



ÆSTHETICS

2663  
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PICTURE COLLECTION

MRS. VAN TROMP.—"Oh, Sir Charles! Modern English male attire is *too* hideous. Just look round . . . there are only two decently dressed men in the room!"

SIR CHARLES.—"Indeed! And which are *they*, may I ask?"

MRS. VAN TROMP.—"Well, I don't know *who* they are, exactly; but just now one seems to be offering the other a cup of tea."

By Geo. Du Maurier



AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.

HARRIET.—Oh! I'm so glad you are come, Blanche! I have been so perplexed I could hardly Sleep all Night.

BLANCHE.—Well! What is it, Dear.

HARRIET.—Why, I don't know whether to have my new Merino Frock Violet or Dark Blue!

H.M.M.M. 1893

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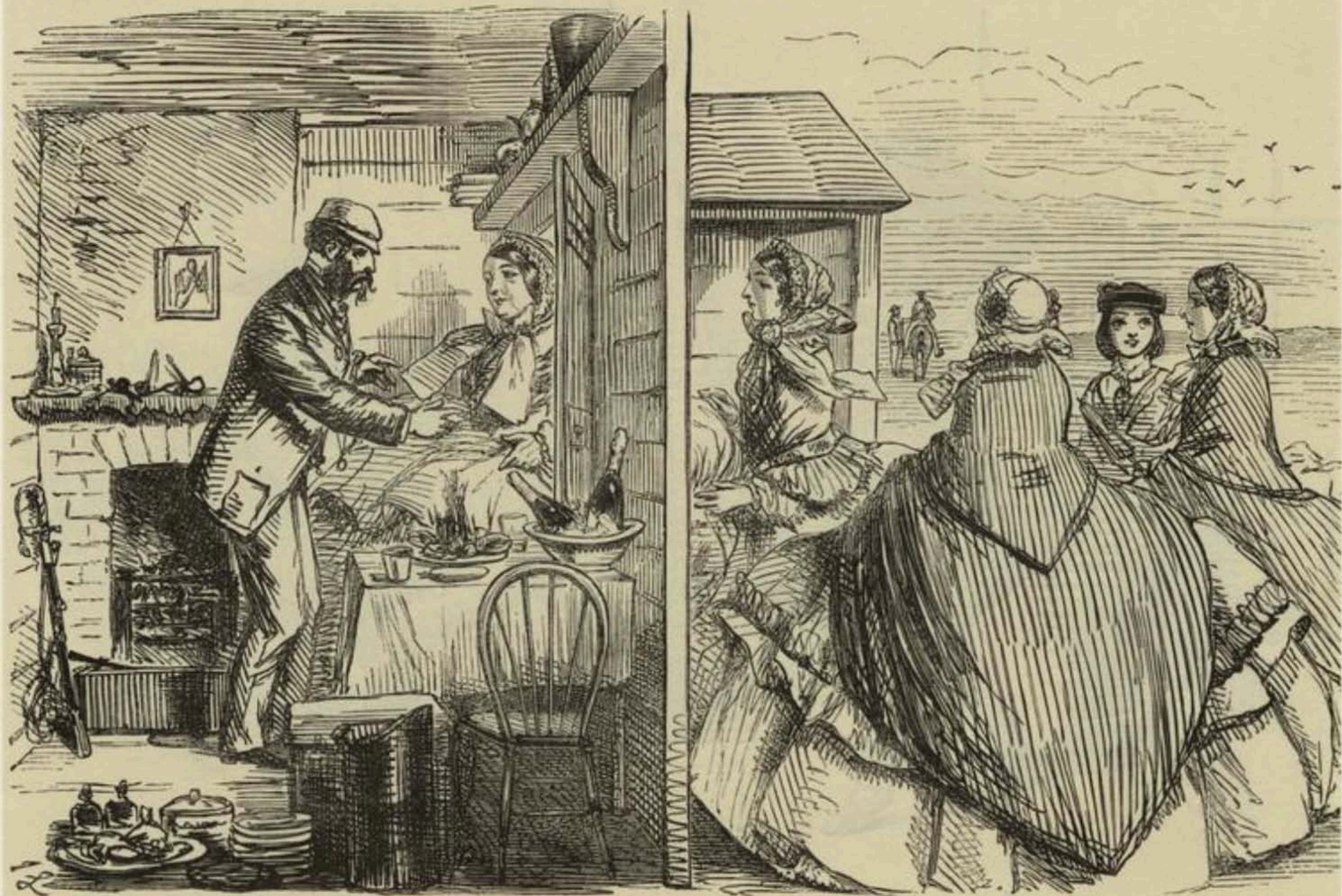


AMERICAN LADY WALKING IN THE SNOW.

"I have often shivered at seeing a young beauty picking her way through the snow with a pale rose-colored bonnet set on the very top of her head. They never wear muffs or boots, even when they have to step to their sleighs over ice and snow. They walk in the middle of winter with their poor little toes pinched into a miniature slipper, incapable of excluding as much moisture as might bedew a primrose."—*Mrs. Trollope, Domestic Manners of the Americans, vol. ii., p. 135. 1830.*

he history of the Middle Ages must be written, and the tale of Godiva will seem Lord's chattel; and probably the people thanked *him* for lightening the burdens of

#10,153



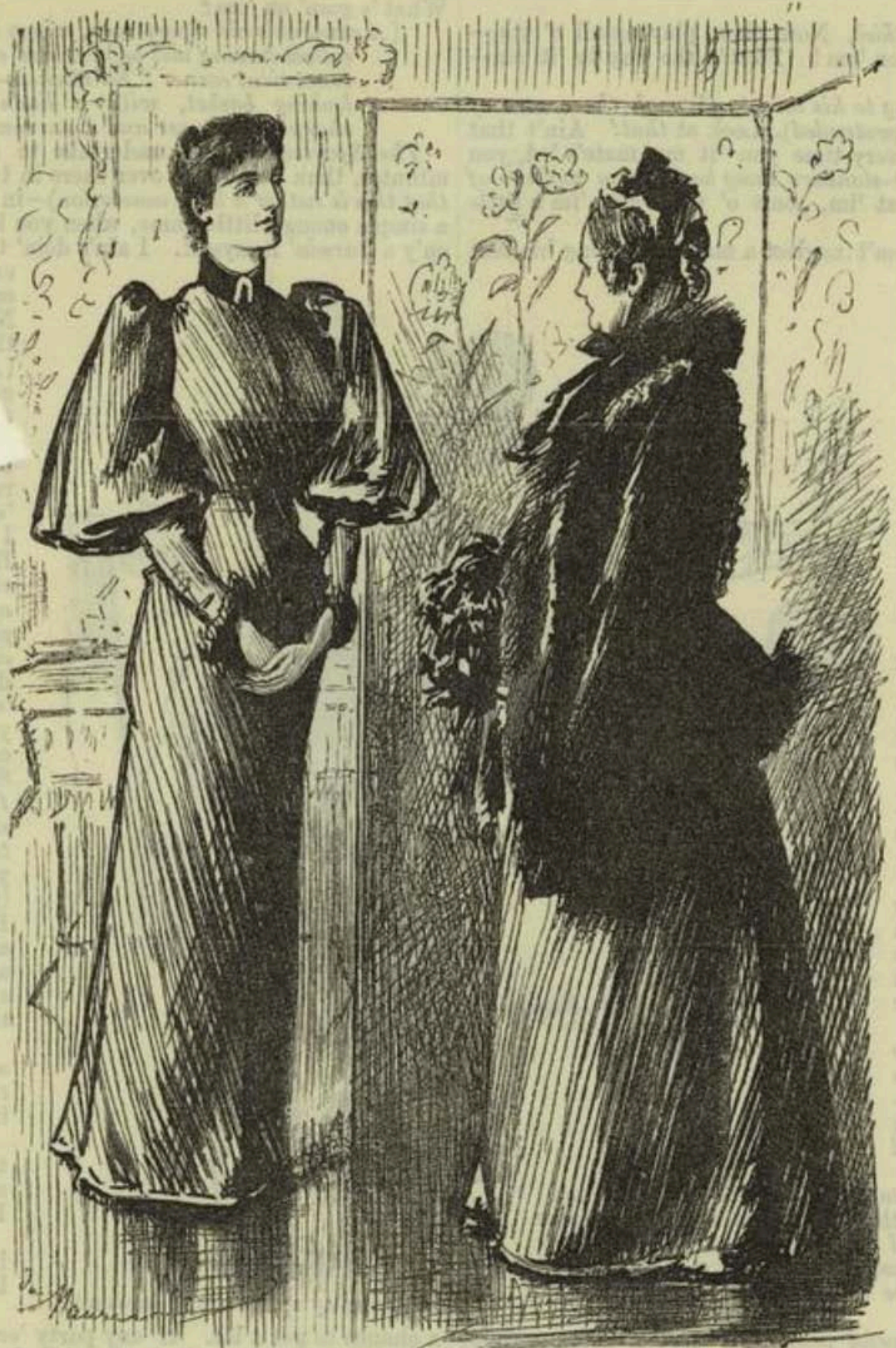
AT ALDERSHOT--A RATHER DIFFICULT MANOEUVRE.

CLARA AND HARRIET, AND THE TWO NICE GIRLS WHO ARE STAYING WITH THEM, LED BY MAMMA, GET INTO COUSIN HERBERT'S HUT AND HAVE LUNCH.



- Eigentlich mein Fräulein, müßte das ganze Gestell ins Feuer und wieder zusammenschweißt werden.  
 — Ach! lieber Meister, ich bin sehr pressiert, neten Sie nur einstweilen die zersprungene Stelle ein wenig zusammen.

216,718



**CANDID CRITICISM.**

“LIKE MY NEW FROCK, AUNT JANE?”

“WELL, I SHOULD SAY YOU'D GOT SKIRTS FOR YOUR SLEEVES, AND A SLEEVE FOR YOUR SKIRT!”



ESTER TOM (A DISAGREABLE BOY FROM SCHOOL).—TOM. "LOOK HERE, MAMA, THERE'S A YOUNG WOMAN DOWN-STAIRS HAS BROUGHT THIS FOR YOU, AND WANTS TO KNOW IF IT WILL DO."

PL 1858

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION



*There's some pleasure in giving anything to that industrious body, Mrs. Slopples—even the old Crinoline that my Lady Bountiful gave her when the cold weather set in, she has turned to some account.*

PL Dec 18, 1858

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"Evening Dress."



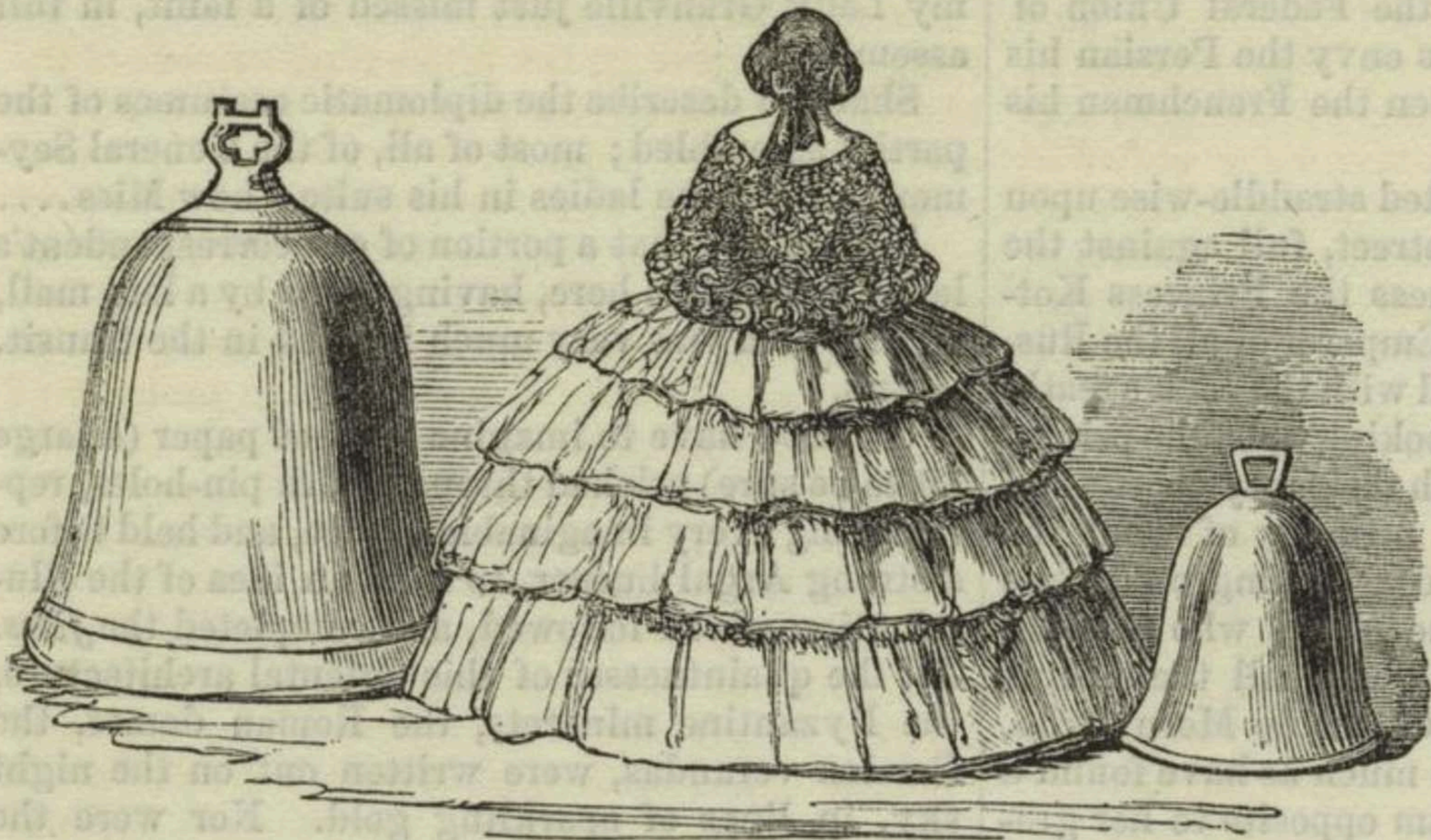
"Morning Drugging."

A CHANCE FOR "DRESS REFORM."

PCM V 3 C 1894 )

Costume-Cartoons-1894

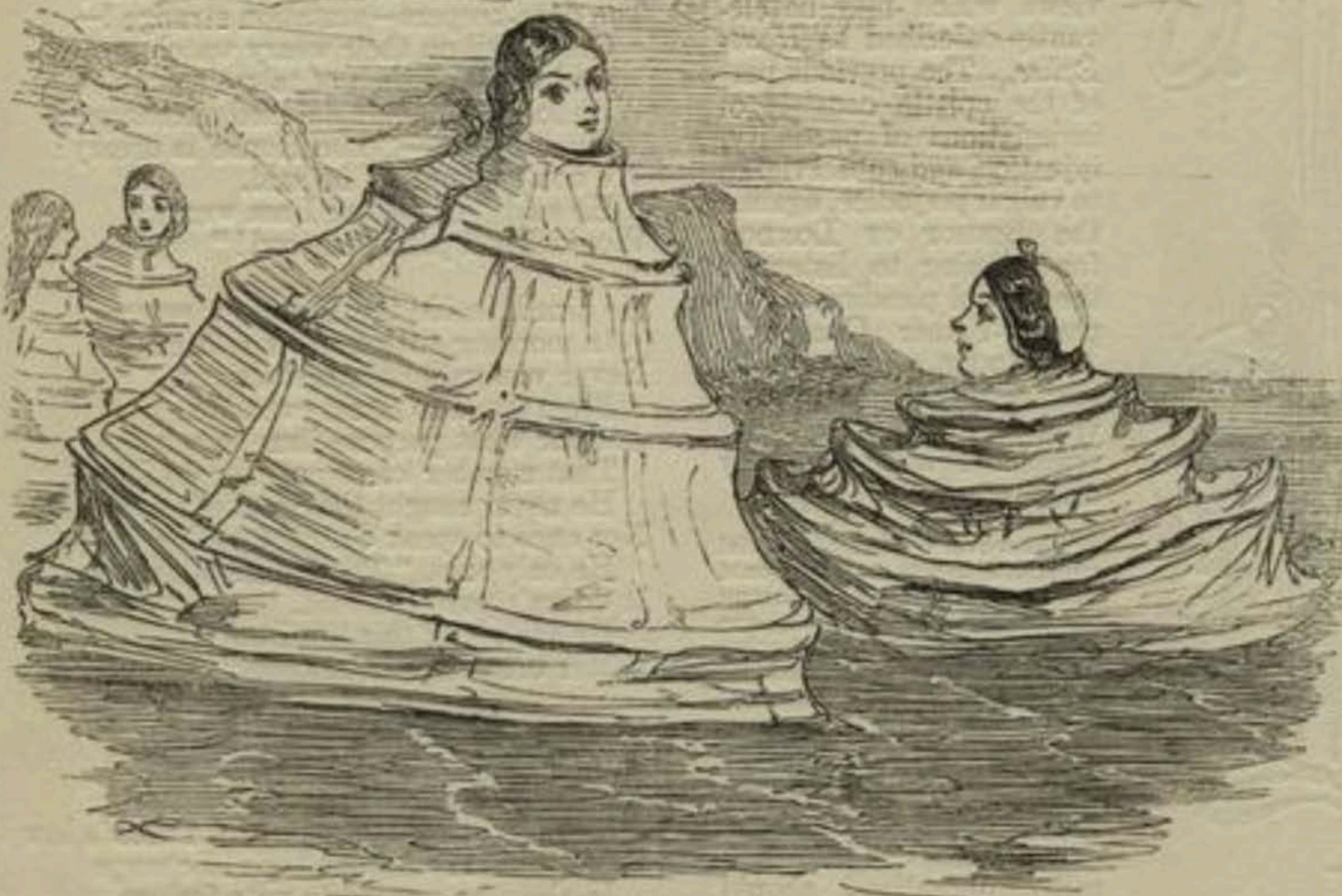
COMPARATIVE SIZES OF BELL(E)S.



CZAR KOLOKOL,  
KING OF BELLS, MOSCOW.

QUEEN OF BELLES,  
NEW YORK.

CITY HALL  
BELL.



CRINOLINE FOR EVER—NO BATHING-MACHINE REQUIRED.

A HINT FOR THE SEA-SIDE.

Ph July 24, 1858

“NON REDOLET SED OLET, *NEC*  
REDOLERE SOLET.”

BOTH in Parliament and out of it a good deal has been said of the Conservancy of the Thames. Unsavoury as it may be, the subject has been lately in everybody's mouth. But although public speakers, not less indeed than private ones, have done their utmost seemingly to exhaust the fertile topic, a remark still remains which (so far as we're aware) has not as yet been made on it. In fact, unless the truth be sacrificed, the observation we allude to cannot possibly be uttered. It is as clear as its own mud that, while the River-sewer Thames is suffered, as it now is, to continue in bad odour, its conservancy at any rate can never truthfully be spoken of as a conserve of roses.

---

Address to General Peel.

“YAH!” Weedon hoots,  
“PEEL! do your duty!”  
Who sold the boots?  
Who sacked the booty?

---

A NICE NEW FEAST FOR THE CALENDAR.

THERE is one feast that nobody would grudge the Corporation of London, if only true grounds for its observance could be established—the PURIFICATION OF THE THAMES.

“VERY HARD LINES.”—The two unhappy failures that have followed the attempt to lay down the Atlantic Cable.



*DUM, 1855*  
Costüm eines Reisenden aus dem 19. Jahr=  
ert.

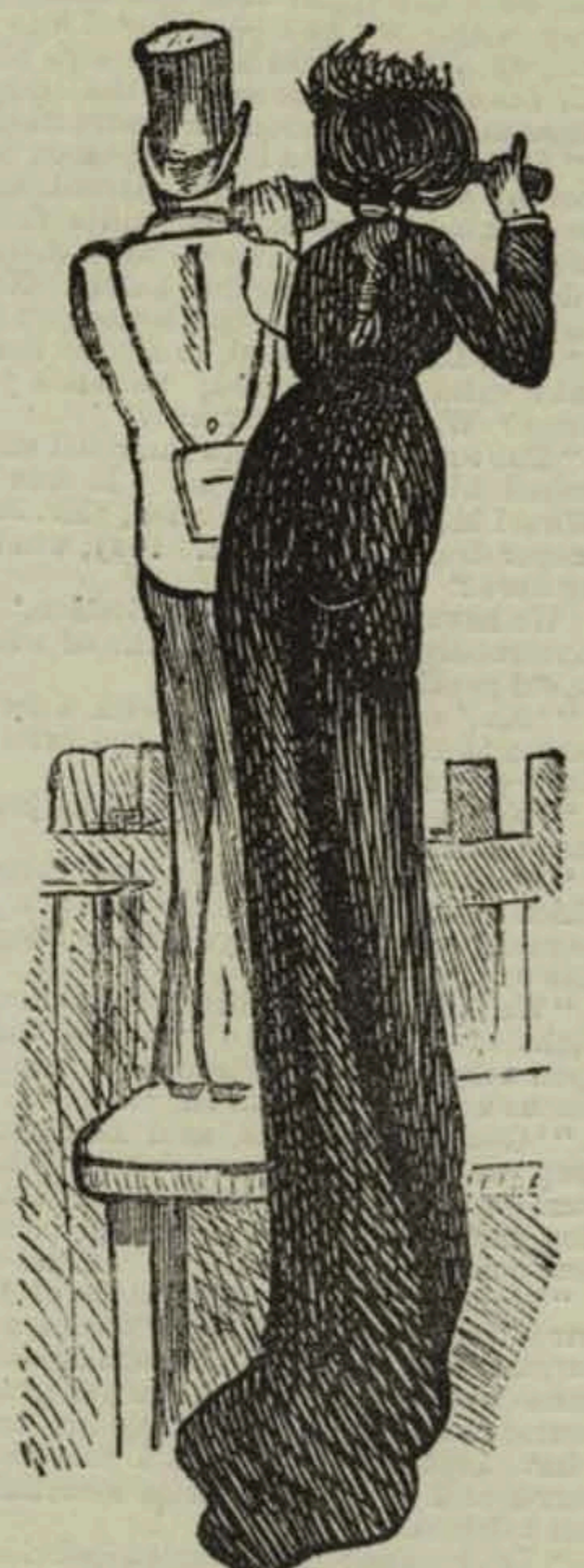
Die ausgeschlüpfte Puppe!



Curious effect produced by a fashionable lady walking down the aisle of a church.



CRUIKSHANK'S EXHIBITION OF BLOOMERS IN HYDE PARK, 1852.



CURIOUS EFFECT.

From a sketch taken on the spot.  
You would have said it was a giant-ess if the male person's legs had not revealed the truth.  
1244 July 3, 1875

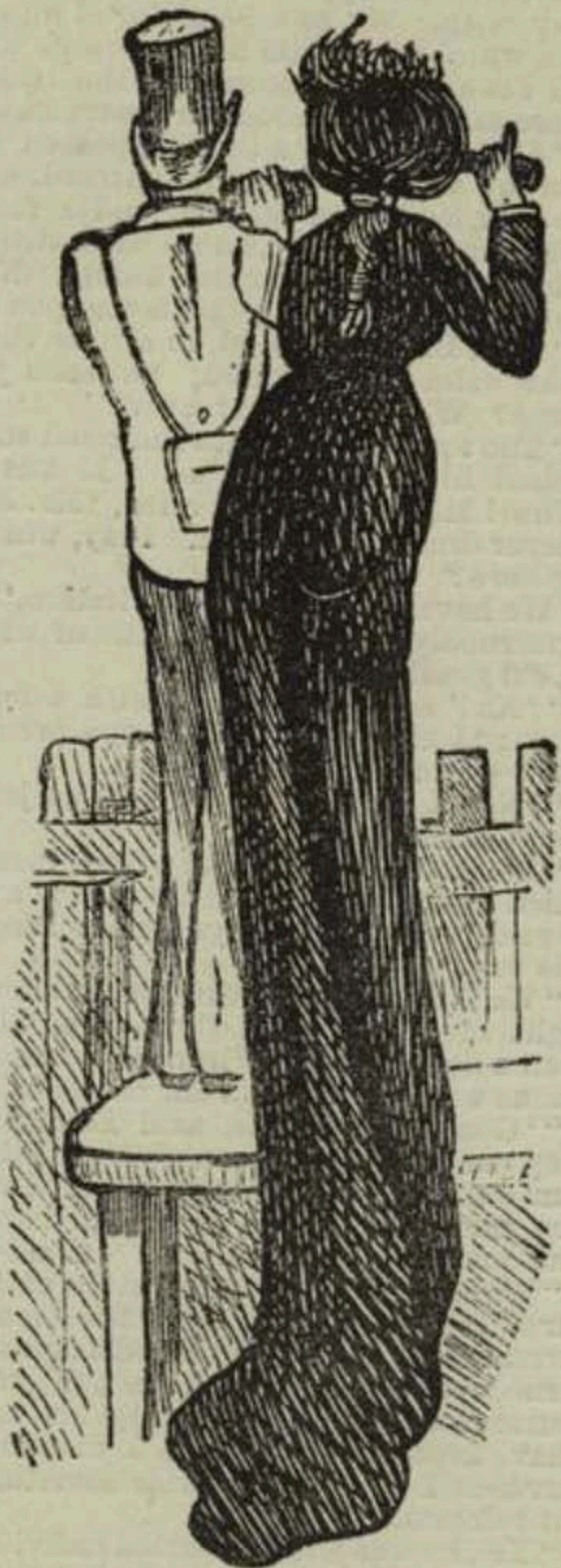


SIR LUMLEY SHEPPINGTON

LORD PETERSHAM

DANDIES OF OTHER DAYS.

P 8724 (1872)  
London, 1810s



CURIOUS EFFECT.

*From a sketch taken on the spot.*

You would have said it was a giantess if the male person's legs had not revealed the truth.

1244 July 3, 1875



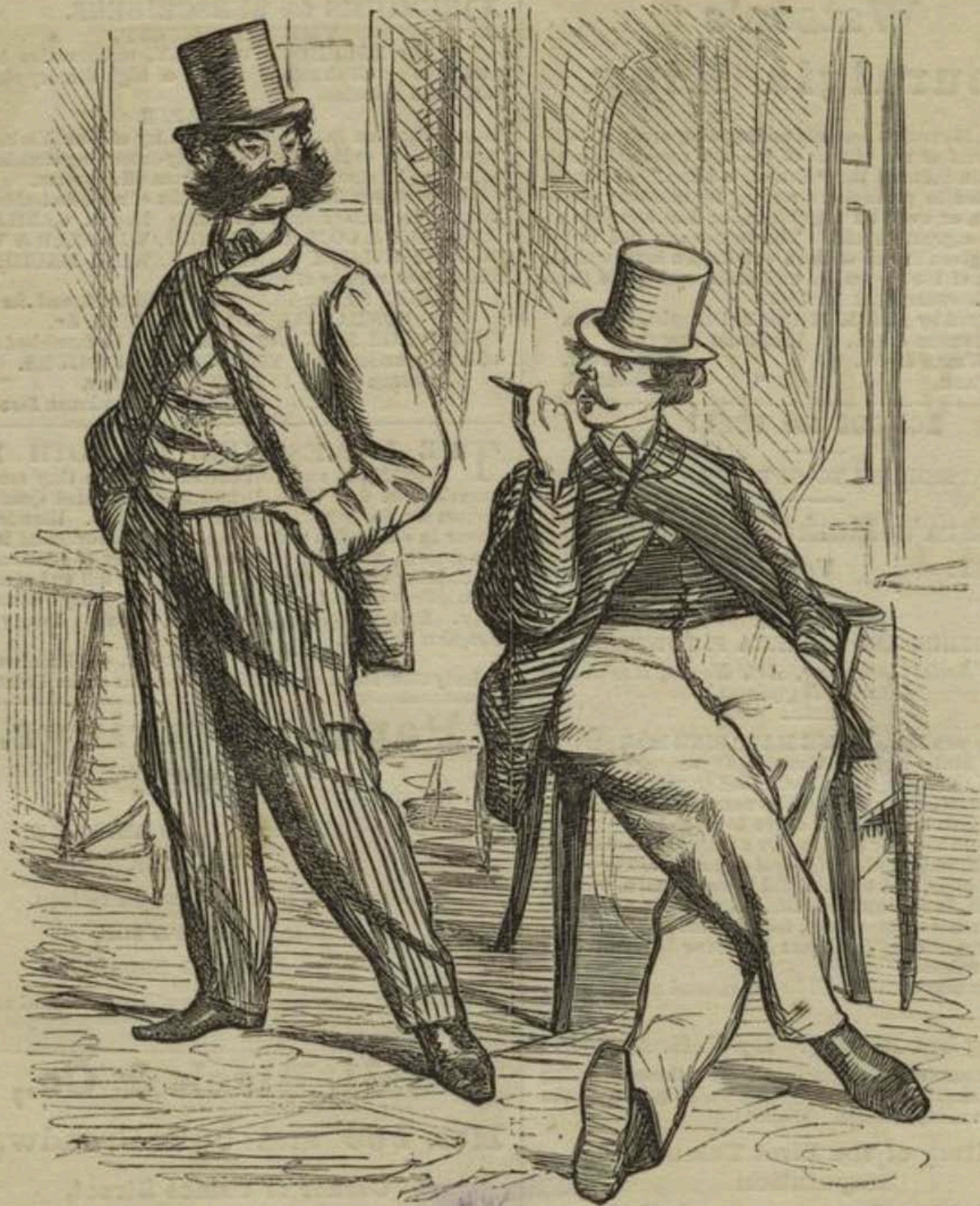


SIR LUMLEY SHEFFINGTON

LORD PETERSHAM

DANDIES OF OTHER DAYS.

P. 2724 (1892)  
London, 18105



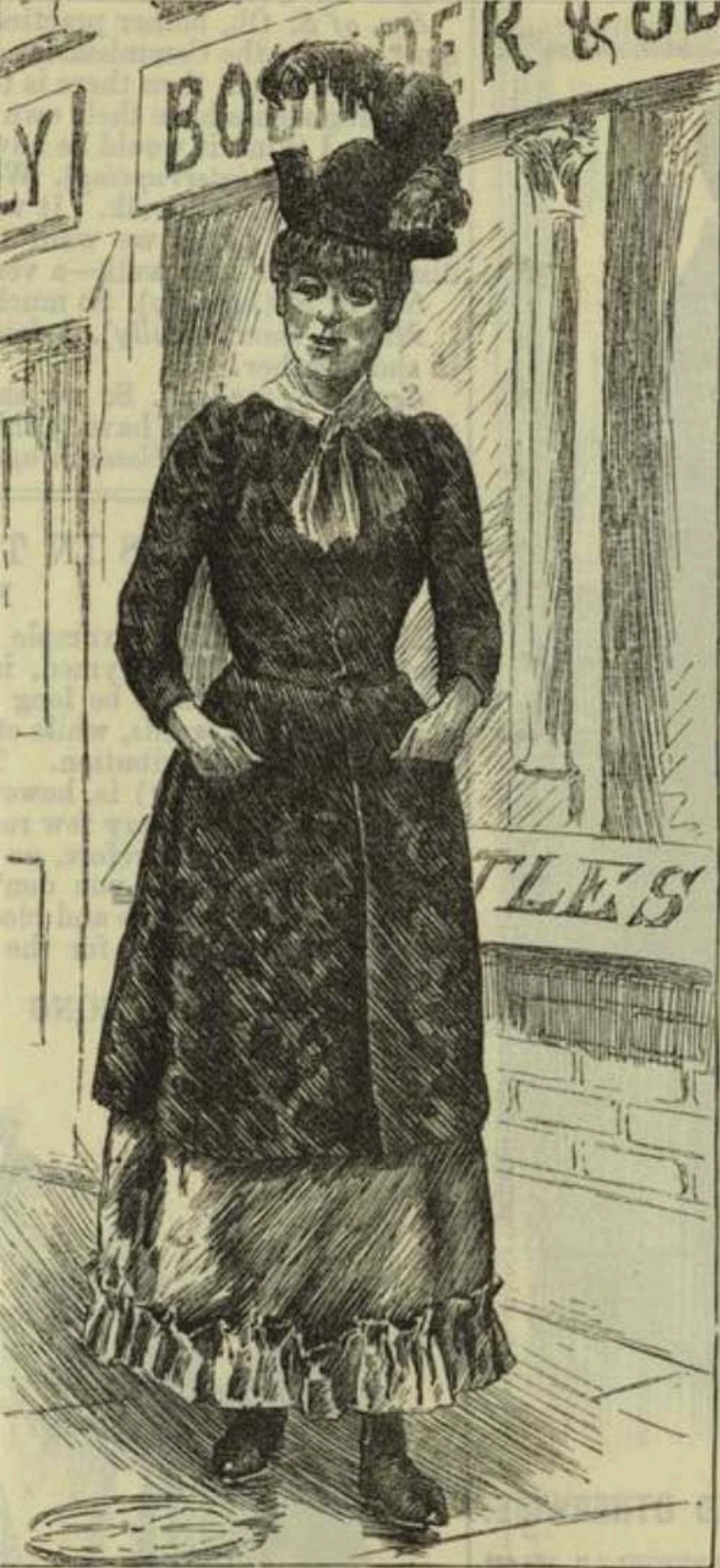
“DE GUSTIBUS, &c.”

DINGLE. “That style of whisker seems to me to give a wild beast sort of expression.”

DANGLE. “’Course it does. Exactly what I’m going in for!”

H.W. Nov 24, 1860

PICTURE COLLECTION



Everard Hopkins?

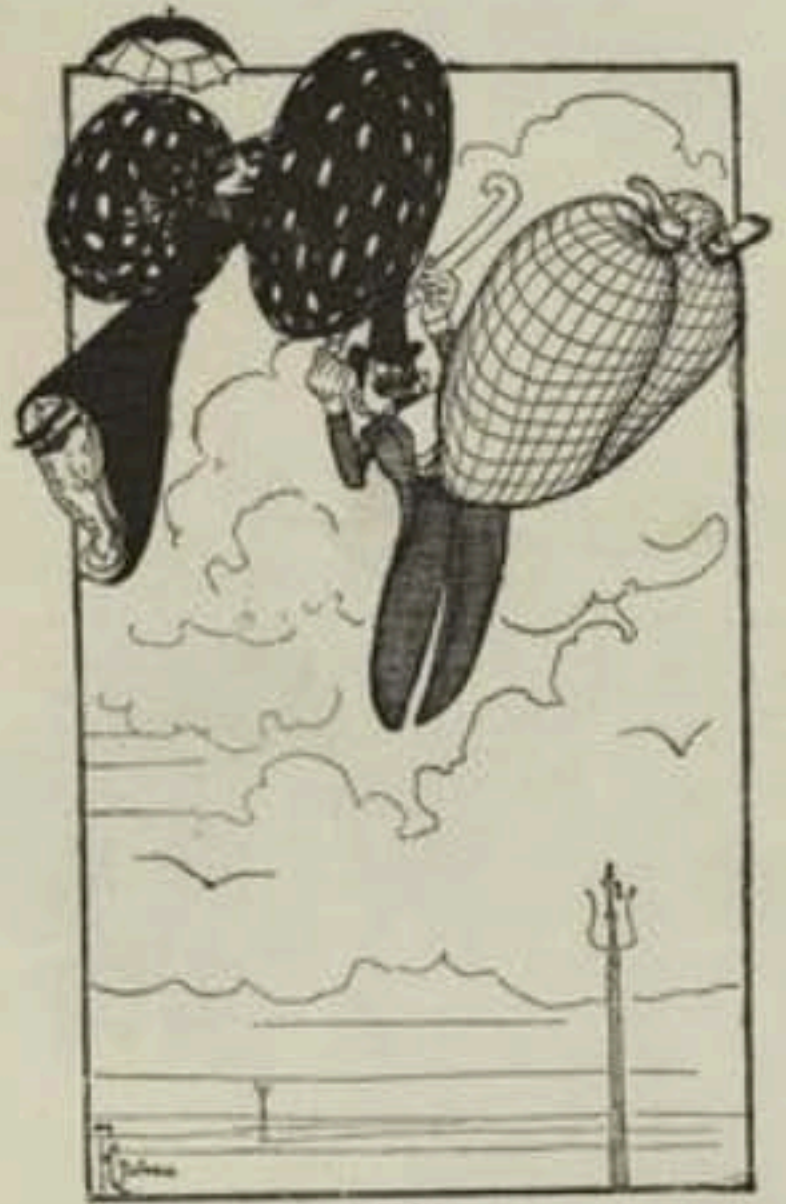
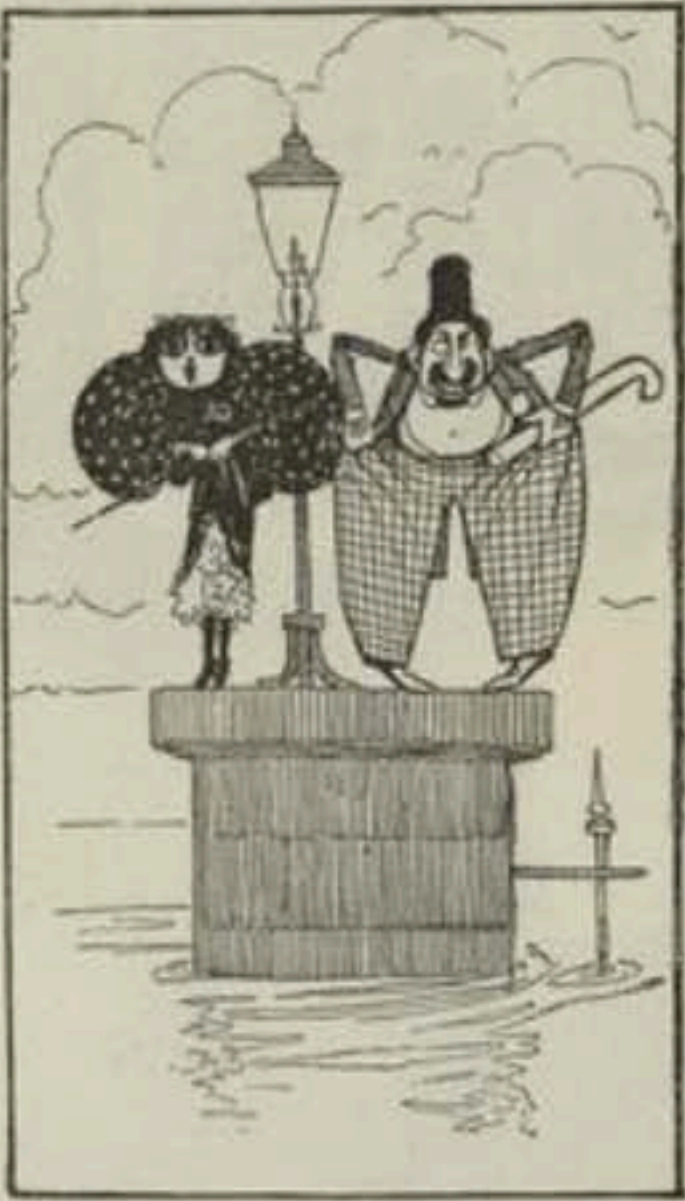
**THE DARWINIAN THEORY—VARIATION FROM ENVIRONMENT.**

"KNOCKED 'EM IN THE OLD KENT ROAD!"

ATTRACTED ALL EYES AT CHURCH PARADE.



A DESIGN, SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS NOW WORN  
MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL, AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



THE DELUGE OVER AGAIN.

PCM V6 C1895)

Costume-Cartoons-1895



THE DELUGE OVER AGAIN.

PCM v6 (1895)

Costume-Cartoons-1895



A DESIGN, SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS NOW WORN  
MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL, AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



Deutsche Modefarifatur auf die Krinoline. Um 1860

= 8393 (1906)

German caricatures  
by Cronolin's

Costume - Caricatures - 1860

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION





**DON'T BROIL YOUR BABIES!**

BUT USE MR. PUNCH'S PATENT NURSEMAID'S BONNET-SCREEN. WARRANTED TO KEEP CHILDREN FROM THE SUN IN ANY CLIMATE.

PL Aug 13, 1859



A DRESS REHEARSAL FOR A SIDE-WALK EXHIBITION.  
"One inch higher, Lucy, and you'll be perfectly irresistible."



1.—"What you want, madam, is a small-waisted dress!"



2.—What she wanted.



3.—"Allow me to recommend a low neck; it will make you look well!"



4.—The recommendation.



5.—"Have you really never worn the Empire? Why, it was made for you!"



6.—The Empire.



7.—"Oh no, madam! You must—indeed you must—adopt the latest style."



8.—The latest style.



ECONOMY AND FASHION,

PCM v4c1994



6374  
DUST HO! THE LONG DRESS NUISANCE.

by John Leech

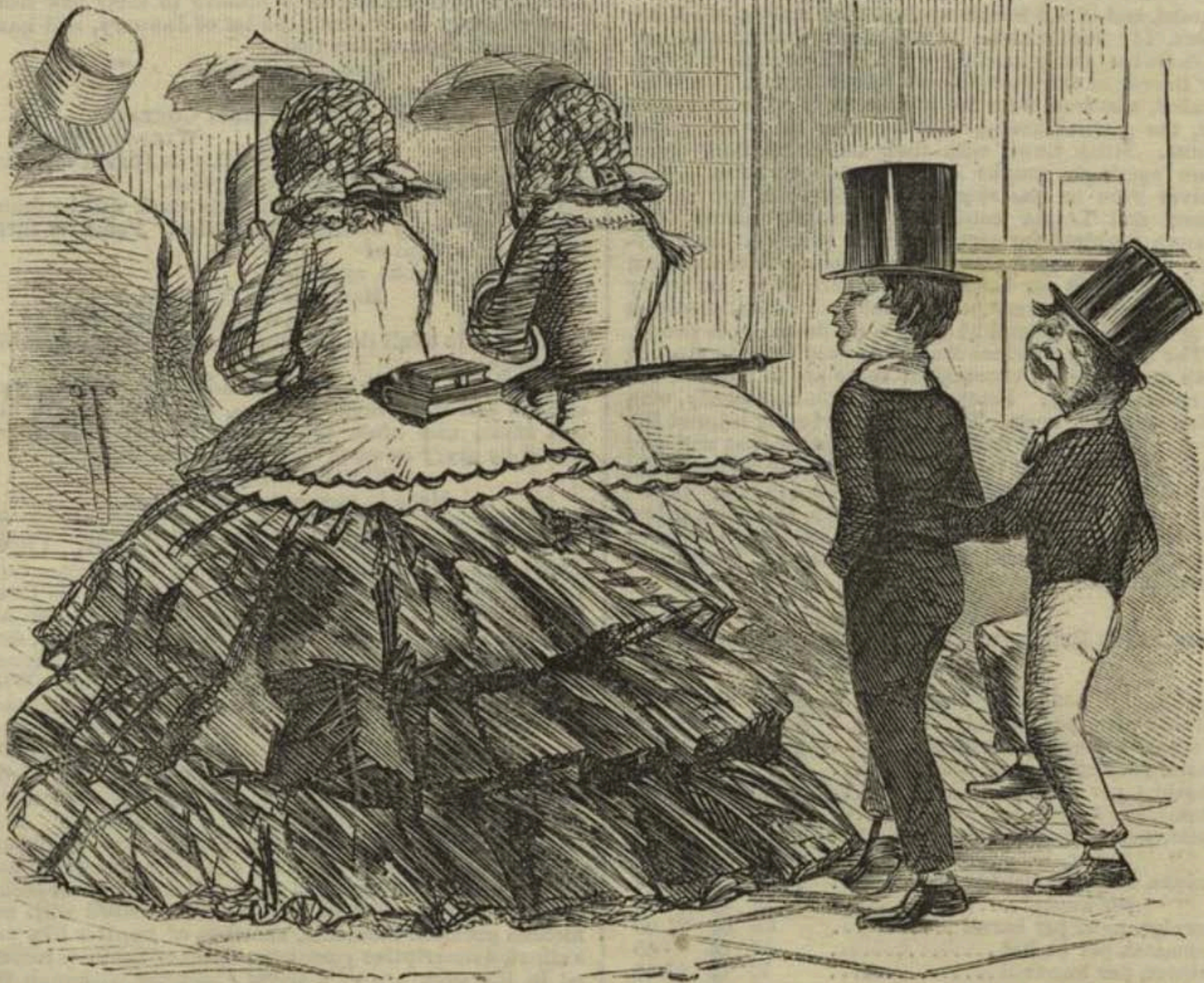
(WE CAN ASSURE THE DARLINGS IT BY NO MEANS IMPROVES THEIR DEAR LITTLE ANKLES.)

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION

ELEGANT AND RATIONAL DINNER COSTUME FOR THIS CLOSE WEATHER.



HM AUG 1851



The Extremely Reprehensible Conduct of those two Podgkinsons, as they Walked to Church with their Papa, Mamma, and Sisters last Sunday.

11/15/57

4w sept 12, 1857



FASHIONABLE MATERIAL FOR PANTS.

It takes two Men to Show the Pattern.

*HM July 18.53*

*Costume-Cartoons - 1853*





### FAVORITE INVESTMENTS.

LADY.—Goodness! Bridget, what is that you have on?

BRIDGET.—Shure! an' didn't I hear you say these Westkitts was all the fashion? An' so I borry'd me brother Patrick's to wait at the table in.

HM July 1852

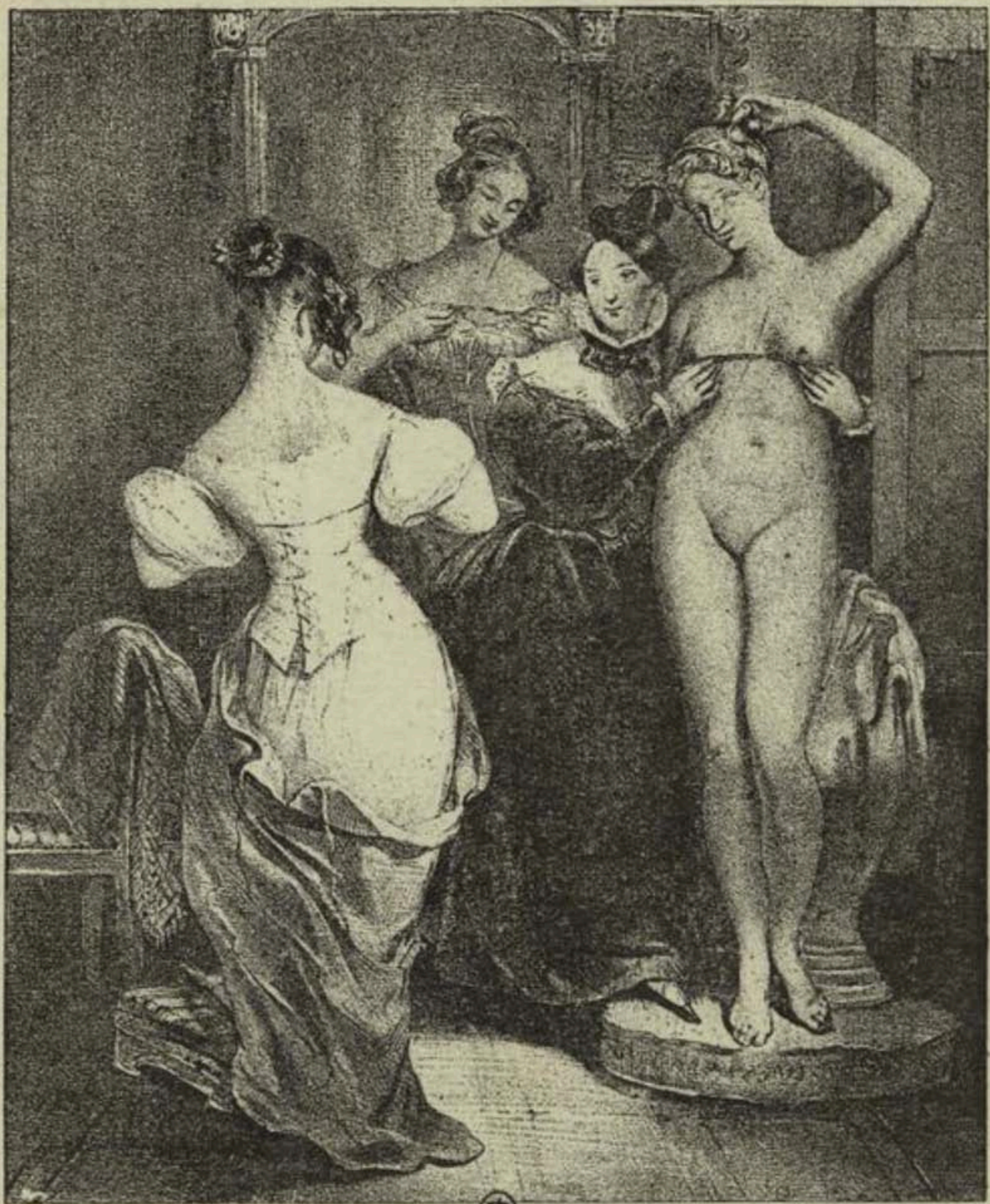
Costume-Cartoons-1852



FEMALE FASHIONS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PARROT, THE PANIER, AND THE POPLAR STYLES OF ARCHITECTURE.

N. S. PUBLISHED BY  
H. S. 281  
PICTURE COLLECTION



2 9872 (1898)

FIG. 180. — Flatterie de corsetière. — C'est juste la taille de la Vénus ! (Devéria.)

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION



By May 1852

Costume - Cartoons - 1852



291. Darjou. Französische Karikatur auf die Krinoline

# 8393 (M 906)



GOING OUT OF TOWN.

Mary. "IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, MISSUS SAY YOU MUST FIND ROOM FOR THIS IN YOUR PORTMANTEAU."

PL Aug 7 1858

THE Y. B. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION



A HAUNT OF FASHION, 11 W. 26th St. N.Y. Sept. 26-1857



### HOOPS AS A LIGHTNING-CONDUCTOR.

“As Mr. JAMES R. M'SHANE was walking out one day last week with his wife, who was attired in the full rotundity of the fashion, they were overtaken by a violent thunder-storm. The gentleman received a severe shock, but the lady escaped uninjured, the steel hoops which expanded her crinoline proving a perfect lightning-conductor. She was terrified and fainted away, however; but here the hoops proved their utility in another direction, and supported her, so that it was impossible for her to fall to the ground.”—*Memphis (Tenn.) Daily Palladium.*





1839.



1893.

HOW THINGS GET TURNED  
UPSIDE DOWN.

From *Lustige Blätter*.

PCN v.2 (1893)



HOW WOULD IT BE WITHOUT CRINOLINE?—TRY IT FOR 1864.

6374

Costume - Cartoons - 1860s

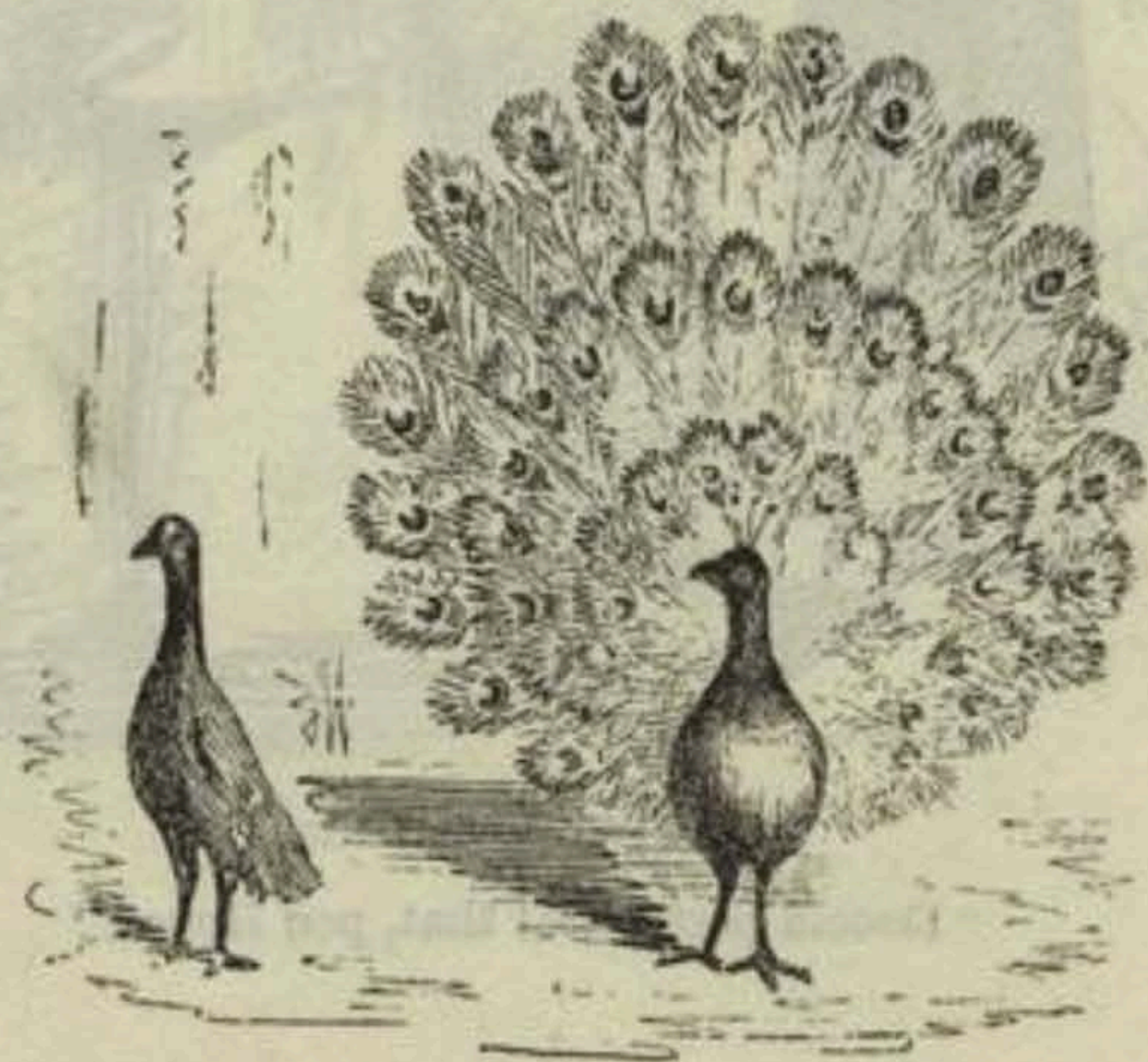
ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATURAL HISTORY.



Male.

Female.

No. 1. *Homo Sapiens*.—MAN.



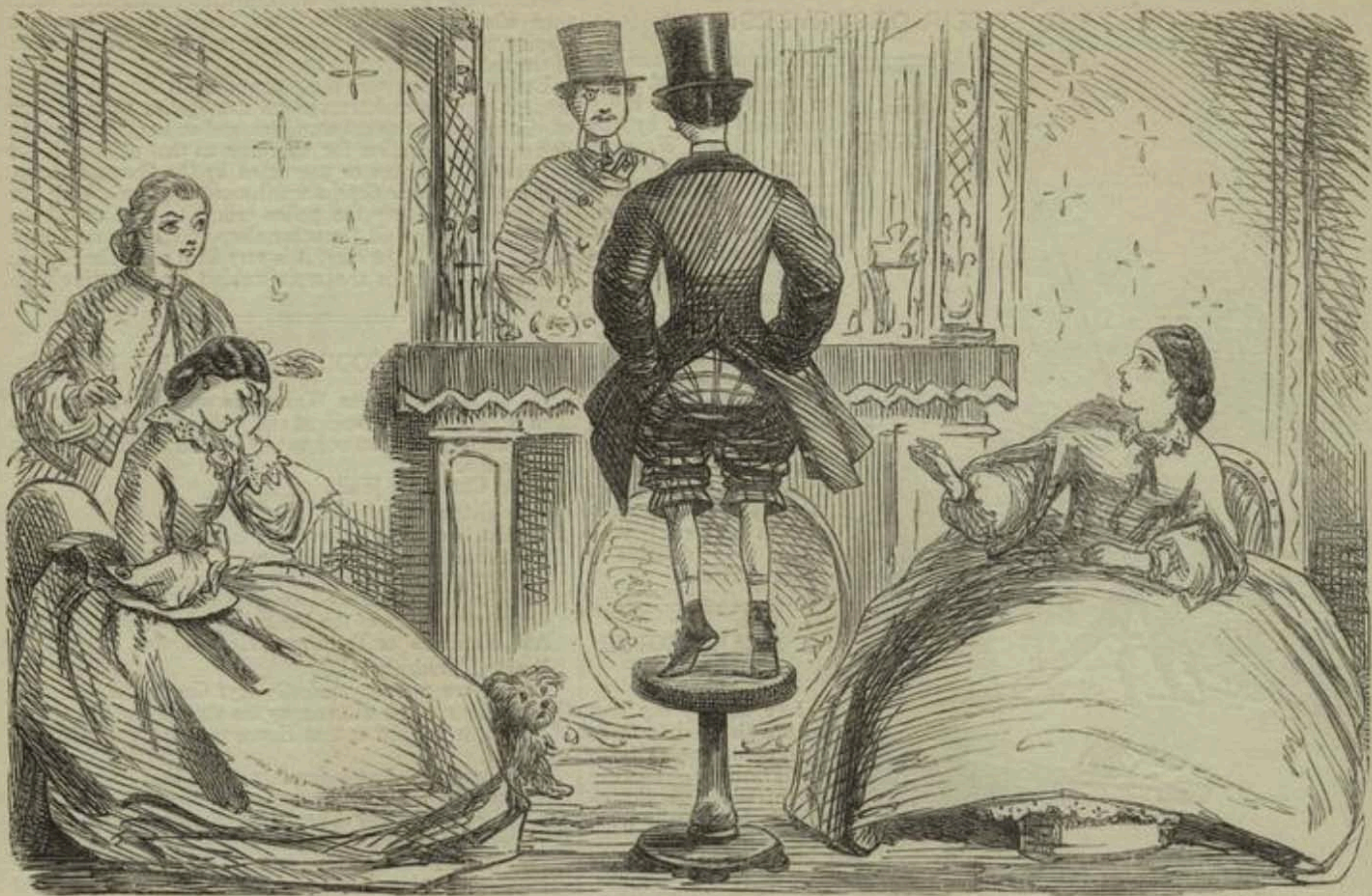
Female.

Male.

No. 2. *Pavo Cristatus*.—PEAFOWL.

VOL. XIV.—No. 81.—D D

HM FEB 18 57



AN INTERESTING QUESTION.

*Young Swell (who has just received promise of a Commission in a Highland Regiment). "Now, GIRLS! WILL THE KILT SUIT MY CALVES?"*  
*Sisters (tittering). "REALLY, DEAR, YOU ARE TOO ABSURD!"*

PL Dec 25 1858



INFLATING A LADY, 1829.

This very curious old print shows how, over sixty years ago, puffed sleeves were inflated so that they might preserve their proper shape. This custom might be renovated at the present time by some enterprising dressmaker as an improvement (?) on the present fashion in sleeves.

PCM V6 C189.5



6374  
JEMIMER HANN'S LAST SWEET THING IN HEAD-DRESSES.

by John Leech

R. S. PERIODICALS  
LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION



Costume-Cartoons - 1810 "LES INVISIBLES," 1810. #15,718 (1906) ENO.

pockets. There are dinners where the object seems to be to pocket all the balls as speedily as possible. We have learned that that is not the best game; the best game is when you not only depend on the carom, but in going to the cushion before you carom, that is to say, including the whole table, and making things lively. The hostess succeeds who is able to excite this general play of all the forces at the table, even using the silent but not non-elastic material as cushions, if one may continue the figure.

Is not this, O brothers and sisters, an evil under the sun, this dinner as it is apt to be conducted? Think of the weary hours you have given to a rite that should be the highest social pleasure! How often when a topic is started that promises well, and might come to something in a general exchange of wit and fancy, and some one begins to speak on it, and speak very well, too, have you not had a lady at your side cut in and give you her views on it—views that might be amusing if thrown out into the discussion, but which are simply impertinent as an interruption! How often when you have tried to get a "rise" out of somebody opposite have you not had your neighbor cut in across you with some private depressing observation to your next neighbor! Private talk at a dinner-table is like private chat at a parlor musical, only it is more fatal to the general enjoyment. There is a notion that the art of conversation, the ability to talk well, has gone out. That is a great mistake. Opportunity is all that is needed. There must be the inspiration of the clash of minds and the encouragement of good listening. In an evening round the fire, when couples begin to whisper or talk low to each other it is time to put out the lights. Inspiring interest is gone. The most brilliant talker in the world is dumb. People whose idea of a dinner is private talk between seat-neighbors should limit the company to two. They have no right to spoil what can be the most agreeable social institution that civilization has evolved.

#### THE HAUNTED GIN.

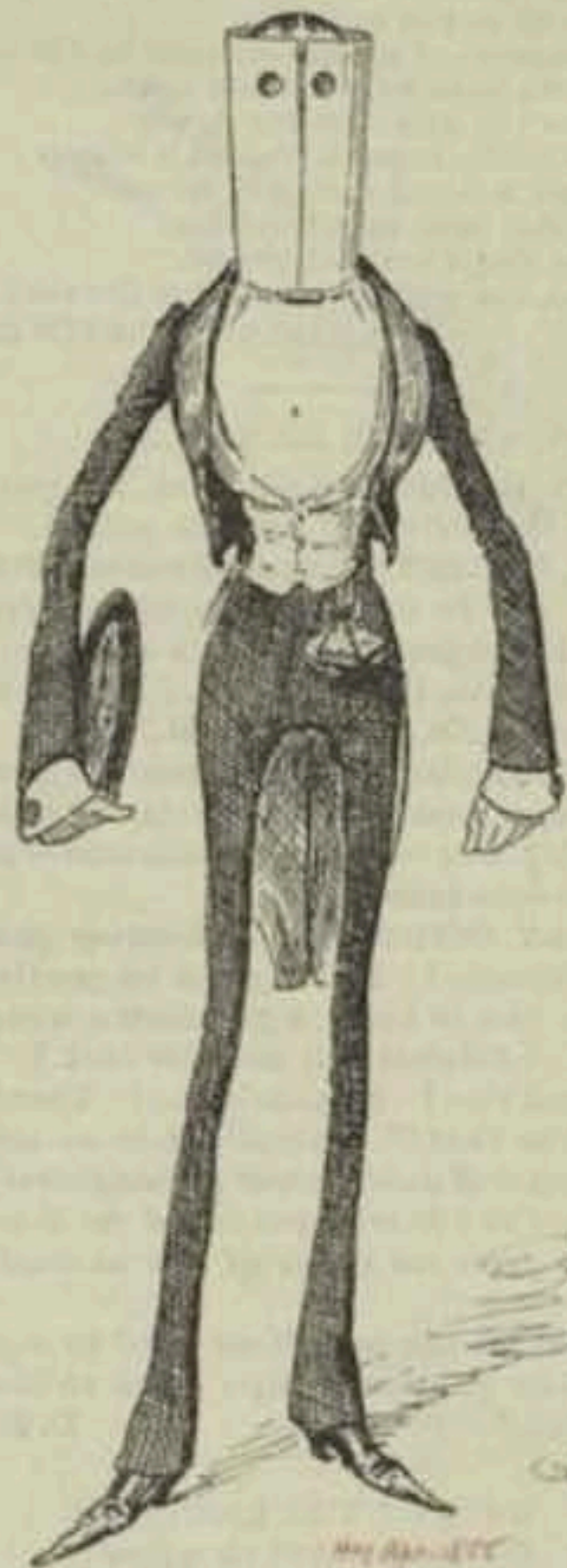
THAT is the way that a cotton-gin, near my father's plantation in Tennessee, was known. It was necessary one time to request the field hands to get up about dawn in order to gather sufficient cotton to be shipped the next day. The darkies objected to this, and in order to show some good reason why they should not go to work so early, told the following story:

"Ole massa, wot own'd de plantation 'fore de wah, neber'd wuk at dat time of de mawnin', 'kase de ghosses don' like it. Dar wuz once a man wot owned dat gin up yonder, an' he useter git up ter wuk mighty early. So one mawnin' as he was a-ginnin' dar, an' de niggers wuz wukin' down-sta'rs, a ghos' come up an' caught him, an' he whopped him fearful, an' he whopped an' he whopped, an' he whopped

an' he whopped, an' de man hollered an' he hollered an' he hollered, an' de ghos' kep' cryin' all de time, 'Dar's a time fer me an' a time fer you, dar's a time fer me an' a time fer you, dar's a time fer me an' a time fer you'; an' de ghos' whopped dat man till sunup, an' den de ghos' went 'way. Dat man neber would wuk no mo' 'fore de sun-up, an' dat's de reason de niggers don' like ter, 'kase dey's 'feared ob de ghosses."

And the story gained the coveted rest.

F. S. M.



THE LATEST NOVELTY IN "DUDE" COLLARS . . . . AND A GOOD JOB TOO!

"GRANNY, whar you gwine?"

The speaker was a poor puny little pickaninny, black as the ace of spades, who trudged wearily along, almost bowed double beneath the weight of an immense bundle of soiled clothes for the wash.

"Granny," an immense body, with sable visage, pouting lower lip, and a savage aspect, turned sharply round and confronted the widow's mite.

"Whar I gwine? whar I gwine? I ain't gwine tell you whar I gwine. You alays



MONSTROSITIES of 1816



MONSTROSITIES of 1818

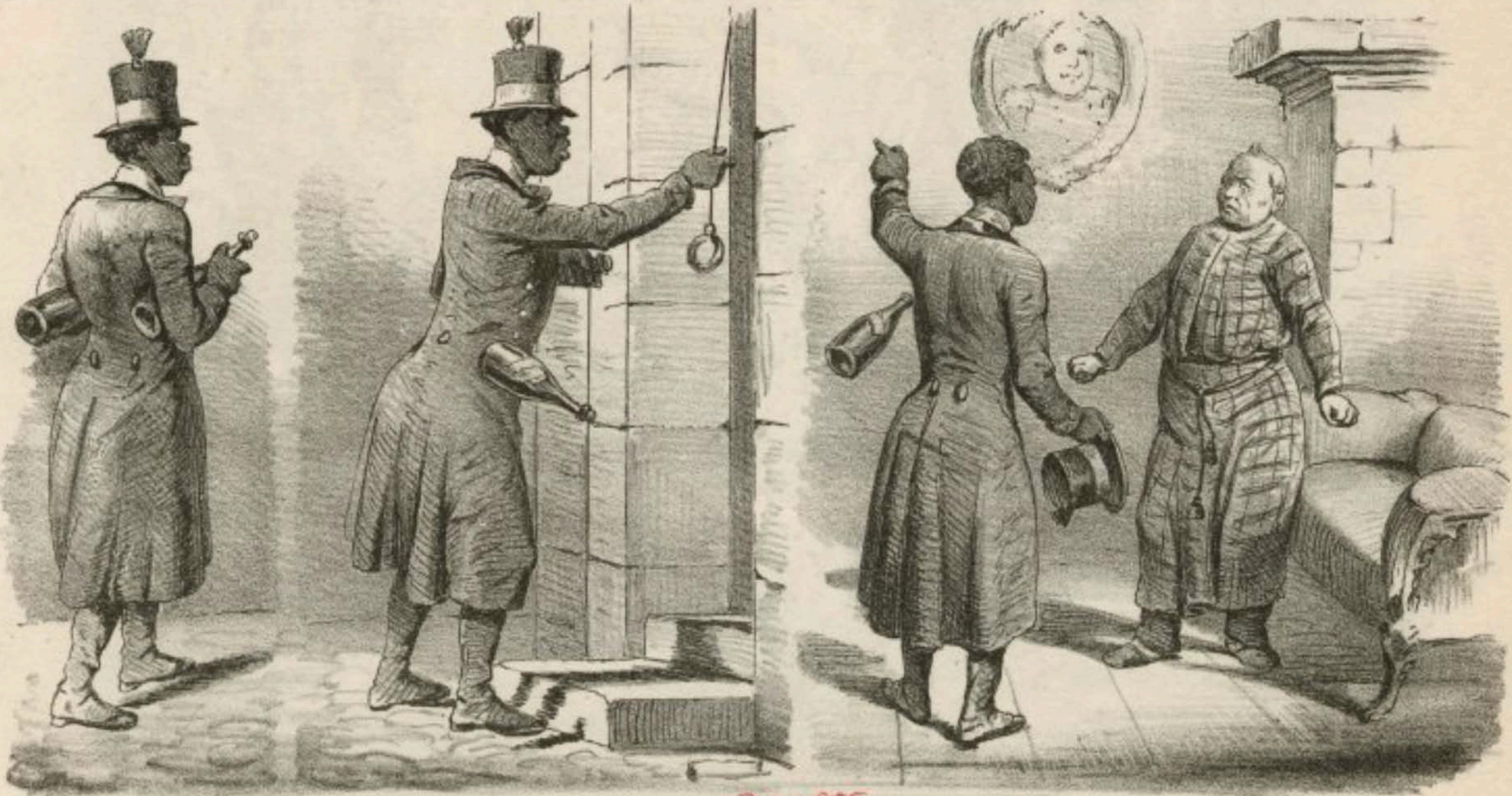
PCM V 1, 1893  
Costume-Cartoons - 18103





**THE LOW TIDE OF FASHION. ]**

**ANXIOUS SISTER.** "My dear HORACE, if you will wear such Waistcoats, I'm sure you'll get something the matter with your Lungs!"  
**HORACE.** "Ah!—then, judging from Feminine Fashions, Women are not afflicted with such inconveniences as Lungs nowadays!"



*Dum, 1855.*

„John, wo hast du denn die andere Flasche?“ — Zerbrochen! — „Wie hast du denn das angefangen?“ — Ich habe sie beide unter dem Arm getragen — und wie ich so schellen wollte, fiel mir die eine herunter! —



PL Dec 27, 1858

MR. TREMBLE BORPOWS A HINT FROM HIS WIFE'S CRINOLINE, AND INVENTS WHAT HE CALLS HIS "PATENT ANTI-GAROTTE OVERCOAT," WHICH PLACES HIM COMPLETELY OUT OF H-ARM'S REACH IN HIS WALKS HOME FROM THE CITY.

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PICTURE GALLERY

# THE MEETING OF THE BLOOMERS.

(By our own Reporter.)



BOX a polite invitation which we received, we proceeded, a few evenings ago, to a meeting of the Committee of London Bloomers, at Miss KELLY'S Theatre in Dean Street. On entering, we found the house full, and the stage empty, though a dozen rush-bottomed chairs gave promise that the stage was about to be graced by a "goodly company." A decanter full of water, and six tumblers, stood on a table in the centre; but the tumblers could not favour the audience with a little spontaneous tumbling, and the impatience became almost as great as if the promised

performance had been a Christmas pantomime.

At length a young gentleman with moustachios, for which he was indebted either to nature or burnt cork—and we leave the parties to settle their claims in the court of the young gentleman's own conscience—rushed on to the stage, and striking his hand upon his heart, indicated energetically that that was the place upon which to touch a British audience. The appeal was met by silence; for when did an apologist punch his white waistcoat in vain, or plant his fist on his own ribs, without giving a dig, at the same time, to a body of impatient Englishmen? He appealed for a little delay, which was granted, and in a few minutes, the Bloomers, in a body of twelve, running—like a set of jugs—in sizes, made their appearance amid that laughter and cheering, which are the signs by which JOHN BULL invariably indicates his sense of the ludicrous.

The Bloomers had been announced as a Committee, and we were surprised to find such an early aptitude for business in young ladies between the ages of seven and eleven; for there were at least three or four of the Committee who were evidently in the early milk-and-waterhood of extreme juvenility. A middle-aged matronly Bloomer, with a good-humoured twinkle in her eye, as if she could see and relish the absurdity of the whole business, occupied a chair in the centre, while under her wings clustered the younger Bloomers; some trying to look very demure; others on the point of going off into one of those bursts of nature in which a propensity to laugh is uncontrollable. The very young Bloomers looked rather frightened until the self-possession of an American lady, who seemed to be the only genuine Bloomer of the party, appeared to re-assure the whole of them. Pouring out a glass of water, she proposed "Success to the Cause," amid cheering as loud and unanimous as if the toast had been the health of the Queen, long life to *Punch*, or any other favourite sentiment of the British people.

Anxious to give Bloomerism fair play, we would have scrutinised the dress; but there were so many varieties, that we found ourselves even more perplexed than the looker-on at the peep-show representation of the exploits of NAPOLEON and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON. We would have inquired on the spot, "Which is the Bloomer costume?" but a dread of the reply—"Whichever you please, my little dear," put a curb on our tongue, if not upon our curiosity.

Bloomerism, as represented by the Committee, consisted of nothing but rather short petticoats, with the usual school-girl trousers fastened at the ankle, and the old original Adelaide boots, with which the eye of the commonest observer must be familiar. There was an attempt at more orthodox Bloomerism on the part of one of the Committee, aged about fourteen, who wore a hat, in which she was curbed up with terrible tightness under the chin, and a brown jacket slightly slashed, after the fashion of a peasant descending the mountainous platforms of our operatic scenery.

The American lady proceeded with her lecture in favour of Bloomerism, the gist of which seemed to be, that short petticoats are a high moral obligation, and that it is impossible for woman to be free, unless she is perfectly easy. She contended for the necessity of female emancipation, but as we have always considered our own sex to be the slaves, we, of course, were unable to see the force of the reasoning of the fair lecturer. She promised a tremendous accession of physical energy to the ladies if they once get into trousers; but this looks so like a knock-down argument, that we are not very willing to admit the force of it.

In the course of the lecture, there was a shuffling at the wing, and a fresh accession of Bloomers made their appearance, amid cheers and

laughter, which reached the highest point of excitement when a veteran Bloomer, in black, with worsted stockings, high-lows, and a black beaver bonnet, something between a Mary Stuart, a wide-awake, and a cottage, skipped forward with a short quick step, and a smiling but peculiarly comic countenance. The lecturer had just been insisting that it was from no idle vanity the dress was adopted, when her position received the accidental illustration we have alluded to. The veteran Bloomer was accommodated with a chair in the centre of the stage, and acknowledged, with a good-humoured cock of her eye, the cheerful salutations of the audience.

The lecturer concluded by thanking those present for their attention; but she innocently expressed surprise that some of her hearers should have been rude enough to laugh—a proof that she knew little of JOHN BULL, who would receive SOCRATES himself with a roar, if he were to come forward to lecture on the subject she had chosen. A British public will listen to reason and hear information; but it must have its laugh with, or at—it does not matter which—something, or somebody. The performance terminated with "God save the Queen," by a sort of Demi-Semi-Bloomer, who had only bloomed slightly about the ankles, but in no other respect gave indications of even a budding propensity. The Committee of Bloomers were as inharmonious in their chorus-singing as in their dress, for nearly every one adopted a different line of the national anthem, as each pursued a different line in respect to the Bloomer costume. Unanimity was not obtained even at the second verse, notwithstanding a preliminary cry from the audience of—"Now then—all together this time!"—a hint that was quite lost on the Bloomers, who had each a different note, as each had a costume of a different cut and material. When they are agreed among themselves what the Bloomer costume really is, we shall be able to give sufficient reasons for not adopting it.

## THE BALLAD OF SWEET DIZZY AND THE FAIR MAID PROTECTION.

(From our private copy of PERCY'S "Reliques.")

Two lovers sat, on a summer's day,  
In the shade of an ancient thorn,  
And they saw the pleasant breezes play  
Through the un-protected corn.

"I see no harm by you, fair maid,  
And you see none by me:  
Before long, a Duty shall be paid  
For your thumping dow-e-ry!"

Protection sat at her bower-window,  
Watching her yellow crops;  
She saw sweet DIZZY with Lady Free Trade,  
Pass by from the nearest copse.

She rose up quick from the bower-window;  
She threw BULWER'S pamphlet by:  
She passed, with a groan, to the darkened room  
Where the queer statistics lie.

And all in the lonely midnight time,  
Past the lonely peeler's tread,  
Up came the Spirit of that fair maid,  
And stood at DIZZY'S bed:

"And are you awake, sweet DIZZY?" she said;  
"Or, sweet DIZZY, are you asleep?  
Heaven send you grace of your gay Free Trade,  
And me of the Standard's sheet."

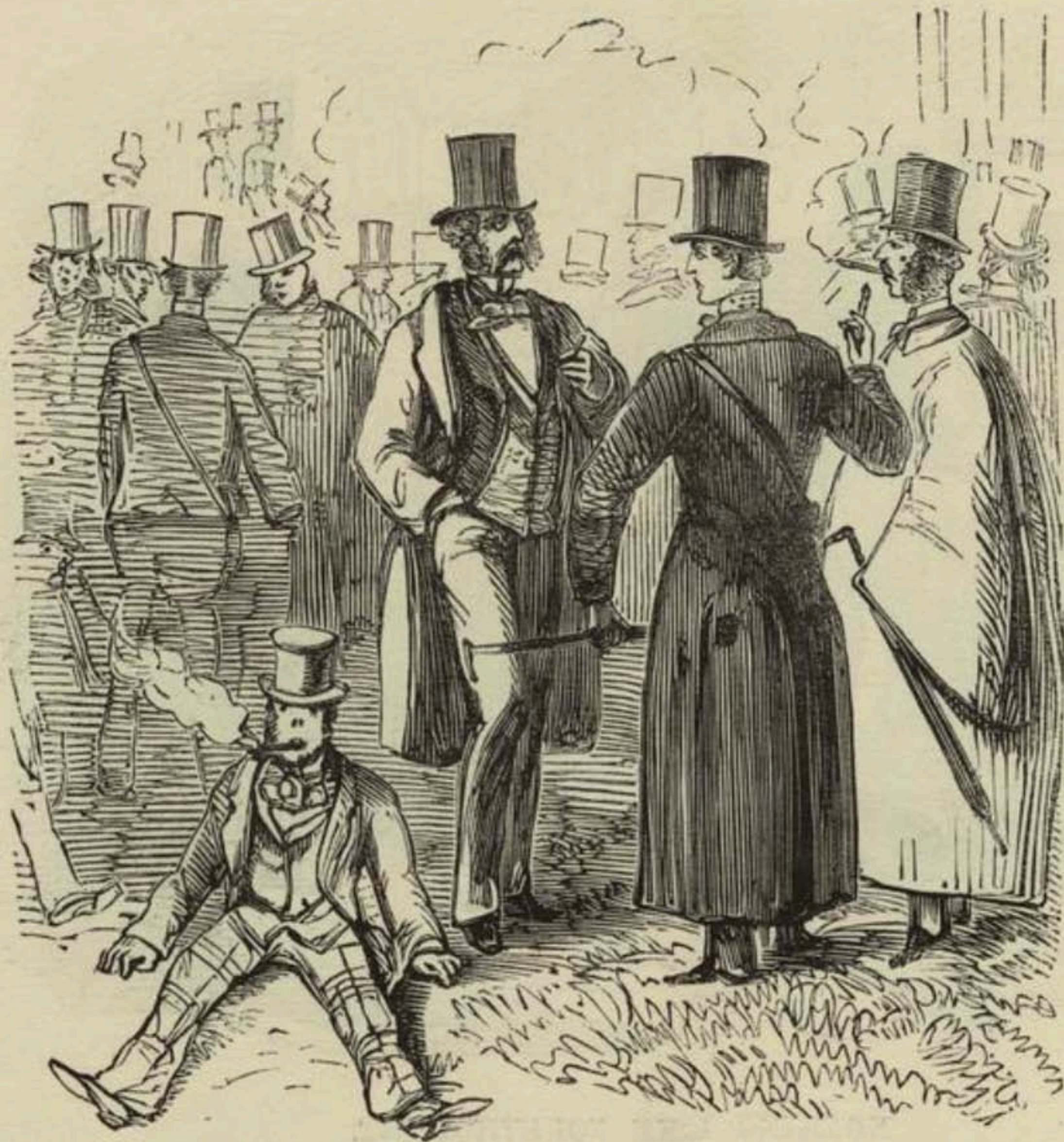
Protection, she died on one day,  
Sweet DIZZY on the morrow;  
Protection, she died of true, true love;  
Sweet DIZZY died of sorrow.

They buried them both in the queer old street  
Where the politicians talk;  
And from her grave there grew some wheat,  
From his, a cotton-stalk.

They grew and grew, and gain'd the top  
Of BARRY'S NEW HOUSES' spire;  
And there they tied in a true-love knot,  
Which made the country admire.

HEALTH OF EUROPE.—THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA, it is said, is so extremely weak, that it is impossible for him, just at present, to get up alone (a loan.)





*First Swell.* "WHAT AN ASTONISHING COAT, GUS!"

*Second Do.* "YA-AS! YOU SEE ALL THE SNOBS DWESS SO INFERN'LY LOUD  
—THAT FWED AND I THOUGHT WE WOULD COME DOWN VEWY QUIET!"

#6374

pose, like Paul, he hears a voice but sees no man. No—probably more like Balaam."

"Ah," retorted Dr. —, "he sees the ass, but doesn't see the angel."

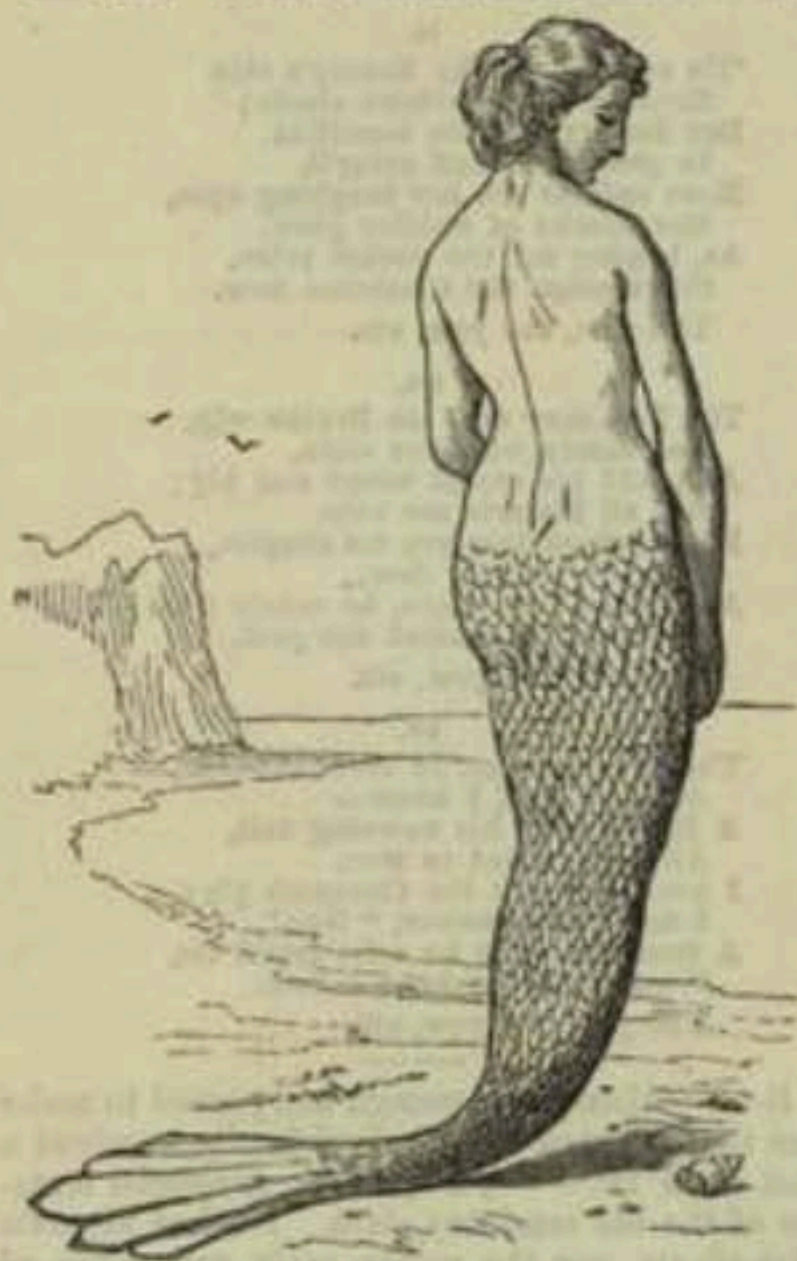
The laughter inside that room left the baby free to come in on any key he pleased for some indefinite time following.

#### A "SEA-CHANGE."

Musing and dreaming, I sat on the strand,  
Watching the waves as they crept to my feet,  
Musing, perchance, on the clasp of a hand,  
Dreaming of words whose mere echo was sweet,  
Swift flew the moments, while, foolish and fond,  
I built my fair castles, eyes bent on the sea;  
Then out of the mist and the darkness beyond  
I fancied a maiden was coming to me.

The twilight just wrapped her in mantle of gray,  
Yet hid not her smile, so bewitchingly sweet;  
The dimmest of outlines her grace would betray,  
And glowing and breathless I sprang to my feet.  
Cold Reason admonished: "Delusion, you know—  
Your last mayonnaise, or that extra Champagne;"  
But I gazed in her eyes, and I answered, "Not so,"  
As I held out my arms to my darling again.

Nearer, still nearer—then, oh, what a shock!  
So like, yet a stranger. "So stupid!" you say?  
Why, I watched her glide on to my seat on the rock,  
Like this. Could you tell her from Ethel or May?



The slight llesom figure, the robe whose limp grace  
An artist might rave o'er, the soft fluffy hair  
In well-trained confusion about the sweet face;  
And her walk—she wore Louis Quinze heels, I  
could swear!

She spake, this fair stranger, in silvery tone,  
While doubting I waited: "Your pardon, kind Sir,  
But I'm seeking my sister, who left me alone  
In the sea, and from you I claim tidings of her.  
Men call me a mermaid, and call me a right;  
Far under this ocean in grottoes of pearl  
I dwell with my kindred; our sea-world is bright,  
And ever through wildering dances we whirl.

"But alas! since my sister has dwelt upon earth,  
Afar from our sapphire-lit caves I must roam.  
My heart is too heavy for dancing or mirth—  
Oh, help me to win her, Sir, back to our home!"  
"But how can I aid you?" I asked, with surprise;  
"I know not your sister." "Are men never true?"

Quick spake the fair mermaid, with scorn in her eyes,  
"False Sir, on these sands she has wandered with  
you."

"I've lingered and listened at morning and eve,  
While you paced back and forth; I have seen your  
fond smile;  
I have caught her low murmurs—why seek to de-  
ceive?  
I have watched you in silence and sadness crowdie,  
Half fearing yet longing to make myself known.  
Why answer my plea with a falsehood, I pray?  
On your heart rests the picture of her you disown;  
Is it like me? compare it, and dare to say nay!"

She snatched at the picture, and held it to view;



The likeness was perfect—each outline of grace  
The mermaid reflected. Alas! 'twas too true:  
I had loved the fish-sister. I covered my face.  
"You 'know not my sister!' Deny, if you dare,  
With *this* to convict you." I said not a word;  
I was mute with the anguish of hopeless despair,  
And with tears—I confess it—my vision was blurred.

Then suddenly turning, I fled from the place,  
The night shadows hid me, they veiled my mad  
flight.

I thought of my love, of her beauty, her grace;  
Her sister—and faster I fled through the night....  
I know she was gentle and tender and true;  
I know I must mourn her ever and aye;  
But marry a mermaid! tell me, you,  
Would you, could you, be braver than I?

One who knows whereof he writes contributes  
the following pleasant parody:

#### THE MEERSCHAUM.

Scorn not the meerschaum. Housewives, you have  
croaked  
In ignorance of its charms. Through this small reed  
Did Milton, now and then, consume the wood;  
The poet Tennyson hath oft invoked  
The Muse with glowing pipe, and Thackeray joked  
And wrote and sang in nicotinic mood;  
Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude;  
A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked;  
Full oft have Aldrich, Stoddard, Taylor, Cranch,  
And many more whose verses float about,  
Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf;  
And when the poet's or the artist's branch  
Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to post  
Consolatory whiffs—alas! too brief!



*Mode de l'année prochaine.*

Französische Modedarikatur von Charles Philippon. 1832

F 5393 (1906)

French

Costume-Caricoms-1832

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION





MORNING

NOON

NIGHT

Morgens

Mittags

Abends

### Mode-Thorheiten

Englische Karikaturen aus dem Jahre 1827 auf die Modethorheiten im ersten Drittel des 19. Jahrhunderts

+ 10,718 (01903-1904)

N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN  
PICTURE COLLECTION



Wenn die Krinoline lästig ist für die Herren, so ist die Kravatte nicht bequem für die Damen.

191. Cham: Die Modefolter  
#10,718 PUBLIC LIBRARY,  
PICTURE COLLECTION

Dieser  
bestand-  
sich zu-  
Existenz  
ie Frau  
und die  
u, die  
ations-  
Darum  
Buches  
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issance,  
ert, die  
on usw.  
as am



e Mode bilden und ihr Wesen ausmachen, sind im 15.  
genau dieselben. Eine einheitliche Charakterisierung der  
ur erreicht werden, wenn die Modefragen und -tendenzen  
esamtentwicklung dargelegt werden. Das gilt für alle  
rch diese Gliederung lassen sich auch am ehesten die bei  
idlichen Wiederholungen auf das geringste Maß ein-  
lich die einzelnen Kapitel historisch aufgebaut und arran-

rgab sich der  
wicklung des  
e Frau ist in  
schon oben  
sch, sondern  
gangspunkt  
die Ehe ab-  
det die Masse  
Geschlechts-  
elbewußt die  
e: den Kon-  
n erfolgreich  
Grunde alle  
terie usw. —  
damit vor-



I und II. Moderne Metamorphose

42 u. 43. Hermann Schlittgen. Fliegende Blätter

48393<sup>7</sup> (1906)



96

*Finis*

HM Apr. 1862  
MONSTROSITIES OF 1816.—BY CRUIKSHANK.

HM Apr 1862



MONSTROSITIES of 1819, & 1820.

By the French Engraver J. B. Huet.



Monstrosities of 1820, & 6.

By the French Engraver J. B. Huet.



Monstrosities of 1822 - 1st 5.

By the French Engraver J. B. Huet.

PCM VI, 1893

Costume-Cartoons - 1820s

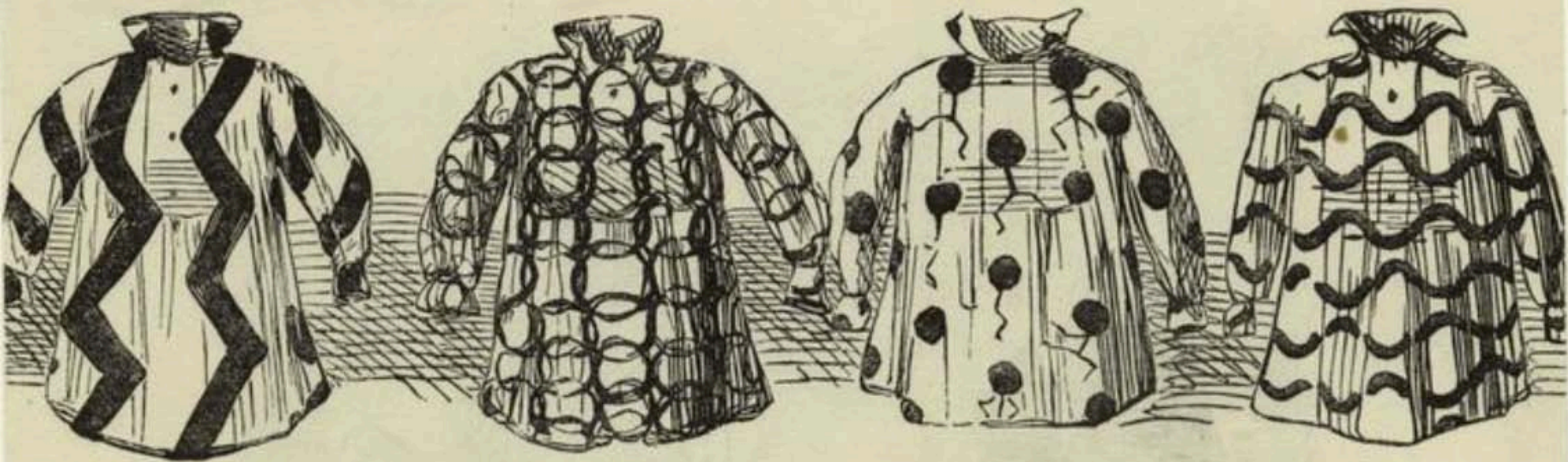


"Monstrosities" of 1824 - 87.

By the French Engraver J. B. Huet.

PCM VI, 1893

Costume-Cartoons - 1820s



MORE NOVELTY IN THE SHIRT WAY.



6374(1865)

A PRIVATE OPINION.

"WELL, I THINK THIS IS THE NEATEST THING I HAVE SEEN  
FOR A LONG TIME."

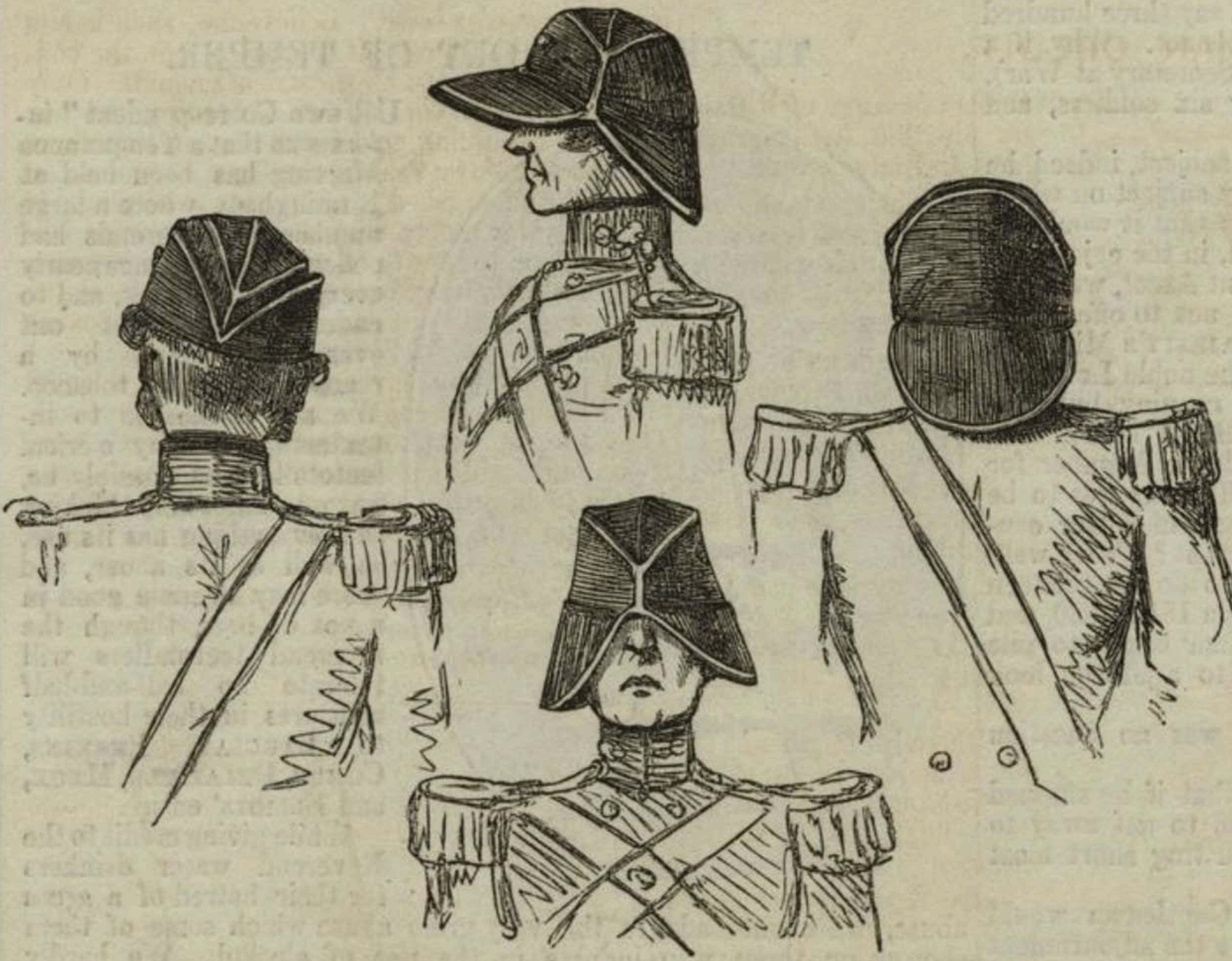
by John Beech

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION



**A NEAT COMPLIMENT.**

MISS MILDEW VISITS BALMORAL, AND WEARS THE TARTAN, TO THE GREAT ASTONISHMENT OF THE NATIVES.



THE NEW ALBERT BONNET FOR THE GUARDS.

PL May 1854

LIBRARY  
COLLECTION





NEW CONTRIVANCE FOR LADY'S MAIDS, ADAPTED TO THE PRESENT STYLE OF FASHIONS.



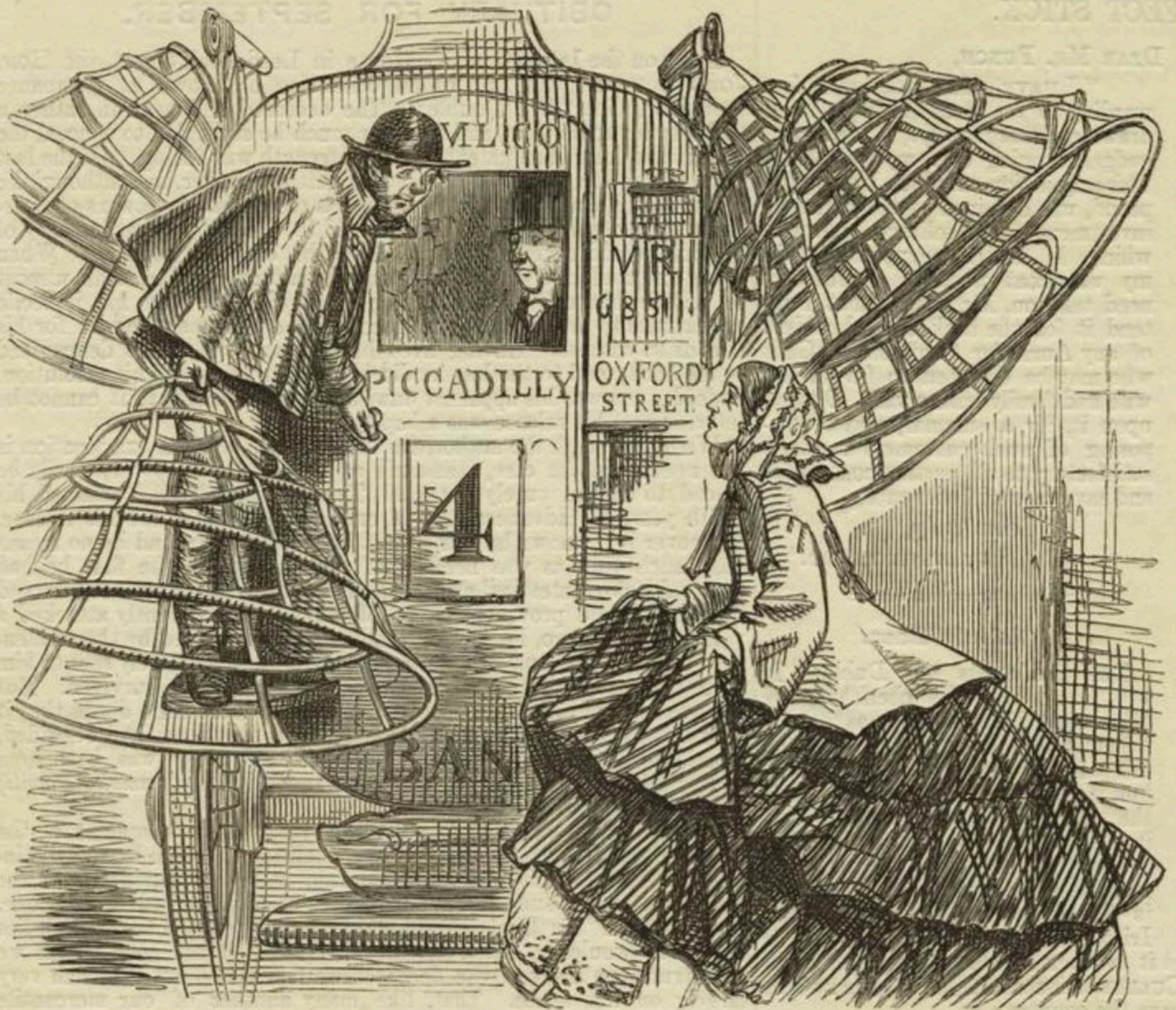
NEW FALL FASHIONS.

CHARLES. "Why, Mary, what on earth have you got on your head?"

MARY. "This, Charles? Don't you know, Stupid? 'Tis the new Head-Dress—the 'Cloud.' Pretty, isn't it?"



REMARKABLE CONVENIENCE OF HOOPS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS IN THE COUNTRY



**NEW OMNIBUS REGULATION.**

*"Werry sorry 'm, but yer' l 'av to leave yer Krinerline outside."*

PL Oct 2, 1858

N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION



#w 1864  
NEW STYLES OF COIFFURE.

No. 1. The Dustman (*very chaste*).—No. 2. The Serpentine (*quite original*).—No. 3. The Hare (*suitable for a Matron*).—No. 4. The Excelsior (*suitable for a very Young Lady*).



THE NEXT NOVELTY.

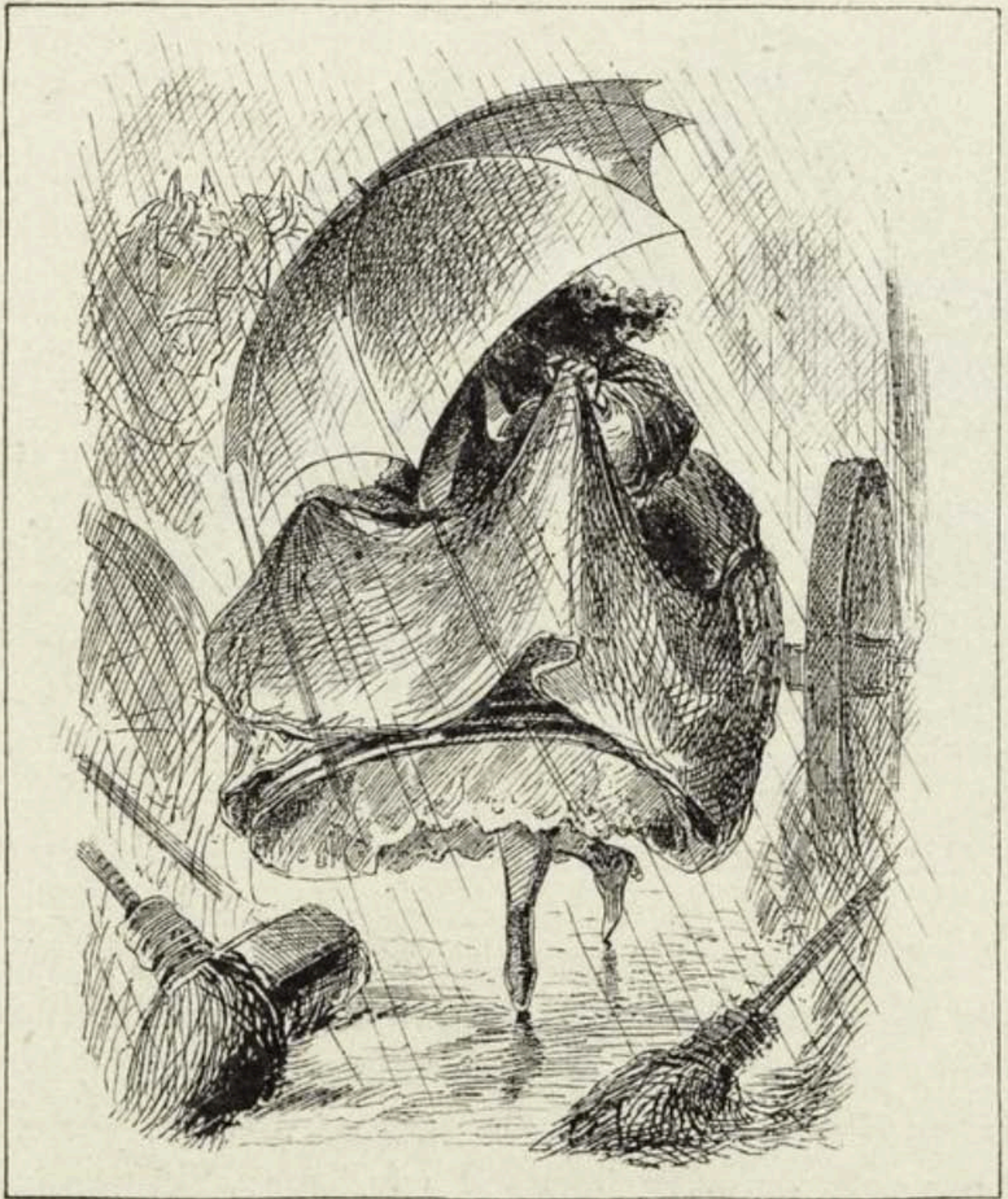
Costume-Cartoons-1858 DL Nov 13, 1858

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION



OPENING OF THE SPRING FASHIONS.

H.W. Apr 16, 1854



#10,718 (1862)

Ein Pariser Fuß kennt keine Hindernisse.

179. A. Grévin. Journal Amusant 1862.

N.Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION





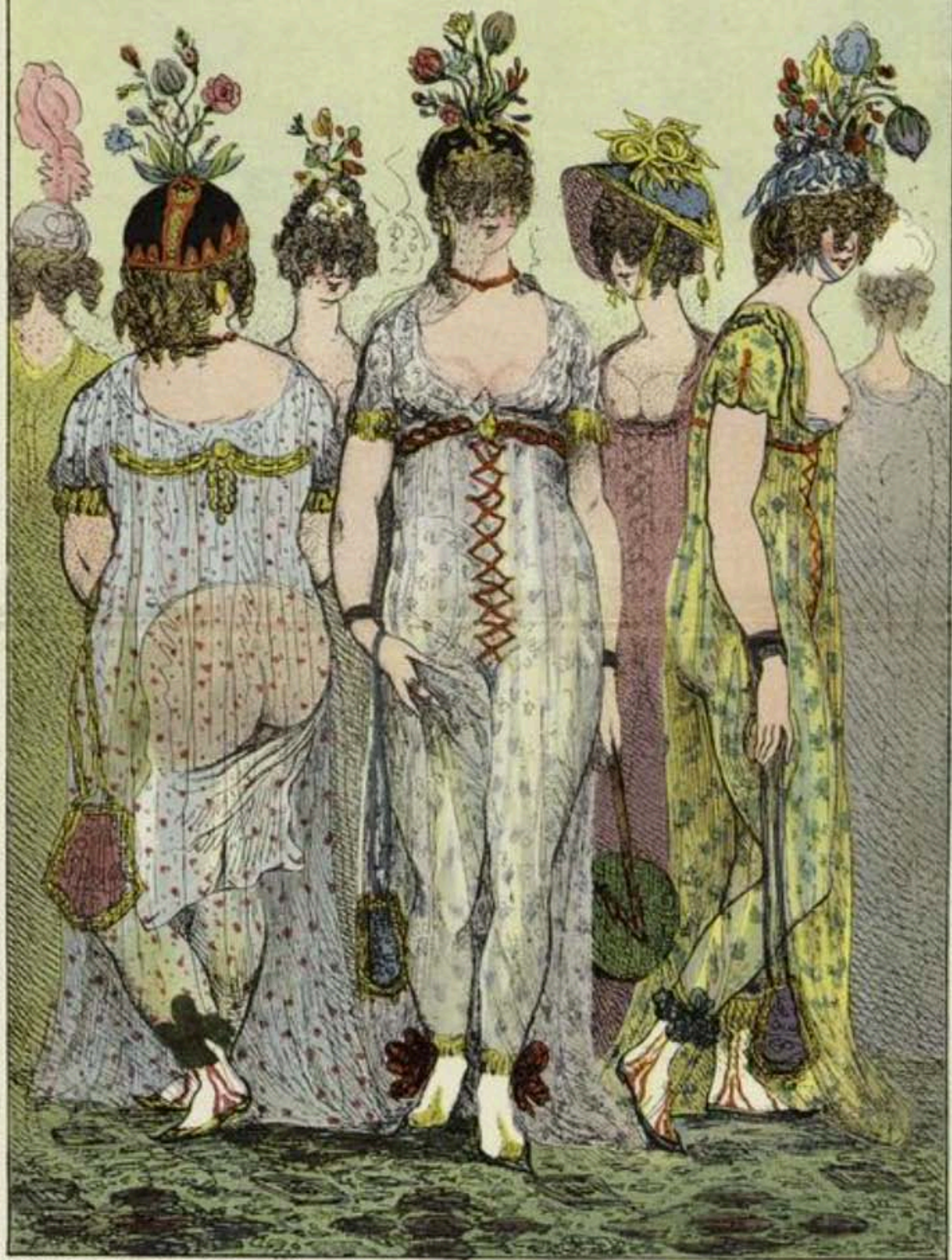
Pariser Grazien

Französische Karikatur von Bossio aus dem Jahre 1806

10,718

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
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# FULL DRESS



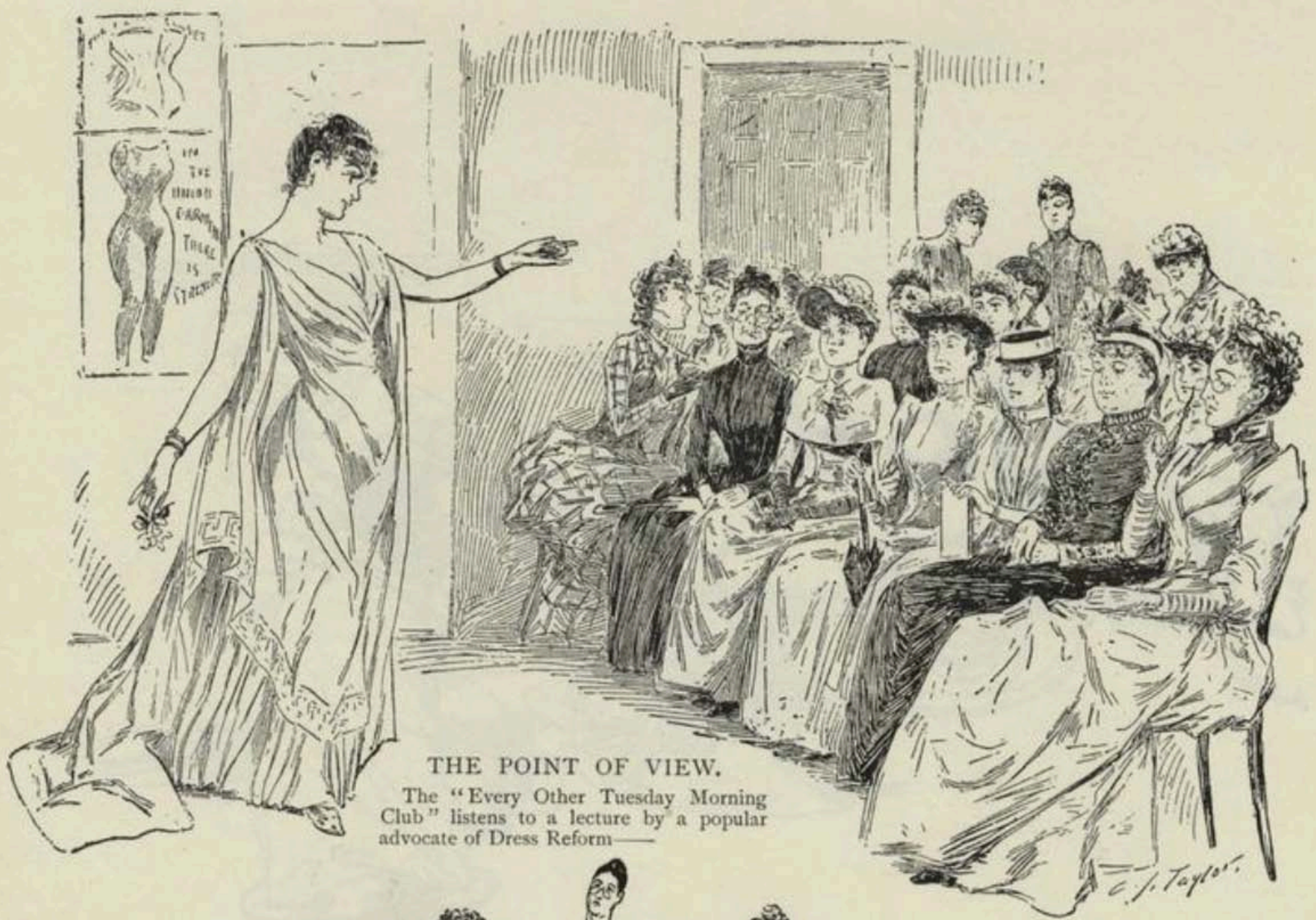
Publ. 24<sup>th</sup> Nov. 1799 by St. Foy, N<sup>o</sup> 50 Paradiſly

Filles of Carantours let out for the Evening

## PARISIAN LADIES in their WINTER DRESS for 1800

Engliſche Karikatur von Joſeph Grailſchank auf die franzöſiſche Mode der durchſichtigen Frauenkleidung. Das „Kleid der Nacktheit“. 1799

Costume - Cartoons - 1800



**THE POINT OF VIEW.**

The "Every Other Tuesday Morning Club" listens to a lecture by a popular advocate of Dress Reform—



Who makes several converts.

From Puck.



*Police Constable (to Boy). "NOW THEN, OFF WITH THAT HOOP! OR I'LL PREVIOUS SOON HELP YOU!"*  
*Lady (who imagines the observation is addressed to her). "WHAT A MONSTER!"* [Lifts up the Crinoline and hurries off.]



*Impudent Boy. "I SAY, BILL! COME AND SEE THE CONJURING—HERE'S THIS HERE GAL A GOIN' TO SQUEEK HERSELF INTO THAT THERE BROOM!"*



PROGRESS OF THE TOILET. NO. 1.



PROGRESS OF THE TOILET. NO. 3.

#15,718(c(1906) Encland, ca. 1801

Costume - Cartoons - 1801

A. T. PUBLIC LIBRARY  
PICTURE COLLECTION



**PUNCH'S ILLUSTRATIONS TO SHAKSPEARE.**

"Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your CHOLER question"—

*Henry VIII., Act i., Scene 1.*

**A BIBLIOMANIAC.**

SOMEBODY advertises a complete set of the *London Gazette*, from 1810 to 1854, which is offered to the attention of the literary world and book-collectors in general. We dare say a purchaser will be found, inasmuch as there is scarcely anything that one person wishes to sell which some other person is not prepared to buy, at some price or other. We confess the collection does not offer much temptation to us, though the work may suit the tastes of many. Some would like to have it, from an ill-natured desire to peruse the bankruptcies of the last forty years, as there are some to whom the intelligence of the misfortunes of others is always agreeable. Others there are who would find a less censurable satisfaction in reading the lists of promotions, and becoming acquainted by name, with all the peers, baronets, and knights that have been created since the year at which the collection commences. We hope the purchaser of the work will favour us with his name and address, for we should like to include him in the index of a small book we possess containing the lives of remarkable characters. We hope the buyer, whoever he may be, will find that the book, in the language of the reviewers or puffs, "will repay perusal."

**The Shell King.**

EVERYBODY knows that FERDINAND, King of Naples, is also called BOMBA. FERDINAND is not, however, so much a monarch of bomb-shells as he is of egg-shells, or, at least, of eggs; for his subjects are in course of being beaten up on all sides by a regular Commission which his Majesty has established for administering the bastinado. These unfortunate eggs must feel their yolk intolerable.

PL Aug 18, 1855



"I'm going to run over to London next week, for a short stay," he said to his tailor, "and I want you to get me up a genuine English suit."  
 "Well, sir," said Fitts, the tailor; "here's the very latest English pattern; just imported, sir!"



"Yes, sir," said Blocks, the hatter; "here's the last new thing in London hats. The Prince of Wales is wearing 'em right along."



"If you want the real nobby English style in furnishing goods, here you are, sir," said Cuffs, the haberdasher.



"Just wear these shoes and over-gaiters in London, and they'll take you for a native!" said Peggin, the shoemaker.



"Want a real English cane! Cert'nly, sir! Here's the newest design, sir!" said the dealer to whom he applied.



Two weeks later—Extract from London Paper.—"A young man, claiming to be an American, was arrested yesterday afternoon in Regent Street. He was attired in a grotesque and outlandish costume, and is supposed to be an escaped lunatic. He was remanded by the magistrate for inquiry as to his sanity."

From Punch.

A REAL ENGLISH OUTFIT IN AMERICA

PCM v 2 (1893)

Costume-Cartoons-1893



*Designed, Etched, and Published by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.*

*[November 1st, 1829.]*

*"A SCENE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS, OR FASHIONS AND FRIGHS OF 1829."*

#9760(1886)

*[Face p. 152.]*

N. Y. HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
PICTURE COLLECTION.

Costume - Cartoons - 1800s





6374  
A STARTLING NOVELTY IN SHIRTS.

Costume-Cartoons - 1800s



A SPLENDID SPREAD.—ORUIKSHANK, 1850.

HIM AUG 1875



THESE MANNISH MODES.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE (somewhat near-sighted): "Want to be married? Well—er—eh—which one is the groom?"

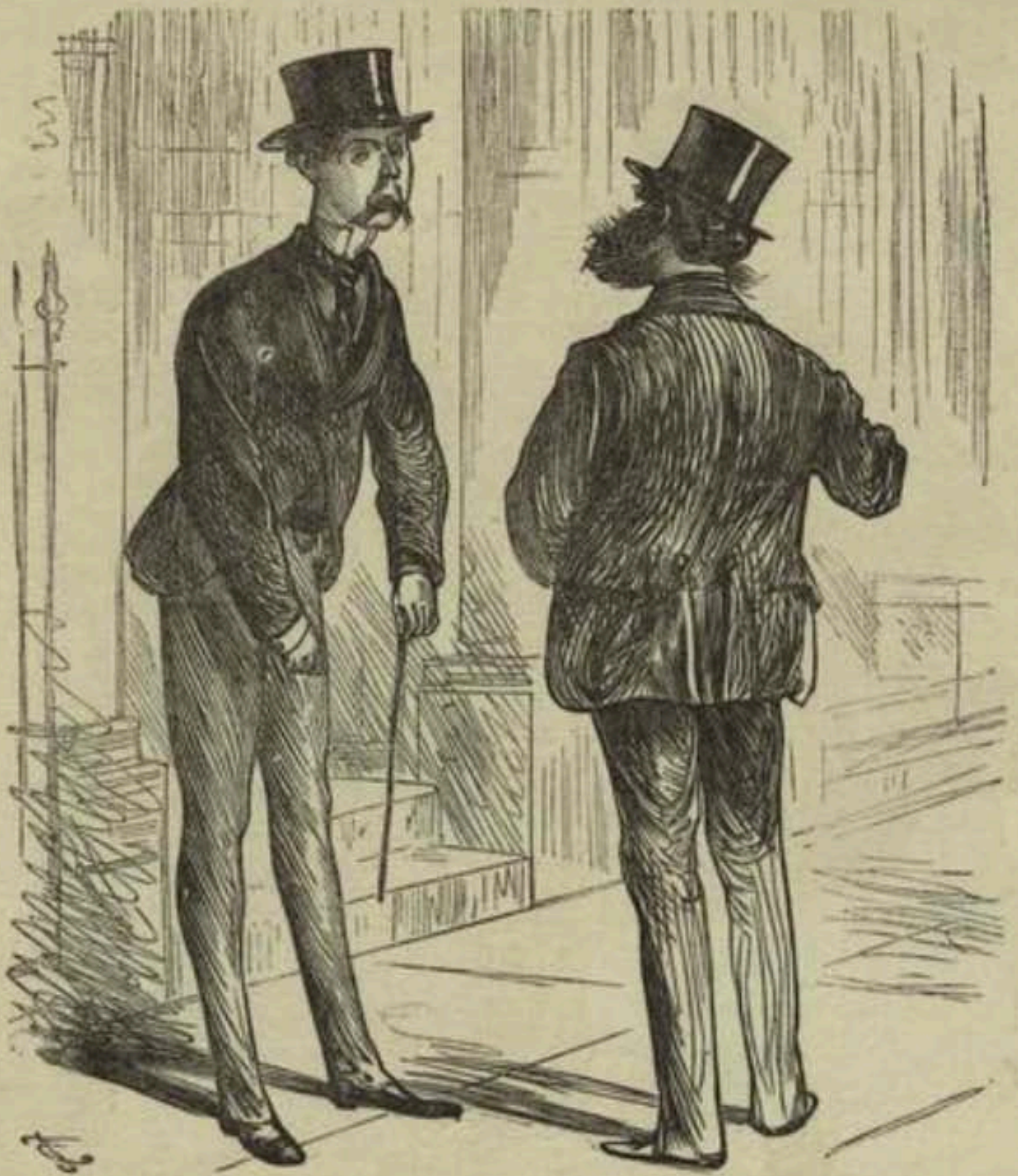
From *Puck*.

PCM v2 (1893)



TO UPHOLSTERERS, JUN 30 1876

Now that fashionable skirts are "tied back" so tight that the fair wearers thereof can neither stoop nor sit down, it might be worth somebody's while to devise a chair suited to the peculiar exigencies of the positions.



### The Victim of Fashion.

*(Jones has been telling Robinson one of his splitting stories.)*

*Robinson* :—“YAAS, IT'S VERY FUNNY.”

*Jones* :—“THEN WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU LAUGH?”

*Robinson* :—“MY DEAR FELLAH, I WOULD WITH PLEASURE, BUT I DAREN'T DISPLAY ANY EMOTION—THESE TROUSERS ARE SO TREMENDOUSLY TIGHT!”

### A CORONACH.

I SPURNED thee in the summer hour,  
 All heedlessly, I trow;  
 But, ah! grim winter proves his pow'r,  
 And how I miss thee now!  
 Deem not these rhapsodies are bosh,  
 Macintosh! My macintosh!

I sought thee when the showers came,  
 O'er that dear form I bent:  
 I saw, with mingled dread and shame,  
 Within thy skirts a rent.  
 You're useless now! You will not wash,  
 Macintosh! My macintosh!

pour ces abominables marchands, la crinoline, avec ses horreurs, est une de ces créations gigantesques qui dominent toute une époque. Si nous sommes bien informés, la crinoline et sa carcasse de fer sont un mal d'origine anglaise, virus fatal qui s'est propagé sur la surface du globe avec la rapidité et l'inflexibilité de la foudre. C'est bien aux Anglais, race à l'aspect gauche, mercantile et dérangé, qu'il appartenait de créer ces cloches rigides, tombeau de la grâce et de la saine.

Malgré par l'effet de cet orgueil déshonorable, la robe d'une femme, qui autrefois mesurait à peine 6 mètres, recouvre maintenant 20 à 24 mètres de superficie; nécessairement un épais arrive à l'ectare.

Depuis cette invention, les affaires ont décapité, les magasins de nouveautés occupent militairement le rez-de-chaussée de toutes les grandes villes, et leurs propriétaires gouvernent le monde.



UNE FEMME SCANDALE.

Mais non non, je te répète  
Que je suis dévouée et sage!

J'ai tant d'étude à mes jupons,  
Je n'en mets pas à mon corset.

Année fété dernier, dans une ville d'Allemagne que la police française sous défaut de soucier, les couturiers pour dames et les marchands de nouveautés se sont réunis en congrès pour agiter les grandes questions de mode. Ils voulaient décerner des prix et récompenses aux inventions de nature à déterminer une impulsion nouvelle aux spéculations de la toilette féminine. L'importance de la crinoline, proclamée par l'unanimité de l'assistance, a reçu la grande médaille d'honneur, pour services exceptionnels rendus à la cause des marchands.

En réponse aux acclamations enthousiastes de l'intérieur, les gens de goût, les artistes et les matras, pauvres victimes! tous ignominieusement mis à la porte de l'édifice, répétaient en chœur: « Qu'il soit anéanti et que pendant l'éternité, il reste, entraîné par les spirales de fer de ses absurdes jupons, dans les firmament de l'infini! » BERTALL.



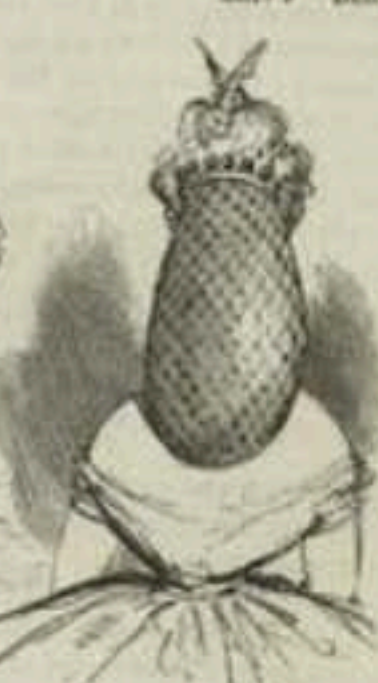
Deux heures de questions, par le fer et par le feu.  
Quelle réponse?



En son de rigueur se ferait pas de mal.



Cette année, on les porte blanches, en cachemire, crues à l'intérieur; mais n'est plus légère et s'accompagne avec l'attaché de son quand il est un peu mouillé.



Un joli étiquette en genre de costume modeste agrémenté les queues.



Cette année, M<sup>lle</sup> Haldé et Sélysie Deux ont proposé les bascules qui avaient fait leur temps. Les rhéteurs ont pris la place, depuis trop longtemps occupés.

Déjà, les amoureux s'éloignent de plus en plus à la mode. Il y a beaucoup de femmes sur les jupons, mais on attend de prochains arrivages d'Amérique.

Quand on pense que l'année dernière on avait encore le plaisir de porter un affreux bascule qui garantissait le ven, et permettait de s'amuser que ses quatre charmes. C. L. 1847.

Mais, en revanche, les cheveux étaient élevés en forme de cornes, on y ajoutait des masses lorsqu'il y avait des perles.

On y faisait des acrobates de papillotes et d'acrobates. Que sera l'année prochaine?

L'agitation de la liberté des théâtres commença à se calmer un peu; c'est dire que dans quinze jours on n'en parlera plus du tout, et que peut-être alors la question deviendra sérieuse.

En attendant, voici un projet dont il est permis de parler sans rire, un projet qui se présente d'un air posé, un projet qui porte lunettes, qui a du ventre, et, si je ne me trompe, un très-gros succès dans ce ventre.

Il s'agit donc, il s'agit très-sérieusement d'une entreprise dont nous avons touché quelques mots il y a trois ou quatre ans, et qui, une fois établie, sera certaine d'une longue durée, s'il est vrai, comme on



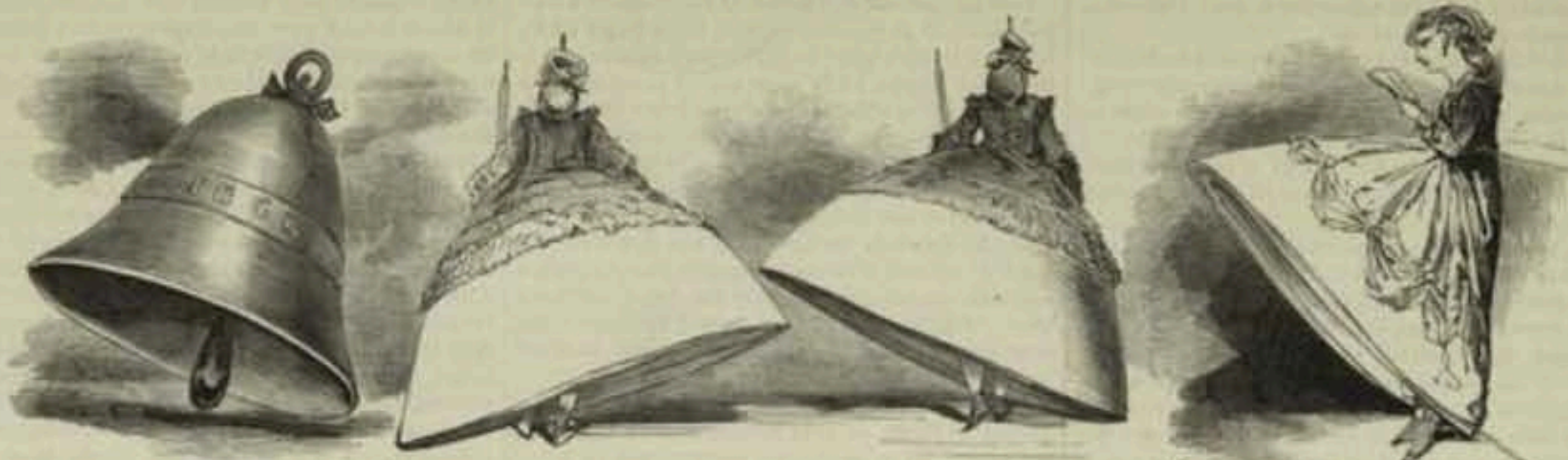
TOILETTE DE LA VICTIME

le dit, que le temps respecte surtout ce qu'il a contribué à fonder.

Devenu moins naïf qu'à l'époque où nous avons détaillé ici même le plan et les attributions — en perspective — de ce nouveau théâtre, qui reviendrait sur l'eau s'il y était jamais tombé, nous nous bornerons à quelques indications principales.

Premièrement, raren toutes choses il faut bien commencer par là, premièrement, ce théâtre s'élevra à la place qui va lui céder l'ignoble pite de mesures qui fut l'angle du boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle et de la rue Saint-Denis.

Secoudelement, ce théâtre s'intitulera Théâtre International, ce qui indique assez clairement, je suppose, qu'il commencera par



Idéal de la crinoline.

Toujours en se en plaignant que la crinoline aille trop loin quand elle est définitive.

Mais ce malin les plus sont si simples et si barbares, la dévotion opposée à la crinoline en se protestant dédaigneusement!

Elle s'agite.



Le rue de Malines en crinolines.

Malines est un peu crétin, promenade de sa crinoline et de sa papine sur le nez de ses voisins.

Elle Malines est assis; dent de Malines et de sa crinoline. — Attaque sur le flanc droit.

Attaque sur le flanc gauche.



En se lançant les mètres de l'opinion générale et l'oubliant de la être dans le système.



Les marchands de nouveautés généralement ennemis noirs et tyranniques le diable dans leur bureau.



Mais le diable se moque de tout ce qu'il veut faire d'un corps humain. Vieux style, il résiste en continuant à se, se défendant obstinément, tout en attendant qu'il a un moyen sûr de s'opposer à son progrès, en s'opposant, en s'opposant, et demande à l'opinion dans son en, tout en attendant, sans de s'en être de lui. EN. les marchands de nouveautés sont battus de la proposition et acceptent avec résignation.



Introduit de Paris Saint-Denis, qui fut bousillé par des crinolines.



Tout d'abord on fit une crinoline de tout système de sape aux marchands de la rue de Malines.



Victimes!!



Un danger de donner le dos aux crinolines à sa toilette devant la glace de sa chambre.



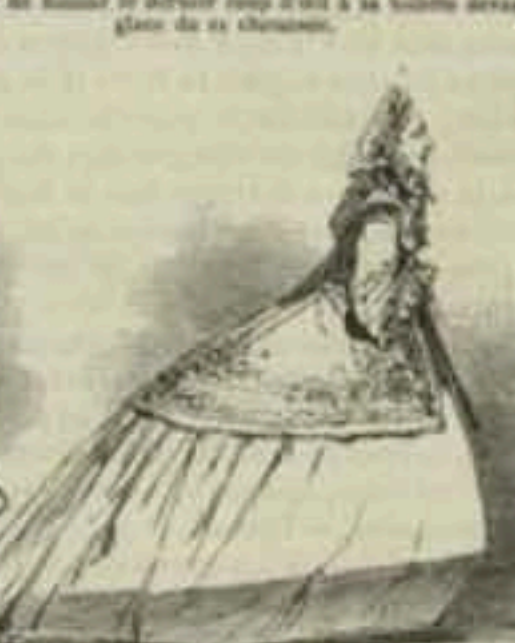
Et de porter une crinoline, même quand on n'est pas de tout d'un autre inflammable.



Elle de Paris.



Chambrée.



Elle de Malines.



Personne professionnelle en 1864. Le triangle à l'opinion parvenue la perfection. — Problème de géométrie: dans donne le triangle ABC, déterminer la plus la position que Malines occupe dans le triangle.

DE NAPLES.

L'édilité napolitaine a décidé la construction d'un quartier nouveau, en utilisant la colline de Chiaja, la plus agréable, la plus salubre de toutes celles qui entourent la ville. Ce quartier, qui n'a pas moins de 463,000 mètres carrés en superficie, part de la rue de Chiaja, à la hauteur du palais Francavilla, et va aboutir au corso Victor-Emmanuel, près de l'église de Piedigrotta. Il est divisé par une artère principale de plus de 1,000 mètres de longueur, presque parallèle à la rivière de Chiaja, à l'extrémité de laquelle un palais de cristal sera construit, en dix-huit mois, par une société particulière, qui doit en entretenir tout le quartier en doute années au plus.

Cette importante entreprise est accueillie très-favorablement, car

— Monsieur, c'est horrible ce que vous lui mettez sur le dos à cette malheureuse. — Monsieur Albert, apprenez que maintenant l'art d'habiller les femmes n'est autre que de leur faire dépenser beaucoup d'argent, d'ailleurs, dans trois mois, ce ne sera plus la mode, je n'en charge.

COÛTE ÇA SE JOUE (liberti du théâtre). — Personnages : M. BERTALL, couturier pour dames; COMTESSE DE KANONTSCHOFF, femme à la mode.



elle aura pour premier résultat de calmer l'avidité des propriétaires, qui depuis quatre ans ont presque doublé les prix des loyers. De plus, elle sera la source de travaux et de profits dont la partie industrielle du pays a très-grand besoin; et enfin, cette idée d'un palais pour l'exposition des produits de l'industrie et de l'agriculture est heureuse, car elle complète bien le quartier, lui donne une grande valeur, et se trouve d'accord avec un décret du Parlement italien, qui a décidé que la première Exposition universelle devait avoir lieu à Naples.

F. PALET.

L'ALMANACH DE L'ILLUSTRATION est sous presse et paraîtra dans la première quinzaine d'octobre. 84 pages, ornées de 78 gravures. — Prix: 1 fr. broché et doré sur tranches, 1 fr. 25 par la poste.



Conseil prudent au mari. — Écoutez, mon cher, les femmes sont toujours aux écarts? Vous ne l'avez pas mal de faire fabriquer une petite cage de fer pour mettre votre femme dedans. — Hélas! mon mari, que vous pouvez être plus tranquille, mais il faut avoir un peu la cage.



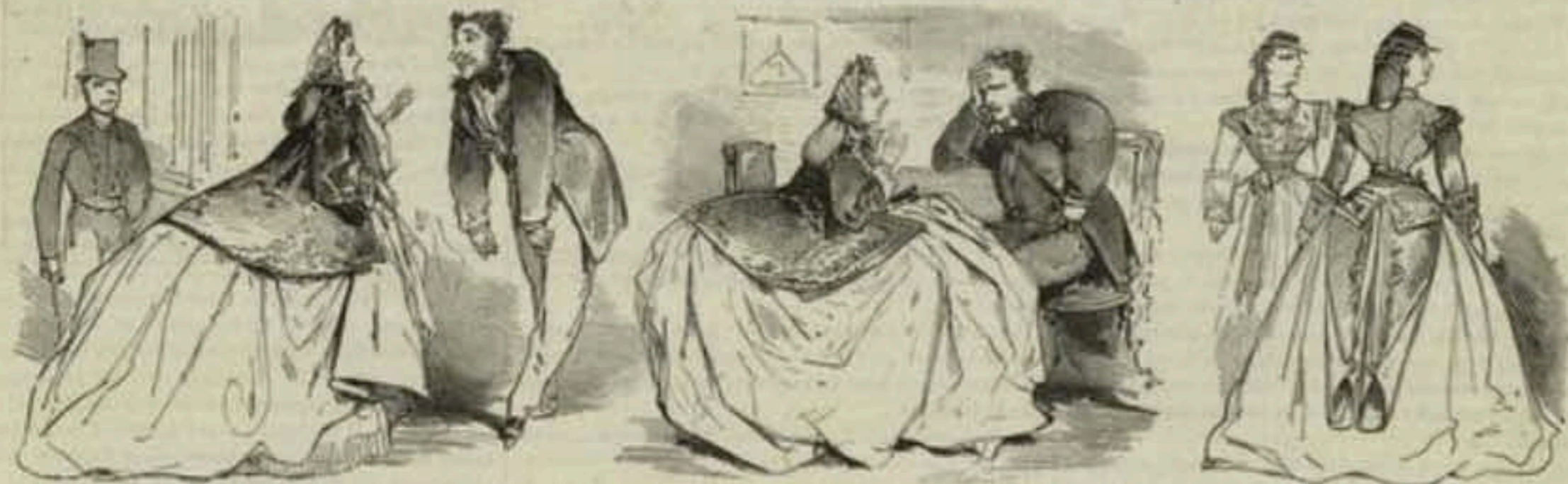
Il faut se donner une cravate, pour exciter les battements de la cage. — Puis on s'agit empalme sur les cravates, pour donner de la gêne et du soutien. — Puis on jupon brodé, pour donner au sein la cravate.



Puis on se à des-bas autres d'été pour retrouver le jupon. — Puis trois autres de dentelle pour donner quelques boutons à l'étude... Quelques boutons et quelques boutons, ce sera tout ce que vous aurez de dentelle.



Puis on passe à la Bourse Roubert pour contracter tout cela, puis, etc., etc. — Dernière Anecdote. — Le mari est aux écarts comme un petit chat noir, pendant que M. le marchand s'occupe de son troupeau de vaches. Le troupeau double se trouve avec le mari. — Et sans l'âne de M. le marchand, grand bien lui feroit!



La comtesse de KANONTSCHOFF. — Cher monsieur Bertall, je désirerais vous consulter au particulier pour une affaire de la plus haute importance. — Bien sûr, madame, je suis à votre service. — Je suis venue au château de Trou-Ducler. Vous conviendrait-il de venir à Paris quelques jours? — Certainement, de quel genre, que n'ait jamais été vu.



La marquise d'EMBRANVILLE. — Cher monsieur Bertall, je suis venue au château de Trou-Ducler. Vous conviendrait-il de venir à Paris quelques jours? — Certainement, de quel genre, que n'ait jamais été vu. — Mademoiselle, pour tout ce que vous êtes indigne! Vous connaissez la belle comtesse de KANONTSCHOFF? Vous ne pouvez pas le grand secret. Vous savez le secret, mais plus riche, et deux jours avant elle. — Le tout est fait! Mademoiselle, vous ne trouvez pas ça joli, n'est-ce pas? Mais ce ne sera que 1,500 fr. Toutes les dames en veulent, j'en ai fait tout dans mon salon. Je trouve ça très-joli.



Le compte de la mode échappe à la France. Cette phrase, qui suit son prodigieux d'usage, n'en est pas moins d'une vérité désespérante. Les Italiens et les Espagnols nous ont fait et nous font, l'Autriche et la Prusse font nos robes, les Anglais nous étiquent, et les Allemands nous chassent. Le goût français n'est plus pour rien dans cette débauche du laid et du prétentieux, à laquelle nous assistons chaque jour. Que le ciel en soit béni!

Mais cependant quelle tristesse de voir les pauvres femmes victimes de la conspiration de tous ces marchands étrangers, et par suite de tous les marchands de la patrie.

La femme est leur chose, leur propriété; il s'agit de la mettre en valeur le plus qu'il sera possible. Vite, entourez-la de bottes, de soie, de velours, de dentelles, de fourrures; plus il y aura de mètres, plus l'opération sera belle. Entendez les jupes, les sous-jupes, les cercueils, les robes,

les devoirs et les par-dessus; multipliez les bés et les plis! Que la nature, le grès et le goût soient offensés, la belle affaire! C'est bien de ces choses-là qu'on se soucie! Mais la suite à payer sera splendide, et mesdemoiselles les marchands resteront contents.

Ces maîtres... le savent bien, les traitres! Une jolie femme est le plus charmant cadeau que nous ait fait la création. Pourquoi donc se gêner? De quelque façon qu'on l'entoure, qu'en l'embellit et qu'en l'empaquette, on brava sans rien se faire pour et garder à nos yeux son charme étourdissant irrésistible. Marchons donc sans crainte, ne disons-ils, tailleur, coupeur, ragnou; non, ne ragnons pas, ragnons le moins possible, mais variés, changeants et bien divers, en sorte que les francs, les thalers, les roubles et les guildes viennent chanter dans notre caisse leur artistique concert. Le reste nous est de tout point indifférent.

Il faut le dire



CRINGOLSHAUEN.

Congrès des tailleurs et couturiers pour dames, pour favoriser l'augmentation de la dépense et l'augmentation des prix encaissés aux dépens de la toilette des femmes.



PROJET DE TOILETTE POUR CET RIVER, PROPOSÉ AU CONGRÈS PAR M. W...

Robe de Lanjas à 27 fr. 75 le mètre, habit de même étoffe, basque d'or au pectoral, boutons d'or mat, ceinture de rubis, épaulettes de diamant, jupe portant 12 mètres de queue, garnie de perles de Malabar, de Tchil, de Fiance, et Wilsons, surmont les fortures, ornées pour par Volat, et abaissements d'Amos.



— Monsieur Thonson, comment toutes les libérations de congrès pour venir cette belle toilette merveilleuse, qui méritera certainement chez, se trouve de suite à tout les fois, et présente des nuances et nuances et se distingue qu'il est impossible d'en faire une robe qui se porte plus d'une fois.

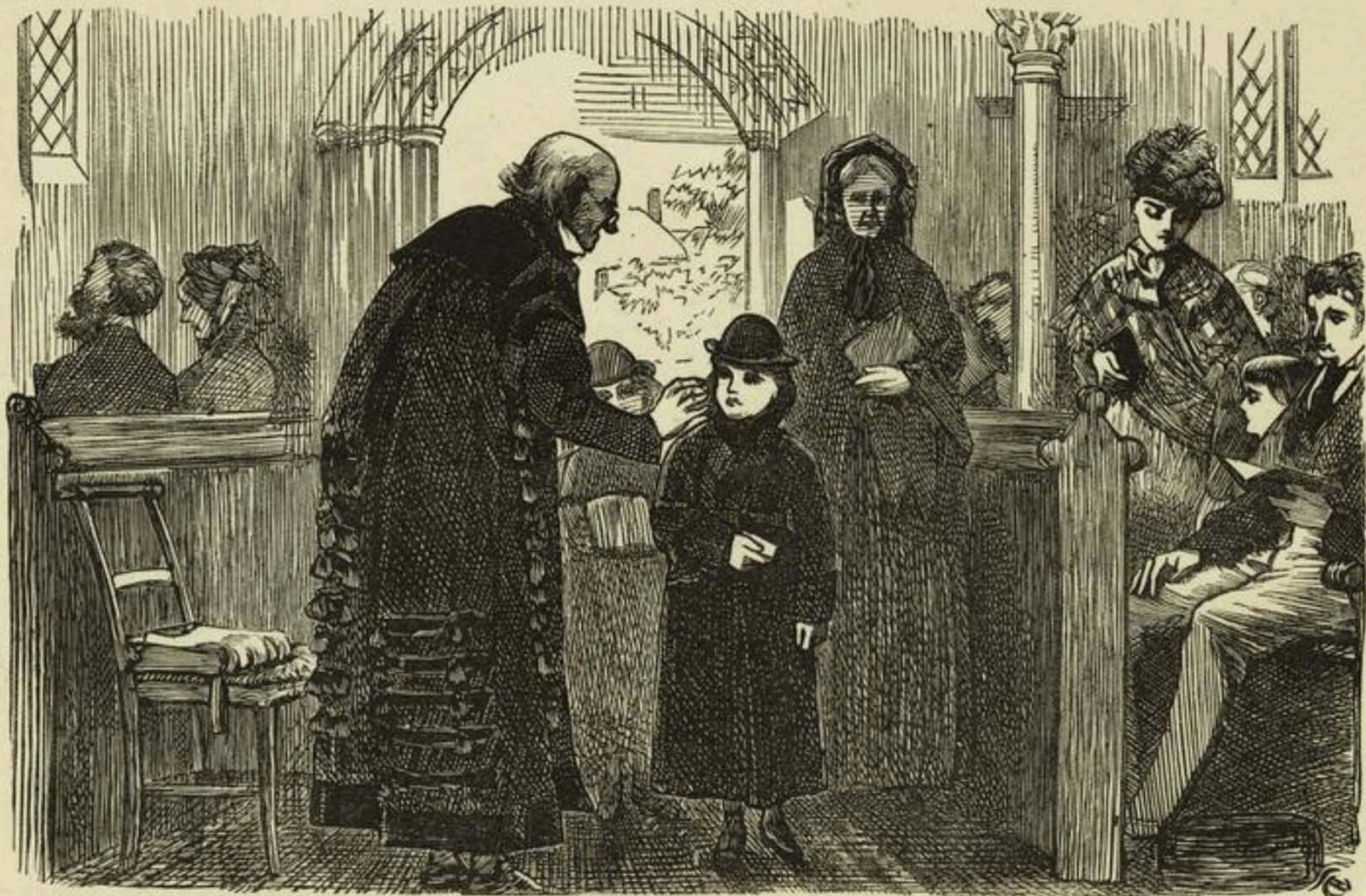


— Monsieur, vos engagements sont formels, vous n'êtes ni tailleur ni couturier, et vous êtes marié, donc vous n'y allez pas!



Quelques artistes s'étaient livrés dans l'enceinte du congrès, sans prêter la moindre attention de ne pas assister aux séances.

M. J. THONSON  
MONTREUR TOILETTIER



"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW." A DRESS REHEARSAL. SHOCKED AND ASTONISHED VERGER.—"You bad and wicked boy, why don't you take your hat off in church?" BAD AND WICKED BOY (*overcome with guilt*).—"If you please, sir, I'm a little girl!"



WHAT IT MUST COME TO.

H.M. Dec. 1856

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PICTURE COLLECTION



WHY NOT?

4 Aug 1872

H. P. 37





HALF AND HALF.

MRS. FOGGIN—"Why, you are not going down-stairs that way! You ain't more than half dressed."

MR. FOGGIN—"You ain't more than that yourself."

LES Odtio, 1874



“ARABELLA MARIA. “ Only to think, Julia dear, that our Mothers wore such ridiculous fashions these!”

BOTH. “Ha! ha! ha! ha!”



Puck Oct. 14, 1891

### WORSE THAN THE CIGARETTE HABIT.

LYTE WAITE.—What can I do to prove my love? I will rob an actress of her diamonds for you, pluck a hair from Kaiser Wilhelm's beard —

MISS DE SPEYSIT.—Will you give up wearing that yachting-cap?

LYTE WAITE.—Cruel maid, that is too much!

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PICTURE COLLECTION





LIGHT HEAD-DRESSES AND LONG PETTICOATS FOR THE YEAR 1802.

#(S, 7186406)

Costume - Cartoons - 1802

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MR. JONES, BY HOOKING HIS UMBRELLA ROUND THE LAMP-POST, ATTEMPTS TO SHAKE HANDS WITH MISS PHIPPS, BUT DOESN'T DO IT

*LES Jan 10, 1857*

*Costume - Cartoons - 1857*



MORNING

NOON

NIGHT

Morgens

Mittags

Abends



THE DRESS CIRCLE AT A CONCERT—FRONT ROW.

Hew Aug 1, 1857