

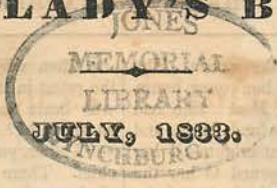
PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS.



*Dinner Dress      Evening Dress      Morning Dress.*



# THE LADY'S BOOK.



## DESCRIPTION OF THE FASHIONS.

**DINNER DRESS.**—A pink watered silk dress, a *colonnes satinees*; body with pointed folds, and bow of gauze riband; short sleeves, with epaulettes trimmed with blonde; white tulle Zephyr scarf. White crape hat, and pink feather.

**EVENING DRESS.**—A gauze muslin dress, striped green and pink, with a small running pattern over the stripes; body with small pelerines, trimmed with *rouleaux*. Cap open behind to show the hair, and trimmed with green gauze riband.

**MORNING DRESS.**—A *chaly* dress, with small *bouquets* over a white ground; high body, crossed over, and epaulettes on the sleeves. Blue watered silk *capote*, with an *aloes*.

Original.

## THE SNOW FEATHER;

A TALE.

To the woods—to the woods, gentle reader. Release your lips from their polished smile. Our path is not on the crowded pavement, nor through the gleam and glitter of stately halls. Nor legend of chivalry, nor tale of fashion is mine. We are going out into the solemn and beautiful woods;—by your patriotism, my lady reader, frown not; for where else should a theme of the olden time be found in the lovely land of our birth? Why marvel that the old world hath her sons of song, and hordes of gifted spirits, who weave from the dark threads of history, the brilliant web of romance? Why should they not, where the eye opens among the ivied relics of other ages, and the past is all a mine of rich materiel? But for us, nor mouldering wall, nor antique tower clusters its sacred memories. The past—two centuries, and all beyond is mystery. Nor frowning turret of old renown, nor tourney, nor tented field, looks out from its lonely depths. There is a wilderness—a vast dim wilderness, and men turn from its solemn secrets, to the splendid themes of other climes. Yet they who love those lonely wastes, find their reward; the step that would falter on a foreign strand, grows free and strong among their hidden mazes, and now and then there gleams up to the searching eye, some sacred relic of those mysterious ages, whose records of heroic deeds were written on the glowing fancies of each passing generation. Such is our tale. It hath been registered, too, elsewhere, on a sterner page.

It was a summer noontide, but there was no village hum, or din of cities. The music of the wild old woods was going up alone to heaven. The merry brooks laughed out loud and clear as they leaped from rock to rock in their green depths; the voice of the river came like a deep murmur of delight, as it stole onward to the distant sea; while the glad and beautiful language of the woods, rung and thrilled through their green arches, from the thousand nestlers in those leafy shades. Far down, deep among the clustering hills, there lay one little nook of sweet and rare beauty. It was dark with verdure, for the boughs of the lordly oak were laced above it, and only patches of the bright blue sky shone down through the twinkling leaves; even the lustre of that warm noonday as it found its way through those masses of waving green, grew so-

lemn and dim, like a clear twilight. But the waters that came dripping, foaming and silvery, down the angle in the rock, to the basin below, shone up from its pictured and shadowy depths, like living crystal, and gliding out a glossy rivulet, it half circled with its sportive sweep the whole area, breathing through the lonely little glen a glad and sparkling beauty. And yet, at that hour it wore the charm of a brighter presence. There was a light among those clustering leaves, without which palaces are dim, and which can make the lone desert beautiful; the light of those living, mysterious fountains that link the material, to the world of intellect, giving to the deep and subtle thought, a visible existence. Nor bird's nor gazelle's were the wild dark eyes that looked out from that shady recess. A thing of life and thought, a glorious young creature of the woods sat drinking in the music of the wind, as it played in the canopy above. The crimson berry mingled with the fresh oak leaves on that dark young brow, and the rich hair floated down free and beautiful, half hiding with its glossy clusters, the girdle of shells and gold that gathered the rude robe beneath, and gave, with a slight clasp, to its unfashioned folds, the haughty grace, the rich and breathing shape of beauty.

She gazed on the fountain. Sweet violets and clumps of richest moss grew on the low turf at her feet, and purple blossoms, and a thousand nameless flowers sprung all around on the shady bank; and the waters, as they poured out from the still depths of the basin, went talking low and sweet, among the stones and mossy roots, that curled and braided their currents, while ever and anon some strange, wild tone came ringing out from the far depths of the wood, and echoing loud and sweet through its lofty chambers—and yet she gazed on those pebbly depths as though all sights and sounds of beauty had lost their charm. But something in the deep, unquiet eye, and now and then a sudden and brilliant smile told that the spirit was searching out its own hidden fountains.

But they whose thoughts and feelings are prisoned in the channels of the cultured mind, may but ill analyze the gladness, or trace the imaginings, that sparkle over the chaos of an untaught intellect. And she was one whose fine perceptions had been moulded



PHILADELPHIA

FASHIONS.



*Evening Dress*



# THE LADY'S BOOK.

OCTOBER, 1833.

## FASHIONS FOR THE PRESENT SEASON.

**EVENING DRESS.**—Blue watered silk *faconnee rayee* with tulle and satin folds on the body, and blonde to fall all round, blonde sabots, chip hat with three blue feathers.

Yellow satin dress with a black blonde cap and bows of riband, black blonde sabots.—Head-dress of black blonde and riband.

### THE GUIDE TO DRESS.

In a Letter, translated from the French—Paris, 1833.

MY DEAR LOUISA—With you the season is commencing, with us, alas! it is finished. For myself, I have remained at Paris when every body else has quitted it, and have not yet made up my mind when I shall follow their example. The town is most abominably dull, and I cannot express to you with what regret, I have seen all my friends leave it for the country, or the different watering places. I am enabled to describe to you a few toilettes which I have lately seen at different breakfasts; but you will, perhaps, find them very simple, compared with the splendid dresses which are displayed at your brilliant parties.

As to new materials, we have none, but Miss C. informs me, that, in this respect, you are far more fortunate than we are. I understand you have some beautiful things quite in the style of former days, and which we shall not see till the winter. In truth, my dear friend, it must in future be from you that I should look for information respecting the fashions, for you have certainly now persons among you who bid fair to eclipse our *marchands*, and, after what I have seen, are fully competent to give them lessons in taste.

Muslin dresses, or pelisses, *organdie brodee*, lined with different colours, are worn for half-dress, the capes trimmed with a quantity of lace; betwixt the rows of lace are ornaments of gauze riband.

The luxury of habit shirts is carried this year to a greater extreme than ever, and you would scarcely believe to what an extravagant price we go for the *collifichets*.

In more dressy toilettes, I have seen some very pretty gauzes used for those which are made with short sleeves. These dresses are generally a *corsages a pointes*, trimmed with white and black blonde. Some ladies use old-fashioned laces to trim those which are less dressy. The former have always an under-dress, either of satin, or of *gros de Naples* of the same colour with the gauze, and sometimes the white ones are lined with colours, pink, blue, lilac, citron, and English green.

I have had some dresses made for a country party in the neighbourhood of Paris, where I am going to spend a week.

I must first, however, mention to you a riding habit, which I intend to take with me to the country for my riding excursions, and which every person to whom I have shown it thinks beautiful. You know that we never trust a tailor with the making of those costumes,

but on the contrary we put them into the hands of our most experienced dress-makers; they are thus much more graceful than when made by men.

The petticoat of my riding habit is of dark green cashmere; the *corsage* is a beautiful *canezou* of plaited batiste, and embroidered. This *canezou* has a small embroidered collar, trimmed with a Valenciennes lace, under which a cravat is placed, which ought always to consist of China or watered *gros de Naples*. I have several *canezous*, but I have described the prettiest.

I have a very pretty pelisse in *glace gros de Naples*, paroquet green and white, the sleeves very large above, and very small below; the *corsage* flat, the front trimmed with bows of riband, and with this pelisse I wore a *mantelet* of black blonde, trimmed with riband of the same shade as my dress. I also wore with it a hat of *chip*, with a bunch of pink and green flowers; it was trimmed with blonde and pink riband. Instead of buskins, which are only worn of a morning, I have had laced gaiters of bronze *gros de Naples* to wear with English leather shoes of that colour.

For dinner, I have a lawn dress of lilac, a *foreille brochee* of the same colour, with short sleeves, the *corsage a drape et pointe*, the mantille of black blonde; with this I wear long open-worked mittens, exceedingly fine. When I have not my head dressed, I wear with this *toilette* a small cap of black blonde, with flowers the colour of the dress, and gauze ribands.

I have another dress for rainy weather. It is of China silk, with a bronze ground; it has small *ramages* of bright colours, a flat *corsage* and pelerine to match, with long points embroidered, and borders of different colours. I have also had made for this *neglige* a hat of *tissu straw*, with a half-veil of black blonde, and black ornaments. I have also some very pretty *peignoirs* for the morning, one of chalis, with a large Gothic pattern; another of *La Chine* made a *coulisses*, and a third of *jaconet muslin*, trimmed with *garnitures* of embroidered muslin.

I have several morning caps in blonde and muslin trimmed with lace. Hats continue to be worn somewhat larger, and few are made without feathers or flowers and ornaments of blonde. Aprons of *moire* in deep colours, either embroidered or trimmed with black lace, are quite the rage.

Small bags of figured *gros de Naples*, or of black lace, lined with light colours, are worn more than ever. *Mantelets* are likewise worn of puce and black silk, lined with all sorts of light colours, and trimmed with black lace or blonde, having a falling collar also trimmed with these materials.

Morning dresses are generally made in the form of pelisses. The form of evening dresses has not at all changed since my last letter. I have seen nothing remarkable at the play, for all the fashionables have relinquished the theatres for the present, and are not likely to visit them for several months to come.

Adieu, my dear Louisa.

Yours, ever sincerely,  
A. DE M.