

worship of the pocket handkerchief. Looking at a good specimen of the dandy in the street, you at once see that he is being led along by the sharply pointed corner of the faultless pocket handkerchief standing acutely out from the breast-pocket of his coat. It marshals him the way he should go. He struts, and turns, and wheels behind it; it leads him hither and thither about town. He half surrenders his soul to his pocket handkerchief. It is the last finishing ornament of his attire, the final seal of his own completeness. An auspicious, spotless, glossy, well-folding pocket handkerchief makes him happy."

But, as an index to character, there is nothing in the whole round of the "clothes philosophy" at all comparable to the hat. It is the wearer's other self, his moral and intellectual summary. If you doubt the statement examine the hats that hang in an office. The clerks who own them are not more distinct and different from each other than are those "beavers" which some unobservant people call "meaningless." Hat No. 1 has what has been happily described as "an unnatural calm, an unwholesome gloss" about its nap; it is "seedy," "shabby genteel," or whatever else you like to call it, and you can tell immediately that it belongs to the poor clerk with the cringing air, the look of want of resourcefulness, and mental spring and elasticity. The one next it has a tell-tale band of crease to conceal the ravages of time. The top and the brim are suggestive of the application of a wet brush. But notwithstanding these things, there is a cheerfulness about this craped hat, a look of "making the best" of things, which is very different from the resigned melancholy of hat No. 1, and you may be sure that the clerk who wears it is something of a Mark Tapley in his way. Then we have the unexceptionable Lincoln and Bennett, the very type of all that is respectable. It is the responsible man, middle-aged and well-to-do, who wears that hat. Next to it hangs a small, self-asserting hat, one that catches the eye from the first moment of inspection. Vanity is written in the curl of its brim, and conceit all over it. It surely belongs to the "smart man" of the office, and it affords a curious contrast to its next neighbour, the soft, grey hat. Flaccid and unshapely, this one tells as plainly as words can do, of gin and billiards, debts, cheap cigars, scanty fare, and of all the accompaniments of an uncertain, shifty life.

Who does not know a sporting hat when he sees it? Again, there is the distinguished-foreigner-hat, which is equally unmistakable. There is another kind of hat that comes to us with people who present begging letters. It is, above all things, an apologetic hat. The

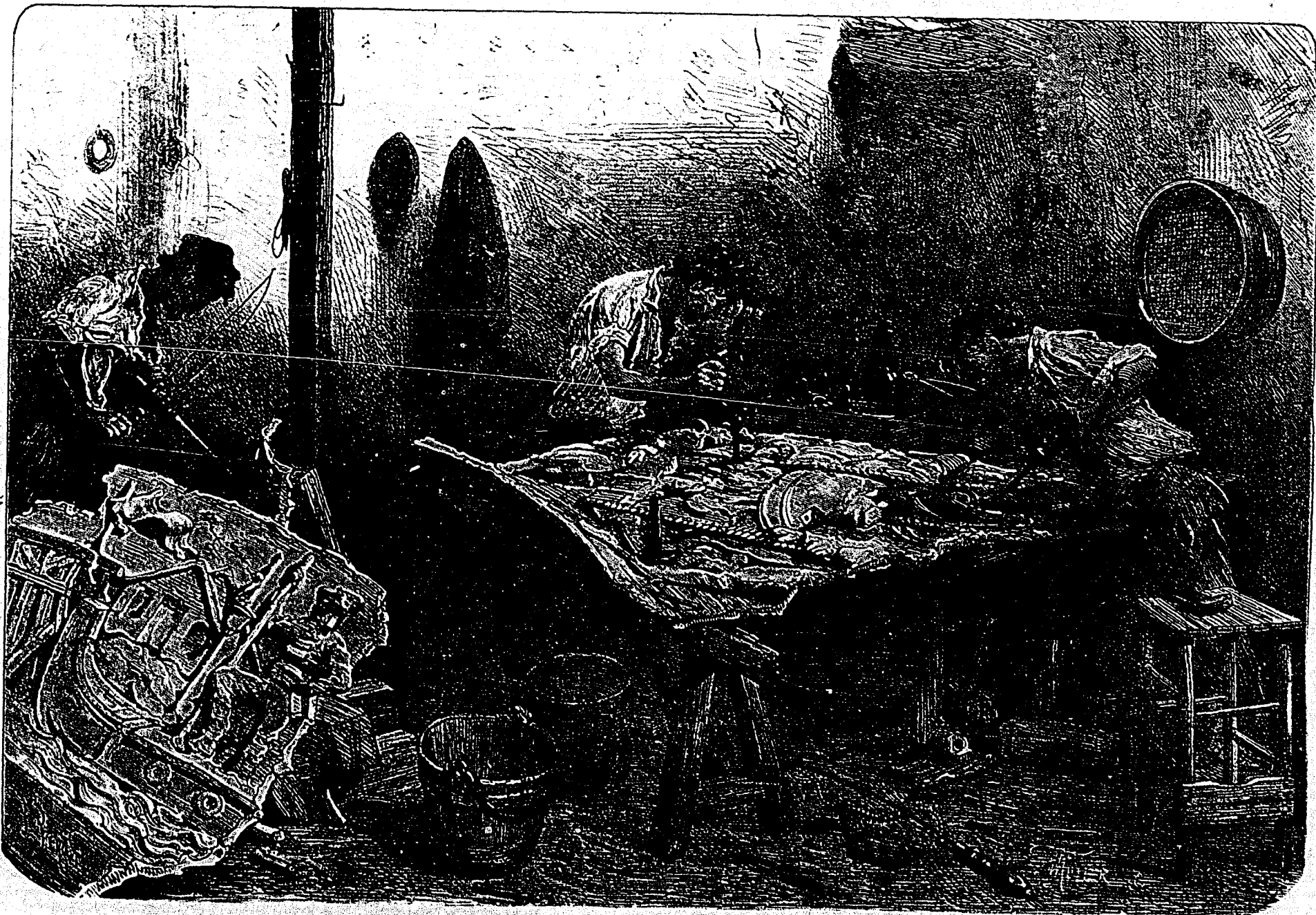


SENOR CASTELAR, PRESIDENT OF THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.

brim droops ever so slightly towards the outer edge all the way round, looking like the eaves of a Gothic house. The wearer glides into the room, his head on one side, and, whether on his head or in his hand, the hat wears a smile of excuse, a deprecatory smile. Like other and better people, the presenter of the begging letter makes a great deal of play with his hat, twisting it about, or coaxing and petting it, giving point thereby to his discourse. Farmers, as a body, have hats that are all their own. The agricultural hat is a perfectly distinct species. So is the officers' musti hat; so is the hat worn by members of any learned body. The hats that go to an archaeological meeting, however distinct each may be from each, have a strong family likeness. They are remarkably tall in the crown, remarkably fluffy about the nap, and they are, in every respect, the very reverse of the hat a man of fashion would choose. Like their owners, the archaeological hats devote themselves to the more serious business of life, disclaiming the modern and the commonplace.

Again, clerical hats are a class apart. There are degrees and differences amongst them, and a person of observant habits will distinguish at a glance between high and low tenets. It is next to impossible to define the grades of hats, and their relation to doctrine, but it may be advanced in a general way that the more picturesque the style the "higher" the Churchman, until among ritualistic parsons the chimney-pot is abandoned for a felt hat which is cousin-german to that glorious sombrero in which artists revel.

And if men's hats (those unbefitting, uncompromising articles of the toilette) are expressive—as who can doubt they are?—what shall we not say of ladies' hats and bonnets? The shape and colour vary almost to infinitude, and they are capable of assuming a really speaking expression. A bonnet, before it has been worn, is generally in the *tabula rasa* state of being, but occasionally, like the pocket-handkerchief, it displays a will of its own, a personality. Milliners will tell those who push their [clothes] philosophical researches so far, that some caps, hats, and bonnets, as they leave the modiste's hands, call forth their exclamations, "How like Mrs. So-and-so that cap is!" or "That hat is Miss Blank all over!" Once taken into use, however, articles of millinery borrow their mein and deportment from their wearers. You may see bonnets with an intensely sinister expression, the materials which compose them being oftentimes of black and dark red, or of black and dark yellow; and others that are eminently pugnacious, not alone bruised-looking, but *bruiser-like*. There are funny bonnets that nod and wink all over



PARIS.—THE RESTORATION OF THE VENDÔME COLUMN.—REPAIRING THE PLATES IN M. THIEBAULT'S WORKSHOPS.