

these extends to others, and so it passes through all its gradations, for fashion has its gradations; no fashion can originate from the kitchen, but will descend to it from the parlour. We are creatures of imitation and are apt to follow in the path of those above us, seldom pausing to consider whether we violate a law of taste, but too often adopt what may be very becoming to them and very unbecoming to us.

Again, we are influenced by customs and associations, for custom has stamped a particular colour as expressive of some association in one country differing widely from the accepted notion of another. We, for instance, associate white with light and purity. The Chinese use it as mourning. Black to us is expressive of gloom. In Spain and Venice, it is the colour that designates the dress of the great. We associate purple with royalty. In China yellow is the imperial colour. Scarlet we associate with war, and a blind man has been known to liken it to the sound of a trumpet. Milton calls black "staid wisdom's hue."

We clothe youth in white, because of all colours it best associates with their age, and who cannot appreciate the beauty of a fair young maid clothed in white, needing no jewels to decorate her person, and we will offer no apology for introducing the following passage from "Tobin's Honeymoon," but recommend it to the attention of our fair young readers:

"I'll have no glittering gew-gaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gazing eyes of wonder;
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers,
To wave as streamers to your vanity,
Nor cumbrous silk, that with its rustling sound
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorned
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely,
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in.

Julia.—I shall observe sir.

Duke.—I should like well to see you in the dress I last presented you.

Julia.—The blue one sir?

Duke.—No love—the white. Thus modestly attired,
A half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them
With the pure white and red, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow, mingles in thy cheeks;
This well-proportioned form, (think not I flatter,)
In graceful motion to harmonious sound
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet without a blush."

The advice given in the foregoing extract, is evidently intended for youth, and not for middle age, for as life changes so must our dress, if we wish to preserve harmony. We by no means wish to be thought advocates of black and white, but must confess to a love for colour, especially for winter wear. In summer we prefer light delicate tones of colour, as being both by association and harmony, more appropriate, for nature at such a season is full of colour to stimulate the eye and keep it from fatigue; but when the snows of winter are spread over the earth's surface, we dearly love and duly appreciate the warm bright colours worn by the fair sex. They gladden and refresh the eye, and show us what a pleasure we insensibly derive from colour; they