

Next in favor to these tulle dresses, for evening parties, are the dresses of glacé silk or Italian taffety, trimmed with black velvet, disposed in a variety of ways. A very favorite style for the skirts of these dresses, consists of two or three broad flounces, each edged with rows of narrow black velvet, either of graduated or of uniform width. The cut velvet, which we have already frequently mentioned, forms an exquisite trimming for dresses of glacé silk. For evening parties, pink, yellow or blue are the favorite colors. We have seen a dress of lemon-color silk, having two broad flounces on the skirt. Each flounce was edged with three graduated rows of black velvet; the lowest row being rather more than an inch wide, and above the upper row of velvet there was a row of black vandyked lace; the points of the vandykes turning upward. Cut velvet of a rich leaf pattern is frequently employed for front trimmings. A row of this foliage sometimes runs up each side of the skirt, or is placed quite in the *tablier* style. The corsage and sleeves should be trimmed to correspond.

For evening head dresses, a lavish use is made of gold and silver, pearls, bugles, and beads of various colors. Flowers and feathers have, however, lost none of the favor they have so long enjoyed. A very light and showy kind of evening *coiffure*, is composed of a kind of foliage of blonde, intermingled with marabouts and grapes of gold or silver. Some wreaths of a novel kind just introduced, have leaves made of shaded crape, and intermingled with small tulips made of lace. These wreaths are perfect *chefs-d'œuvres* of lightness. Wreaths of velvet foliage, brown, purple or green intermingled with small flowers or leaves of gold, have a very rich and pretty effect. Leaves of blue or pink crape, intermingled with small buds of gold or silver, are also favorite head-dresses. Other wreaths consist merely of leaves of guipure blonde, supporting a narrow cordon of light tea roses, and terminating at each side by long drooping leaves of blonde intermingled with sprays and rosebuds, falling very low on the neck, and inclining backward. This is an extremely graceful style of head-dress.

The Parisian *fleuristes* have given fresh proofs of their taste and ingenuity in the production of several new wreaths—specimens of which have just made their appearance in London. Of these novelties the most remarkable is the *Guirlande Impériale*. It is composed of gold open-work leaves, and forms a point in the centre of the forehead just above the bandeaux. The wreath enlarges at each side, where it is intermingled with small violets; the effect of which in combination with the gold leaves is very elegant. Another is distinguished by the name of the *Guirlande Pauline*. It is composed of small flowers of three colours, blue, pink and white. These flowers, which are shaded in graduated tints, are so skillfully grouped that the harmonious blending of the colours produces almost a rainbow effect. The *Guirlande Pauline* forms a double cordon; one portion of which passes across the forehead above the full bandeaux, and the other passes above the plaits or twists at the back part of the head. This wreath is finished on one side by a white rose, with a profusion of buds, which drop very low behind the ear.

THE LADIES OF THE CREATION.

OR, HOW I WAS CURED OF BEING A STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

I AM a young wife, and not an old woman. In fact I can still venture to give my real age to the inquisitive gentleman who comes round with the census papers, and I have not been driven to seal up the fly-leaf of the family, which records "AMELIA JAMES, born 1st May, 1830."

My husband, as all my friends assure me, is all a man ought to be. I think he might be a little less obstinate, and I confess he has a bad habit of bringing his old bachelor friends home to dinner without warning. When I remonstrate, he is very eloquent about the unimportance of what there may be for dinner, the chief thing being a hearty welcome, &c., &c., &c., though I must say I've never found him exactly indifferent to what is served up.

Still I don't complain—quite the reverse. I'm very happy now—I say now, because it was not always so. I propose to disclose, for the benefit of young women about to marry, the secret of our former discomfort, and our present happiness. The fact is, I was brought up a strong-minded woman. I was educated on the Pestalozzian system—taught to ask questions about everything and to insist upon answers, and to question the answers. After I had pumped my governess dry in this way, nonplussed papa, and gravelled everybody in the house, no wonder I was found a nuisance. They tried to find food for my inquiring disposition, by employing my restless curiosity on all sorts of "ologies," by sending me to all sorts of "courses," till my intellectual digestion became seriously impaired. Before eighteen I had taken to green spectacles, and PROFESSOR FARADAY'S Friday night lectures. One thing, however, I do owe to the Royal Institution—I met my husband there. He was charmingly ignorant; I explained things to him, and his first avowal took place after I had nearly blown him up by attempting to decompose oxygen, in which I only succeeded in discomposing myself. He attended three courses at the Institution, and declared he had a turn for science, which I found out afterwards was only a penchant for me. During three seasons we sat on the same bench, inhaled the same gases, started at the same explosions. He put a great many questions to the lecturer, and one question to me, which I answered in the affirmative. After our marriage, I found that his taste for science declined rapidly. He asked me no more questions about the chemical affinities, and seemed perfectly insensible to the curious discoveries daily taking place in the entozoic and paleontological fields of investigation. The only questions he seemed inclined to entertain were questions of house expenses; and when one Friday I proposed that we should attend PROFESSOR FARADAY'S lecture on a candle, he declared he didn't care a snuff about such things, and that he wished as I was married, I would not bother my head with such stuff! This was very painful to me, and we had our first dispute about this point. I quoted MRS. SOMERVILLE'S example to prove that a woman may be deep in science, and make no worse wife for it. I told him about the Russian princess with whom ECLER corresponded, and the professors who used to lecture at Bologna,