

## EDITORS' TABLE.

## EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HISTORY OF THE BONNET.—Various have been the forms which the bonnet has assumed since it was first brought from Italy in the reign of Elizabeth. The materials employed were then cloth of gold, crimson satin, and other rich stuffs, and the form was something between the round Italian hat and the French hood. The large Leghorn hat was the first head-covering which took the true bonnet form; and all bonnets and capotes up to the present day have been modifications of the original model. It was introduced into England with the first importation of French fashions in the early part of the reign of George III.; it had a perpendicular crown, with a large brim standing out high and wide round the face, and covered with immense bows of ribbon intermingled with artificial flowers. From this time variations have appeared in its shape every two or three seasons; it has lately been gradually becoming less and less—at one time close and narrow in the brim, at another wide and open, more or less trimmed according to the caprice of the mode, but always having a decided peculiarity of form, opposed to the hat shape. We cannot help thinking that if the high priestess of fashion would condescend to glance over the variety of head-coverings which have adorned the fair countenances of our ancestors at different times, she would be able to select one more serviceable and more picturesque than the unmeaning, flower-bedecked, little cauls which are now in vogue. We are here only alluding to out-door costume, and we would desire to render the head-dress less tawdry. Who that recollects the charming cottage bonnet of straw, that does not regret that it has become extinct? The bonnet of the present day has nothing to recommend it, and is more out of taste, and more open to criticism, than any other article of female attire. If ladies are anxious to display the luxuriance of their hair, there are many styles better adapted for the purpose than the bonnet of the present day, or the ugly straw mushrooms which were allowed to disfigure so many pretty persons during the past summer. The hat worn for riding is capable of becoming, under the skilful fingers of some tasteful milliner, equally well suited for the promenade. Made in velvet or cloth, drooping slightly over the upper part of the face, with the hair arranged in thick coils of plaits, massive braids, or clustering curls, it would lend attraction to many a mediocre face. The nose and forehead would be screened from the air and preserve their delicacy, while the exposure of the cheeks would cause a brighter tint to settle on them, and add a natural brilliancy to the countenance. It is whispered in boudoirs and *salons de toilette*, that the

Spanish mantilla is to be brought into vogue. We shall hail its appearance with pleasure; for a mysterious witchery hovers round the mantilla, as worn in Spain, which we should like to see realized in this country, and we think, also, it would prove a valuable acquisition to the lady's wardrobe, as embracing a combination of the useful and the picturesque.

GOOD THINGS NEVER OLD.—Saxe's poem, "The Modern Belle," has probably been perused by most of our hundred thousand readers. But there are a few, we are sure, to whom it will be new. While even those, who have seen it before, will not be sorry to meet it again.

The daughter sits in the parlor,  
And rocks in her easy-chair;  
She's clad in her silks and satins,  
And jewels are in her hair;  
She looks at the rings on her fingers,  
She simpers, and giggles and winks;  
And though she talks but little,  
'Tis vastly more than she thinks.

Her father goes clad in his russet,  
And ragged and seedy at that;  
His coats are out at the elbow—  
And he wears a shocking bad hat.  
He's hoarding and saving his shillings,  
So carefully day by day,  
While she on her bean and her poodles  
Is throwing it all away.

She lies abed in the morning,  
Till nearly an hour of noon;  
Then comes down snapping and snarling,  
Because she was called so soon;  
Her hair is still in the papers,  
Her cheeks still dabbled with paint—  
Remains of her last night's blushes,  
Before she intended to faint.

She doats upon men unshaven,  
And men with the flowing hair;  
She's eloquent over moustaches,  
They give such a foreign air;  
She talks of Italian music,  
And falls in love with the moon;  
And though but a mouse should meet her,  
She sinks away in a swoon.

Her feet are very little,  
Her hands are very white,  
Her jewels so very heavy,  
And her head so very light;  
Her color is made of cosmetics,  
Though this she will never own;  
Her body's made mostly of cotton,  
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow  
Who swells with a foreign air—  
He marries her for her money,  
She marries him for his hair;  
One of the very best matches—  
Both are well mated for life;  
She's got a fool for a husband,  
He's got a fool for a wife.