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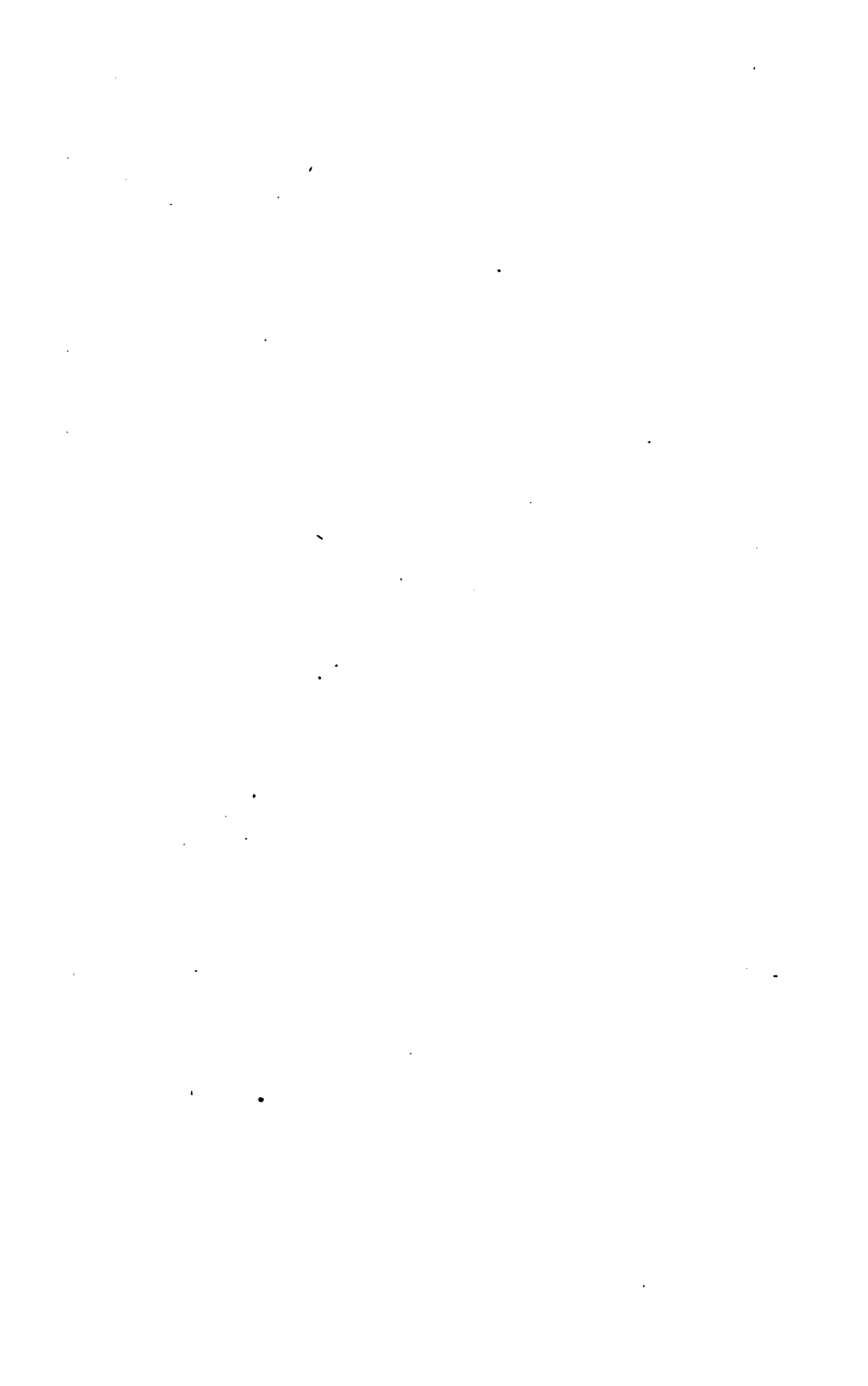
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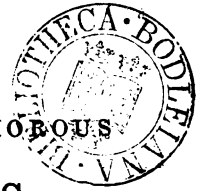


48.1803.





HISTORICAL,
PHILOSOPHICAL, AND HUMOROUS
REFLECTIONS



ON A
GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE.

INCLUDING
CONTRIBUTIONS FROM THE MOST EMINENT CHARACTERS
OF THE DAY.

PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.

"JUS ANTE ALIOS, PRÆCEDENDI ET SEDENDI."

"Court virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate—
Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate."
POPE.

HINTS TO THE NAVAL AND MILITARY "STAFF;" THE
UNIVERSITIES OF CAMBRIDGE AND OXFORD. COS-
TUMES FOR THE SOIREE AND THE BALL ROOM.
DIRECTIONS TO GENTLEMEN ABOUT TO
RETIRE FROM THEIR WARDROBES.

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interchange of a faded vest lead direct to the Central Criminal Court—

“ Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder ?”

SHAKSPERE.

It is sincerely to be hoped, that while the adoption of the following pages will not break the heart of any speculative Yellow-plush, or interfere with the vested rights of those who, by *perquisites*, always intend *profit*, that the man of fashion—the nobleman—who generally maintains his wardrobe, and, by so doing, sustains thousands of individuals, will be led to see how best to encourage the established tradesman, who, in his turn and change of life, is enabled to sustain and encourage others.

An interchange of style or state
May make both heart and soul elate ;
And vest or tunic, rich and rare,
Meet with the promptitude of care.
“ Off with your lendings ! ”—so said *Lear* ;
“ Off with them and unbutton here.”
Stand by the tradesman fair and true,
Beware the Jezebel* and Jew.

* No allusion to Miss Timber : *Parole d'Honneur*.

REFLECTIONS,

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE SHIRT OF NESSUS—THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH—THE
LAMP OF ALADDIN—THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH—
—BELGIUM AND GREECE—SHAKSPERE—CHARLES
DICKENS—JONATHAN WILD—SERGEANT TALFOURD
—DR. JOHNSON—OLIVER GOLDSMITH—THE HAPPY
MAN—THE BEDFORD ESTATE AND STEPHEN PEAR-
SON—BALFE, ALFRED BUNN, AND THE MARQUIS
OF WATERFORD.

In the Heathen Mythology the shirt of Nessus proved of most dangerous quality, inasmuch as it forthwith blistered the skin of the unhappy wearer. Contrarywise, the mantle of Elijah the Prophet bestowed on the fortunate recipient of it the gift of foretelling events. Every school-boy remembers the precious influences of the old lamp of Aladdin, and how it procured a goodly store of wealth for its fortunate possessor. The mystic vest of Mirza, the Persian—albeit ragged as the wild colts of the Caucasus—proved a blessing to him who could but approach the hem of the garment; and the Roman Catholic

Church—particularly in Belgium, and from thence to the boundaries of the Greek Church of Russia—abounds with relics of old matters, handed down by the fathers of the primitive Church for the lip-worship of adoring thousands. In Naples they show the identical petticoat worn by our Lady of Loretto; and, in fact, every little chapel or crypt boasts of some article of clothing or other, rendered sacred either by time, historical recollections, or religious faith.

In these times who can fix the amount that would freely be given for the possession of Shakspeare's breeches, the possession of his coat, or the attainment of his trunk hose? Is there a man in existence who would not sigh to *stand* in his shoes? Butler, the Middlesex magistrate,* would cheerfully hand forth a thousand pounds for a Shaksperian nightcap—if, indeed, Shakspeare ever condescended to wear one; and an old castor, whether duly bonnetted at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, or carefully brushed up at Stratford-on-Avon, would prove of inestimable value.

Charles Dickens, in his description of Monmouth-street, wittily descants most graphically upon old shoes, old coats, and ancient matters of all descriptions; his truly philanthropic disposition breaks out in every line—and he most distinctly proves that what is vulgarly termed the second-hand article, may in truth turn out in the end to be a first-rate gift.

If the coat gives the outward garnish to the man, why not agree to its influence on the mind? Does any man think he could sit as coolly and at ease in the unmen-

* This gentleman bought largely at the late sale of Shaksperian relics, at the Auction Mart.

tionables of Jonathan Wild or Jerry Abershaw, as he could in the well-finished garments of the bluff Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith—or, to come lower down in point of time (not of intellect), say Sheridan Knowles, Charles Dickens, or Sergeant Talfourd? Is it not a fact, well attested by the parochial authorities of St. Dunstan in the West, that the little sweeper who attended the crossing from Mitre-court to the Law Life Assurance, grew so eloquent and so classic in his appeals to the public that he was soon enabled to make over his chance living for a very considerable sum of money—say some 200*l.*? Now what was the cause? The benevolent author of *Ion* had seen the poor fellow—and seeing him, clothed him—and by so doing showered down wealth and comfort upon him. Many, very many, are the instances of the intrinsic value of a second-hand garment.

It is reported of a certain happy wight about to be married, that he was most desirous of a suitable garment wherewith to make the important step—for better or for worse. One of the wandering tribe of gipsies bade him by all means to obtain the coat of “THE HAPPY MAN!”—could he but obtain that, the marriage would prove successful, and, in fact, his fortune would be achieved. Long did this bridegroom elect search London—street, square, lane, and humble locality—for the coat of the “HAPPY MAN.” No one had it for disposal. He turned his eyes eastward: neither *Moses* nor the *Profits* could aid him. Southward, matters were still worse. And here lay the difficulty: he wanted not a new coat, made to measure, and so forth—no dazzling blue with gilt buttons, double refined, or any such glaring matters. No; the old Sybil had issued her prophetic word, and it was

imperative upon him to obtain the identical coat of the "Happy Man." Providence or Fate at length directed him.

Many, full many, may be the recollections of the Foundling Hospital, and the mutations of the Bedford estate: when *Lamb's-fields*, abutting on *Spa-fields* (the property of the Earl of Northampton), was not built upon, there was a *conduit*, or *spring*, welling out at about seven hundred yards north of Old Bourne, now called *Holborn*. Near this spot, and but a few yards from the old inn of court called Gray's Inn, dwelt one Stephen Pearson, a man well respected by his neighbours, and withal sought for both by written missives and personal applications from all parts of the kingdom. Well, then, to this street of Lamb's Conduit, the bridegroom elect repaired; and, the presiding genius of the temple happening to be disengaged, the following colloquy took place:—

Bridegroom Elect. Sir, I understand you buy a great number of coats, and such things?

Pearson. Yes, my good man, I do—have you anything to dispose of?

Bridegroom Elect. No—sir; no, sir—yet, sir—'cause you see I be about to be married; but the cunning 'oman I give six fourpenny bits to, says I am to buy the coat of a "Happy Man,"—and if so be I be married in it, everything will run as it ought to do! Look here, sir, what she gave to me for my six fourpenny bits—here's the very dential lines:—

' Go, youthful swain, and, if you can,
Obtain the coat of a "happy man;"
No matter whether brown or blue,
Fortune will smile, my friend, on you.

Avoid the east—discard the south,—
 Open your eyes—and shut your mouth ;
 And not quite far from Bedford-row,
 To Stephen Pearson quickly go.'”

Pearson. Very complimentary indeed, my man ; and what is better, I think I can fit you with such a garment. Try on this, now—a perfect fit !

Bridegroom Elect. So it be. But wor it the coat of a happy man, eh ?

Pearson. Indeed it was so. This coat was originally made for the Marquis of Waterford, but in a few days it passed into other hands. The second wearer of it went straight into Capel-court, and in one day cleared £700 by the Great Western. The next day he went to visit his grandmother, and found she had just expired, leaving him the bulk of her property, to the extent of £8,000.—So, he naturally came to me to make his Mourning ; and I took the coat again.

Bridegroom Elect. But it don't seem much worn.

Pearson. Certainly not—it's a first-rate West-ender, made by individuals who are properly paid for their labour. The fabric of the cloth is good and lasting—nothing of the East-end slop about it, where every garment positively smells of the misery of the operative—every button-hole worked in tears, poverty, and starvation.

Bridegroom Elect. I see—I see. But who wore the coat next ?

Pearson. Why, the very next day it was bought by a man in misfortune—just about to attend a trial at the Sheriffs' Court in Red Lion-square. The good fellow was sued for £300—he had a verdict in his favour,

and, in a cross action, obtained damages to the extent of £220 11s. 8d.—Look at the “Times” of yesterday!

Bridegroom Elect. But how came he to part with such a coat?

Pearson. Like many, he didn't know its value—he was unacquainted with its properties. Now, just look at that coat up there—the brown one with double gilt buttons; I've bought and sold that coat five times over.

Bridegroom Elect. Why, how's that?

Pearson. It was originally made for Wilson, the dancing-master; but, after wearing it a few nights, he found it rather too tight, and so it came into my hands—nobody keeps it long.

Bridegroom Elect. Indeed; why not?

Stephen Pearson. Why, the first person that bought it of me was a banker's clerk, at Deacon and Williams's; he put the coat on in my drawing-room, and went on to business; he had, however, hardly got many yards before he absolutely turned a somersault; in St. Paul's Church-yard he began attempting the Polka; and as he entered the banking-house in Birchin-lane, he seized one of the ledgers, and, clasping it to his bosom, waltzed right into Deacon's private sitting-room; out of that he *chassaed* up to the treasurer, and just making an attempt at a double shuffle, *da capo'd* out; and, after several evolutions, found himself again at this house; where, by some strange psychological change in the constitution of his mind, he began muttering something regarding balances, credit sides, and day-books—in fact, he seemed quite restored!

Bridegroom Elect. Pray who had the coat next?

Stephen Pearson. Oh, that indeed turned out a most

favourable speculation. Balfe, happening to be passing by, admired the coat—danced all the way home in it—and having displaced it and put on his dressing-gown, sat quietly down and wrote—

“ In this old chair my father sat.”

There can be no doubt the success of the Opera is attributable to this sweet melody! And that, by-the-bye, reminds me of *Alfred Bunn*.

Bridegroom Elect. As how, sir?

Pearson. My good fellow, I say nothing regarding *velvet*—will this coat do for you?

Bridegroom Elect. (Fitting it on.) I feel happy now. Your friend, the Marquis of Waterford, has been, in every sense, a real friend. I pay this with much pleasure.

So the Bridegroom elect obtained the coat of the “happy man;” and, from recent inquiries, we learn that his marriage was one of happiness—his march of life one of satisfaction—and that he really did, through perseverance and Pearson, attain the coat of “THE HAPPY MAN.”

“ Go thou and do likewise.”

CHAPTER II.

ALDGATE PUMP—ALEXANDER POPE—DOUGLAS JERROLD—MOSES AND THE PROFITS—MIVART'S HOTEL AND THE MANSION HOUSE—MR. TEGG, THE PUBLISHER, AND MR. MATTHEWS, THE STATIONER—DREADFUL OCCURRENCES—INTERCHANGE OF GARMENTS—LORDS RUSSELL, COTTENHAM, BENTINCK, AND ABD-EL-KADER—PEARSON'S INFLUENCES OF A GREAT COAT.

“Look on this picture, and on that.”

AT the eastern end of the town, where stands Aldgate Pump, (and from thence, slightly altering a line of Alexander Pope, regarding the monument,—

“Like some tall bully, lifts his head and lies!”)

a certain gentleman went to purchase an outfit. Our good old and kindly-disposed friend, high Douglas Jerrold, has already met us in the field*—of course we do not advert to any particular establishment. But thus it happened : a certain gentleman went forth to purchase a suit of the far talked-of eastern clothing ; and, having duly squeezed his way into the said garments, proceeded

* See *Punch*, *passim*, 1846 and 1847.

happily, as he thought, to a party at the celebrated *Mivart's Hotel*, near Grosvenor-square.

As he passed the Mansion House, and with his face towards St. Paul's, he felt a most uneasy tightening across the chest. True, the weather was damp and hazy; but the right cause never flashed upon his mind until he was opposite Mr. Tegg's, the publisher—here one of the straps of his trousers gave way, and at the same time there was a visible pressure on the button-holes of the vest and coat. Feeling somewhat alarmed, he stepped into Butler's, at the corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, and obtained a draught—a sort of cooling beverage; and, with the loss of two more buttons or so, reached the foot of Holborn-hill. By this time the straps of the trowsers had entirely disappeared, and the lower hem of the said unmentionables were up to the calf of the leg, or, in more correct language, half way up the leg of the *calf*! But fresh troubles were yet in store. On reaching Mr. Matthews', the wholesale stationer, in Holborn, nearly opposite to Chancery-lane, matters became much worse. He found that, probably from the effects of the rain, or some other cause, the cuff of his coat was gradually reaching his *elbow*! his waistcoat strings were already burst, and, as Mr. Matthews observed, the unfortunate man had evidently been a victim of cotton and collusion; and forthwith recommended him to Lamb's-Conduit-street.

“Bless my soul,” said Pearson, on observing the unfortunate fellow, “why, have you been dipped in the Thames, and dried in the engine-room? What on earth is the matter?”

“I’m going to Mivart’s, sir—to—to a select party, sir, and so I thought—I—I—thought——”

“Thought what, my good fellow? speak up.”

“Sir, I thought I’d have a good *suit* at the east end of the town, and look like a gentleman!”

“Poor mistaken fellow!” said Pearson, reflectively. “And pray, what may have been the state of your feelings since you put on this precious suit?”

“First, sir,” said the diner-out, “I got an itch to buy a lot of lemons to sell again—opposite the Bank I thought a speculation in pencils would be of service—and just before I reached your place, I thought of buying a Jew’s-harp.”

“My good fellow,” said Pearson, “you have no conception, philosophically speaking, of the nature of a coat. Depend upon it, in every sense, the coat makes the man! and being once made, numerous coats follow in succession. I shall now fit you with one of no mean quality—off with these strange garments, and let me see if I can make a gentleman of you.”

On this, the east-end visitor was duly furnished, and forthwith proceeded to his appointment. It is sufficient to say that he dined at Mivart’s, grew marvellously happy, and the next morning waited upon Mr. Pearson; and here we must introduce the colloquy, *verbatim et literatim*.

“Well, sir,” said Pearson, “and how did you enjoy yourself last night?”

“Delighted, sir—delighted. Lord Brougham sat next to me; and as I was taking wine with Lord Cottenham, *Russell* just winked at *Lansdown*, who at that

minute was speaking to Bentinck, something about the *cut* of Abd-el-Kader's last coat. His lordship turned round and says, 'My good fellow, I'm quite delighted to see you—I've made the appointment for you—nothing to do but sign your name—and——'

"But had you written to him for any appointment?" said Mr. Pearson.

"Not in the slightest. His Lordship said he knew me by the cut of my coat."

"And so you got the appointment?" observed Pearson.

"I did, sir—300*l.* a year in the Stamp Office, with plenty of perquisites. By the bye, I want the suit I left off last night—the same I bought the other side of Aldgate pump."

"Why, my good fellow," answered Pearson, gravely, "they're gone—positively gone. All I could find this morning was just a waistband, hanging on to the skirts of the coat—and I had great difficulty in saving *that*—you may have a few buttons and a bit of the waistcoat!"

It is almost needless to say that the happy diner out at Mivart's was not only astonished at his good fortune, but that he attributed it wholly and solely to the influences of a good coat.

CHAPTER III.

GEORGE THE FOURTH'S WARDROBE, TOGETHER WITH
MRS. BROWN—LOSS OF EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS—
MARLBOROUGH-STREET POLICE-COURT—THE MAGIS-
TRATE AND HIS DECISION—MR. DARKE, PUDDLE
DOCK, AND THE MARCHIONESS OF CONYNGHAM—
MISS TIMBER, OF REGENT-STREET.

“A PRETTY mess you’ve made of this, Mr. Brown!” said the lady to him, one morning, at breakfast. “You thought you’d made a great bargain, didn’t you? Yes—I dare say—do you mean to say that *these clothes* was made for George the Fourth?—more shame for him—here’s a pretty pair of breeches.”

“You are not a-going to wear them, my love,” returned her affectionate spouse.

“Ain’t I though,” replied the lady—“we shall see!”

Hereupon Mr. Brown grew immensely irate, and was about to help himself to a small portion of crumpet, when Mrs. Brown again broke forth:—

“So, you fool, you’ve been and given seventeen hundred pounds for a set of things as ain’t worth not nothing, nor yet that? There goes 800*l.* of my money.”

"Your money!" said Mr. Brown—"your money? If I had'n't laid it out, I should like to know who'd have got it?"

The altercation that ensued may better charitably be imagined than described. It is sufficient to say that it led to a most graphic scene at Marlborough-street police court. Thus runs the case in the *Times*:—

"MARLBOROUGH-STREET POLICE-COURT."

The first case called on was *Brown v. Brown*. Mrs. Brown, with a most singularly discoloured eye, and Mr. Brown, with a slight cut across the carotid artery, missing, however, the final and fatal cut. The examination was most amusing.

Magistrate. What—pray what was the dispute about? How came this disgraceful riot?

Mrs. Brown. Why, sir, my husband, sir, thought as how he'd made a good speculation in George the Fourth's wardrobe—very good. He goes and he buys up to the 'mount of *seventeen hundred pounds—very good!* I sez to him, sez I, "You've made a fool of yourself." With that he ups and *threatens* me; and I natterally throws the slop-basin chuck at his face. With that, he ups, and tries to knock me down—and so I brought him here; and all this comes of George the Fourth's breeches. He brings a lot home, and I did'n't like 'em—he paid a large sum, and lost it.

Magistrate. How so, my good woman?

Mrs. Brown. Why the fact is, George the Fourth left his wardrobe in a most careless manner. The faithful valet was disappointed, and everything got into the possession of an under attendant; and so he goes and makes

up a lot. One pair of unmentionables absolutely belonged to one of the helpers in the stable—and a pair of gloves, said to be those of George the Fourth, actually belonged to the eminent nightman, Mr. Darke, of Puddle-dock. And was't this a pretty swindle, sir? Then as to the linen of the Marchioness—why, I am sure—

Magistrate. I can hear nothing regarding that. Were you insulted, or rather assaulted, by your husband?

Mrs. Brown. Yes, sir, I was. He made a fool of himself, and bought beyond his means; and I was the loser of it. I can tell you, sir, that there is a great difference among gentlemen disposing of their left-off clothes. The real gentleman sends for the real tradesman, and disposes of his wardrobe in a business-like manner; and though the Jews are getting into Parliament, he takes precious good care that no Jew gets into his house—consequence is, nothing gets lost; for my 'pinion is, that if once a Jew is let into the house, you can't be sure of nothing—not even the door-mat. Why, sir—would you believe it? some interlopers have got a parcel of stuck-up women, as pretends to buy wearing apparel; some dates from Bond-street, some from Regent-street; but, in truth, though they live everywhere, like Milton's angels, they are to be found *nowhere*.

Magistrate. What has that to do with the subject?

Mrs. Brown. Shows you, sir, deception is everywhere. Why, look at some of the advertisements of the "Royal Free," and other professing establishments.

Magistrate. Well, and what then?

Mrs. Brown. Why, sir, are you so soft as to think cast-off apparel is wanted for the poor?

Usher. Order, order!

Mrs. Brown. What you please—order anything. But I can tell you, sir, nothing gets into the hands of the poor, except it maybe a trifle of salts and senna. Depend upon it, sir, those as advertises for coats and shirts and other things, for infirmaries and hospitals, when they gets 'em, they——

Magistrate. Well, my good woman, what then?

Mrs. Brown. Why, they *sticks* to 'em.

“ Bless me,” said a gentleman in court, “ it’s only the other day I sent away a parcel, myself, to a certain institution, and actually saw my own coat hanging in the New-road, at a broker’s shop, the very day afterwards.”

The magistrate observed that, no doubt, there was great reason for complaint in most of the unincorporated charities; and, perhaps, the contemplated bill of Lord Campbell would be the means of effecting great good.

Mrs. Brown (amid much laughter). Why, it’s only the other day, a gentleman as I know—and very well, too—was sent for to buy a very splendid Greek dress—of the latest costume. Well, sir, the gentleman went to *Harley-street* to buy it. So he looks at it—turns it over—and then makes a handsome offer; this was refused; and by-and-by it was sold for just 100 per cent. under, to the identical gentleman as had offered previously! And all this comes of the stupid way in which people sell their left-off wearing apparel. Sir, your worship, you can’t have no conception what tricks is played upon gentlemen and ladies disposing of wearing apparel. I ’spose now you’re up to the trick of *drying*?

Magistrate. *Drying*? What’s that?

Mrs. Brown. Why now I’ll put you up to something.

Drying is neither more nor less than ringing the changes. (Laughter.) Hoodwinking people, or—

Magistrate. Be good enough to be more explicit, if you please. What does all this mean?

Mrs. Brown (curtseying). Means this, sir. You've got a lot o' coats to sell. Very good. You sends for somebody to buy them; and somebody comes—in course (Laughter)—

“‘How much will you give me for them 'ere coats?’ says you—very good. ‘So much,’ says the man—‘I can't take it,’ says you. (Laughter.) Then the party as comes to buy, ses, picking out a couple of West-end coats—‘I can afford to give so much for these 'ere, and I got a friend outside as will buy the others, and that will set all right,’—all this you agrees to; sacks the two good coats, and leaves you the rubbish.” (Laughter.)

Magistrate. But doesn't the other fellow come for the remainder?

“Not a bit of it, my lord—they never meant it. (Laughter.) You'd much better have kept the whole lot, and sent for a respectable man, and be paid cash at once or had new clothes made for yourself, in exchange.”

Amid much laughter, this instructive case was terminated by the infliction of a slight fine on the defendant; who seemed deeply to deplore the *fictitious* sale of George the Fourth's wardrobe. As the parties were leaving the court, the following *morceau* was picked up, written by some wag in the court:—

“Ye who seek for wealth and riches,
Think of George the *Fourth's* own breeches!
Brown liveth wisely, but not well;
True, he could buy—but couldn't sell!”

The deductions to be arrived at from this case are thoroughly instructive. It shows at once the fraudulent system adopted by those who, without the slightest pretensions to the proper feelings of an honest tradesman, at once mislead the bountiful, the benevolent, and the good ; and who, by their nefarious practices, not only disturb the stream of Christian charity, but render the wealthy suspicious and the poor dissatisfied.

So runs the world ; with strange and sad mutations—

Dog will rob dog—and Jew dispute with Jew ;
 Nor e'en the circle of mankind's relations,
 But passes old Aladdin's lamps for new.
 So George the Fourth, right royally bestowing
 His nether garments on some lucky wight,
 Thought not (the goodness of his heart overflowing)
 Of cunning wrong o'erreaching modest *right*.
 Hearts, free and faithful, are alas deceived ;
 The swindler chuckles o'er his ill-got gain,
 And Holy truth itself most unbeliev'd,
 And faithful service rendered all in vain.
 Honour to those whose all-confiding feelings
 Find in return—reciprocal revealings.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RESPECTABILITY OF A COAT—DEAN SWIFT—
THE IRISH PRIEST—MORE O'FERRALL AND MACSHANE
—EXTRAORDINARY CONVERSION TO PROTESTANTISM
—THE BISHOP—DANIEL O'CONNELL AND THE POPE
OF ROME—BEGGING GENERALLY—LORD BROUGHAM
AND THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY—
GENERAL EVANS AND SIR THOMAS BLACKWOOD—
LOSS OF THE AJAX, 84—EDMUND KEAN AND GUS-
TAVUS V. BROOKE!—PEARSON IN "THE MERCHANT
OF VENICE."

WE began by an attempt to prove that the respectability of a coat brought with it respectability to the man—in fact, that he who was in the enjoyment of the vest or outer garment of any individual, good, bad, or indifferent, would most assuredly entertain a corresponding feeling in heart, soul, and body.

It has already been demonstrated that the "cheap and nasty" will most certainly bring forth the product of the dirty and the disagreeable, and in corroboration of these remarks may be detailed a few short anecdotes.

When Dean Swift died, the whole of his wardrobe was disposed of; and in the progress of the sale, one of his

coats and several of his cassocks were purchased by a poor and almost ignorant Irish priest. The poor fellow had a stipend of only 25*l.* per annum; he had onerous duties to perform and nine miscellaneous relatives to sustain in the worldly necessaries of this life!—On the day the sale took place in Sackville-street, near Merrion-square; his heart grew cold at the piercing weather that predominated; he wanted a few articles of clothing, and in passing over the stores of the Dublin “More O’Ferrall and Macshane,” his eyes lighted on a parcel of the very identical clothing of the defunct dean. He saw at once that they fitted him; he awaited the coming sale, and manfully bid for the so much coveted garments: they were eventually assigned to him, and on the next day he was clothed in them. What was the consequence? Strange realities came over him: to the astonishment of his household he ordered a rump steak at about half-past three on a Friday afternoon—began to talk most significantly about marrying his cook. The following day he made a private communication with the Bishop of the Diocese! Three days afterwards he was heard muttering something about the follies of the confessional, and, in short, to end

“This strange and most eventful history,”

he unconsciously abjured his errors, and died a truly benevolent Protestant clergyman, just five miles south of Cork. He imbibed the orthodoxy of Swift with the attainment of his mantle. In truth, there is *much* in a coat, and particularly when *on*.

Not less curiously interesting is the story of the last hat worn by Daniel O’Connell. It first came into the possession of a gentleman travelling through Italy; and

so strange were its influences, that, instead of passing from town to town as an English gentleman should do, he suddenly formed the resolution of begging his way to Rome—and actually succeeded; when one gusty day, crossing the Tiber, it was blown off, and carried away by the current. His begging propensities quitted him from that moment.

A left-off plaid vest and “continuations” of Lord Brougham made the fortune of a young Scotch barrister—he grew by turns eloquent and irritable, pleasing and passionate; yet withal wayward and wealthy. He is now as great an ornament to the profession as the noble *lord himself!*

Not many years since, Pearson purchased the regimentals of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry Cavalry—swords, sabretaches, and every possible appointment, together with the military outfit of the colonel, Grantley Berkeley. These were subsequently contracted for, by General Evans, for the Portuguese legion; and it is a fact beyond dispute, that the brigade wearing these identical regimentals did more execution among the enemy than all the rest of the cavalry put together!

Sir Thomas Blackwood wore several of the appointments of *Nelson*, was with him in all his engagements, and had the most extraordinary success. On the day, however, when he “bent on,” as he called it, “a new suit of sails,”* he lost the *Ajax*, 84, by *fire*, as he was

* Every one ought to be acquainted with the naval history of his country. Bending on a new suit of sails—that is, putting new sails on the yards of a ship—is generally looked upon as ominous, in some degree or other, by an old sailor. Sir Thomas had that day worn a new uniform.

proceeding with the fleet to the blockade of the Dardanelles. Before throwing himself into the sea he *stripped*, and was saved by the boats of the fleet!—The recent successful *debat* of Gustavus V. Brooke is said to be attributable to the possession of some of the “properties” of the late Edmund Kean, together with something that had once been worn by David Garrick and J. Kemble.

The wedding dress of many a happy lady has been known to confer a charm on those who could fortunately attain it; and the wise Moolahs of Mahomet bear testimony to the value of the shirt of the Happy Man. Therefore, without advocating yet further the acquisition of health, wealth, and strength that may lurk under particular garments, we are satisfied that the western part of this mighty metropolis has, through the influence of the system adopted by Pearson, been productive of immense good, and diffusive of much of the graceful manners and amenities of the upper classes of society. To gentlemen or to ladies disposing of their wearing apparel, we would say, with Portia, in “The Merchant of Venice”—

“The quality of selling is not strained—
 It droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven
 In Pearson's store. It is twice bless'd—
 It blesseth him that sells, and him that takes.”

HISTORICAL SONNETS FOR THE PAST
YEAR, 1847.



“Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap.”
Richard II., scene 3. act III.

“Take care of yourself, my boy.”
Bedford.

No. I.—JANUARY,

LIKE a two-visaged knave of modern times,
Came in old *Janus*—subject of our rhymes,
If not our reason.—Cobden crawl'd along,
And the sirocco of free trade was won ;
Hispania's Queen, from off her sinking throne,
Lisp'd forth a speech, perchance not all her own,
Of sugar-plum extraction—say a bon-bon—
Touching her marriage with “*Frank Assis Bourbon.*”
Conversions to the Romish church were rife,
And *Bulls* and *Bears* cried war unto the knife ;
Peel's doubtful policy may well be-rue
Hibernia's famine—*Caledonia's* too.
Victoria's letter closes up the scene,
Pharaoh's fat kine sent forth to aid the *lean*.

No. II.—FEBRUARY.

EVOKES Goose Gibson, Lord John Russell's pet—
 The Montpensier marriage, and the din
 Of Spanish plots—the “*coming man*” not yet!—
 Lord Bentinck's railways—and fair Jenny Lind—
 Strong movements for the farmer's just protection—
 George Byng's decease—the Middlesex election.
 Prayers that free trade might haply be repeal'd—
 And “moving accidents by flood and field.”
 Prussia, remodelling her institutions,
 Sends forth a code of modern constitutions—
 And, as the British Lab'rer pines and droops,
 The hag Reform sends *Soyer* and his soups!
 Ah me! forego such hosts of curs and spaniels,
 And stand by Pearson's good great-coats and flannels.

No. III.—MARCH.

ST. DAVID's day, and Romeo Richard Dunn—
 The veriest coinage of all idle suits—
 Urges the folly of presumption on
 With fulsome proffers to *Angela Coutts*.
 Cochrane woos Westminster, but woos in vain,
 Beaten by *Lushington*—“what's in a name?”
 Food riots rise on all sides—nothing loth—
 The western kernes yet still outstrip the north.
 Falls off the Irish rent—the knaves retrench,
 And Abd-el-Kader still evades the French.
 The Agitator's health is waning fast:
 Token of peace and Irish weal at last! .
 Panics of all sorts history may reveal,
 Pearson—and Parliament—and Robert Peel.

No. IV.—APRIL.

HARD upon "All-fools'-day" a sombre print—
 Whose politics for ever drift askint—
 With Lord George Bentinck tried to measure swords—
 As Hamlet hath it, "'twas but words, words, words."
 Spain, Portugal, and Ireland—life's daily bore,
 Cut throats still faster than they did before ;
 The Drama's devious course seems well nigh run
 And Jenny Lind breaks faith with Alfred Bunn ;
 And Germany displays a rude "os-frontis,"
 Touching the parentage of *Lola Montez* !
 The Spanish Queen turns up a rather "blue nose"—
 "Philippe" declines to make a Duke of *Munoz* !
 No matter—*Pearson* buys, and still buys on,
 From Bentinck, Peel, Lord Robert, or Lord John.

 No. V.—MAY.

LORD MORPETH's Health bill, made a serious question,
 And found too hard for common-sense digestion ;
 The Spanish Queen, turns out at best a shrew,
 And the French puppet, *no Petruchio* !
 From every quarter, broils in every form—
 See *Guernsey*, like some puddle in a storm ;
 French honour most mysteriously is dwindling,
 "*Desfans de Cabieres*," tried for grossly swindling !
 Still runs the money crisis, like some steed,
 Cross'd in its birth, by one of viler breed—
 The Army Limitation Bill thrown out,
 And all things redolent of fearful doubt—
 Fever in Liverpool, most foul and rank ;
 Yet still no stoppage in friend *Pearson's* bank.

No. VI.—JUNE.

JUNO, or June, albeit green and leafy,
 Turns out a month of all that's dull and heavy ;
 Save that there came (and music who withstands?)
Glover's sweet lays of many "foreign lands."
 In *Lusitania*, with the best intention (?)
Cupid proposes bayonet intervention,
 Bowring, with *argals*, if not strong, yet long,
 Bothers the Senate with Chinese *Hong Kong* !
 Whereat John Russell grows irate, and then,
 (As if the march of nonsense would not halt,)
 Comes in *Lord Sandon*, not the worst of men,
 With a long prologue touching *Indian salt*.
Marshal Bugeaud, with many dubious fears,
 Parts with his wardrobe in a sea of tears.

No. VII.—JULY.

SAD are the signs of weakness in the stocks,
 Bullion by no means looks up at the Bank ;
 The fabric of the state already rocks,
 And monied visages grow wondrous blank.
 Quarrels in Spain, for many an idle thing,
 Are plentiful as blackberries in Spring.
 The Pope accepts of Dan O'Connell's heart—
 The civil war in Portugal is stay'd—
 The Polish trials terrors yet impart
 To those who freedom's slippery wand obeyed.
 Still run the elections with uneven path,
 And Roebuck gets a quietus from Bath.
 Ends thus the month, with many a passage grave,
 The waters gathering, yet no ark to save.

No. VIII.—AUGUST.

THICK come the sullen failures of the banks
 "As leaves in Vallambrosa"—and the ranks
 Of those who deeply speculate in corn,
 Become, alas! most desperate and forlorn.
 France shows the Praslin tragedy—IN Spain,
 The Carlists struggle boldly, but in vain;
 Yet in the turmoil of such sad disasters,
Espartero sacks thousands of piastres.
 Even in Wurzburg brutes will not be quiet,
 For Lōla's terrier bulldog breeds a riot—
 No *notes* of consolation may ye find
 (Save in thy *notes*, harmonious Jenny Lind)—
 Queen Mab hath furnished yet a wilder theme;
 So endeth August—and so ends our dream.

No. IX.—SEPTEMBER.

TRAVELLING along upon the road of years,
 Sad is the scenery and dark the view:
 The Pope of Rome pricks up his liberal ears,
 And so did *Praslin*, of a darker hue.
 And like the health-destroying wind sirocco,
 Seems Abd-el-Kader's dash upon Morocco!
 In England failures are, alas! abundant,
 And breaking banks (reporters say) redundant.
 Peel's money laws—most miserable trash!—
 Induce a general want of current cash!
 And Greece, or *Goose* (?) devoid of every hope,
 Like Shakspeare's Bishop, cries, "a rope, a rope."
 Yet let us not these gathering evils scoff,
 But, like Macduff, disdain to cry "enough."

No. X.—OCTOBER.

THUS should sing Peel—“ *I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.*

Most true it is that I have looked on truth,

ASKANCE AND STRANGELY.”* And so Shakspeare wrote,

And in the spirit of his truth we quote——.

The bard of every season, every clime,

Foreshadowed all the passages of time

Thus mournfully the mighty spirit spoke—

A Druid prophet of his native oak :—

“ *When I have seen such interchange of state,*

Or state itself confounded to decay,

Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminatè.”†

No. XI.—NOVEMBER.

THE Senate gathered : motley was the view
Of Thompsons, Cobdens, and the free-trade crew.

Various their sayings ; but, in truth, as yet

The mountain labours—*ex-nihilo fit*.

Ireland's banditti overswarm the land ;

A load of sorrow every effort checks ;

And England's tradesmen, like a fore-doomed band,
Present themselves with “ bills about their necks.”

And while the half-ruined farmer tills his grounds

Cobden *retires* with ninety thousand pounds !

And so Lord John, enveloped in a fog—

A foul dense mist, that all of truth conceals,

Blunders along the surface of the bog—

Of unclean things—the progeny of Peels.

* *Shakspeare* : Sonnet cx.

† *Shakspeare* : Sonnet lxiv.

No. XII.—DECEMBER 25TH.

DARKLY December dawns upon the sight,
 Dimly and drowsily, like one whose hope
 Hath faded; still the senatorial fight
 Expendeth many a metaphor and trope.
 An *olla podrida* of all things curious
 Sprung from the poison of the Cobden creed,
 Beggars all blatant, blasphemous, and furious,
 And devotees of *Thuggee's* hell-born breed.
 The *influenza*, like some free-trade whimsey,
 Presents a death's head to the commonweal,
 By far too terrible for all the flimsy
 And quackish antidotes of Doctor Peel.*
 Pearson alone the influenza stays—
 He takes your **HABITS**, but he mends your ways.

* It was originally intended to have appended a few chronological notes illustrative of the above "Sonnets of the Months;" but as the quarterly indices of the *Morning Post* form a complete epitome of events connected with each succeeding period, such notes have been deemed superfluous.



PEARSON gives his manifold thanks to the merchants of London. In his very extensive export trade, to all parts of the world, he has met with and acknowledges the greatest urbanity and attention; and he sincerely hopes that the coming year will fully realise those expectations from which his increasing business affords a fair prospect. The numerous consignments of every description made by him during the past year have, he is proud to say, all been delivered, *par grace de Dieu*, in sound and good order.



L' ENVOY.

CANTABRIGIA.

Graduatis et illis nullo adhuc gradu hujus Academiæ insignitis, dat salutem summamque reverentiam S. Pearson.

Omnes ille rogat ut positis exuviis, velut serpens, novos et nitidos se triviis Cantabrigiæ monstrarent. Has exuvias et veteres et novas emit magni S. Pearson. Et si macie oppressi vel dapibus pleni, illis novas pro veteribus vestibus mutat. Quale munus illud sit studio captis, vel his, qui gaudent Festis Diebus Collegii Johannis haud opus est verbis exprimere. Cunctis etiam, qui amant Aedibus Trinitatis se proluere spumante patera, et illic magno haustu bibere potum mire auditu, et omnibus aliis collegiis hujus Academiæ, pecuniam præsentem et novam veteribus exuviis, larga manu offert Pearson.

OXONIUM.

Doctis professoribus et alumnis hujusce Academiæ summa reverentia gratias agit S. Pearson. Si illos tædet vestium has magni emit Pearson. His, qui amant liquidis fontibus Isidis se immittere et ibi acri remige fluctus disponere, vel illis, qui magno studio literarum procul ab his se tenent bibliothecis, gnaris literarum, vel ignaris, hisce omnibus officium suum vestes permutando præstat Pearson. Procul litium vel Newman, vel Hampden, illos monet studiis obnixos, et sibi obstrictos, tranquille, digne et moderate degere vitam. Bis in anno vel sæpius bibet, Hæde volente, sacras undas Isidis perennis. Tunc larga manu et magna arcâ, in plateis Bosphori velut Io in Ægypto, se ostendet, et in Aulas et Collegia Academiæ statim intrabit. Ibi ut Divum præsentem omnes accipiet et benigna manu sibi imponent vestes. Hos vel Academiæ, vel communes, accipiet læte Pearson, et cum illis Londinum descendet.

 KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.

The Great National Universities having been disposed of, the Metropolitan College may lay a fair claim to distinction. The gay and joyous students, located *pro tempore* on the banks of the Thames, have every encouragement for the attainment of intelligence, whilst their

approximation to Somerset House, the Stamp Office, the Navy Pay Office, and numerous other public establishments, give Pearson the best hopes of an *equitable exchange*.

Students in this locality will do well to attend to Pearson ; inasmuch that it is a philosophical fact, proved by every authority, that *one* coat is quite sufficient for *one* gentleman ; and, by reference to King Henry the IV., *Jack Falstaff's* shirts may be instanced :

“ One for use, the other for superfluity.”

Dr. Johnson proved that an accumulation of clothes brought on bad *habits*. “ He who disposes of a habit that is superfluous, renders a service to society, engenders goodly feelings, and makes himself respectable.” With such authority, nothing more need be observed to the Students of King's College,

“ To whose high will we bend our calm contents.”

Rich. II.

LADIES.

With the deepest respect we approach this subject. They have at all times something to dispose of ; and, whether Silks, Satins, or Manchester Goods, Pearson is ready to purchase the whole. Maids, wives, or widows may consult him at any hour of the day. Wardrobes,

of apparel of any description, purchased immediately. Linens, cottons, or anything appertaining to the garniture of the human race, will find a ready dealer. Cash without cavilling—ready attention—and the most important matter of all, ready money.

BOOKS.

Mr. Pearson, being a literary man himself, is ready to receive Books of every description—Musical, Philosophical, Divinity, or Works of Fiction. The fullest price offered and given.

MEDICAL STUDENTS.

There are many indeed at Bartholomew's, many at St. Thomas's, besides the splendid family of *Guy's*. With regard to the latter hospital, the good old bookseller affords a most splendid example of learning, combined with the honesty of intention. The dispenser of books evidently beat Edward, the dispenser of honours. Should anything in the shape of consumption occur, Mr. Pearson will immediately attend to it; if a compound fracture should take place in any manner, Mr. Pearson will

be ready with *splints*. Should the Iliac artery be disordered, he will quite as readily be at the disposal of the trousers that covered it. Cases of "consumption of the *chest*" will be immediately attended to. In cases of *atrophy*, Pearson will be in ready attendance; and where *lock-jaw* supervenes, he will be found to be of utility. From the lecture room to any other room, Pearson is ready to *prescribe*. He is at all times ready with his fee, and will be found a very reasonable subject for dissection.

THE LAW, &c.

The Inns of Court are important—manifold are the mischiefs of eating terms, and doubtless many a coat is parted from thereby. He who would be a Bencher must begin by being a beef-eater. The evil of *habeas corpus* may be safely left to the *suit*. Pearson will buy the *suit* at once, and without any writ of error place himself in *Chancery*. He will be happy to attend the *Rolls' Court* early in the morning, and in his examination he will fully carry out the principles of a Court of *Review*. His Exchequer Court is at all times good. He never enters a "noli *prosequi*," and cares very little indeed regarding the Queen's Bench; and in offering such observations to the public, he merely hints at the *Common Pleas*. Ready is he for the *Knights Templars*. The *Earl of Lincoln* hath no fears for him—*Gray's Inn* has

his most hearty welcome—*Staple's Inn* will find him a "*Staple* visitor;" and from *Furnival's Inn* he is ready to receive any *garniture* whatever. *Clifford* will be happy to see him, *Barnard* will feel somewhat jealous, but, at all events he has no fear of *Lyons*—he, however, leans to "*Clemency*." He offers no protest, puts in no demurrer—nothing whatever in the shape of a writ of error. The verdict will be for the seller, and figuratively without costs.

THE ROYAL NAVY

Has *Stephen Pearson's* most peculiar attention. He is at all times ready to purchase a discarded uniform, conscious that by so doing he is but extending the indomitable spirit of the English officer! In all dealings, Pearson will be found above board, and with a perfect reckoning. The most liberal *cartels* will be granted—ready cash for any description of outfit whatever. True blue and the union jack is Pearson's motto, in this ever-changing raiment of the wide world. The Lords of the Admiralty have called forth the necessity of the above observations, inasmuch that it seems that every change of administration brings about a change of uniform. Officers in this dilemma will do well to consider Sir Robert Peel's currency question. The *exchange* with Pearson is never affected materially. A *note* presented to him will be immediately honoured.

THE ARMY.

Mr. Pearson "presents arms" to this safeguard of the British nation ; and, believing that nothing can afford so good a coast defence as regular *proof coats*, is most anxious to obtain them. He looks to the army! He is ready to take accoutrements of any description, whether it be Prince Albert's newly-invented hat—or the last newly-invented *shako*, coats, trousers, *shabracks*, *sabretaches*, girdles, epaulettes, spurs, boots, and, in short, everything connected with the

"Pomp and panoply of war."

He will march to any distance ; and, without throwing out "videttes" or "sharpshooters," hold himself in readiness to come on, hand to hand, with any one who wishes to possess the Queen's likeness. *Cheverons*, and every other distinctive honour, find a ready recipient in the accumulated stores of Stephen Pearson. He has never yet had occasion to "fall out" of any "rank" in which he yet had the honour of engagement.

PRESENTATIONS AT COURT.

In all presentations, levees, drawing rooms, or birthdays, certain observances are of course required and exacted ;

and whether in the navy, the army, the church, or any other appointment emanating from the Crown, individuals are usually presented at the next levée respectively; for which purpose it is proper to apply to some nobleman to make the presentation. The first thing to be observed is appropriate dress; then cards of address in manuscript, some three or four days previous, one to be left at the Queen's Chamberlain's Office, St. James's, before 12 o'clock in the day. Her Majesty's Gentlemen Ushers will give every extra or special information.

St. James's Palace should be reached by 2 o'clock at the latest. Take two cards with you—deliver one to the Queen's Page in the Presence Chamber—where, if you feel any difficulty, you will obtain additional instruction: with the other card proceed to the next chamber, where by observation you will readily perceive how to act. The remaining card will be delivered to the Lord in Waiting, who will announce your name, appointment, and presentation. Her Majesty will graciously extend her hand to you—you are then to kneel upon the right knee, gently and respectfully kissing the presented hand—rise, bow, and proceed on, keeping your eyes on Her Majesty, until you shall have gone some little distance, when you pass off to the right.

After having been once presented, you may attend any levee with cards on which your name is written, merely by leaving one at the office of the Lord Chamberlain.

At every drawing room you should be provided with an additional card.

Ladies to be presented at the Queen's drawing room should send their names, together with the name of the lady presenting.

Ladies who present others should be actually present at the drawing room. One card must be left with the Queen's Page in the Presence Chamber, who announces the title and name to Her Majesty.

At a birth-day drawing room no *presentations* take place; nevertheless any lady or gentleman who proposes to attend, should previously send a card, in the manner before stated.

If any of the Royal Family should be present, an obeisance is made to each of them.

At any of Her Majesty's drawing rooms, or state balls, the household officers—those of the navy, army, militia, or yeomanry, also lieutenants of counties and their deputies, must appear in the regulation uniform.

At Drawing Rooms for the celebration of birth-days, the Knights of the several Orders appear in their respective insignia, stars, and ribands.

The following circular may possibly have escaped the notice of many; it is still, however, extant in this year of our Lady the Queen, 1848:—

“To the Worshipful Mayors, Sheriffs, Under Sheriffs, and Corporations of Cities, Towns, and Boroughs; and to Gentlemen of the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, and Scotland, attending Her Majesty's Drawing Rooms, or Levees, requiring Court Suits, complete with every appointment, Stephen Pearson, of No. 2, Lamb's Conduit-street, Foundling, respectfully submits the very Elegant and Superior Assemblage of Court Dresses which he has on hire, at reasonable charges.

“Gentlemen preferring entirely new Court Suits may be accommodated by an extra charge ‘only for the hire.’”

The accommodation thus afforded has long been pro-

nounced not only satisfactory to all parties, but entirely unrivalled by any establishment in the metropolis.

A Court Drawing Room is truly fascinating; for, independently of the ladies' tasteful dresses, formed so elegantly, with the brilliancy of diamonds, which are the prevailing and distinguishing ornaments of rank and beauty, the *English ladies* are celebrated throughout the world for the clearness and brilliancy of their complexions, for their graceful forms, and for their easy, modest, elegant, and enchanting manners.

FINIS.


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CHAPMAN, ELCOATE, AND COMPANY, 5, SHOE-LANE, AND PETER-  
BOROUGH-COURT, FLEET-STREET.  
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