

times less. Sixty or seventy yards is the extent.

How many feathers? About three dozen.

What quantity of flowers? About as much as will fill three band boxes.

How in the name of wonder do the ladies keep such things on their heads? They hold them fast with their hands.

What is the usual price of such a hat? Here Madame Trumpourie made a low curtsie, and declared she never attended to such vulgar matters. The ladies paid just what they pleased.

The testimony being closed, Mr. Tongue addressed the jury with great criticism, in a speech six hours long, five hours broad, and a quarter of an inch deep, by actual measurement by a stop watch. We can only give the skeleton.

Gentlemen of the Jury—It is idle to make laws against flying kites, setting off squibs and crackers, and carrying Paddies about the streets—it is idle to make laws against projecting signs of elephants and obtrusions of bow windows upon the streets—it is idle to prohibit the sober business men of the city from putting out their empty hogsheads and sugar boxes in front of their stores—it is idle to prohibit the ringing of bells at auctions and steam-boats, so long as our *belles* are permitted to encumber the streets, embarrass passengers, and frighten horses, by wearing hats of such singular enormity. To my certain knowledge, Gentlemen of the Jury, several persons besides my client have been put in jeopardy of life and limb by these unlawful projections called hats, and had not their chivalrous gallantry prevented it, the number of actions for damages would have been incalculable. Gentlemen of the Jury, such hats are contrary to the spirit, if not to the letter of the law. There is a law against swine running at large, and why? Because they run between our legs and endanger our lives and limbs. Now, though it is impossible for a lady in a

fashionable hat, to run between any legs but those of a Colossus, still there are an infinite variety of ways in which they may, and do operate to the great danger of the community. They frighten horses, as in the case of my client—they frighten the gentlemen from the interior, who come down in the spring to buy goods, and they frighten the Dutch women from Tappan, Bergen, Flatbush and other places, whereby they are prevented from coming to market, to the great detriment of the city, which suffers in consequence, for want of butter, eggs, wormwood and parsley, peppermint, poultry and pennyroyal.

Gentlemen of the Jury, this is a case of great enormity. Hats were originally devised for the purpose of defending the head and face from the sun and weather; and hands were originally invented, at least ladies' hands, the one to carry a reticule, the other to hold up the train behind. But, Gentlemen of the Jury, what are ladies' hands good for now? For all useful purposes, they might as well be without them—they are continually employed in holding their hats on their heads. No hair pin, nor ribbon, nor skewer, nor any other instrument of modern invention is competent to the task of keeping such hats on such heads as we now see every day in Broadway. You might as well attempt to restrain a balloon with a single hair—brace down the mainsail of a man-of-war with a rope yarn, or make any other impossibility possible, as to restrain the eccentricities of a fashionable bonnet in a moderate breeze. Bless me, how it totters! and capers, and flares upwards and downwards—and this way and that! How it shivers in the wind, and leaps like a vessel in stays! How it impedes the motion of the wearer, and destroys all power of grace of motion! Sometimes the ladies' heads are blown back upon their shoulders by a sudden puff—and at others beat down by the wind taking them all aback, to use a nautical phrase—The hands of the poor