WHEN THE CENTURY BEGAN.

BY J. Q. THROCKMORTON.

AN article, in the May number of this magazine, on the subject of "Queen Anne," was illustrated by several engravings of the costumes of that day. Coming down, a hundred years later, we find a style of dress dissimilar in almost every particular. When this century began, the stately but stiff attire of our remote grandmothers had given way to a fashion that suggested, not unfrequently, the drapery of an antique statue. In dancing, the minuet was deserted for the quadrille, as, a few years later, the quadrille was abandoned for the waltz. In furniture, the carved lion's-feet on the legs of chairs, and the high backs, had been succeeded by Greek patterns copied from the antique. The long, wide skirts of gentlemen's coats, the huge cuffs, the enormous buttons, and the wig and queue, were supplanted by shorter coats, and by the swallow-tail, then in its embryo, so to speak. Breeches, however, were still worn, though these gave way a few years later to trousers. In like manner, the low-quartered shoe disappeared before the boot, a result of the military fashions of the day, which the long wars with Napoleon had brought about.

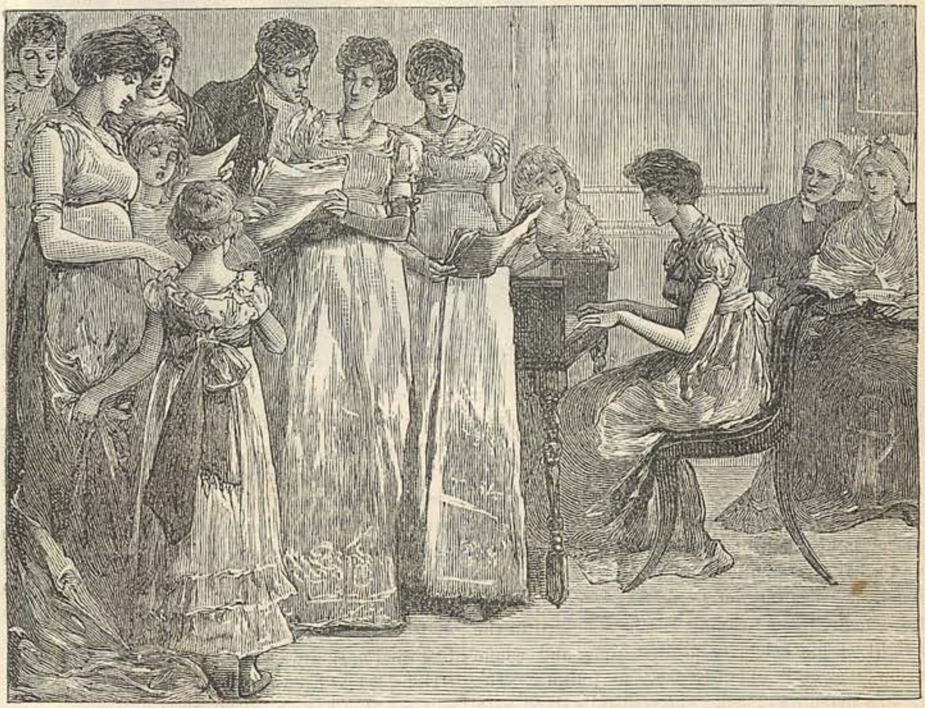
But these changes can be best illustrated, after all, by engravings. A single reliable picture presents a truer idea of the costumes of any period than pages of description. We give, therefore, three wood-cuts, one, at the head of this article, representing the fashions of 1803. The couples are depicted dancing a quadrille, then just introduced, and which was a sort of a surviving skeleton of the dead minuet. The latter ceremonious yet graceful dance, while appropriate enough for the stately and aristocratic dresses of its day, would have been quite out of place with the blunted swallow-tails, short skirts, and shorter waists, seen in the illustration.

Four or five years later, we find the styles substantially the same; the waists still almost up under the arm-pits, the skirts narrow and short. This is seen in our second illustration, which dates from 1808, and which represents a musical party at a private house. The grandmother, in the right-hand corner, yet retains something of the fashions of her youth, and the clergyman, who sits beside her, still wears his canonicals, as was the universal custom when he was young. In some respects, it will be observed, the styles are not dissimilar to those now worn: the bare arm, for example, with its long glove; and the tight-fitting skirt. Fortunately, however, the fashion of our day, while retaining these features of seventy-five years ago, has rejected the short waist, alike so unnatural and so disfiguring. We see, on the little girl, the broad sash, which is again so popular, and on some of the ladies the Greek fashion of wearing the hair, while on others the hair is frizzed. The instrument on which one of the young ladies is playing is probably a spinet, for although pianos had been invented for nearly a generation, they had not yet come into general use. The spinet, as our readers are aware, differed from the piano in that the wires were touched by quills, instead of being struck by a hammer: it was a case of the survival of the lyre, converted into a standing instrument, and with its range greatly increased. Yet, after all, the advance from the spinet to the piano was not greater than that from the earlier pianos to the more perfect ones of to-day.

Our next illustration represents the costumes of 1815. It has also this additional recommendation: that, whereas the preceding cuts, though accurate as to the costumes, were imaginative in other respects, this one represents real characters.

It is, in fact, a copy of a colored drawing, made by Captain Gronow, of the Grenadier Guards, a fashionable celebrity of that period, and represents a ball at Almack's, where the most exclusive London society met at the time in question. Almack's was under the supervision of a few lady patronesses, who held the reins so strictly, that, not unfrequently, even members of the "higher aristocracy," as D'Israeli called them, were excluded. To be admitted into the charmed circle, it was not enough to be a duke even: the aspirant had to have some pretensions to fashion, or other personal distinction. The regulations were carried out in a like despotic manner. Once the Duke of Wellington himself, happening to appear, dressed not quite according to etiquette, was bluntly refused admission. Many a fair belle of that period went green with chagrin, when she found that she could not get an invitation to Almack's. Curious to say, the name was derived from the owner of the rooms where the balls were held: for this exclusive set had not even a ball-room of their own, but had to rent a public one.

The names of all the persons in this drawing by Captain Gronow have fortunately come down to us. Beginning at the right, we find Comte de St. Aldegonde, who was considered one of the



handsomest men of his day: he was then in exile with the Duke of Orleans, afterwards Louis Philippe, whose aid-de-camp he was; for this was the year before the fall of Napoleon, and the return of the Bourbons to France. Next is Sir George Warrender, with his back to the spectator; he was a great epicure, and looks it: the wits nick-named him *Sir Gorge Provender*. It is worth while to note the color of his dress, as we have it in the original sketch: the coat is a light-green, and the tight trousers are black, for trousers had now supplanted breeches. The third person is the Countess, subsequently Princess, Lieven, the wife of the Russian ambassador, one of the most celebrated political intriguers of her time. Her dress was pink. She is waltzing with Baron Neumann, the Secretary to the Austrian embassy, who married, a few years later, a daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, and long represented his court at Florence, in Italy. Next is the celebrated Princess Esterhazy, wife of the great Hungarian magnate, whose wealth was so enormous, and his half-barbaric love of display so great, that, on one occasion, at a state ceremonial, he wore a dress covered with diamonds, many of which were purposely fastened on loosely, so that they might fall off, and become the property of whoever chose to pick them up. He was, at this time, the Austrian ambassador in London, The dress of the Princess was yellow, though, as will be observed, she was enormously fat, and would have looked much better, according to modern ideas, in a darker color. Her partner is the Comte de St. Antonio, afterwards the Duke de Canizzaro: tall, and strikingly handsome, as Captain Gronow said; he married, at the end of a brilliant society career, a Miss Johnson, one of the greatest heiresses in England. The four figures in the background, that are only roughly sketched in, were not intended to represent any persons in particular. But the lady who faces

the reader, and who is holding a fan, is the Duchess of Rutland. She is dressed in white, with long kid gloves reaching to the elbow, and has a tiara of flowers on her head, like all the other ladies, only it is even higher than theirs. Her sleeves also are more enormous. She has a priceless necklace of diamonds around her neck, and a band of smaller brilliants across her forehead. She is talking to no less a person than the famous Beau Brummell, who was still in the height of his celebrity at that time, and whom every "swell" did his best to imitate. The Beau's dress was black; the coat-tails lined with white satin. His elaborate neck-handkerchief, built up, as will be noticed, like a tower, and impaling, so to speak, the chin, must have been one of his "successes"; for the Beau, as the story goes, would often use up a score of neck-handkerchiefs, before he could satisfy himself with the tie. He certainly looks very much satisfied with himself, which the stout gentleman, coming up behind, apparently observes, and is amused at, for he is smiling at Brummell. This person, the last on the extreme left, is the Marquis of Queensberry, the heir, in part, to that Duke of Queensberry, long known as "Old Q," who had died only a few years before, at a great age. "Old Q" had been celebrated, fifty years earlier, as Lord March, and was the leader of that "fast" set, in which George Selwyn, the spendthrift Earl of Carlisle, and others figured, about the middle of the eighteenth century.

SEPTEMBER.

BY GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

Oh, mellow month, that like a buxom maid
Burdened with ripened fruits, o'er the sere glade,
O'er wasted fields, and 'neath the hazel-tree
Makest thy way. Now almost can I see
Thy softly shadowed face, as with thy lip
Pursed for the draught thy sun-browned fingers tip,
Thou haltest by the cider-press in van
Of swart Hymettus and his buzzing clan.
Or now again, as in the reaper's path,
Thou, like a gleaner of the aftermath,
Deckest thy tawny hair until the gleam
Sets youthful Damon in a tranced dream,
And makes him think that Marsya's sweet tune
Has called back, in thy stead, the leaf-crowned June.