

A DOUBLE WEDDING.

On Monday, Feb. 10th, 1902, another happy union of hearts and hands took place at Pomona church at 10:30 o'clock when Miss Maggie Black, daughter of Clerk Black, and Mr. Donald McDonald, of 10th con. Glenelg, were vowed man and wife by the Rev. Father Hauck. Following was Miss Teena McKinnon, of Pomona, and Dan McDonald, (Hanlan) from St. Charles, Michigan, who bowed and answered to the good man's vows and sayings, and they two also were made man and wife. Miss Katie Black and Johnnie McDonald, of St. Charles, Michigan, discouraged the duties of bridesmaid and groomsman with the former parties. While Miss Maggie Vogan, of Toronto, and Johnnie Black, of Michigan, did likewise with the latter. After congratulations and handshakings at the church, the parties all drove to Mr. Black's where both wedding parties agreed to have the crowd by the request of Mr. Black. On arriving a sumptuous double wedding repast was in readiness and served to about one hundred and twenty five guests, who ate, drank and were merry till the breakfast feast was over. When the dining room was cleared of its contents and the wedding party danced the first dance with credit, Messrs. John McDonald, of Bad Axe, Michigan, and John A. Black, of Scotchtown, with their brides upon their arm, were the next called to take the floor which they did with honors. Mrs. Black, mother of John S. Black, a lady of over 90 years, danced a jig in a lively mood with one of her grandsons, Rev. Father Hauck, on hearing the Highlanders sing their Gaelic songs and close merrily, pressed the remark, that he was the only German in the house, but we think the Rev. gentleman in question enjoyed himself fully as well as if the whole party had been Dutchmen. He remained with the crowd till near evening when he took his leave and departed for home.

Eat, drink and be merry! It was now evening and another repast was served with two elegant wedding cakes to finish up on. The party still grew larger as night came on, although some of the older folks went home to let younger members of the family have their turn. Again the dancing and merriment was in

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full bloom, Messrs. Angus McKinnon and Godfrey McDonald doing their part in good style and form. We must not forget Mr. Alex. McMillan, floor manager, who was as busy as a bee keeping every thing right and giving special attention to the special brilliancy owing to the presence of Messrs. John McDonald and P. J. Brein. Misses McCabe and Annie McVicar did their part well at the organ, together with the Pomona String Band, consisting Anderson, Black Bros and Wm. Keating with comb.

The presents were costly and numerous. Those who came from a distance were: Mrs. J. Waters and Mr. J. P. Brein, from Dundalk, Miss M. Vogan, Toronto, Mr. Dan McKinnon, Durham, Miss Sarah McDonald, Michigan, the rest of the Michigan people have already been mentioned.

Day light being again visible the guests departed for their respective homes, speaking in high praise of the way all had been treated, and wishing the young couples health, wealth and a prosperous future.

By the time this is in print they will all be settled by their ain fire side. We join the throng in congratulations.

Mail and Empire, weekly, \$1.75
Family Herald and Weekly Star, .80
Toronto Daily World, 2.00
Toronto Daily News, 1.30
Toronto Daily Star, 1.25
Montreal Witness, weekly, .65

THE CHRONICLE, DURHAM, ONT. Nov. 19th.

REMARKS ON DRESS.

THIRD LETTER.

(By Lady Cook, nee Tennessee Claffin.)

The sumptuary laws enacted during various reigns, were found very inefficient, and eventually ceased to be enforced. Satire on dress also was of little avail. A monk of Edward the First's time wrote of "a proud woman who wore a white dress, with a long tail; which trailing behind her, raised a dust even as far as the altar and the crucifix," and on her train he saw a devil riding, "using it as if it were for his chariot." Lyndesay wrote of ladies' side tails flapping the filth among their feet, and dubs them sluts and harlots. Chalmers informs us: "The parliament of James II did all that men could do to regulate dress and to restrain the tails of women." The sumptuary of this Scottish monarch ordains: "That no woman cum to the kirk, nor mercat, with her face mussaled that sche may nocht be kend, under the pane of escheit of the churchie." In England also the women muffled to the eyes when they wished to conceal their identity, as did Falstaff when he personated the fat woman of Brentford.

One of the most monstrous singularities of dress was that of trunk breeches, worn during the reign of James I and Charles I. These were extended almost to the dimensions of the ladies' farthingales, so that Bulwer in his "Artificial Changeling" call them "a kind of verdingale breeches." They were stuffed with rags, tow, hemp, hair, or "other like things," and occasionally formed receptacles for the plunder of thieves. The same writer tells of a gentleman who had a small hole torn in his immense hose by a nail in his chair, so that when he rose and bowed to the ladies, "the bran poured forth as from a mill." Another writer said, "they are almost capable of holding a bushel of wheat, and if they be of sackcloth they would serve to carry mawt to the mill." This absurd garment gave rise to a new kind of theft—the cutting off of the tails of cattle and horses at night, so "that not one beast nor horse can tell which way his tale is saved."

This fashion raised the price of horse hair from twopence to a shilling per pound.

The farthingale was the complement of trunk hose, and was equally ridiculous. Like the ruffs it appears to have been imported from Spain, and Howell says that the Spanish word for a farthingale, literally translated, is cover-infant. It was the forerunner of the hooped petticoat which was first mentioned in 1598. Thirteen years after this it had become fashionable, and the ladies' gowns appeared "like bells or pyramids." The hoops of our time were of smaller dimensions, yet these were too large for ordinary vehicles, and we have often seen "bus conductors pushing frantically at the ample and elastic surroundings of stout old ladies before they could assist them to their seats. In 1745, when they were at their maximum, "The Review" suggested various modes of overcoming this and other inconveniences. It was proposed that coaches should each have a moveable roof, and a frame and pulleys to drop the ladies in from the top. Part of one of the long-winded songs of the day ran:

"Now some of the vulgar are apt to reproach Those ladies, tho' young, and as sound as a roach, With wonder, how they can crowd into a coach, With hoop'd petticoats, monstrous petticoats bounding hoop'd petticoats, maids. The bodies of men they are button'd and hoop'd. Thus in their strong coats they are lustily hoop'd: Women are weak vessels, and ought to be hoop'd In large petticoats, monstrous petticoats, bounding hoop'd petticoats, maids."

In olden times, as now, women often copied men's attire, and were ridiculed in consequence. They wore similar doublets, for example, and were told they also aimed at wearing the breeches, and that before long it would be difficult to distinguish a man from a maid. Some of the fashions exclaimed against were harmless; others deserved all that could be said against them, and especially the mode of the indecent exposure of the bosom that came in with the Stuarts. One divine declared that "the vanities and exorbitancies of many women in painting, patching, spotting, and blotting themselves, were the badge of an harlot; rotten posts are painted, and gilded nutmegs are usually the worst." The noble ladies of the reign of James I wore ruffs or bands of immoderate size stretched out from the neck, while "the front of the dress is cut away immediately beneath it, nearly to the waist * * * all the other part of the bust was over-clothed, while the bosom was perfectly bare." Hence one of the ballads ran:

"And in church to tell you true Men cannot serve God for looking on you." A satirical poem named "Mundus Muliebris," published in 1690, gives the most complete account of a lady's wardrobe and boudoir of that time. The list too twenty-two quarto pages to describe. It begins:—"He that will needs to Merry-land Adventure, first must understand For's bark, what tackle to prepare, 'Gainst wind and weather, wear and tare," and what followed was enough to discourage the most daring from such an undertaking. Among this multitude of ladies' requirements were "night-trails" or night gowns, which were shortly after worn as morning

gowns; "commodes," or lofty head dresses towering three feet high, "Like steeples bow or granham spire;" great bosses of bundles of hair called choux, worn at the back of the head, thus

"Behind the noddle every baggage Wears bundle choux, in English cabbage." Mouches (flies) or black patches, were worn in profusion, "out of an affection of mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had * * * some fill their visage full of them, varied into all manners of shapes and figures."

Such are a few of the vagaries of fashion in past times which have been more or less copied up to the present. If the women were ridiculous in one direction the men were equally so in another. Tom Brown in "Letters from the Dead to the Living," describes a beau "who made a most magnificent figure: his perwig was large enough to have loaded a camel, and he bestowed upon it, at least, a bashel of powder." A man wearing a Ramlie wig and miffette would now be hooted through the streets, yet in the early part of the last century these were the height of fashion. Wigs, coats, caps, hats, shoes breeches, and even shirts and cravats, have each a history of their own, and have all been marked by the follies of fashion. The shafts of the witty and the diatribes of divines have been levelled against each in turn. Those of our readers who in their childhood learnt Dr. Watt's lines:

"How proud we are, how fond to show Our clothes and call them rich and new, When the poor sheep and silkworm wore That very clothing long before,"

may be interested in the following extract by James Bay, published nearly forty years before the other was born:

"See how some borrow'd off east vaine attire, Can puff up pamp'rd clay and dirty mire; Tell me, whence hast thy cloaths that make thee fine, Was't not the silly sheep's before 'twas mine? Doth not the silk-worm and the ox's hide, Serve to maintain thee in thycheefest pride? Do'st not thou often with these featherd vaine Thy face, with which the ostridge hides her tail? What art thou proud of, then? me thinks 'Tis fit Thou shouldst be humble for the wearing it."

We regret that want of space forbids us to dive deeper into this interesting subject. But the few examples we have brought forward are sufficient to indicate the trend of human folly in dress and to show that we do not clothes ourselves from motives of health, comfort or true adornment so much as from the impulse of false pride and shallow vanity. It is not necessary to agree with the sour precisians whose minds are as dun colored as their clothes, nor even with the amiable Dr. Watts as to pride in dress. Beautiful garments are as nice as any other beautiful thing, and we do well to be pleased if we possess them. But we must not confound the fashionable with the beautiful. The fashionable is seldom beautiful, but it is our duty to make it as beautiful as possible, and to be guided by the highest standard of taste. The fashionable should also be comfortable, or rather the comfortable should alone be fashionable, for what is life without comfort? But above all, nothing injurious to health should be deemed fit to wear. We are on the eve of a scientific era—an era of universal enlightenment, in which every individual must either assist or hinder. Let us, then, look with scorn upon the monstrosities of fashion, and regard the disfigurement and distortion of our bodies as a high offence against God and against human nature.



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