

shrinks skin-tight, until the luckless citizen who drops his purse on the sidewalk must let it lie, or, stooping to reclaim his own, brave the awful possibilities of such temerarious daring. Then, again, the changeful garment appeareth suddenly in its bell-mouthed variety; and honest Jack before the mast, home from a cruise, finds himself quite *en regle*, while gentlemen of leisure, "half seas over," may feel with dignified self-approbation that there is a kind of happy nautical harmony between their habitude and their habit. Till lo! once more the freakish article reverses its mode, and changes to the peg-top, which, as it descends earthward, grows "small by degrees, and beautifully less"—like, perchance, again, to the intellectual condition of the wearer.

All these, and such as these, are passing fads in dress; but some assume a proud permanence of being. Bubbles, these, of tougher texture, warranted to stand the pricks of time, circumstance, and even the aspic tongue of ridicule. Instance that most imposing item of male headgear variously yecept the tall hat, the top hat, the plug hat, the chimney-pot hat, the stove-pipe hat, and with playful hyperbole, the sky-scraper. This prehistoric article of head-dress has been to me, I humbly confess, a perennial object of wonder, awe, and pensive stupefaction. What must not have been the sublime daring, the superb superiority to ridicule, the soaring invention, of that glorious Edison of fashion who first from out the depths of his inner consciousness evolved the skyward structure, and, finally crowned therewith, deservedly a king among his lesser brethren of the mode, stalked forth in the light of day and challenged the reverence or defied the laughter of an awe-bestricken or censorious and unimpressible world! We are used to the glorious superstructure now, and its lofty majesty has a peculiar faculty for instilling a timid respect; but even to this day it does excite, by whiles, the malicious humour of the ungodly and irreverent-minded, while many have been the assaults perpetrated on its venerable dignity from time to time by barbaric wielders of the pencil and the pen. It has survived them all — it has come to stay; and it *may* be that "The Last Man" of the poet Campbell (or is it Campbell?) will confront a crumbling universe, and give utterance to his sublime monologue, beneath the time-hallowed shadow and heaven-proping dignity of—a stove-pipe hat!

I would fain refer, in a few feeling words, to the sacred swallow-tail of vespertilion fest. y. But here language reels into fatuity, and beggared expression, closing the doors of bankrupt speech, refuses all further drafts on exhausted resources, and takes refuge in the silence of despair.

MARK LOVELL.