

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

OCH, AYE!

VICTORIA VANE CASTS HER EXPERT GAZE OVER THE OUTLANDER BALL

SHE DIDN'T, DID SHE?

HOT GOSS FROM THE TEATIME TATTLER

MATCHMAKER, MATCHMAKER!

SO YOU THINK IT WAS ALL YOUR OWN IDEA?

BONUS INTERVIEW

HOW DID LADY ROSALEIGH AYERS SCOOP THE CATCH OF THE SEASON? HER FRIENDS SPILL THE BEANS

LOVE GEMS OF LONDON

Interview

I went undercover in a HELLFIRE CLUB!

THERE'S NOTHING JADE BRIDGES WON'T DO TO TRACK DOWN A CURIO FOR THE COUNT

ALSO INSIDE:

- FUN & GAMES: GET READY TO SPARKLE
- OUTSIDE EATS: WE TAKE YOU ON A SEASONAL PICNIC
- PLUS: FEATURES GALORE!

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Issue 21 March 2023

AUTHOR'S DESK

LET'S GET THE PARTY STARTED!

Welcome to the first edition of Love's Great Adventure for 2023. And speaking of firsts, this is the very first edition that centres solely on my books!

I hope you enjoy the fun interviews with Jade Bridges, heroine of A Curio for the Count, and Lady Rosaleigh Ayres, heroine of Dicing with the Duke.

But that's not all, we have a spectacular Outlander Ball fashion feature from Victoria Vane and fascinating historical features on matchmaking and beautiful Georgian jewellery.

Also beginning in this edition is the Hot Gossip column which features fun introductions to the characters from a variety of historical romance novels out each quarter.

At the moment I'm working on The Elusive Earl, book three in my Gems of London series, and I'm looking forward to fleshing out a brand new series for 2024, so stay tuned!

If you know of anyone who would enjoy Love's Great Adventure magazine, do let them know they can subscribe for free!

Elizabeth Ellen Carter



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from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

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LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

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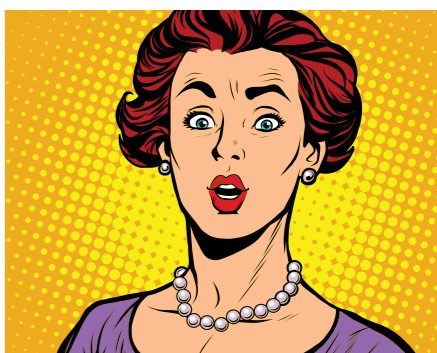
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COVER FEATURE INTERVIEW

Undercover Agent

With so little known about the new Countess of Ytres, we were looking forward to learning more about her past as a working girl in her family's jewelry business. We were also eager to confirm rumours that she was seen moonlighting as a serving wench at a rather disreputable house party.

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COMICS

30 **Not So Funny Pages:** heartbreak comic book style.

SHE'S THE MYSTERY WOMAN OF THE SEASON. JUST WHO IS THE FORMER JADE BRIDGES?

“VERY LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT COUNT ARMAND DANGER'S NEW BRIDE.”

We were very pleased to have had our request for an interview accepted by the new Countess of Ytres. Very little is known about Count Armand Danger's new bride. She doesn't appear in any of the peerage's registers, and, when we asked other members of the Ton if they knew of her background, few were prepared to speak at all, let alone on record.

Those we did manage to speak with told of her exquisite taste in jewellery and objets d'art. They say she is much sought-after for her knowledge in that regard.

Our investigations have unearthed that she is the sister of Mr Edward Bridges, of Bridges & Sons, which has a rather fine shop in Bond Street and an auction house in Southwark.

And there we came across an interesting tidbit of information, regarding another rather mysterious member of the aristocracy, Lord Kingston Prendegast, and a connection with the Countess of Ytres.

Of course, we said nothing of this connection when our appointment was made. In this humble reporter's experience, a question asked of an unguarded interviewee elicits a much more honest response than affording the opportunity for some preprepared dissembling.

by a Special Correspondent

We are welcomed into a townhouse in a fashionable part of the city. The Countess' reputation for style and elegance has not been exaggerated. We are shown to a charming morning room which features an intriguing black lacquered cabinet in the chinoiserie style filled with little jade curios.

Our hostess already waits for us impeccably dressed in a fashionable gown of spring green. After a moment of small talk, we are ready to begin our interview.

We understand that seeking out clocks was a specialty of yours before marriage, my Lady.

Clocks amongst other things. In truth, my particular interest was jewellery. However, there was one special request made of me to find a specific timepiece.

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UNDERCOVER AGENT

AN EXCERPT FROM **A CURIO FOR THE COUNT**

There were voices outside. Armand blew out the candle, plunging them into semi-darkness.

Jade held her breath and listened. The voices moved on.

"Get the candle relit," said Armand. "We only have a moment to search."

"I thought you said the clock wasn't here."

"I lied. Get on with it."

Jade did as he said and didn't question the fact that Armand helped himself to a lamp from his host's desk and lit it. He explored the opposite end of the library.

"Are you sure you want to call attention to ourselves?" she asked.

"I have an excuse to be here."

"Oh? Like what?"

Armand turned and looked at her. "You."

Jade swallowed. She could guess what he meant by that.

She turned to examine a large bookcase glad he could not see her face redden. Meanwhile, her traitorous body reminded her of what his kisses could do to her.

A moment later the disappointing search ended with them together at a sizeable oak reading table positioned by the curtained windows.

"Well, where next?" Armand whispered.

"There's the room next door. If not there, then we'll have to try upstairs. That is if it's here at all."

It was a gloomy thought, but one that had to be faced.

At Armand's dismayed expression, Jade took a step forward and brushed his cheek with her fingers. "It's a risk we'll have to take," she said. "It's an occupational hazard."

"I'm not cut out for the world of cloaks and daggers."

She smiled. "Neither am I. I'm usually looking round a house with the owner's permission." She eyed him appreciatively. "I will own that you wear that costume well."

He flashed her a grin in response.

"Not half as well as you wear yours."

His words were a caress. And he knew it too. He followed up with a feather-light touch to her shoulders, playing with the neckline of her blouse. Without meaning to, she leaned toward him. He responded by snaking a free arm around her waist, drawing her to him. He moved forward until Jade could feel the edge of the table at her backside.

"You do know your reputation would be ruined if anyone here knew your identity," he said.

Jade tried to remain focused on her thoughts instead of being distracted by the press of his body against hers.

"Apart from one of the other girls, no one knows I'm here but you, and she won't tell. Will you?"

"I might be persuaded to silence."

Armand's kiss was soft and full, less brutal than the kiss in the banquet hall, and more sensuous. Jade returned it fully, giving license to her own desires. Every part of her body was aware of him. *Wanted* more of him.

She wrapped her arms around his neck to deepen the kiss.

Click!

Before she could identify the sound, Armand had hoisted her up onto the table and pushed her back. He covered her mouth with one hand and, with the other, pulled down the bodice of the peasant top then bunched her skirts up to her thighs.

Once the blood stopped rushing through her ears from the shock of being thrust onto the table, she heard other voices in the room. Inebriated voices.

Armand drew a hand along her leg. He kissed her passionately for several moments then moved to her ear.

"Turn your face away from the room," he whispered. "They will notice your body, but not your face."

“SHALL I TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME I DRESSED AS A SCANTILY-CLAD SERVING WENCH?”

UNDERCOVER AGENT

Continued from page 5

This took you to a rather unusual party, we believe.

The direct approach never disappoints. The Countess straightens imperceptibly and gives us an unflinching look.

Ah, you've been speaking to Rufus Mayditch.

Her answer is not phrased as a question.

Then I suppose you have a lot of questions. Go ahead, ask them.

In truth, it was our turn to be taken aback. We expected the Countess to shy away from issues of her past, particularly of an association - no matter how oblique - with Lord Kingston Predegast. His Lordship's reputation for hosting parties of a peculiar sort would be a scandal if more widely known.

The fact that it isn't can only be attributable to the fact that many of London's leading names are associated with such affairs.

Meanwhile, the Countess witnessed our tongue-tied discombobulation and smiled knowingly. She picked up a fine china cup from the tea service that had been waiting for us, sipped its contents, and revealed the truth herself.

I attended one of Lord Predegast's parties in a professional capacity only.

With all due respect, my lady, that's not what we have been told.

The countess leans forward.

So, you want to hear about Predegast's Hellfire Club?

Yes, we most certainly do!

She considers a moment before speaking.

Shall I tell you about the time I dressed as a scantily-clad serving wench in order to search Predegast's home for the Thalatte clock that I'd been commissioned to find?

Or perhaps you'd like to hear about the lightskirts who earned a month's wages for only two night's work? How every whim is catered for, and how my now husband, dressed in a most fetching Carolinian ensemble, caught me alone in the library looking for the clock, and how we were nearly caught up in flagrante delicto not once, but twice by other couples in the throes of passion?

Now it was our turn to lean forward to take in every word.

The countess picked up her cup once more. She sipped, then looked at us directly.

Such a thing never happened.

LGA



LGA



ROMANCE THAT SPARKLES

Opal

The Lyon Sleeps Tonight

Free-spirited Opal Jones and strait-laced Peter Ravenshaw are childhood friends growing up in India, away from the structured mores of English society. But all good things must come to an end. The young friends are sent to England and go their separate ways.

Years pass but not Opal's love for Peter. Opal is determined to get her man, but she will need the help of Lady Dove-Lyon, the most notorious matchmaker in London. The Lyon's Den will host a most unusual game: He who can stay awake the longest, wins the hand of the fair Miss Opal Jones. Peter is horrified that his beautiful, headstrong friend would give herself away on a game of chance, not realizing that Opal already holds all the cards.



WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THIS STORY: I love the faithful and constant love that Opal has for Peter. Peter's army career sees him battle some personal demons following a campaign which almost takes his life. He is such a noble character who would sacrifice his own happiness for others. But Opal is determined to help him see that he doesn't have to sacrifice love. I made Mrs Dove-Lyon a wily lady – as well as a bit avaricious. She was so much fun to write!

My series Gems of London has been a lot of fun to write. I wanted to tell you who the Gems are, and what I especially like about their stories.

Elizabeth Ellen Carter

Sapphira

What the False Heart Doth Know

Lady Sapphira Galbraith's secret romance with Earl Anthony Redthorpe is over and he is engaged to another.

Spending Christmas and the New Year with cousins in storm-battered Norfolk, she puts on a false face of happiness.

The only one who seems to understand the depth of her heartache is cousin Innes who suggests a marriage of convenience to him.

As she considers his proposal, the storm blows in unexpected guests - Anthony, his fiancée Elizabeth, and her family.

Sapphira learns that Anthony's father has died and he is now Duke. What's more, he has discovered the depth of his father's deceit in forcing him into betrothal to Lady Elizabeth. Is it enough for hope to grow in Sapphira's broken heart?



WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THIS STORY: Oh, such heartbreak for Sapphira! Being torn apart from the love of her life through circumstances beyond her control. And yet there is something happening behind the scenes. I loved writing a 'play within a play', and, if you read between the lines, you'll discover some intriguing characters who are not who they appear on the surface!

Amber

The Elusive Earl

After being jilted at the altar, Lady Amber Honeyfield is tired of being treated with pity and is ready to enter the marriage mart once more.

She is determined to think no more of Miles Harcourt, Earl of Castleford, the man she loved. No one has heard from Miles since that misbegotten day, not her brother who was his best friend, not even the man's own family.

But soon after her arrival back in London, Amber spots Miles in Vauxhall Gardens – or at least she thinks it is him. Amber throws herself into the social whirl and catches the eye of Lewis Montforte, Earl of Runcorn.

Miles Harcourt has been a man on the run for the past two years. He

had been recruited to infiltrate a gang planning to assassinate the Prince of Wales. To protect Amber and to cement his position in the gang, his disappearance was regrettable but necessary. Now that gang have been arrested, his role is coming to an end, but how can he go back? How can Amber forgive him, especially when she Amber appears to have moved on with his friend, Runcorn.

Still, fate appears determined to make his and Amber's paths cross once more. Can he take the risk and explain himself? Will she ever forgive him? Before he gets the chance to find out, he learns the gang leader has broken out of prison, putting his and Amber's life at risk once more.

WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THIS STORY: I'm writing this story right now! And it's shaping up to be very intriguing.

This is something a little different for me. Unlike Sapphira, Amber is not heartbroken, she's getting on with her life after her broken engagement. I'm having fun rebuilding the relationship with Miles from the ground up and exploring the aftermath.



Ruby

Deceiving the Duke

William Musgrave, Duke of Auchen, is dying. When he goes to his grave, he will take with him the opportunity to right a wrong that has left Lady Ruby McAllister impoverished.

Ruby has the contract that pledged her father a one-third share in a successful Scottish textile mill. But Auchen never made good on his promise before Ruby's father died. Now Ruby has lost her beloved Strathaird, home to the McAllisters for centuries. Her only hope is to confront the duke before he dies. And her chance comes when a vacancy arises for a new night nurse in his London household.

Standing in her way is Seth Musgrave, the duke's estranged son, who despises his father for deriding him as an imbecile. In truth, Seth is the driving force behind his father's successful enterprise. William Musgrave has heeded no one in his life except for his wife. She died twenty years ago, but Ruby hears him call for her in his nightly delirium.

What if Ruby answered his call, pretending to be the only woman who could ever persuade the duke to do the right thing?

How long can Ruby keep her secret when Seth is trying to distract her with his kisses? And what if Seth learns the woman he's falling in love with is deceiving the Duke?



WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THIS STORY: I wanted to look at the issue of gaslighting and started with the question of what are the repercussions when deception is undertaken for noble reasons? Can one get away scot-free? Another aspect to the story is a redemptive arc between father and son – the duke and his embittered heir. Make no mistake, the Duke was a cruel father, but can forgiveness bring healing before it's too late? I love the sophisticated relationship between Ruby and Seth as they explore the foundation of their love under such difficult circumstances.



Jade

A Curio for the Count

Raised as an Englishman, Armand Danger, Comte de Ytres, is troubled by a dream from his childhood that leaves him speculating on his French past. He is convinced an elaborate clock belonging to his late father, executed in the French Revolution, holds the answers he seeks.

Miss Jade Bridges works as a valuer in her family's London antiques shop and auction house. One day she receives mysterious letter from an anonymous client willing to pay any price for a very specific statue clock.

While in pursuit of the clock, Jade and Armand meet and there's immediate attraction. But how can it amount to anything when they are rivals for the very same object?

As the couple grow closer and attraction deepens, they agree to join forces to find the timepiece together. Then an antiques dealer is killed. It appears someone else is willing to extract a fatal price to possess the clock for themselves.

WHAT I LOVE ABOUT THIS STORY: There is no shortage of Regency romances featuring dukes and debutants, so I wanted to do something a little different. Jade is a working girl, and she's very good at what she does. When she meets Armand, she is not awed by his title and, over time, falls in love with the man he is beneath the trappings. Again, I had fun writing about a hero whose quest centred on exploring his family's past to uncover his true destiny. In this, A Curio for the Count is connected to Deceiving the Duke.

SHE'S WON THE MATCH OF THE SEASON, BUT WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE...

WHO NEEDS ENEMIES?

Your humble correspondent has news to share about the latest eligible bachelor caught in the parson's mousetrap. His Grace Simon Quinn, the Duke of Witherin, has chosen for his bride, Lady Rosaleigh Ayres, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Parkhurst.

To many observers of the nobility, it was a surprise choice indeed. The handsome, eligible bachelor has only been newly elevated to his status due to the untimely demise of his cousin, and it was assumed he would marry one of this season's diamonds of the first water.

This is not to say Lady Rosaleigh is unattractive. She is, indeed, an attractive young woman in her own right.

However, it has to be said that she has had a reputation for mishaps occurring in the vicinity of her presence, which also explains her most frequently being seen as a wallflower.

Some have suggested that she and the Duke bonded over a mutual interest in the game of backgammon. His Grace is known for his game – but rumour has it Lady Rosaleigh's is even better.

The newly engaged and doubtless happy couple, whose match was engineered by no less prominent a personage than Lady Pansy Osbourne, London's preeminent matchmaker, have refused all requests to be interviewed. *Quelle dommage!*

Thus frustrated in our efforts to learn more, I reached out to friends of Lady Rosaleigh who were only too pleased to share what they know with our readers.

Continued on page 12

“NO ONE CAN TELL YOU MORE ABOUT DEAR, DEAR ROSALEIGH THAN I!

— LADY SYLVIA HAUGHTON

“WHAT MAN WANTS A GAUCHE, OVER-TALL WALLFLOWER FOR A BRIDE?”



WHO NEEDS ENEMIES?

Continued from page 11

I sit down in a quiet tearoom off one of London's busiest streets and wait. Lady Sylvia Houghton and Lady Nancy Guilfoyle are an hour late.

A few pleasantries are exchanged and tea served. I begin to ask my first question.

LGA: About Lady Rosaleigh...

Lady Sylvia: You're not going to use our names in the article are you?

Before I can respond, her friend turns to her.

Lady Nancy: Why on earth not? I've never been in a publication before!

I can't help but notice the peculiar look Lady Sylvia shoots back at her friend. She then turns back to me.

Lady Sylvia: So, you want to know all about Lady Rosaleigh, eh? Well, no one can tell you more about her than I. We've known each other for years, and she has been my friend of the bosom for almost as long. Dear, dear Rosaleigh!

Now it is Lady Nancy's turn to look askance.

Lady Nancy: But Sylvia!

Lady Sylvia ignores her companion and leans towards me, intending to share a confidence.

Lady Sylvia: It pains me much to say this, but I feel my dearest Rosaleigh's marriage will not be a happy one. After all, the Duke is a man of grace and refinement. Mark my words, their engagement will be broken before the new year.

What makes you think that?

Lady Sylvia: Well, I don't wish to speak ill of a dear friend, but what man wants a gauche, over-tall wallflower for a bride? My goodness, can you imagine it now. His Grace will have to spend half his time apologising for his wife's mishaps.

Have you seen many of these mishaps?

Lady Nancy: Oh yes, lots of them! Every time we see her there is always a toe trod on or a glass broken. Rosaleigh is very, very clumsy.

At this point, my suspicions are roused. It is clear these two young ladies are motivated by jealousy, rather than the desire to illuminate our readers, so I call our interview to an end.

I bid adieu to them, but, as I move on, I hear bickering between them.

"I told you this wouldn't work."

"You told me no such thing!"

"It's you, Sylvia, always you! I don't know why we're friends."

"If you don't know, I don't know either. Besides, it was you who tried to trip up Rosaleigh on the stairs—"

"—On your suggestion!"

"Don't you blame this on me, Nancy!"

Now I have my story, and it is no longer about the Duke of Witherin and his willowy bride-to-be.

Lady Sylvia and Lady Nancy on the other hand...

LGA



AN EXCERPT FROM DICING WITH THE DUKE It was an accident.

Lady Rosaleigh Ayres saw Lady Mirabella's tea cup perched precariously on the edge of the low table. She only intended to move it back, and it was just at that moment the girl's mother accidentally kicked the leg of the table. Rosaleigh reached forward, but it was too late – the half-filled cup spilled across the front of Mirabella's new dress then crashed to the floor.

The girl stood up and squealed as though scalded.

"Look what you've done, you clod!"

She tried to dab down Mirabella's dress, but the girl rushed off to a retiring room before Rosaleigh could do more than make a tentative attempt. She stood and stammered an apology.

Oh, how she hated being so clumsy.

She didn't have to raise her head to know contemptuous looks were being cast her way by the other girls. Rosaleigh swallowed her embarrassment and shame. The accident wasn't her fault. She tried to prevent it, but there was no way to defend herself.

Not with her reputation.

"Rosa-lethal, you're going to kill someone someday," said Lady Sylvia Houghton under her breath, but loud enough for her target to hear.

Rosaleigh swallowed against a lump in her throat and once again cursed her height. She glanced about the room. With everyone seated, she could see those in the assembly room studiously pretending that nothing had happened – all except one man who stood and was now approaching.

"It's the Duke of Witherin," whispered one girl with something that sounded like awe in her voice.

And why shouldn't she be awed? The duke was handsome, young, and wealthy. Most importantly, he was unattached.

"Form an orderly line behind me, girls," proclaimed Lady Sylvia. "I saw him first!"

Rosaleigh heard the rustle of clothing and fans as the young women around her preened.

As for herself, she was too mesmerized to move. He was the most handsome man she had ever seen in her life.

And he was as tall as she was.

No, taller.

His soft blue eyes held hers, and she found herself rooted to the spot.

"Curtsy, you fool!" Sylvia hissed through her teeth.

Rosaleigh did so woodenly.

"Can I assist you, Miss?"

"Ah, I, er..." The words wouldn't form!

The girls around her tittered. Rosaleigh pushed her nervousness down as far as it would go and took a deep breath.

"No. Thank you, your grace," she said, although it came out as a stammer that might have left the duke thinking she was genuinely half-witted. With another curtsy, she made a beeline for the garden, barging past him as she went.

She walked as fast as she could until, looking back, she could no longer see the house from the gardens. Coming to a halt, she gulped in air as though she had been holding her breath for an hour – which was exactly what this event felt like.

LGA



A young lady nursing wounded soldiers acts improperly? NO!

My cousin, recovering from illness at Armory Square Hospital in Washington, D.C., witnessed first-hand the impropriety of one nurse, Gracie McBride, behavior from whom one might expect of the Irish.

On one occasion she tackled an orderly to the floor and literally sat upon the man while she ripped the very shirt off his back.

She even had the audacity to sneak into the kitchen and steal food, an act which brought her serious reprimand from the hospital chief surgeon.

<https://bluestockingbelles.net/a-young-lady-nursing-wounded-acts-improperly-no/>



Spite, not truth, harms gentle lady

It is the duty of The Teatime Tattler to find the truth behind a scandal. Sometimes, all is not as it seems.

Nowhere is that more true than in the case of the scurrilous and sometimes indecent caricatures currently causing a stir in London.

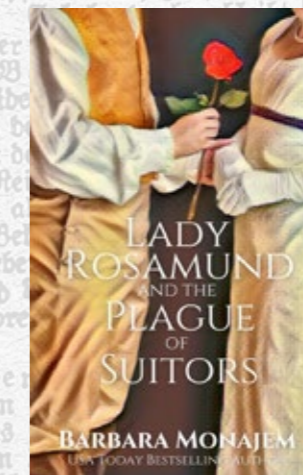
In his investigation, our correspondent had cause to observe a mob gathered outside of the townhouse currently rented by Lord and Lady R.

He was much struck by the graceful and dignified form of Lady R., whom many believe to be the Lady Beast recently lampooned by less reputable purveyors of news than this fine magazine.

<https://bluestockingbelles.net/read-all-about-it-spite-not-truth-harms-gentle-lady/>

HOT GOSSIP

The editor of The Teatime Tattler, Mr S Clements, kindly shares a round-up of the latest whispers around the world of the Ton and below stairs.



Scandal of the Year! Will it end with a silken rope?

Sir Pinkerton Jones-Worthy, who always knows the latest gossip, was kind enough to give the Tattler an interview about the latest – and possibly the greatest – scandal in the ton.

Did Lord Derwent, heir to the Earl of Medway, murder his close friend, Lord Worsten?

Lord Worsten's body, shockingly stabbed several times, was found in a ditch on the Great North Road the day after Lord Worsten abducted Lord Derwent's mistress - or did he?

"Everyone thinks so," Sir Pinkerton said, "but my dear friend, Lady Rosamund Phipps, tells another story."

<https://bluestockingbelles.net/scandal-of-the-year-will-it-end-with-a-silken-rope/>



Scandal among duchesses

The Tattler has received the most shocking news about two of society's newest duchesses.

Everyone recalls the scandals that nearly brought down the Duchess of Stonegreave before her marriage to heroic Captain Richard Champion.

Now it seems that Her Grace is not the only duchess with a murky past. Rumors continue to swirl that her ladyship was a base-born commoner raised by an Irish pirate.

<https://bluestockingbelles.net/scandal-among-duchesses/>



Never let a little money come between a girl and her future comfort, I say!

I hesitate to tell you this dreadful tale of a young lady of respectable family, yet not high in the instep.

Yes, her father has marital aspirations for her and her younger sister. You do know what I mean. Well! I tell you that I have it on good authority that she will not marry the man whom her father has purchased for her.

Yes. I do say purchased.

<https://bluestockingbelles.net/6738-2/>



MATCHMAKER, MAKE ME A MATCH

Using a matchmaker to find a spouse seems terribly old fashioned. And who'd use a marriage bureau? But were they really so different to using today's vastly popular online dating apps?

Instead of letting an app automatically sort through thousands of candidates to prioritise a selection of likely suitors, the role of matchmaker usually belonged to a real person - someone of eminence and respectability.

In the Renaissance era in small towns and villages throughout England, that role would have been performed by the local vicar who, by dint of his office, would know who would be suitable with whom according to temperament and character.

Prior to the 19th century, marriages in the aristocracy were negotiated by the parents of the would-be betrothed to further a family's political and financial ambitions. Sometimes there was a love match out of it, but that wasn't a given.

However, with the rise of romanticism in the 19th century, marrying for love seemed much more in vogue.

Matchmaking was then seen as a primarily female occupation - see Jane Austen's *Emma* for an example. The most successful of these ladies were like the vicars of earlier times - they knew the members of their class well.

Marriage bureaux started springing up in the first quarter of the 19th century for men and women of all classes. They would classify clients by social status, physical characteristics, personality, income, and disposition, as well as likes and dislikes, and what they wanted in a partner.

The first computer-based marriage bureau was not founded by young male computer geeks at Harvard as lore would have it, but by a dyslexic East London woman called Joan Ball. Her Eros Dating Agency ran its first set of computer matches in 1964 and was so immediately successful she changed the company name to the St. James Computer Dating Service to stress the technological advantage of her agency. In doing so, she started a trend that would ultimately spawn today's online dating apps.

Trouble arose, however, because she - like everyone else then - relied on snail mail to deliver and receive the questionnaires they would feed into their computers. A 1971 Post Office strike that ran eight weeks almost sent Ball broke.

'Traditional' agency matchmaking seemed doomed by the arrival of the apps to become as obsolete as the CD made the LP record. But, just like vinyl, the agencies are making a comeback as apps have garnered a sketchy reputation.

Renee Richel, founder of a Florida matchmaking agency, says singles are finding online dating apps 'are often impersonal, inaccurate, and at worst dangerous'. She's not wrong - daily, headlines report assaults and worse between people who have met using online apps, and these stories may be just the tip of the iceberg. A study by the Australian Institute of Criminology found just one in seven people who were assaulted after meeting someone via an app complained to police.

The issue with online apps appears to be lack of oversight and the ability of participants to paint themselves very differently from how they may actually be.

So for busy, time-poor individuals whose social circles don't include any eligibles, a modern-day matchmaker may be a more reliable and safer way of potentially finding that significant other. And those old-fashioned matchmakers of yore, who personally knew the couples they were bringing together, seem positively perfect by comparison with Tinder, Bumble, or Badoo.

by
ELIZABETH ELLEN CARTER



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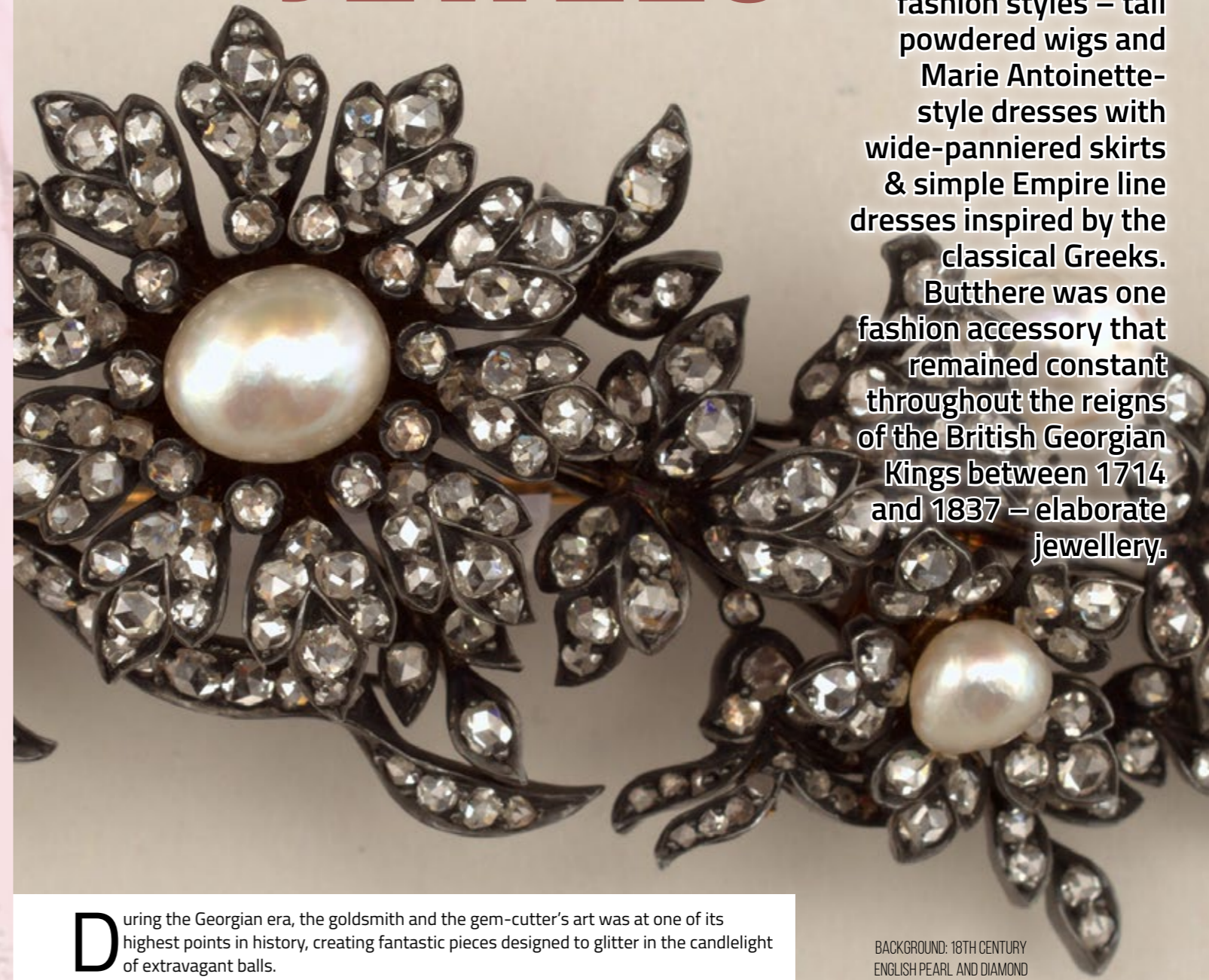
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GEORGIAN JEWELS

LOVE JEWELRY

When we think of the Georgian and Regency eras, what often springs to mind is two distinct fashion styles – tall powdered wigs and Marie Antoinette-style dresses with wide-pannered skirts & simple Empire line dresses inspired by the classical Greeks. But there was one fashion accessory that remained constant throughout the reigns of the British Georgian Kings between 1714 and 1837 – elaborate jewellery.



BACKGROUND: 18TH CENTURY
ENGLISH PEARL AND DIAMOND
BROOCH

During the Georgian era, the goldsmith and the gem-cutter's art was at one of its highest points in history, creating fantastic pieces designed to glitter in the candlelight of extravagant balls.

Many of the pieces mimicked nature with flowers being a popular motif which provides a fascinating counterpoint to the scientific and industrial drive of the era which saw the mass production of many luxury goods that suddenly became affordable to the middle classes.

And it wasn't just clothing fashion that was becoming more affordable. Jewellery was too, with paste jewellery becoming exceedingly popular. Paste wasn't necessarily seen as fake or lesser jewellery at all.

In fact, it was often used to show-off the skill of the artisan in creating magnificent suites of jewellery without the limitations of finding stones of exactly the right shape and colour – it was the overall effect itself which was the most important.

For those fortunate enough to have parure set of jewels already in the family collection, might want to add to that collection or replace a missing piece. That's where paste jewellery – often set in gold or silver – came into its own.

Continued on page 20

GEORGIAN JEWELS

Continued from page 19

Just imagine the impression it would make when a set of family jewellery, unworn for years because an earring was lost or some stones in the necklace were missing, finally made its appearance in all its glory.

We mentioned earlier that floral motifs were popular in jewellery design, but there was another trend that emerged in the Regency era and continued right through the 19th century. Employing both precious and semi-precious stones to make up the letters of the alphabet, rings, bracelets, necklaces and brooches were custom created as love tokens.

So, it doesn't matter what age or what era, jewellery – both 'real' and high quality 'costume' jewellery both stand the test of time.

LGA



ABOVE: PENDANT WITH MONOGRAM FROM BETWEEN 1780 AND 1800



LEFT: ENGLISH NECKLACE WITH PENDANT FROM THE LATE 18TH CENTURY



MAIN PICTURE: A PARURE SUITE OF JEWELRY IN MICROMOZAIC FROM BETWEEN 1800 AND 1825, PROBABLY A GRAND TOUR PURCHASE

Victoria Vane rings that belle as she casts an expert eye over costumes at the Atlanta Outlander Ball.



AN EXCERPT FROM **A CURIO FOR THE COUNT**

He took the stairs two at a time until he reached his bedroom.

Opening a dresser drawer, he extracted a small box and returned downstairs.

"It's customary for a groom to give his bride-to-be a token," he said. "I hope you will accept mine."

He opened the box to reveal a silver filigree heart pendant.

"When we fled France, my mother sewed some of her jewels inside her coat and sold them when we first moved to England. In the end, there were only two pieces left. I want this to be yours."

Jade touched the piece reverently her thumb, caressing the centerpiece of blue enamel into which was embedded seed pearls and small cabochon rubies.

"It's not the most expensive piece of jewelry," he said, half-apologetically "If you don't like it, we can go to a jeweler's tomorrow, and you can pick anything you want."

"Oh, no. This is beautiful. It's a true love token," said Jade.

"Yes, a love heart," said Armand. "*My heart, my love.*"

"Oh, but it's so much more than that, don't you see? It's more than its parts," she said breathily. "Silver is symbolic of strength. And the light blue enamel made to look like turquoise? It means good luck and protection. The little rubies are red for passion, and the little pearls? They're associated with Venus, the goddess of love. This was your mother's?"

Armand nodded.

"This pendant must have been something your mother treasured above all things. Perhaps it was given to her by your father while they were courting?"

When she looked up at him, there were tears in her eyes. "This means more to me than all the diamonds and rubies in India."

Armand swallowed against a lump in his throat.

Jade removed it from the box to examine more closely before allowing him to take it

and fasten the clasp of the silver chain around her neck. It sat beautifully, just below her collar bone. Armand squeezed his eyes shut a moment, knowing if he did not, tears would well in his own eyes.

Damn.

He thought his heart full before, but this moment only increased its capacity.

This was why he loved her. She had brought something more of his past back to him. Until a moment ago, he valued the pendant simply as a piece which belonged to his mother. Thanks to her, he now saw it as an enduring symbol of love between his mother and his father.

LGA

Find
A Curio for the Count
on Amazon
[Tap/click here](#)

BE OUR GUEST!

BE OUR GUEST!

by Fashion Correspondent
VICTORIA VANE



One of my fellow ball attendees quite resembled Lumiere, so of course we had to pose together!

PHOTOS © VICTORIA VANE
BELLE IMAGE © DISNEY. FAIR USE UNDER COPYRIGHT ACT 1976 (US) (SECTION 107)



A few months ago, I ordered 20 yards of gold silk taffeta from India for an 18th century commission, but, sadly, the color of the fabric was completely off from the photos. Rather than old gold, the tone was a bright orange yellow which I decided to call marigold. As it was not at all suitable for my client, and too expensive to ship back, I was pretty much stuck with it. After posting of my dilemma on my Facebook page, a friend suggested that I make a historically accurate Beauty and the Beast "Belle" gown. I was intrigued by

the idea, but didn't perceive any opportunity to wear such a gown - until a few weeks later when I accepted an invitation to judge the costume contest at the Atlanta Outlander Ball. Although this idea doesn't seem to fit at all with the Outlander theme, the costume categories included best 18th century lady and gentleman, as well as Best Claire and Jamie. Since I had the option of dressing as 18th century nobility, I decided to accept the "Belle" challenge and go big and bold in marigold!



BELLE IMAGE © DISNEY. FAIR USE.

I began building my gown using a grand panier, which is the largest of the 18th century skirt supports (go big or go home!). I used five yards of embroidered silk taffeta for the petticoat and stomacher, and another fourteen yards of the plain marigold silk for the outer gown and trim.



I then made a double layer of Chantilly lace engageantes (undersleeves) (left) and added some bling to my stomacher (right).



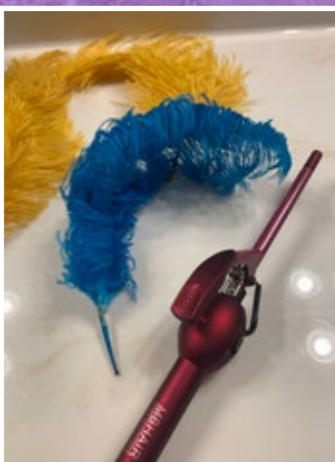
Et Voila! I had indeed brought to life my vision of an 18th century Belle gown!



I curled, teased and cajoled the wig into a majestic 18th century shape which I then embellished with curled ostrich plumes to match my blue shoes.



My final challenge was to create an authentic hairstyle. I tested several wig colors before deciding on a complimentary shade of golden brown.



Turn the page for photos from the Atlanta Highlander Ball

BE OUR GUEST!



IMAGE © J.C. BARGER



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IMAGE © J.C. BARGER



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IMAGE © J.C. BARGER



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The evening was magical with everyone proudly displaying their period finery. We played games and enjoyed several sets of spirited Scottish and English country dancing, led by the fabulous Atlanta Historic dance troupe.

This was followed by punch and several historical delectables including 'Nipples of Venus'!

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LGA

A Fish Called Wanda (1988)

A quartet of characters team up for a jewel heist. Next trying to double-cross each another for the loot, their schemes are further entangled by an uptight barrister.

John Cleese, Jamie Lee Curtis, Kevin Kline, and Michael Palin star. Cleese and aged director Charles Crichton wrote the story. Both directed but the credit went to Crichton because the film's underwriters didn't trust Cleese to direct.

Curtis can be seen breaking up with laughter in several scenes during the film, one time at the line: "To call you stupid would be an insult to stupid people!"

The actress was also listed as Jamie Lee Schwartz on the production call sheets – a joke by Cleese because her father Tony Curtis' real name was Bernard Schwartz. Cleese, meanwhile, gave his character the name Archie Leach – the real name of actor Cary Grant.

Click/tap to watch the trailer on YouTube:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OWTwVpEEMps>

*Topkapi (1964)*

A female jewel thief gathers a gang to replace a jewelled dagger an Istanbul museum with a replica.

With a cast led by Melina Mercouri, and including Peter Ustinov, Maximilian Schell and Robert Morley, *Topkapi* is credited by *Mission: Impossible* creator Bruce Geller as the inspiration for his own 1960s TV series.

According to director Jules Dassin, he originally wanted Peter Sellers in the movie, but Sellers wouldn't work with Schell, saying he was 'difficult'. But Dassin wanted Schell, and so he cast Ustinov in Sellers' place – and Ustinov won the Academy Award for Best Supporting Actor.

Watch the trailer:

https://www.imdb.com/video/vi1705313561/?ref=tt_vi_i_1



IT'S A STEAL!

Crooks can't keep their hands off shiny stuff
in movies and on TV

by LGA Associate Editor
DUNCAN CARLING-RODGERS

Love Among Thieves 1987

Audrey Hepburn's last full-length film, this made-for-TV feature is a romantic caper in which a baroness must steal some Faberge eggs to ransom her kidnapped fiancé. Her co-stars included Robert Wagner, Jerry Orbach (who went on to star in *Law and Order*), and Samantha Eggar.

Hepburn is said to have signed on for the telemovie just for the fun of it. Indeed, it includes spoofs of her 1960s films *Charade* and *How to Steal a Million*, and references to some of her other movies.

It's available on DVD and can be found on Amazon.

Click/tap the link to watch the US network promo:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=79NPI_Vpg0k

*Raffles 1939*

There must have been some sort of rivalry between Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his brother in law Ernest Hornung. Doyle created detective Sherlock Holmes. Hornung created master thief Arthur Raffles.

A high society man about town and top cricketer, Raffles stays at a prestigious address and cracks safes for a living, though he regards himself as an amateur distinct from the 'professionals' of the lower classes.

Played in this movie by David Niven, he meets Gwen, a crush from his schooldays and falls for her again. Spending the weekend with her parents, Lord and Lady Melrose, he is tempted by a necklace.

Olivia de Havilland and Dame May Whitty co-star.

Niven was about to go into the British Army just the film went into production and had to get an extension to finish the film.

Click/tap the link to watch the film on YouTube:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=71k07Wucwxg>

*Alice to Nowhere (1986)*

A nurse on her way to a remote outpost in the Australian outback unwittingly carries stolen royal jewels taken in a botched robbery. The surviving robbers are the sadistic leader of the gang, played by Aussie actor John Waters in a departure from his previous clean-cut heroic roles, and a fearful sidekick. They take off after the nurse, determined to retrieve their loot.

A 4x1-hour TV miniseries produced in the heyday of Australian television drama, *Alice to Nowhere* is a gritty thriller that made it onto video tape from Paramount in the US. It can be found occasionally on eBay, as well as on DVD (though possibly an unofficial dub, so caveat emptor). More likely, you'll do better looking for Evan Green's novel on which the miniseries was based. There's also an audio book version.

The opening credits can be seen here on the trailer link:
<https://eatonfilms.co.uk/programme/alice-to-nowhere>

A number of scenes are in this somewhat rough dub from VHS on YouTube:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ADYguT_FOUU



A SEASONAL PICNIC

Scotch Eggs with Tarragon Mayonnaise Dressing

This traditional dish has a lot of processes and ingredients, but it's worthwhile preparing for a substantial but easy to transport lunch.

INGREDIENTS

- 8 eggs
 - 400g finely minced beef
 - 2½ tsp onion powder
 - 20g leek, finely chopped
 - 2 tbsp flat-leaf parsley leaves, finely chopped
 - 1½ tbsp cornflour
 - 50g plain flour
 - 2 eggs, lightly beaten
 - 75g (1 cup) panko (Japanese bread crumbs)
- For the mayonnaise**
 - 2 egg yolks
 - 2 tbsp white vinegar
 - 2 tsp hot English mustard
 - 1 cup (loosely packed) tarragon
 - 250 ml (1 cup) olive oil

METHOD

Boil the eight eggs (about 6-7 minutes) then place them in an iced-water bath to stop the cooking. When cool, carefully peel the eggs.

In large bowl add the mince, onion powder, leek, parsley, cornflour and 2 tsp salt, then mix with your hands until it is well combined. Ensure the mixture holds together well enough to hold its shape when you roll it into balls. Roll eight balls from the mixture.

To help form the mince around the egg, use plastic wrap on a chopping board, flatten out the mince until it is wide enough to envelope the egg completely. Do the same for the remaining seven eggs, then place on a tray and allow to chill in the fridge for about half an hour.

For the coating: Set up three stations, coat the eggs in the flour, then into the beaten egg mixture, then roll on the bread crumbs.

When complete, deep fry the eggs at 180-C for three minutes, or at 170-C for 25-30 minutes in the oven.

For the dressing: blend egg yolks, vinegar, mustard, tarragon and 1 tsp salt in a blender on high speed, scraping down sides, until finely chopped. Turn blender down to low-medium speed and, with the motor running, slowly drizzle in olive oil to emulsify – adjust thickness by adding water to thin or slowly drizzling in more oil to thicken. Cover and refrigerate until ready to serve.



Ingram Image



Ploughman's Lunch



Ingram Image

What could be easier? Especially if you're looking at an impromptu picnic. Many of these things you might have already in the house, or easy to obtain with a quick pitstop at your local supermarket while on the way!

INGREDIENTS

- 200g wedge cheddar cheese, cut into 4 wedges
- 300g (8 slices) ham off the bone (or use shaved)
- mixed salad leaves
- 4 bottled pickled onions
- sourdough or other crusty bread
- mango relish, to serve

Mixed Berry Muffins



In my part of the world, it is autumn. The sear of the summer sun has eased somewhat, and a cool breeze adds a touch of freshness to the air. If you've just had a mild winter where you live, you might already be experiencing the first flush of spring. If so, we've got perfect picnic dishes that you can make for a lovely day in a park or local beauty spot. Why not make a full day of it? Bring a few good books and a picnic blanket, and enjoy time in the great outdoors.

Elizabeth Ellen Carter

Make up these tasty muffins and take a flask of hot water for tea and coffee, or a chilled bottle of lemonade or ginger ale, and enjoy a sweet treat in the afternoon

INGREDIENTS

- 2 ¼ cup (335g) self-raising flour
- 1 cup (220g) caster sugar
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 2 eggs, lightly beaten
- 100g butter, melted
- 1 cup (250ml) milk
- 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
- 200g fresh or frozen mixed berries

METHOD

Preheat the oven to 180-C while you grease six large muffin cases. Sift flour, then add sugar, egg, vanilla, rind, butter and milk. Add the berries, but be sure to stir gently to ensure the berries don't break up. When combined, spoon mixture into the muffin cases.

Bake for about 35 minutes. When cooked, allow muffins to cool on a baking tray or wire rack.

Simple Summer Salad with English Mustard Dressing



Just a little bit of preparation ahead of time will make this tasty salad a hit with your picnicgoers.

INGREDIENTS

- 400g new-season potatoes, scrubbed
- 2 bunches of French Breakfast radishes, leaves washed
- 1 red onion, peeled and sliced
- 1 small cucumber, peeled, deseeded and sliced into half moons
- small handful dill fronds, chopped
- English mustard dressing
- 100ml rapeseed oil
- 20g English mustard
- 1 tbsp white wine vinegar
- pinch of white caster sugar
- 1 tbsp mustard seeds, toasted in a dry frying pan

METHOD

Use boiling salted water to cook the potatoes (about 10 minutes) and half the potatoes while still warm. Chop up the other vegetables but pack separately so the salad can be assembled at your picnic destination.

To make the dressing: Whisk together all the dressing ingredients and toss through the vegetables.

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<https://comicbookplus.com/?dclid=69252>



Jigsaw Time

Enjoy putting together this collection of gemstones at Jigsaw Planet:

<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=314617e78741>



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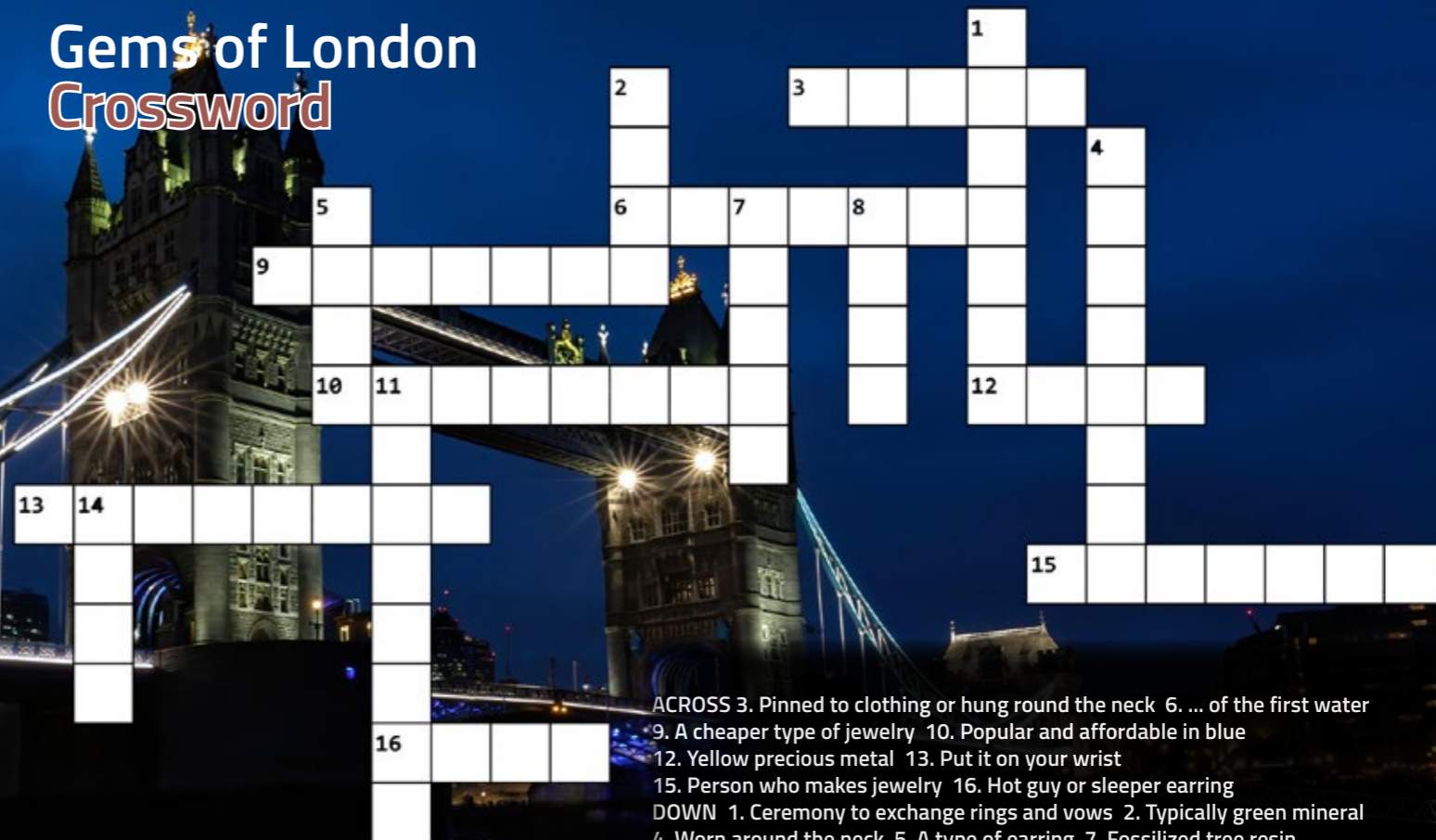
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MATCHMAKER
CARDS
CLUMSY

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/5312041/>

Gems of London Crossword



ACROSS 3. Pinned to clothing or hung round the neck 6. ... of the first water
9. A cheaper type of jewelry 10. Popular and affordable in blue
12. Yellow precious metal 13. Put it on your wrist
15. Person who makes jewelry 16. Hot guy or sleeper earring
DOWN 1. Ceremony to exchange rings and vows 2. Typically green mineral
4. Worn around the neck 5. A type of earring 7. Fossilized tree resin
8. Mined in Australia 11. Prized purple-hued quartz gemstone
14. Pinkish to blood-red gemstone

ANSWERS ACROSS 3. GAMEO 6. DIAMOND 9. COSTUME 10. SAPPHIRE 12. GOLD 13. BRACELET 15. JEWELER
16. STUDDOWN 1. WEDDING 2. JADE 4. NECKLACE 5. BOBS 7. AMBER 8. OPAL 11. AMETHYST 14. RUBY



Elizabeth Ellen Carter

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR



TO FIND HIS FUTURE
HE MUST OWN HIS PAST...



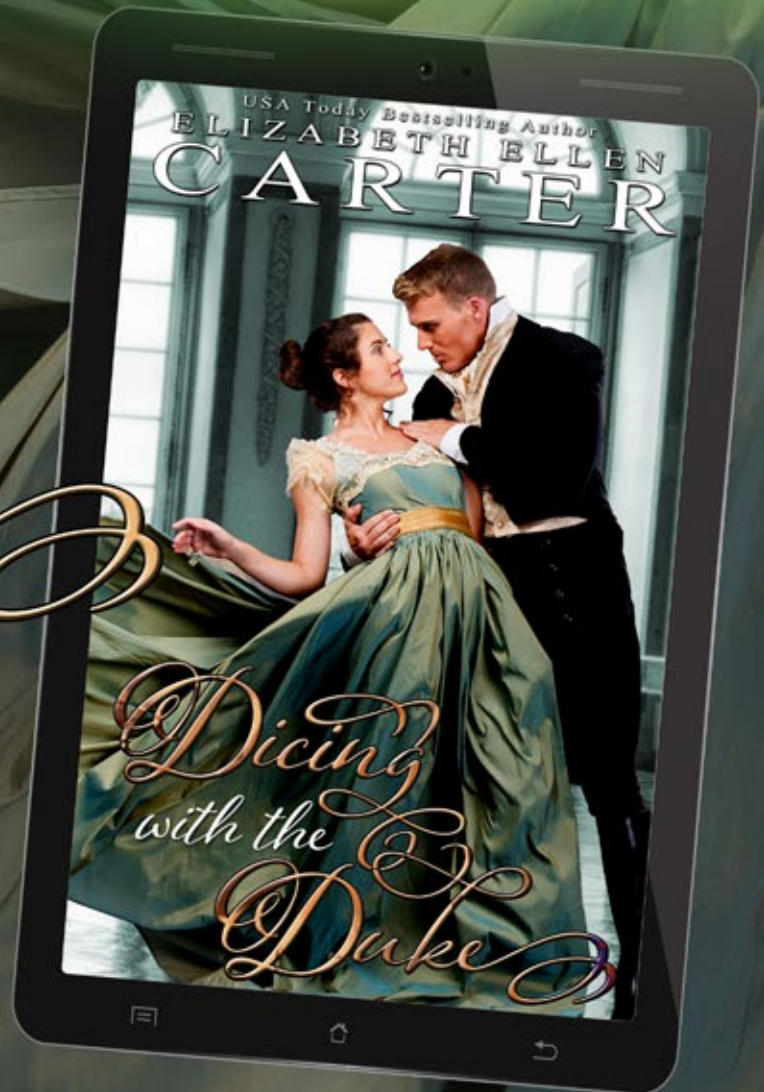
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