gwendoline was a true lover of nature; and after the artificialities of a season in town, she returned with enthusiasm to the beauties of field and river, trees and rocks, and mosses and flowers. Only a few late flowers were lingering around the roots of the trees, but these, for their scarcity, she seemed to love the more, and for the time, at least, quite ignored the gorgeous beauties of the hot-house—the finest in the whole shire.

Lady Gwendoline rose with the lark, and almost every morning rambled off through the grounds, returning with only the scant trophies of a few wild flowers, her hat full of golden mosses, or now and then a rare pink stone, which she had picked up by the river; but always with roses in her cheeks and violets in her starry eyes, outshining all of rose or violet that ever grew on the bosom of earth. After a time I got in the way of accompanying her on these expeditions, and having once begun the dangerous pleasure, I did not soon give it up.

One morning I had met her in the park, for we always met by chance, so far as she was concerned; and I noted, at once, the languor of her step, and the delicate pallor of her face. I ventured to ask if she was ill, and she looked at me sadly for a moment, and then burst into passionate tears.

"Oh, Mr. Erskine!" she sobbed, "I am very, very unhappy!"

I was mad, I believe, at the sight of her tears and her sorrow. I cast myself at her feet, and I scarcely knew what I said in my wild entreaties that she would tell me the cause of her unhappiness.

"I am to be married," she said, suddenly, and I felt the earth give way beneath me, and all the world—all but Gwendoline—fade away into nothingness. But I knew she was bending over the prostrate form, prone on the earth at her feet; her perfumed hair touched my cheek, and her voice said—and oh! the tone was not in anger, but in joy, in deep joy,—

"He loves me! He loves me!"

The seal was taken from my lips, and all my mad passion swept out in a wild torrent of burning words, that carried my very heart, my soul in every tone.

She never interrupted me—she raised not one slender finger to stay the tide upon my lips; but the colour faded, glowed, and faded again, over brow and cheek and swan-like neck, and the glorious eyes were hidden under the

trembling lids and lashes that flashed with bright tears. I folded her in my arms, I held her adored form against my throbbing heart, and heard the throbbing of her own in unison, and again and again my kisses rained down upon her closed eyes and her dear lips.

"Gwendoline!" I said, and my voice was so low I scarce heard the sound of it myself—but she heard—"Gwendoline, my darling, do you love me?"

"I do love you, George—I do love you!"

I knew she loved me then—I know it now; and Earl of Brackenbury, proud man, you knew it too, and nothing you can do, say, or think can ever take from me the bliss of knowing that Gwendoline loved me. At times I fancy we were both blest enough in the consciousness of being so well beloved by each other to atone for all else.

"Gwendoline, you must tell me about this awful marriage you spoke of—I must know everything, dearest, for I will never lose you to another, and your fears of your father's anger do but confirm my own when he learns that you love the poor secretary. Who is the man they would have you marry?"

"The Duke of Abercrombie. Almost from my cradle I was betrothed to him; the union was proposed by the duke's father, and I know it to be the dearest wish of my own father. I have always looked upon the duke as my future husband, and although I never loved him, the thought of becoming his wife never gave me pain till after our return from town. Late last night my father sent for me to inform me that he had just received a letter from the duke, desiring him to hasten the time of our marriage, and it has been decided to take place in October."

"But can you give up the prospect of becoming a duchess, Gwendoline—give up, too, your own high position as an earl's only daughter—your father, your mother, your brothers, all that is dearest to you on earth—to become the wife of a poor man, who has nothing but a whole heart and a life's devotion to give you in return?"

"Can you ask me, George?"

My only answer was to press my lips on hers who asked the question; but deep in my heart I pondered on the enormous sacrifice she was about to make for—what? Perhaps to discover, too late, that she had thrown the world and her own happiness away for a girl's caprice.

"It is too much!" I thought, and almost said, "the sacrifice is too great, and I would be a monster, a villain unworthy her lightest thought to accept it;" and I steeled my heart to refuse, to put back the happiness within my grasp. Let me be a man! I thought, as a sudden rush of tenderness came over me; and I steeled my heart once more, and turned to give her back the love she offered me. I turned and looking on that heavenly face, opened my arms and drew her to my heart, and felt that gods nor men could then take her from me.

(To be continued).

AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The dramatic season commenced at this favourite theatre on Saturday last with a new sensational drama, by Andrew Halliday, entitled "King o' Scots," Mr. Phelps sustaining two characters, viz., King James, and Trapbois the Miser, supported by a very powerful company. The scenery by Mr. William Beverley is very grand, including some magnificent views of Old London. The drama, which bids fair to be very successful, is preceded by a laughable farce; and a ballet divertissement, by Mr. J. Cormack, agreeably brings to a close an evening's entertainment which does great credit to the management.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—"The Lancashire Lass" still continues to draw crowded houses to this elegant theatre, and a new farce, entitled "Tomkins the Troubadour," which was produced at the beginning of last month, considerably adds to the evening's entertainment. It is a piece of extravagance which causes a good deal of laughter by a complete defiance of all sense and probability. Mr. Lionel Brough supports the part of the hero, a man whose vocal gifts secure him a wife and a fortune. He was very funny, but a trifle "o'er-stepped the modesty of nature," even as that modesty should be respected in a farce.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—The winter season commences at this theatre on the 10th instant, with a new and original version of "Monte Christo." Mr. Fechter and Mr. Benjamin Webster will sustain principal characters.

PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE.—The reopening of this pretty and popular theatre was inaugurated on Monday, September 21, with Mr. T. W. Robertson's comedy of "Society." The cordiality with which this sparkling piece was received showed that Marie Wilton had fully responded to the wishes of her supporters in thus recommencing her dramatic season. Some unavoidable changes in the cast have taken place since the comedy was first represented, and the spirited sketches of character drawn by the author are now in several instances filled up by different hands. The comedy was preceded by a new comedietta by J. Maddison Morton, under the title of "Atchi," which was very well placed upon the stage.

THE FAIRY PALACE, Agricultural Hall, has been secured for giving a series of grand concerts, oratorios, &c., during the short season. Several novelties are to be produced. The orchestra is under the direction of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Charles Goffrie. Many artistes of celebrity (vocal and instrumental) are engaged. The opening night was a great success.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—The admirable collection at this renowned establishment has been further augmented by the addition of a portrait model of Alexander Mackay, the Norton Folgate murderer, to the Chamber of Horrors. The exhibition of the Court Dresses, King Theodore, and other objects of interest, still continue to attract a great number of sight-seers.

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PL. III

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PLATE V.



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THE
LONDON AND PARIS
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FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.

BOULEVARDS DES ITALIENS, November 24th, 1868.

CHERE AMIE,—

The return of the Court to St. Cloud has brought back many ladies of the grand monde, who have been staying at Biarritz, St. Jean-de-Luz, and the Pyrenees.

One may see riding and on foot those Parisian figures which are recognisable for their supreme grace and their charming manner of wearing their toilette.

All the fashionable "magasins" are crowded with visitors wishing to know the new fashion and make their winter purchases.

Cloth will have the great preference for winter demi-toilette. The colours are olive-green, sailor-blue, and dark garnet. I advise my readers to take particular notice of the costumes of braided cloth.

The costume is composed of a jupon with large volant, a tunic, and a laced paletot all covered with fine delicate arabesque designs. This is more elegant than the plain costume, and of course more dear.

I observed the Dauphine costumes, very charming and tres habillés, half velvet, half satin; the jupon with bayarderes stripes. These stripes, of varied shades, unite and form a charming ensemble. Among others I have observed a large black stripe detached from a ground of smaller stripes, violet, purple, and gold.

There have been no soirées at present, but many marriages have taken place, at which some of the most charming toilettes have appeared.

One made for the young Countess of B——, whose sister is shortly to be married: Skirt of sky blue poult-de-soie, with immense plisse ruche in the bottom of the robe, the denticulated plisse enlaced with sky-blue satin and blonde. Panier of white silk gauze, ornamented by rolls of satin and fringed with a long feather-fringe; the panier is fastened behind by an enormous round satin bow. Sash with large bow without ends, composed of coques fitting to the waist. Bodice décolleté ornamented with gauze and blonde.

A Metternich costume in claret-coloured reps, the jupon with volant, surmounted by a plisse à la vielle. On this jupon is set a tunic with double paniers, turned up behind and open in front in "apron." Around the tunic ruched à la vielle, having a volant at the edge cut in pointed denticulations, embroidered with claret satin. Small casaque polonoise, relieved behind to show the tunic. After the fashion of paniers the basques reappear.

Robe of nacarat velvet, with a rounded tunic in front and behind, encircled by a fringe, with chenille resille on velvet. Tunic relieved on two sides, forming a bell-plait, above which are set two bows of velvet to match the robe. High flat bodice with tight sleeves, with a small fichu to match, rounded behind and terminated at the sash, also in velvet. The fichu is edged with the same fringe, and the pans of the sash with falling coques are ornamented at the bottom. This robe is set on a jupon of black satin, with a high volant mounted on a bias of black velvet, embroidered with satin, which forms undulations.

Robe of lapis-blue satin, ornamented by a gathered volant. Paletot of black velvet, with volant edged with bias of black satin, the volant mounted with cross plaits in the form of piping at the front on the bottom. This last ornamented with bias of black satin, forming a grecque, encircling the hips. Behind the paletot descends lower than the front. A small round short pelerine ornamented by two biases of satin. The sleeves are tight-fitting, and have a reverse encircled by a bias of black satin.

Skirt of black taffeta, ornamented in the bottom by three flat ruches; tunic of black taffeta open in front en tablier; behind the tunic forms a panniers trimmed all round with a small hemmed volant with flat plaits. In front the tunic is ornamented by three black velvet bows, and a tassel-fringe; the bodice, in one with the tunic above, is round veste, likewise trimmed with three fringes and velvet. The sleeves of the vest are made so as to allow the sleeves of the bodice to be seen. Ornaments consist of epaulettes of two bands of black velvet terminated by tassels and a silk fringe.

Jupon of poult-de-soie, large volant in the bottom, surmounted by two rolls of satin, tunic likewise trimmed by a volant and two rolls. This tunic describes in front a short and small tablier; on the sides, two bows of satin seem to attach this "apron" behind the tunic. Lamballe mantlet, composed

of a round pelerine with very short pans, simply ornamented by two rolls. This pelerine is ornamented by a double Louis XV. plait, fixed in the middle of the back by a bow of satin, the plait waving at the bottom, and terminated by a volant surmounted by two biases. The sash is made so as to form a fan. The sleeves of the bodice are collantes, and ornamented by satin biases. Fanchon bonnet of black velvet, ornamented by a Maintenon diadem of lace, églantine on the side, barbe of black lace falling on the hair and tied behind.

This toilette, which is of exquisite form and much clearness of tone, presents this particularity: a very novel pelerine, of which the double Louis XV. plait rests on a plait which takes birth on the shoulder in the form of a false hood.

Robe of black poult-de-soie trimmed with biases of Scotch poplin. English waterproof in dark blue pilot cloth. The pelerine of this waterproof is relieved by two bows of cut cloth. Fanchon bonnet of velvet, ornamented by a bouillonné and torsade of satin, with barbes of black lace falling on the hair, and sigrette on the side. Collar of piqué tulle.

The robe is with a round skirt, half-length, and moderately ample, with high bodice, and requires about eleven yards of black poult-de-soie, and nearly three yards of Scotch poplin for trimming. The waterproof requires three and a-half yards cloth.

Jupon of ruby satin, ornamented by a volant, with cross plaits. Tunic of ruby velvet, ornamented by satin plaits. Tunic is open in front, and describes a large rounded denticulation. The plait does not rise as high as the top; a bow of ruby passementerie, terminated by a knot and long tassels, falls on the hips; the tunic is also rounded behind. Bodice of ruby velvet, ornamented on the seams of the back by a similar passementerie. Straight sleeves, trimmed at top and bottom by a flat ruche of cerise satin. Antique red fanchon bonnet, bouillonné, ornamented by a feather on the side. Rounded barbes in lace, with velvet in the middle.

Robe of rose satin, Louis XV. skirt, ornamented en tablier by a series of small volants to match, commencing at the waist, and enlarging to the bottom. There are about twenty on the height of the skirt. There are not more than four all round. Polonaise of rose velvet open en tablier on the skirt and on a bodice, turning up in two reverses. This polonaise is divided into four pans; the two in the front, much the shortest, are encircled by a ribbon forming a flat ruche. The same ruche rises to the waist, and edges the pans behind, which terminate in a point. Collantes sleeves, trimmed with a ruche of ribbon. Gimp of Swiss muslin à jabot in English point lace. Manchettes of point lace.

Robe of white satin, ornamented by a high Russian plait of white satin; on the left large plait ornamented by bows of white satin; tunic, training, of white satin, relieved on the left by two bows of white satin; a third bow relieves the tunic lower, and forms a round denticulation; fringe composed of pendules set on the edge of the tunic. Bodice with a sash fixed on side by a large bow. Pelerine in the form of a double pelerine of white satin, fringed with pearl pendules; it is attached on the middle by a bouquet of orange flowers. Flat sleeves bordered by a ruche of tulle, under the pagoda sleeves, fringed with pearls.

DESCRIPTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

PLATE I.—*Fig. 1.*—Walking costume of lavender lustre, trimmed with rose-coloured velvet; petticoat of rose-coloured cashmere made in broad plaits; bonnet of white corded silk and rose-coloured velvet and black lace.

Fig. 2.—Promenade dress of black velveteen, bordered with sable, worn with a pelerine of the same; hat of velvet, trimmed with a wreath of flowers and black lace.

Fig. 3.—Outdoor costume of dark blue French merino, with silk ribbon trimmings; black hat with veil and feather.

PLATE II.—*Fig. 1.*—Robe of bright brown poult de soie, trimmed with black lace and narrow velvet; coiffure ornamented with a bow of ribbon.

Fig. 2.—Evening costume of emerald green gros grain silk, trimmed with ruchings of the same and white lace; neck and arms covered with soft white muslin.

Fig. 3.—Ball dress of pale blue silk, covered in white crepe, ornamented with broad flouncings edged with blue ribbon, and rosettes of the same at intervals; coiffure ornamented with ribbon and pearls.

PLATE III.—*Fig. 1.*—Costume of green and blue tartan, quite a novelty: is made with graceful, full mantle and edged satin.

Fig. 2.—Dinner toilette: casaque of black velvet, relieved and looped with bows of satin, the edges terminating in a silk fringe; jupe of striped satin, yellow or black.

Fig. 3.—Costume Watteau in poult de soie, short mantle of the same, with coat sleeves. The skirt looped, with coloured jupe.

PLATE IV.—*Fig. 1.*—Little girl's dress of violet delaine, trimmed with fringe and ribbon, worn with a striped under-skirt; under-bodice and sleeves of white cambric.

Fig. 2.—Mantle of ribbed cloth, trimmed with satin pipings and fringe; dress of grey poult de soie.

Fig. 3.—Dress of deep rose-coloured poplin, trimmed with satin bands and ribbon; coiffure ornamented with three white flowers.

PLATE V.—Hat of black velvet, trimmed with a lace veil, and white flower.

Second ditto of same material, trimmed with a ruche of ribbon, a feather, and lace ends.

Carriage bonnet of orange-coloured silk, edged with black blond.

Promenade ditto of violet velvet, trimmed with fringe and flowers.

Second ditto of green silk and ribbon.

Fichu of thin white muslin and lace, trimmed with rosettes.

Cap of cluny lace and velvet.

Cravate collars of lace.

DESCRIPTION OF MODEL.

A child's jacket and vest, three pieces; the front to be braided and ornamented with rows of buttons on each side.

THE WORTH OF WOMANLY CHEERFULNESS.—We come in contact with a most singular fact, which at first is not easy of analysis, that people are intent on playing the miserable, as if there were a virtue in it. The real solution is that it is an exhibition of selfishness; for no one is habitually cheerful who does not think more of others than himself. Multitudes appear to be studious of something which makes them unhappy; for unhappiness excites attention, and attention is supposed to inspire interest, and interest comparison. You have seen a person of very robust and corpulent habit, so robust as ought to excite perpetual gratitude for joyous health, sometimes putting on the airs of an invalid, for no reason in the world but to draw out towards him some expression of affectionate concern, and so gratify his self-conceit. That very mood which in children is called being "naughty," for which they are whipped and sent to bed, in young people is dignified with the name of "low spirits," for which they are to be petted and pitied; whilst in elderly people it is known as "nervousness," for which it is expected they should be humoured to the full tension of mortal patience. If we speak of the mistakes of good and pious men, what shall I say by way of commending that sweet cheerfulness by which a good and sensible woman diffuses the oil of gladness in the proper sphere of home? The best specimens of heroism in the world were never gazetted. They play their *role* in common life, and their reward is not in the admiration of spectators, but in the deep joy of their own conscious thoughts. It is easy for a housewife to make arrangements for an occasional feast. But let me tell you what is greater and better. Amid the weariness and cares of life; the troubles, real and imaginary, of a family; the many thoughts and toils which are requisite to make the family the home of thrift, order, and comfort; the varieties of temper and cross-lines of taste and inclination which are to be found in a large household—to maintain a heart full of good nature, and a face always bright with cheerfulness, this is a perpetual festivity. I do not mean a mere superficial *simper* which has no more character in it than the flow of a brook, but that exhaustless patience, and self-control, and kindness, and tact, which spring from good sense and brave purposes. Neither is it the mere reflection of prosperity—for cheerfulness then is no virtue. Its best exhibition is in the dark background of real adversity. Affairs assume a gloomy aspect—poverty is hovering about the door—sickness has already entered—days of hardship and nights of watching go slowly by, and now you see the triumphs of which I speak. When the strong man has bowed himself, and his brow is knit and creased, you will see how the whole life of a household seems to hang on the frailer form, which, with solitudes of her own, passing it may be under the "sacred primal sorrow of her sex," has an eye and an ear for everyone but herself, suggestive of expedients, hopeful in extremities, helpful in kind words and affectionate smiles, morning, noon, and night, the medicine, the light, the heart of a whole household. God bless that bright, sunny face, says many a heart before me, as he recalls that one of mother, wife, sister, daughter, which has been to him all that my words have described.—*Dr. Adams.*

THE TEST OF LOVE.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"THE sun will set in a few minutes, and we have still ten miles to go. At our present rate of movement, my dear Deslaurius, we shall never arrive." The speaker was a fine young man, about twenty-five years old, mounted on a powerful horse, which he managed with ease and grace. His companion, who appeared to be some ten years his senior, instead of quickening his pace, pulled up his steed.

"My dear *Sénéchal*," said he, in a tone of the utmost composure, "at what hour this morning did we start?"

"At seven."

"And 'tis now five. Trotting for ten hours together, with only a few minutes' respite, may suit an experienced horseman like you very well; but I frankly confess that it has tired me exceedingly."

"If trotting fatigues you, we can gallop."

"Much obliged, friend, for your kind offer."

"You don't intend, I presume, to sleep under the canopy of heaven?"

"No, my dear fellow," replied Deslaurius, blowing on his numbed fingers; "but I see beyond the next turn of the road half a dozen smoking chimneys, and already I fancy that the delicious odour of the country hodge-podge soup has reached my nostrils."

"What can that matter? You know that a more fitting repast awaits us at *La Martinière*."

"Know, friend *Sénéchal*, that truffled partridges, ten miles off, would not tempt me half so much as a smoking bowl of vegetable soup separated from my mouth by only the length of a spoon, even though that spoon be pewter."

"Nonsense!" cried *Sénéchal*; "you shall not play me so false. You know very well we are expected this evening at *La Martinière*, and you ought to remember what dreadful anxiety our non-arrival would cause my beloved *Juliet*."

"Well, well," said Deslaurius, with a quiet smile; "you are really very young for your years. 'Dreadful anxiety, indeed! I'll tell you what, your 'beloved *Juliet*' will eat her supper with an excellent appetite, saying perhaps once or twice, when at a loss for conversation, 'Tis strange that these gentlemen don't come.' Then, when closing the piano, preparatory to retiring for the night, she may probably remark, 'M. Gaston will certainly arrive to-morrow morning; shall I wear my green or my blue dress?' And there's 'dreadful anxiety' for you, my poor boy!"

You talk thoughtlessly, Deslaurius; but I forgive you, because as yet you do not know my *Juliet*. One reason for my wishing you to be present at our marriage is, that her virtues and attractions may for ever vindicate her calumniated sex in your sceptical eyes, and teach you what admirable qualities a woman may possess."

"So be it, then," rejoined Deslaurius, in a half-comic, half-doubting tone.

By this time the poor tired horses had stopped of their own accord at the door of a snug-looking country inn.

"I defy all the Juliets in the kingdom to make me stir from this to-night," remarked the elder traveller, as he stiffly got off the saddle.

"As you please," rejoined his friend. "Sup on brown bread and rancid bacon, and sleep on a flock bed between coarse damp sheets; but for my part I shall start again, as soon as my horse has had a feed of oats."

To any other traveller than M. Gaston Sénéchal that inn kitchen would have seemed an attractive resting-place. On a clean shelf, half veiled by a snowy white napkin, stood a row of crusty, light-brown, freshly-baked loaves. A savoury stew was simmering on the fire, before which a pair of plump fowls were revolving on a spit, with a gentle hissing sound. The bright tin and copper kitchen utensils, ranged against the wall, gleamed cheerily in the fire-light. A large cat was purring lazily on the hearth, in amicable companionship with the old house-dog, that lay at full length, cherishing his nose between his fore-paws, while the crickets chirruped cheerily amongst the warm wood ashes.

"Supper, if you please, madame; and have a bed prepared," said Deslaurius, as they entered, to the mistress of the inn.

"Certainly, monsieur; and for the other gentleman?—"

"I shall start for La Martinière as soon as my horse is fed."

"For La Martinière!" repeated the hostess; "I fear monsieur won't reach it to-night."

"What should prevent me?"

"The late heavy rains have swollen the Gallotte, so as to make the ford impassable by night, and going by the bridge would take you a round of more than twenty miles. Languin, the muleteer there, will tell you the same."

"'Tis all true," said the personage in question, who, seated in the chimney corner, was busily discussing a loaf and goats' cheese. "No one but a madman, or some one tired of his life, would attempt to ford the Gallotte now that 'tis as dark as a wolf's mouth."

"Then," said Gaston, sighing profoundly, "let two beds be prepared."

Pending the appearance of supper Deslaurius fell asleep in a straw arm-chair, and when aroused by the welcome announcement that the meal was served, he saw his companion in the act of putting up his pencil and closing his book, having been evidently penning some stanzas to the absent object of his attachment.

The muleteer had retired to the stable, and his place was occupied by a table covered with a cloth as white as snow. The ragout and the fowls, done to a turn, and smoking hot, were served on earthen plates adorned with a pattern of unheard-of flowers and impossible birds. After supper the hostess conducted the travellers into a snug double-bedded room, adorned with many coloured prints of shepherds and shepherdesses, together with sundry historical, scriptural, and mythological personages.

After a wretched sleepless night, the next morning found M. Gaston Sénéchal in a high fever, while his body was covered with spots.

"Madame!" called Deslaurius, "have you a doctor in this village?"

"Yes, monsieur, we have; he's called Doctor Meslier."

"Then send and tell Doctor Meslier to come hither immediately."

In a few minutes the physician arrived; and, after a careful examination, pronounced that his patient had the small-pox.

"Dear Annibal," said Gaston, the moment they were left alone, "hasten, if you love me, to La Martinière, and relieve my Juliet from her terrible suspense. Assure her and her family that a vexatious but temporary illness detains me here. You need not alarm her by telling its real nature at present. Go, dear friend; and by returning quickly you will prove my best physician."

Deslaurius, having earnestly recommended Gaston to the care of the hostess and the doctor, mounted his steed, and having safely crossed the now passable ford, pushed on with all possible despatch towards the dwelling of the young lady of whose praises he had heard so much.

The fine demesne of La Martinière belonged to M. Duravin, formerly a wealthy banker in Paris; but now, having been attacked by paralysis, he was wholly confined to his country house. His wife and daughter, however, regularly spent the winter in Paris, and plunged into all its gaieties. Gaston had met Juliet Duravin at a fashionable party, and on a superficial acquaintance had speedily become attached to her. As he was young, handsome, rich, and of a good family, there was no obstacle to their union, and the marriage was fixed to take place in January. It was now about the middle of December.

Ten o'clock struck as the sorely-tried Deslaurius rang for admittance at the hall-door. A servant in splendid livery answered the summons.

"Can I see Madame and Mademoiselle Duravin?"

"The ladies never rise before noon."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the visitor, whose appetite had once more become inconveniently sharp; "and when do they breakfast in this hospitable mansion?"

"At one o'clock."

The cloud deepened on our friend's brow.

"Can I see M. Duravin?"

"Monsieur wishes to see M. Duravin?" repeated the lacquy, as if he doubted whether he had heard aright.

"Yes."

"M. Duravin, madame's husband?"

"Exactly."

"Then I shall have the honour of conducting monsieur to his room."

Deslaurius followed him through several long passages into a remote apartment, heated by hot air pipes to an intense degree of warmth. The ex-banker, enveloped in furs,

and with a lack-lustre eye and hanging lip, was shivering in an easy chair.

"Monsieur," said his visitor, "my name is Annibal Deslaurius."

"Shut the door!" interrupted M. Duravin.

"It is shut. I am the intimate friend of your intended son-in-law, Gaston Sénéchal."

"Will you shut the door?"

"Monsieur, all the doors, I assure you, are shut quite close," said Deslaurius, ready to faint from the heat. "I have some unpleasant tidings to announce," continued he.

"Unpleasant tidings! Then keep them to yourself, I beg of you. My nerves won't bear to be excited. And, I beseech you, shut the door—it *must* be open—don't you see how I shiver?"

The ambassador bowed, and silently retired, wiping his streaming brow.

"Well," he thought, "Gaston will have a delightful father-in-law. If the rest of the family answer to this sample it must be a charming household!"

He found the servant waiting in the ante-chamber.

"Would you like to earn a louis-d'or?"

A low bow. "What can I do to serve monsieur?"

"Quick! get me some ink, with pen and paper."

In a moment he was supplied.

"Take this letter," he said to the servant, "and if within five minutes you bring me an answer from Madame Duravin, the money shall immediately be yours."

The lacquey vanished with astonishing celerity, and returned almost as rapidly.

"Monsieur, the ladies are dressing; they request you will wait for a few minutes. Have the kindness to walk into the saloon."

Meantime a confused sound of ringing of bells, opening and shutting doors, and footsteps hurrying to and fro, was heard overhead. Deslaurius bethought himself of beguiling the tedious time of waiting by a minute examination of the room in which he was, hoping thence to derive some information touching the character and pursuits of its occupants.

"It is evident," thought he, after having glanced around the elegant apartment with a critical eye, "that these ladies think themselves handsome, or they would not have so many large mirrors in every possible direction. I see no trace of embroidery or needlework. But here are books—let's see what their studies consist of. Ha!" exclaimed Deslaurius, after having read the titles of several scattered volumes; "I don't think our intended mother-in-law is particularly scrupulous about her reading."

A piano stood open, and the visitor commenced turning over the songs, whose ownership was marked by an interlaced J. and D. His brow darkened; all were supremely silly—some decidedly immoral.

"Alas! my poor Gaston!" he muttered.

(To be continued.)

AMUSEMENTS.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The autumn season just brought to a close has been very successful. The *repertoire* having been of the most varied and attractive kind, the talent engaged of the highest class, including the names of Miss Minnie Hauck and Mdlle. Irma de Murska, and the operas having been placed upon the stage in the most liberal manner, has culminated in a success fully warranting the management in opening for a short autumnal season.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—After a run of some weeks, the beautiful play of "Leah," in which Miss Bateman has earned such renown both here and in America, is to be withdrawn in consequence of the production of a new play by the same author, entitled "Pietra," in which Miss Bateman is again to sustain the leading character.

THEATRE ROYAL, HOLBORN.—Mr. H. J. Byron has now the entire sway at this elegant theatre, having lately added a new burlesque, entitled "Lucretia Borgia," as an after-piece to the successful drama of "Blow for Blow."

STRAND THEATRE.—The very successful burlesque of "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," and the popular comedy of "The Widow Hunt," are here presented to the laughter-loving playgoer in a manner very creditable to the management, Mr. J. S. Clarke being engaged to impersonate the truly comic Major Wellington de Boots.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The series of winter concerts are progressing to the highest point in the esteem of the lovers of good music. The production of a *bona fide* novelty at each concert has proved a great addition to these admirable musical *réunions*.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S.—This charming gallery is still the centre of attraction to all who visit the metropolis; by "country cousins" and Christmas visitors it is never neglected, while to the regular inhabitant it is, and has been for more than a lifetime, a periodical and rarely-missed treat. Ever new in its interest, it is certainly the most universally popular place of amusement in the world. The late additions include the likenesses of almost everybody, living or dead, who have obtained any notoriety in the world.

AUTHORS AND ACTORS.—Our wits and dramatic writers seem to be taking to the boards in rapid succession. We have Mr. Lionel Brough at the New Queen's rapidly acquiring the reputation of one of the best low comedians of the day. Mr. Charles Dickens's histrionic talent is pronounced by the best critics as little inferior to his literary genius, and Mr. Mark Lemon is drawing crowds to St. George's Hall by his admirable and life-like impersonations of Sir John Falstaff.

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