

more generally acknowledged, that they who are without odour are the sweetest. There is a wide interval between the musky sweet bags of the olden times, and the essences *de Mousseline* and *Reseda* of the present day. In 1816 the French had scarcely got further in the progress of perfumery than the *eau de Chipre* and *Millefleurs*; and the *eau de Cologne* (or, as the ladies' maids call it, *eau de Cöloän*) was still in high vogue. In the actual state of illumination, *eau de Cologne* is banished to the medicine chest, with lavender drops and cardamom tincture. Instead of bathing the handkerchief, its ministry is confined to bathing bruises, and dissipating headaches. By the bye, *we* Parisians do not bathe our handkerchiefs now with any thing. The most delicate perfume thus conveyed, would be deemed too strong and coarse for modern *romantic* nerves. The process of perfuming an handkerchief is more elaborately scientific and marks the spirit of the age: as such, it cannot fail to interest posterity; and I record it, as a matter of conscience, even though it should never "reach its address."

Take a dozen embroidered cobwebs, such as some "*araignée du voisinage*" might weave for the reticule of Queen Mab, and place them in the pocket of an elegant *porte-mouchoir*, which must not be of any of the old fashioned prismatic colours; but (as "*La Mode*" phrases it, "*de la couleur la plus nouvelle*." Into the cover of this elegant and indispensable superfluity, the delicate odours are to be quilted, which communicate a just perceptible atmosphere; (that is to say, an atmosphere perceptible to the practised olfactories of enlightened nerves;) and which mingling with the freshness of the last spring-water-rinco of the laundry, renders the application of the handkerchief to the face a "perfect pleasure." This receipt I give almost in the very words of the *merveilleux* from whom I had it; and who inveighed with more eloquence than I can hope to convey in writing, against the pints of lavender water which English ladies scatter on their handkerchiefs, giving their opera box the smell of an apothecary's shop, or an Irish whiskey house.