

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

The exclusive magazine from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

MEET MR ACKERMANN

THE ORIGINAL DEDICATED CHRONICLER OF FASHION

NEW YEAR, NEW ROMANCE

AN ANTHOLOGY TO START YOUR 2025 IN LOVE

FESTIVE FEAST!

FANCY HOLIDAY EATS WITHOUT THE EXPENSE

LOVE LORDS OF MIDWINTER'S FESTIVAL

Interview

Love on the REBOUND?

WHY HAS THE EARL OF RUNCORN MARRIED THE COMMONER DAUGHTER OF HIS FATHER'S STEWARD?

ALSO INSIDE:

• FUN & GAMES: IT'S TIME TO CELEBRATE!

LOVE'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Issue 27 December 2024

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AUTHOR'S DESK

TIME TO ESCAPE!

What a strange year it's been. For us at Chez Carter, the end of 2023 saw our city hit by a tornado – not the most common sight in summer in Queensland – and the end of 2024 sees me sitting on a small couch surrounded by stacked furniture while one-third of the house is out of use following major (read *expensive*) floor repairs..

Right now the only thing in our living-dining room area is the Christmas tree sitting on a bare concrete slab which has to fully cure before we can continue restoration. My Christmas holidays will be spent cleaning the walls and repainting the ceilings.

So, we are well overdue for a bit of escapism, which is why I'm delighted to have *The Lords of Midwinter's Festival* as the theme for this edition of the magazine.

Dragonblade Publishing anthologies are always special indeed, and this one is no different. Each story centres on a legend of two lovers, thwarted in life, but in death bringing couples together when they fulfill a special requirement concerning an ancient well.

Some fabulous authors have contributed to the anthology and you can learn more about it inside this edition of *Love's Great Adventure*.

Whether you're enjoying a sunny Southern Hemisphere summer Christmas, or rugged up against the chill in the north, I'd like to wish you all the very best for the Season, and a happy and blessed New Year.

Elizabeth Ellen Carter



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from Elizabeth Ellen Carter

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[A Christmas Romance
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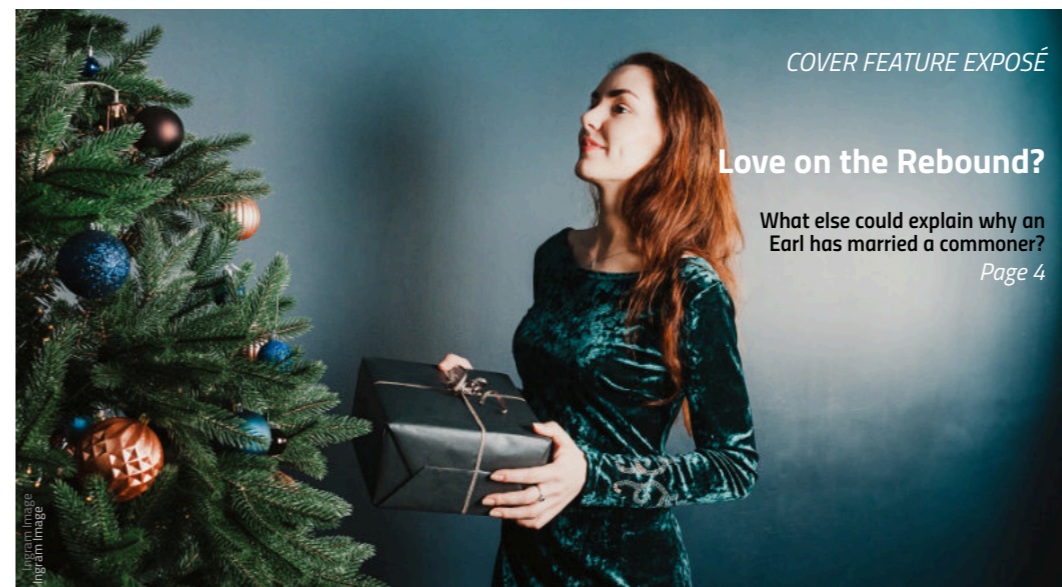
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EXCLUSIVE EXPOSÉ

THE QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S LIPS THIS SEASON IS WHY THE EARL OF RUNCORN HAS MARRIED THE COMMONER DAUGHTER OF HIS FATHER'S STEWARD.

“ ALTHOUGH A BEAUTY TO BE SURE, JULIA GARNETT, THE NEW COUNTESS OF RUNCORN, IS COMPLETELY FROM COMMONER STOCK.

by a Special Correspondent of The London Ladies' Journal

It is well-known that the handsome Lewis Montforte, Earl of Runcorn, was one of the most eligible men of the past several seasons. Equally eligible a few years ago was his close friend, Miles Harcourt, Earl of Rutherford.

Together, this inseparable pair of young bucks were full of the certainty and mischief of youth. Then one year everything changed. A series of misfortunes struck the members of 'The Vespers', a secretive group of young men to which Harcourt and Montforte belonged.

Two met their deaths in what was said to be unconnected accidents. Then the Earl of Rutherford himself disappeared on the very day that he was to wed Lady Amber Honeyfield.

To say that Lewis Montforte was a changed man after that is to say nothing that anyone with eyes could see. And it came as little surprise, when Lady Amber returned to London from a self-imposed exile to accompany her cousin making her debut, that Montforte would be there as Lady Amber's protector.

And what a very handsome couple they made.

In White's betting markets, and in the refined ladies' salons, it was widely wagered that there would be not one but two announcements of marriage from the Honeyfield family before the end of that Season.

But no one had bet on an outsider returning to the field – the mysteriously missing Miles Harcourt himself who made a most unexpected reappearance after an absence of three years.

Rumours abounded at the time that a froideur between the newly returned Rutherford and Runcorn was more serious than first thought, and, within a few months, it was Runcorn's turn to disappear abruptly from the London scene.

No doubt the cause was Lady Amber choosing to renew her relationship with Rutherford.

Now that I have caught you up on the background, let me bring you to the present, and the beginning of another Season in which gossipmongers are all a-twitter once more.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 7

LOVE ON THE REBOUND?

AN EXCERPT FROM HEART OF FLINT

Julia looked down into the well. Her reflection looked up.

She shook her head and turned away.

True love-fated.

She snorted. Stuff and nonsense.

The handholding thing didn't really work.

She'd done it.

Not seriously, she had to admit. Not even deliberately.

She was fourteen years old and out riding when she happened to meet up with that odious Lewis Montforte, Earl of Runcorn, on Midwinter's Day. The sixteen-year-old had convinced her to visit the well to see if they could catch sight of anyone trying the handfasting.

After a good half hour of fruitless observing from the shadows of the deserted undercroft of the market fifty yards beyond, Julia got bored. While Lewis' attention remained fixed on the well, she snatched his hat and ran off.

"Come and get it!" she yelled.

Of course, he was faster, but Julia managed to dodge around the other side of the well though not before he grabbed his hat back.

"You're behaving like a child!" he protested.

"I am not!"

Before she knew it, Lewis had pulled the red wool scarf from around her neck.

Now she started chasing him, the scarf flowing out behind him like a narrow cape.

"Catch!" he yelled.

Lewis tossed it into the air just as a gust of wind blew. It lofted the scarf high, then dropped it onto a naked tree branch that overhung the well.

"Lewis!" she complained. "Now you'll have to get it back for me."

Lewis folded his arms and shook his head. He even took a few steps away.

The wretch.

"I'm not getting it back for you," he said. "You can reach it for yourself."

Julia pulled a face and jumped. Her fingertips just brushed the fringed edges of scarlet fabric.

"Fine!" she announced and scrambled up onto the stone coping around the well.

"Wait! Don't do that! You'll fall in!"

She caught the look of alarm on Lewis' face and ignored it.

"No, I won't," Julia responded. She stretched up and retrieved her scarf, then tucked it around her neck and into her coat.

"There's plenty of room on the edge," she continued. "The stones are thick—two feet wide at least, see?"

Julia started walking around the edge of the well, looking at Lewis who remained singularly unimpressed. She raised her right foot and started to skip.

"It's sturdy enough that I could even dan—"

One of the ancient stones shifted under her left foot, causing her to lose her balance.

Oh, no!

She stared for a tremulous second at the dark, fathomlessly deep water, and her frightened expression stared back up at her.

Then there was the sensation of falling for a moment before Lewis grabbed her hand across the well and pulled her bodily over to him, bundling her against his chest.

She was on solid ground, but her legs were shaking. She looked up at Lewis. There was an expression of shock that she knew matched the one on her own face.

She wriggled out of his embrace.

"This is stupid. What are we doing here anyway?" he grumbled.

"Well, if you don't know, I don't either," she said. "After all, it was your idea."

"No, it wasn't."

"Yes, it was."

They bickered like this all the way home where they joined their families for dinner. And neither of them spoke a word of their misadventure—not then, and never in the years since...



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“DID YOU KNOW THAT THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF RUTHERFORD HAVE RETURNED FROM THEIR HONEYMOON?”

LOVE ON THE REBOUND

Continued from page 5

This time the chatter is about the return of Lewis Montforte and the fact that he has not returned to London alone.

He brings with him a wife.

And not one of his social class!

Although a beauty to be sure, Julia Garnett, the new Countess of Runcorn, is completely from commoner stock. In fact, her father is the Harcourt family's steward in the little village of Midrummill in the north.

Marriage to the daughter of a member of one's household staff? Is this love on the rebound?

That is the question on everyone's lips.

Anyone observing this new couple, however, can see that it is a love-match despite the disparities in their social standing.

Most disconcerting for many of society's style-leaders is that absolutely nothing is known about the new Countess despite the fact that she comes with the approval of Montforte's mother, the Duchess of Prescott.

To either allay the concerns of the aristocracy – or to confirm them – I managed to obtain an invitation to a small event hosted by the Duchess and attended by the new Countess. My mission was to try to speak to the young woman herself.

Although I was introduced to her, finding her as pretty as she is described,

there was no opportunity to speak to the young woman in private, so all I can do is report on my observations in the matter.

The Duchess of Prescott is a canny woman to be sure, for there was always someone by the young woman's side whose role it seemed was to help the new Countess navigate the peculiarities and intricacies of high society.

And any concern that the former Miss Garnett is a pretty face without a mind of her own was soon disproven by my admittedly brief exchange with her. It is impossible to know how much training she has had, but to be sure, she is a quick study and can hold her own in conversation.

But perhaps the most important observation was due to an interruption. A footman arrived with a note for the Duchess. There was a subtle expression on the woman's face that gave me a moment for pause. This was no ordinary missive.

I excused myself and hurried to catch up with the departing footman in the hallway, introducing myself and 'slipping' him a half sovereign.

I didn't need to ask my question. He had already kenned what I wanted to know. "Did you know that the Earl and Countess of Rutherford have returned from their honeymoon?" he said casually.

Ooh, juicy gossip! That means the two couples will inevitably meet.

This will be an interesting Season indeed.

LGA

THE LORDS OF MIDWINTER'S FESTIVAL IS OUT 4 JANUARY. PRE-ORDER NOW. [CLICK/TAP HERE.](#)

LORDS OF A brand new anthology of historical romance novellas by some of your favorite historical romance authors. Enjoy this preview of just some the titles in this fabulous Dragonblade Publishing box set.

MIDWINTER'S FESTIVAL

Beast of the Ton by Emily Royal

Following a failed engagement, London Society holds no pleasure for Lady Irma Fairchild. A family midwinter holiday near the remote village of Midrummill is the perfect respite from the judgemental eyes of the world—if only her spiteful cousin, who takes pleasure in mocking Irma's failure to secure a husband, wasn't among the party.

During a nighttime walk near the Medieval well in the village, Irma hears ancient voices from beyond the grave, and she flees when she encounters a terrifying apparition whom she later discovers is a man known as the Midrummill Monster. But Irma is drawn to the well when she learns the legend of the lovespell stone buried beneath—the legend that if a couple hold hands above the stone, they are destined to marry.

When Irma's cousin pushes her into the well, a man takes her hand and pulls her to safety. Amid her cousin's taunts and ancient voices chanting in her mind, Irma looks up into the eyes of the Midrummill Monster, a huge beast of a man surrounded by rumours of murder—and, if the legend of the lovespell stone is true, Irma is now destined to be his.



THERE'S NOTHING SO GLORIOUS AS AN ANCIENT LEGEND AND THE PROMISE OF LOVE...

The Knight and the Moon by Leslie Volland

In this second chance romance, Eilidh, widowed mother of a six-year-old Scottish laird, seeks protection for her town and her sons, enlisting the aid of a man she fell for in her youth. Setting aside their ugly parting, she asks Crispin, now an earl, to enter into a marriage in name only to fend off the unwanted advances of an old enemy at the gates.

As the town takes gleeful revenge on the bridegroom for his past failings and the fighters prepare for battle, Eilidh is reminded of why she fell for Crispin years ago.

But both of them must learn to trust again and open their hearts to rekindle a flame they thought had been put out forever.

Heart of Flint by Elizabeth Ellen Carter

Lewis Montforte, the Earl of Runcorn returns to the family seat at Midrummill an embittered man. Rejected by the woman he loves and accused of betrayal by his best friend, he wants nothing more than to bury himself in the country until he can escape to the continent.

But fate has something else in mind.

Julia Garnett, the daughter of this father's steward, grew up with Lewis. She hasn't seen him in ten years, but the memory lingers of holding hands across Brigit's well during midwinter, when the legend states that couples who do so are true love-fated. Surely the legend didn't apply to them; they were so young and it all happened by accident anyway.

Now Julia has resigned herself to accepting a loveless marriage to a local merchant when Lewis unexpectedly returns home.

Can a heartbroken man and a woman who has given up on true love get a second chance?

Heart of Flint is connected to The Elusive Earl, the final novel in my Gems of London series which will be released next year.



Continued on next page

A Whisper of You by Sherry Ewing

My contribution to the Lords of Midwinter's Festival anthology is *A Whisper of You: A Knights of the Anarchy Time Travel*.

When it came to trying to figure out a story I wanted to write for this set, the idea of a time travel romance with a secondary character from my *Knights of the Anarchy* series stood out. And since I had several secondary characters that still seem to want their story told, I decided on Constantine Warin, Earl of Charbury, who made his appearance in *Knight of Havoc*, book three in the series.

Although *A Whisper of You* takes place in 1143, the series actually begins several years earlier and many years from the beginning of this turbulent time period. The Anarchy began after the death of Henry I and lasted from 1135 to 1153. It would be looked back upon as one of the darkest periods in England's history.

A lot happened before 1135, however, and led up to the succession crisis between Empress Matilda and King Stephen that caused the civil war. It began in 1120 when Henry I's only legitimate son and heir, William Adelin, was killed when his *White Ship* struck a rock in the English Channel and sank.

Henry, fearing for the succession, then married Adeliza of Louvain in 1121, hoping to father another male heir. Although he had other sons, none were legitimate. His second marriage remained childless.

When Henry's only other legitimate child, Empress Matilda (she had married Holy Roman Emperor Henry V), became a widow, she returned to Normandy, which had been an English possession since the time of the Norman Conquest.

Henry I then remarried her to Geoffrey of Anjou, heir to the French lands of Anjou, Touraine, and Maine. This formed an alliance securing Normandy's southern borders.

Naming Matilda his heir, Henry then made his court swear an oath to follow her. His decision wasn't popular, so the agreement from the nobles was reluctant.

Up to this point in her life, Matilda hadn't spent much time in England and her husband wasn't popular with the English nobility. Added to this was the fact that England had not had a reigning queen since it was united under the Saxon King Egbert in 827. The people were suspicious of a woman on the throne.

Henry's relationship with his daughter and son-in-law was strained during his final years. As part of her dowry, Matilda had been promised several castles in Normandy, but her father never gave any indication of when she would take possession of them. Matilda and Geoffrey finally demanded these castles in 1135 and insisted that the Norman nobility swear allegiance to the couple. Henry refused, causing a rebellion to break out in Normandy. Matilda and Geoffrey sided with the rebels against Henry.

Henry I died on December 1, 1135. Some nobles declared this released them from their oath to Matilda. The Norman barons believed that Theobald of Blois, Henry's nephew via his sister, would be the better choice for England's next monarch.

Theobald's younger brother Stephen, however, disagreed. Stephen was a well-liked member of Henry's court and had the support of the Church via their younger brother – another Henry, the Bishop of Winchester. Wasting no time, Stephen crossed the Channel to England from Boulogne, seizing the crown on 22 December.

Matilda refused to renounce the crown. Her claim was upheld by her half-brother, Robert of Gloucester (one of Henry I's illegitimate sons), as well as her uncle King David I of Scotland. Robert's declaration of support for Matilda caused a rebellion to rise up across the southwest of England as well as Kent, while Geoffrey of Anjou invaded Normandy and David I attacked northern England.

In 1139, Matilda arrived in England to claim her throne. She stayed at Arundel Castle with her

stepmother. Meanwhile, Robert tried to rally support for her across the country. Stephen besieged the castle, effectively trapping Matilda inside. Since she hadn't announced herself as a threat to him, he allowed her safe passage to connect with Robert in Bristol. She then established a base in the southwest. Over the next several years, there were minor skirmishes and an attempt at peace while Stephen attempted to reclaim the region.

This brings us to 1141 and the time of my first story *Knight of Darkness* when Stephen besieged Lincoln Castle. His army was attacked by enemy forces led by Robert of Gloucester and Ranulf of Chester. Defeated in what is known as the *Battle of Lincoln*, Stephen was taken prisoner and held for close to nine months at Bristol Castle.



LORDS OF MIDWINTER'S FESTIVAL



Wishing For A Duke by Meara Platt

When Ruairi Sinclair, Duke of Lamorgan, saves the lovely Lady Allison from almost toppling into the Midrummill well, he does not expect it to bind him to her in love for life.

Apparently, there is a village lore that those who hold hands over the well will be so destined. But how is it possible when Ruairi is passing through just long enough to deliver a letter from an injured friend and then ride off for his home in Scotland?

But as a blizzard hits, and his visit turns into an overnight stay, he realizes Lady Allison is meant for him, and he has no intention of leaving her behind.

For the Love of Mr. Grace by Alanna Lucas

Lavinia Summerford's mother is impatient for her daughter to secure a good match—namely the Honorable Mr. Cornelius Raine. But Lavinia has always vowed she will marry for love, and she cannot abide the pompous Mr. Raine.

Thank goodness it's Christmastide and she and her mother have been invited to celebrate Twelfth Night at Learmouth Castle. It'll be a reprieve from Mother's incessant nagging, and she won't have to see Mr. Raine. Only, it soon becomes clear Lady Summerford has been scheming, for Mr. Raine is also a guest.

Alexander Grace usually enjoys staying with his cousin, the Duchess of Learmouth, over the festive season, but this Yuletide, he's not so pleased that Maura has invited company. He'll be keeping a low profile, not least because of his grandmother's prediction that Cupid's Arrow will strike him for all eternity on Twelfth Night and he has no intention of placing his neck in the parson's noose just yet.

Until a chance meeting with Lavinia Summerford changes Alexander's mind. However, since it seems Lavinia is promised to Cornelius Raine, it would take a very special kind of magic to make her his...

AN EXCERPT FROM A WHISPER OF YOU

She stepped forward to touch him but as before in their dreams, her hand went through him.

A sob escaped her before he took off his glove and held out his hand with his palm facing upward. She quirked her head to one side, wiped away a tear that had escaped her blue eyes, and then took off her own glove. He watched her carefully when she placed her hand downward just inches above his own and a tingling sensation overtook them. There could be no mistake about their connection, no matter that fate was keeping them apart.

"We are bound to one another," she declared, softly raising her eyes to stare upon him. Her hand reached up to hover near his cheek and he swore he could feel her touch. "It's unfair that centuries are keeping us apart, Constantine."

His eyes widened when she spoke his name. "You know of me..."

"Yes."

"How is this possible? Where are you from?"

She dropped her hand, and he immediately felt the loss. "Perhaps you should ask when. I am from the future... Hundreds of years in your future."

"Impossible," he grumbled but once again his eyes widened when his castle began to disappear, and he had a vision of what the lady herself was seeing in her own time. "This must be a trick, some witchcraft or magic is afoot."

"I can barely believe it myself," she whispered. She appeared so sad when she realized she was apparently back in her own time. "I'm so sorry there is nothing left to your home. I came to see the place for myself when I learned this is where you had lived," she said pulling out some kind of odd parchment. "When I read your name as the owner, I just knew in my heart it was you."

Continued on next page

LORDS OF MIDWINTER'S FESTIVAL

Falling for the Wrong Knight by Elizabeth Heights

In *Falling for the Wrong Knight*, readers first set foot in Ember Hall – the medieval manor which plays a huge part in my forthcoming *Sisters of Ember Hall* series. Ember Hall is based on a real place; namely Haddon Hall in Derbyshire, England (pictured left), which I visited for the first time about a year ago.

I fell in love!

Haddon Hall has been described as 'the most perfect house to survive from the middle ages,' and as I walked through the arched front door (framed by climbing pink roses) I really felt as though I were stepping back in time. I wandered into the great hall (think beams, polished wood, vast fireplace, inviting window seat) and my imagination started to whirr. Who might have sat at that perfectly preserved trestle table? Which hounds might have

slumbered on a rug by the fire? Our guide told us the legend of 'Dorothy' – a daughter of the house who fled under the cover of midnight, running down stone steps and over a footbridge to meet her lover's carriage and ride away. Thus, the spark of the idea for *Falling for the Wrong Knight* was born!

I've always been fascinated by the medieval preoccupation with witchcraft and superstition. My heroine, Violetta, sees a vision of the man she is destined to marry in a scrying stone and – even though she doesn't really believe in magic – she can't resist the lure of Midrummil's ancient legend when that very same knight rescues her from the clutches of a dangerous man.

Here's an excerpt, I hope you enjoy it!

AN EXCERPT FROM **FALLING FOR THE WRONG KNIGHT**

"Come with me," she insisted, leading the handsome knight away from the torch-lit shelter of the entrance hall and out into the sharp chill of the January night.

Their booted feet crunched into the deep snow and she shivered, despite the warmth of his cloak.

His cloak.

She stopped and looked at him in dismay. "You will be cold."

His large hands covered hers, preventing her from untying the strings. "I insist that you keep it." His voice sounded louder and more resonant outside, breaking through the muffled silence of the gently falling snow. She recalled the relief that had flooded her body when she heard him order that dreadful man to leave her. She had known, in that instant, that she would be safe.

She would always be safe by Tristan's side. She felt it in her very bones. It was as if she had been waiting for him all her life, and he had come to her aid just when she needed him the most.

"It is a long way." She looked with concern

at his dark tunic. Even a man as broad and muscular as he, accustomed to the harsh conditions of the battlefield, could not be immune to the freezing cold.

He raised an eyebrow. "Where are we going?"

Her pulse picked up speed. There was no time to explain things. Not here; when at any moment she might be missed from the great hall. "There's something I want to show you. It's down in the village."

She thought he might resist. There were a hundred reasons why he should. But instead, his mouth twitched.

"An adventure, is it?"

"Do you enjoy adventures?"

They were stood so close together, she could feel the warmth of his breath. Snowflakes had gathered atop his inky black hair. It would be the easiest thing in the world to tilt her face upwards for a kiss.



IMAGE © ROB BENDALL

Lady Farnsworth's Second Chance at Love by CH Admirand

This story is connected to my series *The Lords of Vice*. In it, it's the Duchess of Wyndmere's mother's turn to find love.

But she is attracted to one of her daughter Persephone's suitors!

Lady Amelia Farnsworth cannot believe she is attracted to the baron she considered for her daughter's hand.

After daughter Persephone married her duke, Lord Yarmouth has called on Amelia twice weekly whenever he is in town. A rumored rake, the younger widower with three sons has become a friend.

Amelia enjoys his company and wonders if she is simply lonely, or has she fallen for the baron? She feels alive. Wanted. Needed. Dare she hope for love?

Lord Yarmouth was a rake, but is no more. A reformed man living at his country estate with three rapsallion sons, he has yet to honor a deathbed promise to his dying wife to remarry.

Their sons are high spirited and in need of a mother. He travels to London to find a wife and is enchanted by the mother of a young woman he is to meet with an eye toward marriage.

Sparks fly, and he is intrigued by the older widow. The more time he spends in Amelia's company, the deeper his feelings for her. But he has his sons to consider.

He invites her to his home to meet them and is unexpectedly surprised by her obvious enjoyment in the boys.

He agrees when his sons suggest inviting Amelia to attend the Midwinter Festival. Their journey is fraught with accidents once they are on the road north.

A broken wheel, and the leather traces that snap, have him

wondering if they are destined to miss the festival and remain as friends. He should have confessed his true feelings for her instead of journeying to Northumbria in the middle of winter.

Is he a fool to cater to his sons' whims and their imagination believing in a legend, or should he have trusted his own mind and heart?



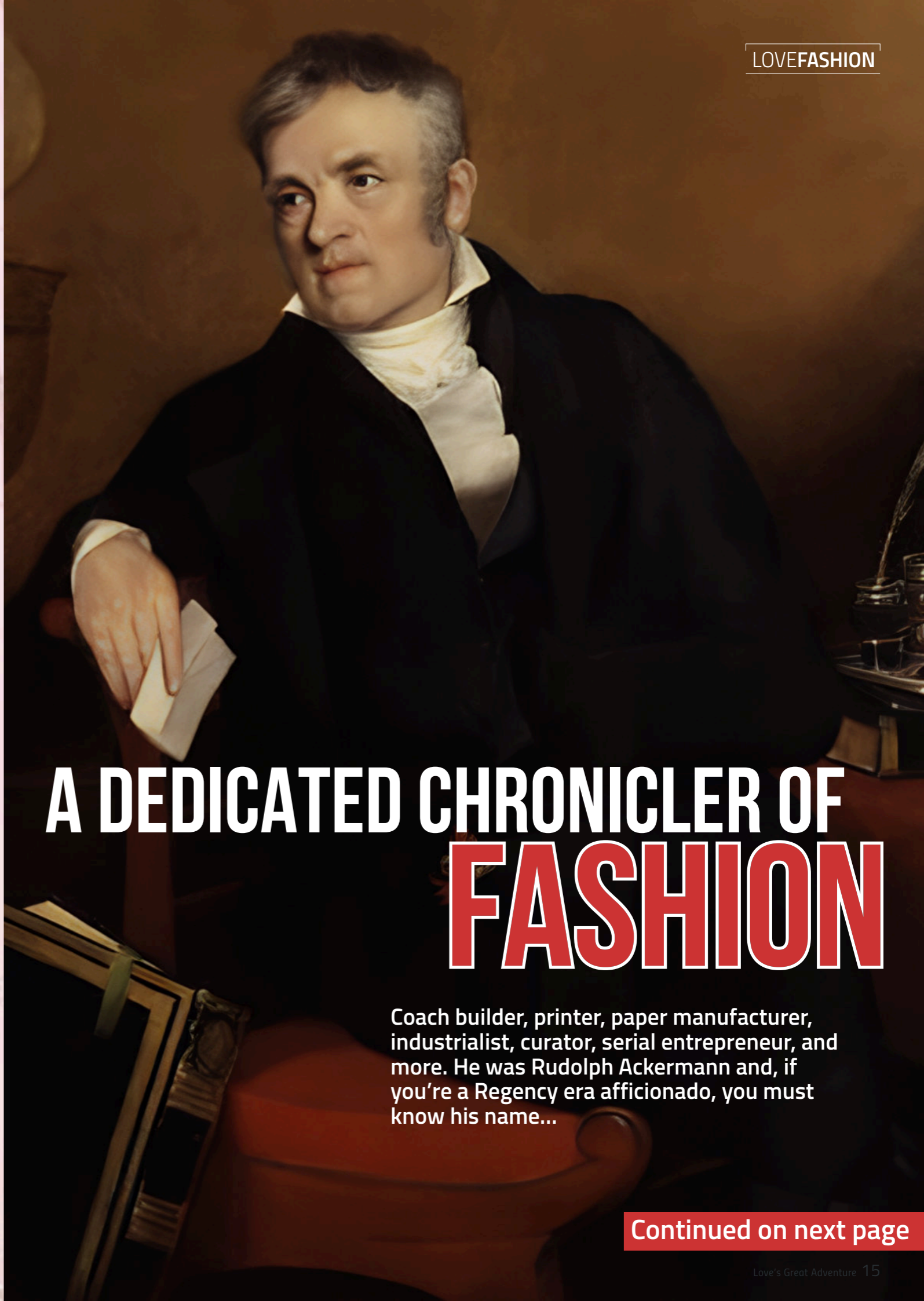
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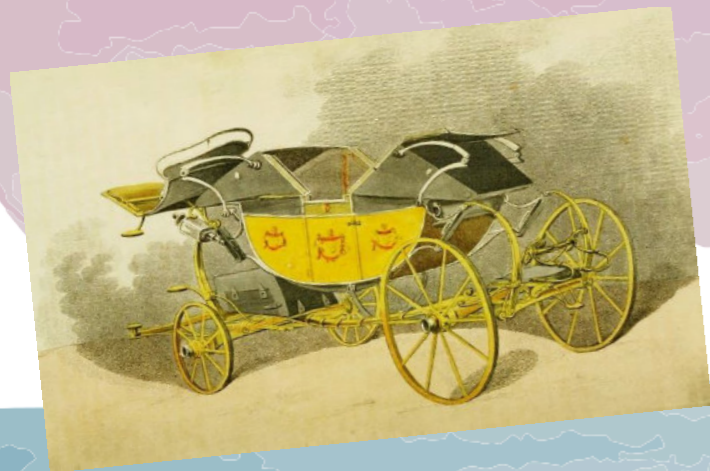


A DEDICATED CHRONICLER OF FASHION

Coach builder, printer, paper manufacturer, industrialist, curator, serial entrepreneur, and more. He was Rudolph Ackermann and, if you're a Regency era aficionado, you must know his name...

Continued on next page

A DEDICATED CHRONICLER OF FASHION



If you've been interested in the Regency era for a while, you're no doubt familiar with Ackermann's fashion plates.

But who was Ackermann? And why is his work so essential in understanding the Regency era?

To start, we need to know that these images didn't come from an early 19th Century version of Vogue magazine. They come in fact from a periodical that carried the very lofty title of Repository of arts, literature, commerce, manufactures, fashions, and politics, published between 1809 and 1829.

Better known more concisely as Ackermann's Repository, it not only covered the fashion of the day, but also fine art and furniture, It is an incredible record of the period.

We owe to the rise of the motion picture much of what we know about the sights, architecture, fashions, and mores the early 20th Century. No less remarkable in showing us what a century earlier looked like is Ackermann's magazine with its beautiful hand-tinted colour lithographs that give us an insight into the flow of fabric, trims, and colours used.

The large prints of majestic furniture pieces no doubt informed the style-makers of the period, and it's not difficult to see how the return to Greek and Roman classicism of post-Revolutionary France influenced more than just the flowing Empire-waisted gown that we so commonly associate with this epochal moment in history.

Rudolph Ackmann (1764-1834) was more than just a publisher. In fact, his early career was as far from the printing press as one could get.

Born in Stallberg, Saxony, Rudolph started in career as a saddler and coach builder after the family finances could not support his first wish of going to university.

His coach building talents took him to London in 1787, where he made a name for himself as a serial entrepreneur, first designing carriages for private clients and for public conveyance, then turning his artistic talent to publishing a book Imitations of Drawings of Fashionable Carriages.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

THE BLUE BOY

A DEDICATED CHRONICLER OF FASHION



WALKING DRESS.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

By the time he turned 31, Ackermann had turned his full attention to the art world, setting up a print shop and an art school, and even manufacturing colours and heavy art paper for landscape artists and miniature paintings.

Publishing was, therefore, the logical next step. Ackermann brought together leading artists and printmakers to create Ackermann's Repository.

Here, it's not hard to consider Rudolph Ackermann to be the Elon Musk of his era, with Ackermann's influence felt right to this very day every time you ride in an automobile.

For it was in 1818, acting as the English agent for a German inventor, he patented what is known now as 'Ackermann steering geometry'. It addressed the issue of safe and comfortable cornering for horse-drawn carriages by prescribing a series of linkages that allowed wheels on a vehicle to turn at different radii to each other without the conveyance toppling over on turns.

But that wasn't the end of Ackermann's inventiveness. In the same year, he devised a process for waterproofing paper and cloth, then turned it into a commercial operation. He was also a major proponent of using gas for illumination and was one of the first in London to have his own home plumbed for gas.

He also invested in distribution networks for his periodicals with his son George in charge of the South American division of the business in the 1830s.

While Ackermann's Repository might have ended its run in 1829, his travel periodicals with stunning colour illustrations depicting life from far off lands helped readers develop a curiosity about the world around them.



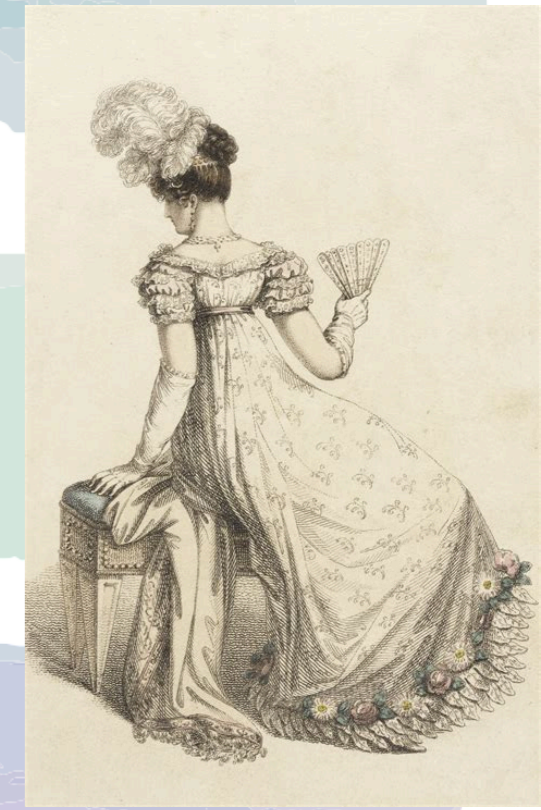
EVENING FOL. DRESS.



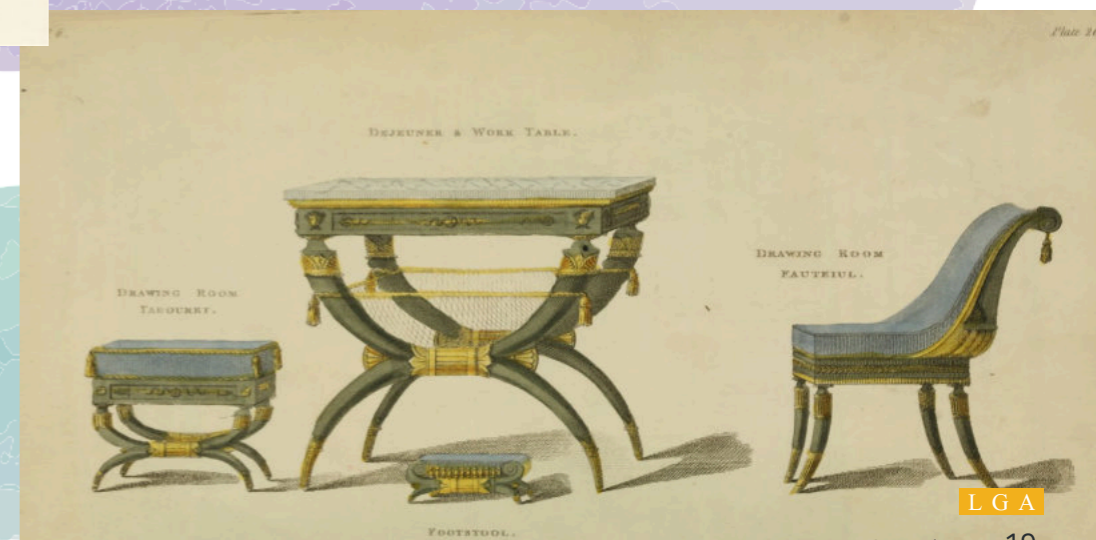
WALKING DRESS.



BALL DRESS.



LIBRARY TABLE & CHAIR.



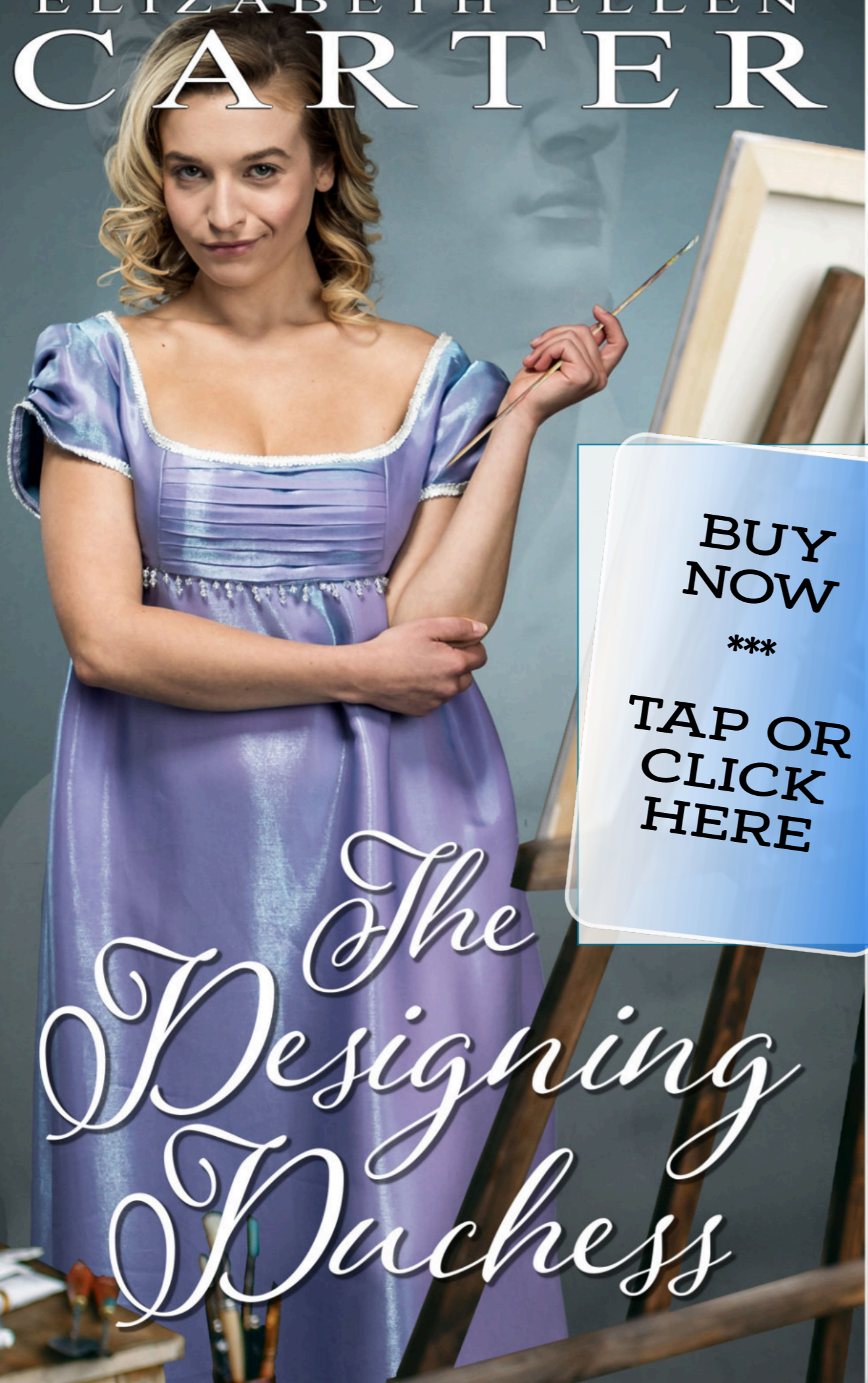
DESKER & WORK TABLE.

DRAWING ROOM TABLE.

DRAWING ROOM FAUTEUIL.

FOOTSTOOL.

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The Designing Duchess

AN EXCERPT FROM **THE THIEF OF HEARTS**

By the fire, at a card table covered in green baize, her parents played cribbage with Sir Hubert Gilfroy and Lady Constance, and Bertie's parents, Mr and Mrs Stringer.

Seated in a wingback chair located on the other side of the fireplace was Caro's widower uncle Walter, his eyes closed and legs stretched out, blue smoke from his pipe drawn towards the fire. Despite being five years older than her father, Uncle Walter was a man still full of vim and vigour. Beside him, discarded by the leg of the chair, was today's copy of The Argus. Caro quietly picked it up and looked at the front page story.

THE PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN!

The main headline was stretched across the width of the page and the one underneath was not much smaller.

The Yard flummoxed by daring diamond thief!

Caro glanced sympathetically at her uncle and silently read on.

Another daring escapade by The Phantom last night and another haul of jewellery – this time belonging to Lady Havershire – now bringing this audacious criminal nearly £20,000 pounds of expensive jewellery in the past three months.

His nocturnal escapades remain untroubled by Scotland Yard who as yet have no clue to the thief's identity, nor it would seem, any plan for his capture. Chief Inspector Walter Addison refused to speculate on—

"Now Caro, you know better than to believe everything you read in the press."

She started and dropped the paper. Her uncle smiled, his eyes still closed. "How did you know I was—"

"I overheard you beg off a dance with Albert; I smelled your perfume beside me... and, like all young people, you're burning with curiosity about The Phantom."

His eyes opened as Caro lowered herself into the matching wingback chair opposite her uncle.

"It's the science of deduction," he said with a merry twinkle of mischief in his eyes.

Caro laughed. "Are you taking lessons from Mr Conan-Doyle's detective?"

Uncle Walter took a ruminating puff from his pipe before answering. "I should be – according to the papers at any rate. No, I read Sherlock Holmes for pleasure."

"I'd have thought you would have enough of crime without taking it home with you."

"It relaxes me."

Caro leaned down to pick up the paper again and skim the article once more. The sensationalist report elicited only four main facts: Lady Havershire's jewels were taken from her locked

safe, there was no sign of forced entry, and the staff were all above reproach.

"Are you sure the servants aren't lying?" Caro asked. Seeing she had her uncle's attention she leaned in further.

"Or perhaps the good Lady herself was," she whispered, "a... *moral hazard*."

"Then who do you cite in your case for the prosecution?" prompted Sir Hubert from the card table.

Caro felt herself growing red, and it wasn't just from the heat of the fire.

She turned, now conscious of the card players over her shoulder who had stopped to listen in. She had just started her second year studying law at St Anne's College, Oxford, and, of all her peers, was considered the most able debater of her year.

Caro was well aware her mother believed she was wasting her father's time and money studying for a law degree she would never be allowed to use. It was an old argument and one her mother knew was of no use to revive since Caro had gained her father's backing to work in his office as an article clerk, saying it was a more profitable use of her time and education than just sitting at home waiting for a husband to come along.

LGA

Conjure up some Christmas magic that will steal your heart!

Aspiring lawyer Caro Addison has a mystery to solve - who is the audacious diamond thief known as The Phantom?

She suspects handsome magician Tobias Black, aka The Dark Duke. He's the only one with the means, motive, and opportunity.

But the art of illusion means not everything is as it seems in both crime and affairs of the heart.

ENJOY A ROMANTIC VICTORIAN CHRISTMAS MYSTERY FROM USA TODAY BEST SELLING AUTHOR ELIZABETH ELLEN CARTER.

<https://books2read.com/thief-of-hearts>



The Thief of HEARTS

USA Today Bestselling Author
**ELIZABETH ELLEN
CARTER**

DINE LIKE GEORGIAN

Times have changed! Now you can enjoy a Christmas feast like the toffs!

GENTRY

by LGA Associate Editor
DUNCAN CARLING-RODGERS

A MAJOR aspect of the modern Christmas ritual is Christmas dinner with the family around a festive board straining with traditional seasonal foods.

It might not be the reality for everyone, but it's certainly a part of the Christmas myths which comes to mind for many when thinking of 25 December.

Of course, a big Christmas spread can be a lot of work, usually falling on just one or two people of the household to prepare.

At the risk of upsetting those whose first experience of Christmas dinner each year is sitting down when the bell rings them in and surveying the spread before them, we'd like to propose a supermarket celebration this year.

Two of the staples of the Christmas feast are the turkey and the pudding. Traditionally they're a lot of work. If you're the one doing that work, we're about to suggest simpler options.

And to answer any complaints from diners, just remind them that a shop bought feast today mightn't be the equivalent of a meal at Maxim's, but it's likely just as tasty as enjoyed by Georgian gentry in the days of the Prince Regent.

(And we've included some links just in case you really do enjoy your festive culinary and catering craft!)

Eliza's brilliant branding - the Christmas Pudding

Eliza Acton wrote one of Britain's first cookery books aimed at the domestic reader. It was called *Modern Cookery in All Its Branches* and was published in 1845. It was a hit, running to 13 editions.

This cookbook by a poet who'd once run a boarding school introduced the now-standard practice of listing the ingredients and providing suggested cooking times. It included the first recipe for what Acton called 'Christmas pudding'.

The English dish had been around in various forms since medieval times as 'plum pudding' though it contained no plums. The word 'plum' was then used then for what by Acton's time (and today) is called a 'raisin'. Acton's renaming of the popular pud turned out to be a masterstroke of branding.

A sweet, dried-fruit pudding, often featuring fruit soaked in brandy, it is traditionally served as part of Christmas dinner in Britain and around the world. Victorians put the cloth-wrapped mixture in a basin and steamed it. When done, it was unwrapped and served on a platter topped with a sprig of holly.

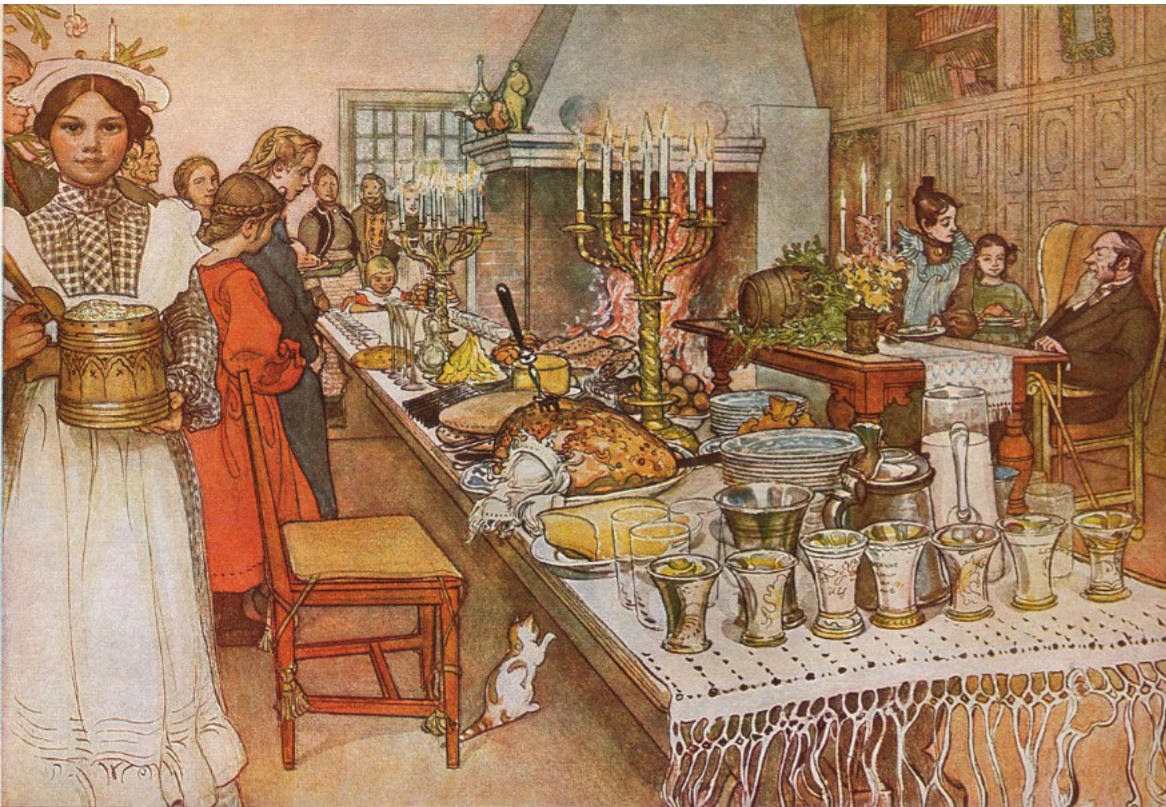
These days you can 'make' a shop-bought Christmas pudding in minutes by putting in your microwave oven and that's surely the simplest way to go about it. An alternative for those who want to be traditional and use Eliza Acton's original recipe can check out the lengthy process [lovingly detailed by Paul Couchman on his website](#). Between the two is [this recipe on Wikipedia](#). It still takes eight hours....

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper.

A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth.

A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding!

- CHARLES DICKENS, *A CHRISTMAS CAROL*



Don't be a giddy goose! Go for the turkey.

Roast goose was a popular meat on the Georgian Christmas dining table but was supplanted over the subsequent Victorian era by turkey.

This transformation was in no small part due to Charles Dickens' novella *A Christmas Carol*. Goose was in fact the more common bird on the table, turkey being more exotic and expensive. But *A Christmas Carol* lit a fire under the popularity of turkey that ultimately led to it being primarily identified with Christmas dinner in England.

Even so, the distinctly flavoured goose is still a favorite Christmas dish in other European parts – it's a staple of the German holiday spread – but it may find itself alongside or even replaced by turkey in many places today.

One of the pros of goose is roasting renders quality fat and lots of it which can go to roasting potatoes, making confit, or shortening pie crusts. On the downside, there's a low yield of meat to fat and bone compared to turkey.

In keeping with the intent to simplicity of this feature, excellent ready-to-bake turkey breast rolls are available in supermarkets, along with all the trimmings.

But if you want to have a go at making your own turkey roll, here's [a good five minute how-to video](#) from TV chef Donal Skehan. If a full bird is what you fancy and you've never roasted a turkey before, here's [a basic turkey for beginners video](#).





GAME PLAY ▶

Jigsaw Time

Piece this picture together at Jigsaw Planet. Tap or click:
<https://www.jigsawplanet.com/?rc=play&pid=36f06fa6b09d>



WORD SEARCH ▼

Christmas Favorites

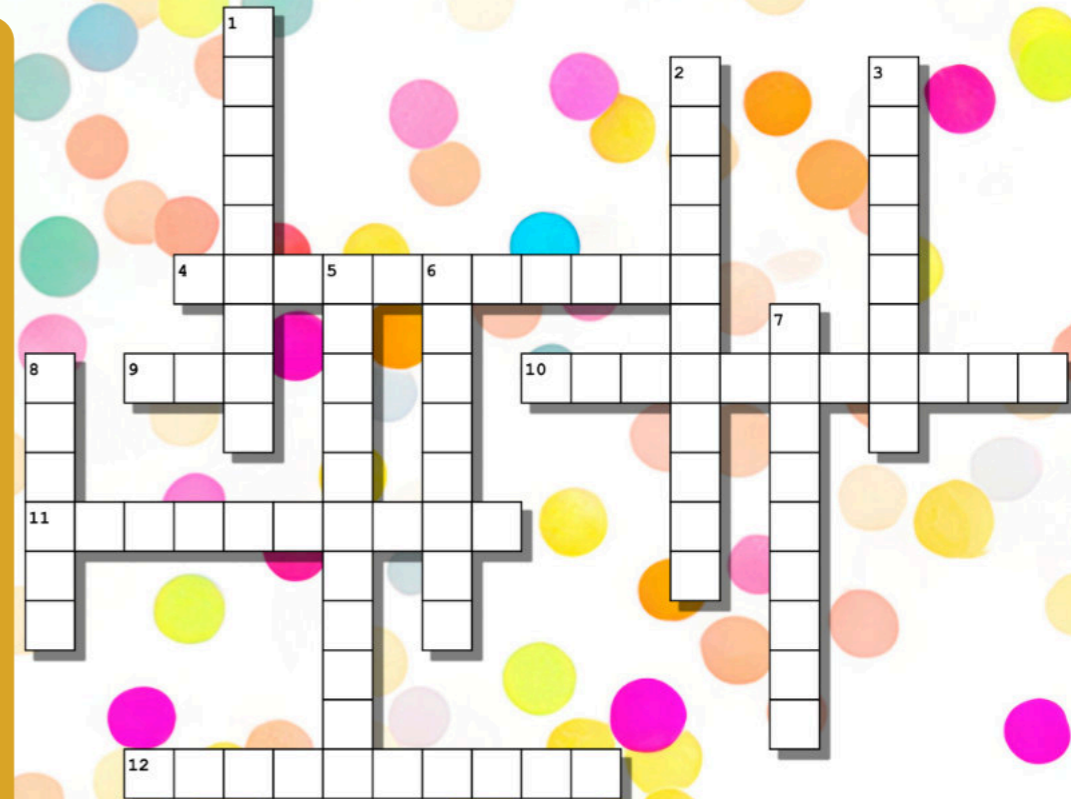
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TINSEL
 CELEBRATION
 FRIENDS
 TREE
 FAMILY
 GIFTGIVING
 DECORATIONS
 FESTIVITY
 HOLLY
 SANTA
 PUDDING
 ELF
 NATIVITY
 LOVE
 PRESENTS
 REUNION
 HOLIDAYS
 CAROLS
 CHILDREN
 PARTY

Play this puzzle online at : <https://thewordsearch.com/puzzle/7835973/>

Celebrations All Year Round Crossword

- ACROSS**
4. Veteran's Day in the US, it's — Day in the Commonwealth .
 9. An August day for our animal companions around the world (International — Day).
 10. May the fourth be with you on this May day.
 11. A foolish day to start the month of April.
 12. Irish all over the world celebrate this day in March.
- DOWN**
1. Dish up a bolognaise on World — Day in January.
 2. It's the time for the countdown to the New Year.
 3. Random Acts of — Day takes place in February.
 5. A worldwide day in June to protect the earth (World — Day).
 6. The French have a storming good time on this July day (— Day)
 7. A spooky day rounds out October
 8. Argh! It's Talk Like a — Day in September.



Merry Christmas
2024

AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR



FROM
ELIZABETH ELLEN CARTER