

**REVELATIONS OF AN ALL-
ROUND COLLAR; AN
EPISODE, IN THE LIFE OF A
YOUNG GENTLEMAN**

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Revelations of an all-round collar; An episode, in the life of a young gentleman by Anonymous

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REVELATIONS
OF AN
ALL ROUND COLLAR



Illustrated by George Thomson

LONDON:
TALLANT AND ALLEN, 21, WARWICK SQUARE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

Second Edition

REVELATIONS
OF AN
ALL-ROUND COLLAR:

An Episode
IN THE LIFE OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

EDITED BY HIS LAUNDRESS.

"'Tis just the fashion."—*As you Like it.*

Tail

With Illustrations from Designs by George H. Thomson.

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REVELATIONS OF AN ALL-ROUND COLLAR.

FIRST WEEK.

Just look at me.—Bruised and shattered as I am ; and almost unrecognisable from my once prim appearance, when I first remember meeting daylight through the plate glass of Piccadilly, labelled “ Quite New, Eleven and Sixpence for Twelve.” Surely the “ mode,” of which I am one of the ministers, will one day be as fine a subject for the inquiry of the antiquary in costume as the coarsely-stiffened and wire-elevated fabrics that are said to have enveloped the fair necks of the softer sex in the days of Queen Bess.

I was first handed from the window into the hands of a speaker, whom I need scarcely say was not a lady when I add, that the first exclamation, after a lengthened examination of my height and length, was—“ Ah! it’s rather the thing.” In a few minutes after, with eleven companions, I was con-

signed to darkness, in the society of a dozen pairs of pale kid gloves, and left the window in Piccadilly for ever, in a paste-board box.

Audland-street West was a very pleasant locality; and when daylight dawned in upon the dressing-table where I lay the morning after the day I have but just spoken of, I found that I was in an elegantly furnished chamber. Around me were strewn numberless vials of scent, *cosmétiques* and *pomades*. Scarcely was my survey concluded—certainly before my wonder was abated—when a long drawn sigh from the curtained couch pronounced that the occupant had awakened from slumber. Well do I remember my interest in each stage of the toilet that followed. How hard those two big brushes laboured to effect the satisfactory parting of that back hair; and when the continuous line of demarcation to the left temple was accomplished, and the occupant of the chamber turned towards where I lay to look in the mirror, I really could not dissent from what I afterwards heard as a frequently expressed opinion, that he was an exceedingly good-looking fellow. I will not say what length of time was expended on a moustache; which I can best describe by saying that it was, to quote the words of provincial criticism of the last small volume of poetry, “remarkably promising.” One thing I may say, and that confidently, it was full one hour and a half before one of my fellow-collars was called into requisition. A few moments