

earliest experience, that I never attempted to vary it. This mode of over persuasion consisted in gaining over my mother, which step being accomplished, the conquest of *mon père* was seldom attempted with much difficulty, as he, poor dear old soul, had quietly and resignedly taken the oath of allegiance to petticoat government upon the accession of her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria when he philosophically decided that it was "no go" to contend against the powers feminine that he and acted with truly admirable consistency on this highly commendable principle for the remainder of his natural life.

Many and varied were the opinions of the friends whom we consulted upon the most safe and expedient means of packing away the crude materials intended for my wardrobe, that most important appendage of fashionable young ladyism, for allow me to observe that I had no idea of figuring in the primitive cuts of one British *Magasins de Mode*, but entertained a strong desire to behold myself arrayed in that delicious style, which I had ever regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of good taste, and which I had heard styled *A l'Américaine*.—After due consideration, it was unanimously decided that the best plan to combine economy and fashion would be to cut up breadths of silk, stuff, &c., &c., and baste them together with white thread, so as to effectually deceive the sharp eyes of the Custom House detectives, those *bêtes-noires* of *amateur* provincial travellers.

All necessary preliminaries being completed, it now remained but to make my last adieux and embark on board the steamer destined to convey me to that land of Music, Love, and Flowers, upon which my eyes, (weary of the continued sight of snow, ice, and fog) thirsted to rest their gaze.