

Moses, Elias and Son

The Philosophy of Dress, with a few Notes on National Costumes
London 1864, pp. 24

THE
PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS,
WITH A FEW
NOTES ON NATIONAL COSTUMES.

„Seeing that all men are not Œdipuses, to read the riddle of another man’s inside, and that most men judge by appearances, it behoves a man to barter for a good esteem, even from his clothes and outside. We guess the goodness of the pasture by the mantle we see it wears.“—Owen Feltham.

„Teufelsdröckh undertakes no less than to expound the moral, political, even religious influences of Clothes; he undertakes to make manifest, in its thousandfold bearings, this grand proposition, that Man’s earthly interests are all booked and buttoned together and held up by Clothes.’ Society is founded upon cloth.“—Carlyle’s Sartor Resartus.

BY
MESSRS. E. MOSES & SON.

LONDON:
CORNER OF MINORIES AND ALDGATE, NEW OXFORD STREET, AND
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

MDCCCLXIV.

[ENTERED AT STATIONERS’ HALL.]
The Right of Translation is Reserved.

GOSSIP ON DRESS.



OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

„The production, with which they welcome the New Year, is of the highest moral and literary tone Information so varied and so valuable is not to be obtained every day, or in every shop.“—London Review, January 17th, 1863.

“The reader who, with our assistance, has entered thus far into the contents of the book, will think it must be, upon the whole, a very entertaining and instructive production.“—Court Circular, January 10th.

„This brochure is really what it says it is, ‘Half-an-hour’s Amusement.’ The author might have added ‘and instruction.’ We declare we have read every word of it, and that too, to edification; and so would you, reader, if you once began it.“—Penny Newsman, January 11th, 1863.



THE TERCENTENARY; OR, THE THREE HUNDREDTH
BIRTHDAY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. (30 pages 8vo.)



“As a contribution to the recent festival E. MOSES & SON have issued an extraordinary pamphlet, which whilst regarded as a literary curiosity will well repay perusal. It is not often that we can say as much for pamphlets published by London trading firms, however eminent; but, in this instance, a vast quantity of labour and research has been expended, and the result has been most pleasing and satisfactory.“—*Sun*, April 27th.

“E. MOSES & SON, the well-known tailors have published a clever and ingenious pamphlet, under the above title, in which the many and various allusions to clothes to be found in the poet’s works are strung together very happily and entertainingly.“—*Penny Newsman*, May 1st.

“The pamphlet is really very fairly written, and the illustrations from Shakespeare are very happily chosen. As a piece of reasoning we are not quite sure, that we do not prefer it to that of the late Lord Campbell.—*The Queen*, May 7.

“You have issued a not ill-written pamphlet.“—*Punch*, May 7.

“Upon every article which adorns the human frame some apt quotation is brought to bear. This *brochure* will, no doubt, excite the mirth of all who read it, and we think it will be frankly averred that it is, of the kind, a very clever and ingenious production.“—*Sporting Pilot*, April 24th

“Not the least readable by any means of the week’s batch of Shakespeare publications.“—*The Reader*, April 23.

“They have spent their money in a way that stamps them as .above the ordinary run of advertisers. The whole is in excellent taste.“—*Chatham News*, May 7.

“Talk of cheap literature! Mr. HORNE published an epic poem at the price of one farthing, but here is an essay for—nothing! The pamphlet is an elaborate criticism on the general character of Shakespeare as a writer, with numerous illustrative extracts.“—*Court Circular*, April 23rd.

“Shakespeare Tercentenary Productions.’ A correspondent takes us to task because we have amongst our reviews a notice of the pamphlet, on this subject, by Messrs. E. MOSES & Son—as if we had no right to recognise any literary talent in a tailor—as if no genius ever sprang from behind a counter. We have seen the same pamphlet noticed in *the Illustrated Times*, *the Spectator*, *the Reader*, and other papers.“—*Court Circular*, May 7th, 1864.

ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF DRESS.



The Philosophy of History is a familiar phrase, and can be objected to by no one; but the Philosophy of Dress may sound, perhaps to some ears, a little strange and pretentious. Yet the philosophy of dress is a very comprehensive philosophy indeed;— it is a philosophy of external things as emblematic of things internal. Even in the very commencement of society

„When wild in woods the noble savage ran;“

when tailors and milliners were yet unknown, the human race, recognizing the value of some artificial badge or decoration, were not satisfied with the only covering which Nature had provided for all without distinction.

It does not appear that mere comfort or convenience was the first object aimed at in man’s primitive condition. Even then human vanity, exhibited in a love of ornament, was the pre-dominant instinct. Our remotest forefathers did not think, as Thomson the poet thought, that

„Nature when unadorned’s adorned the most.“

They could defy the cutting wind or burning sun; they could exist without Pilot-coats, or Chesterfields, or „Indispensables,” or „Unmentionables,” or even the blanket with a hole in it for the head, still worn by the South American Indians;—but when they had no garments to dye they dyed their skins; or as elaborately tattooed their limbs as a South Sea fisherman still carves and embellishes his oars.

A sense of shame, a disposition to conceal the greater portion of the human figure, and rude attempts to increase the comforts and accommodations of life are the earliest signs of the advance of mankind from mere brute life towards civilization and refinement. The history of costumes embraces, therefore, a large and important department of the history of the human race; and dress, contemplated philosophically, becomes more and more emblematical and significant as society progresses.

When the novelist or biographer desires to assist the reader to

a clear and complete conception of the character of his hero, he thinks it essentially necessary to describe his dress, even to the most minute details. Sir Walter Scott is peculiarly felicitous in thus making the external appearance of his *dramatis personae* familiar to the imagination.*

We find, even in holy writ, repeated characterizations of men by their costume. How animated, picturesque, and expressive is the sudden question of, „Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bozrah?“ To give a more homely and less poetical illustration, who that has read anything of the biography of the learned Dr. Parr can forget his wig? We have a much clearer recollection of his costume than of his writings. The name at once readily suggests the head-gear. In fact, we think more of the strange ornament of the capital than of the character of the whole column. It was disproportionately important. It reminds us of the preposterous hat and too predominant saying —“Here comes a hat with a man under it.“

By his merely physical nature man is a naked animal; by his rational nature he is a clothed animal. The creatures of the lower world cannot choose their clothing; its quality and shape are not left to their discretion; they come ready clad into the world, in a covering precisely suited to their condition in life; and they are thus saved indeed from the adoption of fantastical monstrosities of fashion which seem at times so great a discredit to the superior animal—“the lord of the creation.“ The difference, nevertheless, between the two-legged animal without feathers—the uncovered man of savage life—and the comfortably and emblematically clothed and decorated man of civilized life, is almost as marked as between man in his original condition and the animals that he hunts and eats. It must be

* Sir Walter Scott was wonderfully accurate generally in his costumes; but Göethe, the famous German author, “criticises a passage of the great Scottish novelist, regarding dread, with some severity. When Isaac of York, in „Ivanhoe,“ enters Cedric’s Hall, his dress is described with great minuteness, even to the clothing of the feet—his „large boots lined -with fur.“ „This,“ Göethe says, “is a mistake; for you are to suppose yourself in the position of Cedric and his guests, who are sitting at a table -with lights; and by persons so placed, the details of the lower limbs of one who enters the room are not remarked, and. are, hardly distinguishable.“ We confess that this seems to us somewhat hypercritical. If the room was large and well lighted, the company at table might naturally turn round and scan a stranger, on his entrance, from head to foot, and observe his “*boots lined with fur.*”

confessed then, that men in an advanced state of society may owe not a little to their tailor—something more than his mere bill. Shakespeare, who knew all qualities, with a learned spirit of human dealing, rarely omits an opportunity of indicating how thoroughly he understood the philosophy of clothing, „The apparel,” he says, „*oft proclaims the man.*“ Though the famous Lord Chesterfield, the author of the well known “Letters to his Son,” was not a great genius or a profound philosopher, he was a singularly shrewd man of the world, and was well fitted to pronounce a judgment or to offer advice on this subject. „I confess,” he says, „that I cannot help forming some opinion of a man’s sense and character from his dress, and I believe most people do so as well as myself.“ He gives excellent instructions to his son.—“Take care always,” he says, „that your clothes are well made, and fit you, for otherwise they will give you an awkward air. „When you are once well dressed for the day, think no more of it afterwards; and, without any stiffness for fear of discomposing that dress, let your motions be as easy and natural as if you had no clothes on at all.“ „So much for dress,” he adds, „which I maintain to be a thing of consequence in the polite world.“ Scarcely any human dignity could stand the ridicule of an absurd and unsuitable garment, and the loftier and more solemn the occasion the more irresistibly provocative of laughter. We can easily conceive into what a state of obstreperous and tumultuous merriment the whole House of Lords or Commons would be thrown if the Prime Minister entered in the costume of Punch, or in any sort of dress preposterously out of keeping with his age, character, or condition, or disproportioned to his figure.

It has been noticed as a remarkable illustration of the power of Garrick over his audience, that once in the middle of the mad scene in *Lear*, his crown of straw fell off; „which circumstance,” remarks Hazlitt, „though it would have been fatal to a common actor, did not produce the slightest interruption or even notice in the house.“ The solemn John Kemble, with all his fine powers, would hardly have escaped a laugh on such an occasion. Carlyle notices that luckless courtier who, having seated himself on a chair with a projecting nail in it, on rising to pay his *devoir* on

the entrance of majesty, instantly emitted several pecks of bran, and stood horror-stricken and abashed, and reduced to a spindle, his galoons and slashes dangling sorrowfully and flabbily about him. It would have been all in vain if that unhappy courtier had endeavoured his best to keep up an air of self-conceit and satisfaction, when his enormous trousers, according to the fashion of his day, swollen out on the broader parts of the body, had so suddenly contracted and covered the floor with so much of their contents.

Though it be quite true that we may sometimes be deceived in judging of men's inward characters from their mere habiliments, such mistakes are hardly more common than what may occur from our perusal and study of the human face. We may generally predicate of the inner lining by the outer garment; but all mortal knowledge is uncertain, and we are continually liable to be most thoroughly mistaken when we are most sure of being right. Our reason itself is often indeed a false guide, but then it is our *only* guide, imperfect though it be. It is the last resort of the human mind in its greatest perplexities—even in matters of religious belief—for it is the reason after all that tells us what to trust to, even when it submits its own authority to a higher one, and allows us to adopt an unquestioning faith. So in the matter of emblematical appearances—and all appearances are more or less emblematical—we cannot, it is true, always read them rightly—but then there is really nothing else for us to read at all. The spiritual is not palpable to the sight. We have no eyes for the inner world. We must therefore judge of the inward man by the outer. Not only do men's aspects occasionally deceive us, and their words also, but their very acts.

„Judge we by Nature ? Habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? These uncertainty divides:
By passions ? These dissimulation hides.“—Pope.

We are therefore driven to make the most we can of the emblematical language of dress :—

„For the apparel oft proclaims the man.“

The clothes of Lord Nelson, the greatest of England's naval heroes, are still, we believe, exhibited to curious observers at Greenwich Hospital; and what high fees of admission would

be readily paid by their enthusiastic admirers for a sight of a suit of clothing that had once enveloped the living frame of a Shakespeare or a Milton? The proprietors of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition of Waxwork understand at least one phase of human nature when at large prices they purchase the clothes once worn by the heroes and heroines of society, and of all who have become peculiarly famous or notorious.

But clothes often represent the man or his qualities in higher places than Madame Tussaud's crowded halls. A naval or military uniform in the House of Lords or Commons entitles a senator to be designated, by courtesy, „the gallant officer”—a legal gown entitles him to be called „my learned friend.“ In the Church

„A saint in crape, is twice a saint in lawn.“

“Clothes,” says Thomas Carlyle, in his *Sartor Resartus*, „gave us individuality, distinctions, social policy—clothes made men of us.“

„A tailor make a man?“ asks Cornwall, in the tragedy of King Lear. „A tailor, sir,“ is the answer. „Sophisticated” man —civilized man—is properly defined “a clothed animal.“ His habiliments are an essential part of him. The newspaper reporter in a police court describes the prisoner at the bar as „a respectable looking man,“ that is, if he be well clad. If in rags, he is a „suspicious character,“ and can hardly be too severely or contemptuously treated. Thus even in a court of justice, where all conditions are supposed to be equalized, clothes make marked distinctions. „The apparel proclaims the man.“ Poverty and rags are crimes even before the law. A man who pretends to be independent in a shabby garment is regarded as a brazen-faced varlet.

“Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all.“—Lear.

Some, even of the most intellectual of mankind; have shown themselves by no means insensible of the importance of dress. Dr. Johnson, though generally a sloven, professed that he had an unusual feeling of elation when he put on a scarlet waistcoat with gold lace and a gold-laced hat, and every one, familiar with literary biography, remembers poor Goldsmith's pride in his bloom-coloured coat, and his making himself a walking advertise-

ment for his tailor.* Napoleon, on state occasions, dressed himself with great exactness, and he took care that his suite were as careful as himself on this point. On the morning of his interview with Alexander of Russia, on the Niemann, when General Dorsenne appeared in that elegant and simple costume, which made him the model of the army, Napoleon greeted him with a smile; but when Murat made his appearance, terribly overdressed, „Go,“ said Napoleon to him in anger—“go and put on your marshal’s dress; you have the air of Franconi.“† The reception a stranger was to meet from the famous Goethe is said to have depended very materially upon his dress.

The best authorities on dress have thought with Beau Brummel, that a man cannot be well dressed if people in the street stop to stare at him. A person of taste avoids extremes. Pope seems to have thought that there was a happy medium in costume, the avoidance of extremes and novelties, and he maintained that there was a similar excellence to be aimed at in literary composition:—

„In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic, if too now or old.
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to throw the old aside.“

Irregularities of dress, as they are more palpable, are generally more noticeable than irregularities of mind—

“You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary;‡
But when no prelate’s lawn with, hair shirt lined,
Is half so incoherent as my mind;

* „Let me tell you,“ said Goldsmith, „that when my tailor brought home my bloom-coloured coat, he said, ‘Sir, I have a favour to beg of you: when anybody asks you who made your coat, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane.’ “ „Why, sir,“ said Dr. Johnson, „that was because he knew that the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze at it, and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat, even of so absurd a colour.“ We could give many similar anecdotes of poets; but we have not room for them. We may mention that Byron was anxious that he should not be married in a blue coat with brass buttons. Thomas Moore, when he was first introduced to the Prince Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, told his mother that the honor cost him a new coat—“for the introduction was unfortunately deferred ‘til my former one was grown confoundedly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours: however, it cannot be helped. I got it on an economical plan by giving two guineas and an old coat, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds.“

† A famous riding master—a sort of Astley.

‡ Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who is said to have been by no means particular about her linen.

When each opinion with the next at strife
(One ebb and flow of follies all my life);
I plant, root up; I build and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to Chancery or to Hale apply,
Yet hang your lip to see a seam awry,
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.“

Shakspeare makes Kent, who is upon the whole a good and generous fellow, abuse the steward as „a three-suited worsted stocking knave.“* If the tailor makes the man, the milliner makes the woman. Can we exaggerate the importance of dress to the female sex? The labours of the toilet necessarily occupy a very large portion of the life of a lady in the upper circles, and it is but too often „*the ruling passion*.“ Pope makes Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, (Narcissa) exclaim in her dying hour against a woollen shroud—the ruling passion being strong in death.

“ ‘Odious! in woollen! ‘T would a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke.
‘No; let a charming chintz and Brussels lace,
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face;
One would not, sure, be frightful when one’s dead—
And -Betty—give this cheek a little red.’”†

But is it at all strange that a pretty woman should think so much of dress, and occupy so many hours at the toilet, when men make so much of her mere externals, and so much of her influence in society is dependent on them—when the stronger sex, physically, so often let her understand, in a thousand ways, that all mental powers in a female are quite secondary in their estimation, to the personal appearance, and are often quite distasteful? Madame de Stäel, amidst all her literary fame, of which she was by no means unconscious or regardless, confessed that she would cheerfully resign all pretensions to intellectual superiority for the

* A man who had but three suits of clothes in his wardrobe, at a time when people were disposed to be extravagant in their attire. Silk stockings in the reign of Elizabeth were very expensive, but as they were all the fashion, pretenders to high life strained their means to procure them, and only the very poor wore worsted stockings.

† The corpse of Mrs. Oldfield in its coffin was really decorated, in obedience to her dying wish, with a Brussels lace head-dress, a holland shift with tucker, and double ruffles of the same lace, and a pair of new kid gloves. This was in defiance of the statute which imposed a penalty of five pounds upon every burial where any material but *woollen* was used. The statute was passed in 30th of Charles II. It was often enforced, and not repealed till the 54th of George III. A very few years ago a famous Court Milliner left directions in her will that her corpse was to be enveloped in the costliest point lace.

triumphs and the power of great personal charms. A *Quarterly Reviewer*, in alluding to the received opinion that the French ladies excel all their sex in all countries in taste in dress, observes—“And no wonder, for their souls are in the cause, and the best part of every day is spent in choosing, trying, comparing, criticising—a cap, a bonnet, or a gown.” This is not a little discourteous, and not quite true; for if the French ladies generally spent such a disproportionate time at the toilet, they would have no opportunity to dress their minds, and would resemble the „unideal girls” of whom Dr. Johnson spoke so contemptuously; whereas they are distinguished for wit and vivacity, and are both brilliant conversationalists and charming letter writers. When, too, there is anything to be done in which womanly tenderness and devotion can be of service, we know how readily the fair sex, French or English, or of any country in the world, can „lay their costly robes aside,”

„Suspend the soft solitudes of dress,”

and give up their whole hearts to a nobler duty. Besides, „the soft solitudes of dress” have not been confined to one sex only; men have been as fantastic and as earnest in their toilet as the women, and quite as much the slaves of fashion.

„Name not the belles, since modern times can show,
That ape of female foppery called a beau.”

A Beau Brummel or a Samuel Pepys is by no means a *rarity*. If the souls of the French ladies could be said to be in the cause of dress, what should be said of the soul of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., and Secretary to the Admiralty, whose famous Diary from 1659 to 1669, is as full as it can hold of “critical and affectionate notes of doublets, cloaks, beavers, perriwigs, and sword-belts?” In the very first month of this Diary we have such entries as the following:—

„January 1st. (Lord’s day).—I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other clothes but them.

„10th.—This day I put on my new silk suit; the first that ever I wore in my life.

„13th - Up early, the first day that I put on my black camlett coat with silver buttons.

„14th.—To the Privy Scale, and thence to my lord’s; where Mr. Pin, the tailor, and I agreed upon his making me a velvet coat and cape, the first that ever I had.

“22nd.—This morning, hearing that the queen grows worse again, I went to stop the making of my velvet dress till I see whether she lives or dies.

“30th—To my great sorrow, find myself 43l. worse than I was last month; which was then 760l., and now it is but 717l. But it hath chiefly arisen from my laying out in clothes for myself and my wife, viz.: for her about 12l. and for myself 55l., or thereabout.

“Having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both, a new shag gown trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things; being resolved hence forward to go like myself. And also two perriwigs, one whereof cost me 3l. and the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin nest week, God willing.

“20th. (Lord’s day).—This morning I put on my best black suit, trimmed with scarlet ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvett, and a new beaver, which, altogether, is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago.

“30th.—Up and put on a new summer black bombazin suit; and being come now to an agreement with my barber to keep my perriwig in good order at 20s. a year, I am like to go very spruce, more than I used to do.

“31st.—This day I got a little rent in my fine camlet coat with the step of Sir George Carteret’s door; but it is darned up at my tailor’s, that it will be no great blemish to it; but it troubled me.“

Did any woman ever exhibit such an irrepressible passion for dress, or talk so much of it, as this F.R.S. and Secretary to the Admiralty? The cost of costume is sadly disproportionate between his pretty wife and himself. He spends in dress, it will be seen, £55 to her £12. While he was spending £55 on his own dress, his royal master, King Charles the Second and his suite had but a miserable wardrobe between them—*their clothes not worth forty shillings!*

“This afternoon Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad poor condition for clothes and money the king was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord; *their clothes not worth forty shillings—the best of them.*“—*Pepys’s Diary.*

With such a feeble-minded coxcomb as Pepys, the love of dress may become an all-absorbing passion; but a man of sense may fully estimate the utility of some attention to his outer garments, without thinking it necessary to neglect the dressing of his head or heart. A man of genius is not always a sloven, nor is every learned lady neglectful of the graces. It does not, in every case, necessarily follow that those who are of „outward form elaborate,“ are „of inward less exact!“ There are both beaux and belles of the living literary world who are models in dress as well as models in mind. The literary lady has not always ink-spotted fingers and “linen worthy Lady Mary.“*

* This is one of Pope’s many spiteful allusions to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who was a very pretty and very clever woman. She wrote charming letters

At different periods, and in different countries, if the women have encroached upon the dress of the men (with waistcoats, and round hats, and long trousers), the men have worn stays, stomachers, and petticoats,* a superabundance of ruffles and ribands, and laced handkerchiefs, and other articles of feminine attire, and long bodies, in spite of the injunction in Deuteronomy: „The woman shall not wear that which pertaineth unto a man, neither shall a man put on a woman’s garment, for all that do so are an abomination unto the Lord thy God.“† The men in the earliest part of the twelfth century wore their hair of „a monstrous length,“ so that they looked more like women than men. Camden quotes an anonymous book which describes a garment of Richard II.’s time, reaching to the heels, so that at the back it made men seem like women, and „this they call by a ridiculous name, *gowne*.“ It is said that when Henry I. was in Normandy, a priest preached so eloquently against so womanly a robe, that the monarch and his courtiers were deeply moved; and the prelate, observing the effect of his sermon, improved the occasion, whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeve, and cropped the congregation. The natives of Bengal and other Orientals, have often an effeminate aspect, with their shawls and necklaces.

descriptive of her travels, but was not, it seems, very particular about the cleanliness or neatness of her attire. Horace Walpole says of her, that when a child “she was a dirty little thing,“ and that the habit continued with her. Dirty as she was, however, she had hosts of admirers, and Pope is said to have fallen desperately in love with her, and it is supposed that it was the rejection, of his suit and some allusion of her’s to his deformed person, that made him turn against her with so much severity. One of his savage attacks upon her is too indecent to quote. Yet he had once made quite „a goddess“ of her, as she says in some of her writings. The exquisitely tender lines on his garden and grotto introduce her name,-

„Joy lives not here, to happier scats it flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.“

* “At the close of the 15th century,“ says Strutt, “the dress of the English was exceedingly fantastical and absurd, insomuch that it was even difficult to distinguish one sex from, the other.“

Holmes, under date 1659, gives the following description of a gentleman’s dress:—“A short-waisted doublet and petticoat breeches, the lining, being lower than the breeches, is tied above the knees; the breeches are ornamented with ribbands up to the pocket, and half their breadth upon the thigh, and the skirt hanging out over them.“

† Chapter 22, verse 5.

Dr. Johnson once observed, „I have often thought that if I kept a seraglio, the ladies should all wear clean linen gowns or cotton—I mean stuffs made of vegetable substances. I would have no silk; you cannot tell when it is clean; it will be very nasty before it is perceived to be so. Linen detects its own dirtiness.“ And yet this nice critic on dress, when alluding on another occasion to clean linen, confessed that he had no great fancy for it himself for his own use. We may as well in this place give Boswell’s sketch of the Doctor’s usual dress:—“He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair buttons of the same colour, a large bushy greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings, and silver buckles. Upon his tour (in Scotland) when journeying, he wore boots and a very wide brown cloth great coat, with pockets which might have almost held the two volumes of his folio Dictionary, and he carried in his hand a large stick. Let us not be censured for mentioning such minute particulars. I remember Dr. Adam Smith in his rhetorical lectures at Glasgow, told us ‘he was glad to know that Milton wore lachets in his shoes instead of buckles.’“ Johnson’s wigs were generally very shabby. Owing to his short-sightedness he held his head too near the candle, and often had their foreparts burnt or singed. When he went into the dining room at Mr. Thrale’s, the butler usually provided him with a more decent wig than the ordinary one.

Addison has prettily suggested the commercial importance of dress in his allusion to a lady’s toilet. „The single dress,” he observes, „of a lady of quality, is often the product of a hundred climates: the muff and the fur come together from the different ends of the earth; the scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole; the brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Hindostan.“ Pope, in his „Rape of the Lock,“ has taken a hint from Addison, and has given a more elaborate description of a toilet—

„Where awful Beauty puts on all its arms.-“

where the inferior priestess, Betty, Belinda’s maid, „trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.“

“Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and hero
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India’s glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;
The tortoise hero and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.“
Hero files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.

If we gather so much from other lands, the obligation is repaid. “The Mahomedans are clothed in our British manufactures, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone are warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.”

Fashion may tyrannize, to a certain extent, over the majority of the inhabitants of Great Britain, who are justly proud of their political freedom; yet even in dress, an eccentric and self-willed Englishman may follow his own fancies, and be as whimsical as he pleases. But in some countries people cannot even dress as they like, and find the Magistrate more potent than Fashion. Under the Emperor Paul, of Russia, people were compelled to wear a dress regulated by the police. The male dress consisted of a cocked hat, a long queue, a single breasted coat and waistcoat, knee buckles instead of strings, and buckles in the shoes. Orders were given to arrest any one seen in pantaloons. A man was taken out of his sledge, and caned in the streets, for wearing too thick a neckcloth; and if it had been too thin he would have met with a similar punishment. A lady at court wore her bodice too low upon the neck, and was ordered into close confinement on a bread and water diet. A gentleman’s hair fell a little over his forehead while dancing at a ball; a police officer told him that if he did not instantly cut his hair, he would find a soldier who could shave his head. Even so late as 1838 an Autocrat of all the Russias prescribed the national costume of his Polish subjects, and every Pole who disobeyed the decree, whatever his rank, was threatened with a public flogging. But a national dress is as much connected with patriotic associations as the national flag; and even the Czar, in this case, threatened in vain.

The subject of national costumes is full of interest, and if we had more space at our command, we should enter at some length

upon the varieties of dress which are more or less characteristic of the people of different lands. We shall now confine ourselves to a few brief allusions to certain national dresses, and shall perhaps treat the subject more fully in a future pamphlet.

ENGLISH COSTUMES.

A British King, in his coronation robes, or a Queen with her long train, would be awkward personages in a race, but in a slow procession their costume is majestic. The robes of a peer of the realm are not inelegant. They are well colored and full and flowing. The English farmer boy or clod-hopper, with his high waisted loose sack-like coarse linen frock, stitched or plaited in front, is a clown indeed—heavy, sluggish, and ungainly; but what a pantomimic transformation is at once effected if he be transferred from the ploughed field to the parade, and all his movements are regulated by the drill sergeant! A waterman at a cab-stand with hay or straw bands about his legs, like the leaden water spouts in winter, thickly bandaged to prevent their freezing, is an odd looking animal; but the drill sergeant might produce a strange metamorphosis even in him also, if not too old and stiff.

No Englishman who knows and appreciates what we owe to the sea-service, can look on the quaintly dressed Greenwich pensioner without a kindly feeling towards him.

The Royal Hospital at Greenwich, the most sumptuous of charitable edifices, originally intended for a palace by the luxurious Stuarts, and turned by William the Third and Queen Mary into a Hospital, is the pride of the country. It is a truly noble institution. It provides, within its walls, 3,000 pensioners, disabled by age or wounds, with clothes, diet, lodging, and tobacco; 170 nurses are appointed to attend them. It provides also for 32,000 out-pensioners.* Their blue old-fashioned long coats and waistcoats, and three-cornered caps are not very graceful, but they are emblems of true British merit.

We may say the same of the costume of the Chelsea Pensioner— his red coat, and blue waistcoat, and short breeches, and cocked hat. There are about 300 inmates at Chelsea Hospital,

* The in-pensioners receive, besides every necessary, from 1s. to 2s. 6d. per week; the out-pensioners from £4 14s. 3d., to £27 7s. 6d. a year, according to their age, services, wounds, &c.

The dress of a British Knight of the Garter (an order founded in 1350, by Edward III.) is magnificent. The order consists of the Sovereign and twenty-five knights companions; also a dean and twelve canons, and twenty-six poor knights. There is also a prelate and a chancellor of the order. (The former is always a Bishop of Winchester, the latter a Bishop of Salisbury.) The costume consists of an embroidered garter round the left knee, a surcoat of crimson velvet, a mantle and hood of purple velvet, all lined with white taffeta. On the left shoulder of the mantle is an escutcheon of St. George's Cross, embroidered with the garter, a collar of the order of pure gold, enamelled with red and white roses, a cap of black velvet, with a plume of white feathers with a heron sprig in the middle.

THE CHINESE WATCHMAN.

We must not give way to the old prejudice against Orientals. They are not all cowards, as we have sometimes found to our cost, when in contempt for our enemy we have underrated his resources. This Chinese watchman is at least equal to the old London watchman, all heavy coat and hoarse voice, superseded by Peel's admirable police, once nicknamed *scarlet runners*, because a scarlet waistcoat was a portion of their original costume. Though a Chinese cold season is often as severe as an English winter, the poor Chinese night-guard is but thinly clad in all weathers. He has a light short tunic with no shirt under it. His blue cotton breeches reach no lower than his knee. He is bare-headed, bare-legged, and bare-footed. A gate is placed at each end of the cross streets of a town. These cross streets are generally in straight lines, and at right angles with the main streets. From each gate a watchman proceeds till he meets his brother watchman about the middle. At every half hour, instead of calling the hour like the old English watchman—"Eleven o'clock, and a cloudy night!"—he beats the hollow bamboo tube in his left hand with a small mallet, resembling a life-preserver; in his right hand striking the same number of blows as there may be half-hours elapsed since nine o'clock, when the watch was set. He carries a transparent oiled paper lantern, ornamented with black letters and figures. Every tenth housekeeper in every street is made responsible for the orderly conduct of his nine neighbours. The

day is noisy enough but night is as still as the grave. When the watchman is not striking his bamboo tube, a Chinese city at night is like a city of the dead.

A CHINESE LADY.

The women of China, in the upper ranks, have often very delicate and pretty features, although to an European eye their pale copper complexion may not, as a novelty, be altogether pleasing. It becomes agreeable enough to persons to whom it is familiar. It always looks cleanly. The dress of a Chinese lady certainly does not set off her figure. It is as shapeless, and hangs as loosely about her as an English bathing woman's sea-garments; but instead of being of a dull blue, it is almost always composed of several gay colors, in strong contrast, and is usually very richly ornamented. These ladies cannot be said to exhibit much taste at the toilet. Naturally small feet in a woman with small hands are piquant and pretty, but the compressed feet of the Chinese lady cause a painful sensation to the European observer, and make the fair possessor, apparently club-footed, hobble like a cripple, and in fact, a cripple she really is. One would rather see the substantial and ponderous, but useful foot of an English cook or housemaid, than the mutilated foot of a woman of rank in China.

CHINESE CHILDREN.

All children, in all parts of the world, are more or less objects of interest to a kindly nature; but babyhood and childhood are undoubtedly more charming in some countries than in others. In China we see a little child playing with his toys, as innocently and with the same sweet *abandon*, as in the other parts of the world, but the unnatural habit of shaving the head of a child, gives it a prematurely aged aspect. It is a barbarous custom. We find the same barbarous custom amongst the Hindoo and Mahomedan children, which, even without reference to their bald heads, have a precocious, sometimes a knowing look—more like men and women in miniature than innocent full grown childhood, charmingly ignorant. No children in the world are so thoroughly children as the children of the English, particularly of the aristocracy, who, for long generations, have never known want

or hard labour. These children do not suggest to us future cares or future crime. Their features are rarely strongly defined. Their sweet little faces are usually fair, smooth, and well-rounded, and the expression is that of perfect frankness, and confiding affection, and unconscious grace and loveliness. Nor is there any country in the world in which children are more naturally and becomingly dressed. The English mother always allows her child's hair a free growth, rightly regarding it as one of Nature's sweetest ornaments. The natives of India, whatever may be their feelings towards European manhood, always look upon our fair complexioned children with their innocent looks and long flaxen hair, as something more like young fairies or angels, than ordinary human beings.

Certainly our English tailors and milliners know how to clothe our children, nor do we think that our neighbours, the French, however skilful and tasteful in the fashions for womanhood, excel us in the modes of dress adopted to "juveniles" of both sexes. We do not wonder to see fond English mammas going out holiday-making, in fine weather, with their well-dressed young ones; but while they must be permitted to feel justly proud of the natural charms of their own offspring, they ought not to forget how much they owe to the tasteful artisans who have set off those natural charms to the highest possible advantage.

THE MANDARIN.

The dress of the Mandarin is not very different from that of the Chinese lady: it is just as bulgy and shapeless—his outer garment is little more than a loose wrapper, as ungraceful as an English gentleman's dressing gown. In his court costume he wears an embroidered petticoat, and long necklaces of coral or agate, and all this, with a fan in the hand, gives him a very effeminate aspect. Even the military, when drawn out on parade, make use of fans. When they wear spectacles, the glasses are round, and of extraordinary size, resembling glasses of the old English fashion, of which we suppose Dr. Johnson's huge artificial eyes, exhibited as a curiosity by a spectacle-seller near the Royal Exchange, is a fair specimen.

THE TURKISH COSTUMES.

The Turks are fond of bright colours, rich and elaborate ornamentation, and flowing robes. A handsome Turk, well dressed, is a very picturesque specimen of humanity.

A sultana of the royal seraglio is prettily enough dressed, with her sky-blue pelisse edged with fur, and her scarlet gown with gold embroidery; but then the Turkish ladies have some of the oddest head-dresses in the world, hardly surpassed in absurdity and bad taste by the English horned head-dresses, hung with drapery spread out on either side like the stunsails of a ship before the wind. Some of their preposterous head-dresses remind us of those worn by our ancestors in the days of the fifth Henry, and others of the high fools' caps of Edward the Fourth. The head of the sultana is surmounted with a very lofty sort of red cap, precisely of the shape of a crookedly-grown double pumpkin, the one half of the lower pumpkin, being cut off, and the remaining half of it being scooped out so as to make it fit tightly upon the head, the upper part of the pumpkin projecting over the face. The sultana's face is uncovered by cloth or veil, but the common Turkish women in general seen in the streets wear a large white sheet, the folds of which leave nothing but the eyes and the upper part of the nose exposed. They look as if they had caught a cold, or had got a toothache, or were afflicted with neuralgia. The Turkish ladies sometimes ride through the streets on donkeys, and then they are usually muffled up in a dark silk wrapper round the head and body, with a strip of white cloth that crosses the face just below the eyes. They sit astride on a soft saddle. They look all clothes—an awkward heaped-up shapeless bundle.

The ladies at Constantinople regard the slightest exposure of the bosom as a most unpardonable indecency, and when Lady Mary Wortley Montague erred in this particular, and endeavoured to defend the custom, one of the turbaned ladies exclaimed, "Oh, my sultana, you can never defend the manners of your countrywomen, with all your wit." When she was undressing for a Turkish bath, one of her female friends, on seeing her stays, exclaimed to the others, „Come hither, and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands.“ „You need

not,” said she, turning to Lady Mary, „boast of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you thus up in a box!“ When the lady of Sir Peter Wych, the ambassador to the Grand Seignior in James the First’s reign, accompanied her husband to Constantinople, and appeared in her vast fardingale (or vardingale), resembling the modern *crinoline*, the sultanness seriously inquired, on beholding the apparent extension of the hip, whether that was the natural formation of all Englishwomen.

It is not fashion, but etiquette, that rules the wardrobe in Turkey. The days of change of toilet are fixed by the Sultan. When he makes any change in his dress he goes to the mosque; he then sends formal notice of it to the Grand Vizier, when the whole Court adopts the novelty.

A SIBERIAN’ FASHION.

There are women among the Tschatskes, in Siberia, who tattoo their limbs, but who are so little civilized, that in summer, when engaged in preparing sheepskins for dress, they sit in public places in the open air without any other costume than Nature has supplied. They are literally *in puris naturalibus*. In the winter they wear the skin of deer prepared with the hair on. They wear their hair at the back of the head, parted into two plaits, very much in the fashion in which children in England wore their hair a year or two ago. Among the Aleutian Isles, on the southern point of Kamschatka, is an island with the name of which Thomas Campbell has made us familiar by one fine line—*

„The wolf’s long howl on Oonolaska’s shore.“

There, too, the women are often naked, and not ashamed. In their short summers, men, women and children, appear together in a state of nudity without the slightest sense of impropriety. They are heavily enough dressed in the winter, and it seems that it is a luxury to them to strip themselves in the summer as if for an air-bath.

It is difficult in this country in the present high state of civilization, when we are all what *Lear* calls „sophisticated,“ to understand how any class of people can be “Adamites”—can be content to “owe the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool,“ and with no other covering but the skin feel neither shame nor discomfort. But custom is as strong as nature.

When an almost naked North American Indian, in the depth of winter, was asked how he could endure the exposure, his reply was “*I am all face*“ Very few gentlemen, however hardy, would dare to uncover their chest and shoulders as the most delicate ladies do. As late as the commencement of the 17th century our neighbours, the Irish, even in the first circles, were „unsophisticated.“ When a Bohemian nobleman visited O’Kane, a great chieftain of Ulster, he was “met at the door with sixteen women naked, except their loose mantles,“ and O’Kane himself sat naked by the fire with a naked company. These must have been bad times for tailors and outfitters, if there were any. The Saxons, on their arrival in England, tattooed their skins like the primitive Britons.

According to Herodotus, the Scythians clothed themselves with the skins of men. Lacedemonian maidens wore clothes so transparent, that they were like cobwebs. They were called by the Latins, “glassy vestments.“ They are made of green cloth; (from the Island of Cos*). The Hindoo ladies of the present day wear garments of such light transparent texture, that it is one reason why they are not permitted to mix in promiscuous male society; but at the Bethune School, in Calcutta, for Hindoo girls, the pupils are compelled to clothe themselves more decently. The fine Dacca muslin is like woven air.

“More subtle web Arachne could not spin.”—Spenser.

The textile fabrics of Hindoo weavers are like the garments of sylphs in the Rape of the Lock—

„Loose to the winds their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew.“

The weavers of Paisley and Manchester cannot even now produce anything so exquisite as the best Dacca muslin of the olden time. It was a perfect miracle of workmanship—light as gossamer—lucid as the air. When laid on the dewy grass and saturated with moisture, it was scarcely visible, and might have been taken for the dew itself. It was indeed sometimes called by the natives „evening dew,“ and sometimes „flowing water.“ From various causes the manufacture of the best muslin at Dacca

* Cos, or Kos, an Island in the Grecian Archipelago. It is now called Stancho. It was the birth-place of Apollos. It was once celebrated for its manufacture of silk and cotton.

has been discontinued. It was originally chiefly supported by demands for the royal wardrobe at Delhi. The operation of spinning the thread, fine as the line of a spider's web, was one of extreme delicacy and difficulty. The artisans were chiefly female, and they could only work while the dew was on the ground, for such was the extreme tenacity of the fibre, that it would not bear manipulation after the sun had risen. One ruttee or roti (a weight of eight barleycorns) of cotton could be spun into a thread eighty cubits long. The cotton used for this thread was grown near Dacca.* The cashmere shawl, so light and warm, is also yet unrivalled by any manufacturers of Europe. It is superbly coloured.

„Dipped in the richest tinctures of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes.

A PEASANT GIRL OF AUSTRIA.

In almost all countries, amongst the poorer or lower orders, the young women seem elevated by an intuitive taste and the gifts of Nature above the condition of the males of the same age and grade. We often see a sprightly and neatly-dressed sister or sweetheart by the side of some dirty, coarse-looking vulgar man, in humble life, and can hardly help fancying that the two parties must belong to quite different spheres of life. The mechanic, or ploughman, even when dressed in his Sunday costume, rarely looks quite so respectable as the females of his family. Speaking generally, there is a natural refinement in woman that lifts her above her artificial condition, when that is a low one. How graceful and even lady-like is many a peasant girl in Austria, in her grey felt hat, her brightly-coloured kerchief for a head dress, her short petticoat, and lightly-made shoes! The woollen gown she wears she has manufactured herself; it is called *hauszeug*, or household stuff. She spun the flax of which her head and neck handkerchief were made, and she also dyed it. An Austrian peasant woman sometimes wears a knit cotton cap of the exact shape of a slop-basin bottom upwards. A Hungarian peasant has a felt hat like a pail with the bottom upwards. A Slavonian peasant in the country of Neutra, or Neytra, in

* It is related of a Hindoo king that he one day rebuked his daughter for coming into his presence half-naked. She excused herself with the assertion that her person was enveloped in twenty yards of Dacca muslin.

Upper Hungary, wears bright blue pantaloons with stripes down the sides (*quite á la militaire*), with Hessian or Hungarian boots trimmed with a scarlet binding; he has a white jacket with red seams, and a round hat with gay ribands. He does not look as if he were dressed for hard work in the open fields, but rather as if he had just stepped from the boards of a theatre. „When his pipe is not in his mouth, it is stuck in his boot, as he has no pocket.

As we have now reached the limits we proposed to ourselves, and are anxious not to try too far the patience of the reader, we shall bring our little pamphlet to a close. But we shall not lay down the pen until we have explained that, in spite of all that we have said of the importance of dress, we are far from being disposed so to overrate externals as to set them above the virtues of the inner man. No doubt dress is often strongly emblematical of something of far higher value; but when, as it sometimes happens, it indicates the reverse of moral worth, or good taste, or conceals the real character, as language is made to conceal the thoughts and feelings it was meant to express, we should join with those who make dress in such cases a very secondary consideration, or even condemn it actively as a false and misleading emblem. In such cases, indeed, it is not an emblem at all, and then we echo the sentiment of the poet:—

“Honour and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differs more,' you cry, 'than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like the parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest is all but leather and prunello.“ *

The philosophy of dress, then, is in no degree opposed to the philosophy of morals, for dress is only so far to be regarded with consideration as it is really what it is generally supposed to be—an index to the condition and character of the wearer, and a proof of taste and good sense, and a proper respect for the prevailing customs of civilized society.

* A kind of woollen stuff of which the clergymen's gowns were formerly made, and which is still used for the uppers of ladies' boots. In most editions of Pope the word is erroneously printed *prunella*, which is a wrong spelling, and a bad rhyme. *Prunella* is a plant used medicinally as an astringent; the same word stands for a preparation of purified nitre.

ADVERTISEMENT.



The Principal departments of E. Moses and Son's Business .are as follow:—

- The WHOLESALE and EXPORT CLOTHING DEPARTMENT (at the Corner of MINORIES and ALDGATE, with a Street Entrance at No. 88, Aldgate, is carried on in the Upper Floors of the extensive City Premises.)
- The BESPOKE CLOTHING or ORDER DEPARTMENT.
- The READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT for ADULTS.
- The READY-MADE CLOTHING DEPARTMENT for JUVENILES.
- The DEPARTMENT for the ARMY and NAVY and VOLUNTEER SERVICES.
- The DEPARTMENT for LIVERIES.
- The DEPARTMENT for MOURNING.
- The DEPARTMENT for OUTFITS.
- The DEPARTMENT for SAILORS' CLOTHING.
- The DEPARTMENT for MECHANICS' CLOTHING.
- The DEPARTMENT for BOOTS and SHOES.
- The DEPARTMENT for HATS and CAPS.
- The DEPARTMENT for HOSIERY, DRAPERY, and WOOLLEN GOODS.
- The DEPARTMENT for LADIES' HABITS.

E. Moses and Son need scarcely remind the Public that every Department of their several Establishments is furnished with an immense and well-assorted Stock, either Manufactured by themselves, or carefully selected from the principal Home and Foreign Markets.



LONDON HOUSES.

City Establishment—

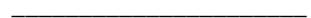
Corner of MINORIES and ALDGATE,
154, 155, 156, 157, Minories, & 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, Aldgate.

OXFORD STREET BRANCH:—

NEW OXFORD STREET, corner of HART STREET,
506, 507, 508, New Oxford Street, & 1, 2, 3, Hart Street.

Tottenham Court Road Branch:—

Corner of TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD & EUSTON ROAD,
137, 138, Tottenham Court Road, and 283, Euston Road.



COUNTRY ESTABLISHMENT:

19 & 20, Thornton's Buildings, Bridge Street, Bradford, Yorkshire.



NOTICE

All goods are MARKED in PLAIN FIGURES the lowest prices, from which no ABATEMENT can be made.

E. MOSES AND SON wish it to be particularly observed that, should any article not be approved of, it will be EXCHANGED or the MONEY RETURNED without hesitation.

The Establishments of E. Moses & Son are closed every Friday at Sunset till Saturday at Sunset, when business is resumed until 11 o'clock.