

"I am glad you did. I promise you that unless you give me leave I will never speak of this—never in any way let it be known. You can believe my word?"

"I am sure you would never break a promise," she said.

"And now," he said, going quickly to the table, and taking up the parcel of sand, "let us get rid of this, the cause of all the mischief."

He stepped out of the French window, and she saw him scattering the sand with its specks of gold over the balcony into the street.

"Oh!" she said, "this is more than kindness. And

I can never tell you why I asked. I can only say, 'Thank you.'"

It seemed natural that she should give him her hand—a thin little hand, which trembled in his grasp. She could be brave for others, he thought; for herself she was as timorous and emotional as other women. To her, it may have seemed a liberty, yet it was with chivalrous respect that he bent over her hand—rougher and browner than his own—and kissed it. She was startled and ashamed, and the rustle of her white dress, the sound of the closing door, told him that he was again alone.

END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

THE CONTENTS OF A HAIR-TRUNK.



LONDON & PARIS

Dresses of the Year 1801.

THIS old hair-trunk, studded with brass nails, has seen better days and done good service. In size and shape it is very different from the Saratoga trunks and big dress-baskets we use; but when it was new, sailing-vessels and stage-coaches were the common means of locomotion, and it was impossible to carry much luggage.

Let us lift the lid and examine its contents. They are mostly children's toys. Who were the children who first played with them we should like to know. It is difficult to guess; but as we turn over one thing after the other, we come to the conclusion that the little hands which first held them have passed middle age and old age, and are now lying quiet in the grave. It is rather a sad thought—that our belongings remain here after we are gone, and pass into hands which knew us not. But let us look at the toys.

First of all, we take out two small boxes of pink and green card-board, with gold edges that in spite of the lapse of time remain untarnished. They are labelled "Le Physionotrace," and probably were, with a case which lies beneath them, brought home to the children after some trip to France. Inside the boxes is a piece of pasteboard, with the head of a man depicted on it in the one box, and in the other a woman's head. In each picture there are several slits in which to put different noses and eyes, chins,

wigs, and hats, of which a good assortment lies in the box beneath the picture. Thus the young woman with the classical coil of hair and a Grecian nose, can be turned into an old maid, with a sharp nose and double chin, lace cap and curled front; or, again, she may appear as a hawk-nosed dowager, with a yellow coal-scuttle bonnet, tied with a broad pink ribbon. The gentleman, too, undergoes similar metamorphoses; he sometimes wears a high beaver, and sometimes puts on a blue shako.

The case of which we spoke before, contains two small books, called respectively, "Delphine" and "Emma"; Emma is the good girl, Delphine the spoilt child. The peculiarity of the books lies in the illustrations, which are loose, and have movable heads which can be exchanged from one picture to the other, with, of course, a most ludicrous result. For instance, if we take Emma's smiling face, and crown

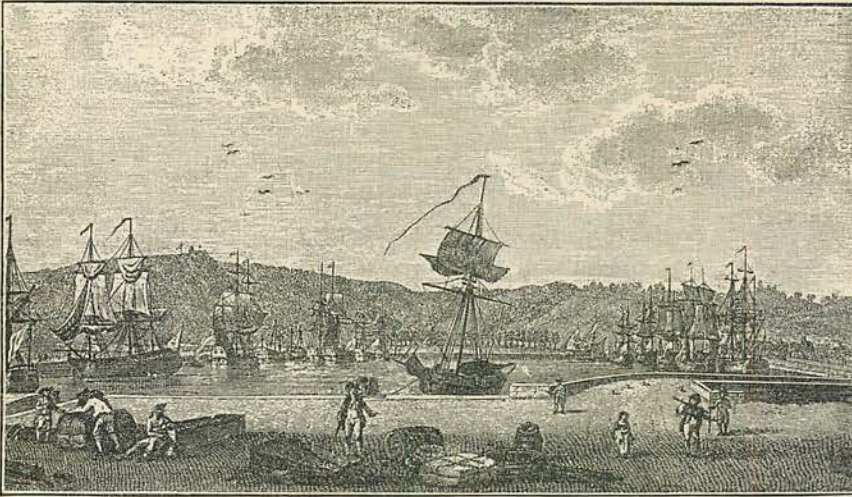


DRESSES OF THE YEAR 1789.

with it the figure of "Delphine en pénitence," she looks like a martyr; or if we take the mourning bonnet and veil, and place it on top of Emma's bridal dress, we have an odd combination; and just before us we have "Emma richement mariée," wearing Delphine's cross face, and so looking neither satisfied nor happy at her rich marriage. The style of dress worn by Delphine and Emma belongs to the first years of this century; low bodies, short sleeves, short — we might almost say no—waist, skimpy skirts, with

nearly fix the date of the toys. Here is a "Beef-Eater" about three-quarters of an inch high, but the crown and "G. R." are quite distinguishable on his coat. "Papa" wears a cocked hat and knee-breeches. "Mamma's" costume is somewhat hid by the baby she holds on her knees; but nurse, who has a child in leading-strings before her, wears a mob-cap or bonnet, and a little bunched "pannier," which possibly may not have been quite the latest fashion.

The First-of-May trophy has a milkman and milk-



VIEW OF THE HARBOUR OF CHERBOURG (ABOUT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY).

tucks or tiny frills, and large bonnets with big ostrich feathers. How many little people have been made happy by these simple figures!

The three boxes which we next take out, were evidently precursors of the Kindergarten method. They are called "Toys for Teaching in Sport"; and from a label attached to one of them we find that the Spelling, Grammar, and Figure boxes in one cost £1 7s., but that separately the price of the Grammar and Figure boxes in one was 16s., and the Spelling box alone 10s. 6d. There was a book bound in red which accompanied them, and contained "Hints and Directions for the Proper Management of the Scheme"; the book has not come down to us, so we have not an idea what the scheme was, but feel sure that if there was not much teaching, there was plenty of amusement for the little folks in the Spelling and Grammar boxes, though the contents of the "Figure Box," seem to contain much drier matter.

In the Spelling box there are alphabets of several various kinds, Roman, Black-letter and Italian, small letters and capitals. In the Grammar box there are similar card-board squares, with the different verbs, pronouns, adjectives, articles, etc.; but, no doubt, the study of the nouns was the favourite lesson, for the nouns have a "cut" on the back of each square. From some of these cuts we can pretty

maid dancing in the background to the music of a fiddler. The trophy is very similar to one in "Hone's Every Day Book," under which are the following lines:—

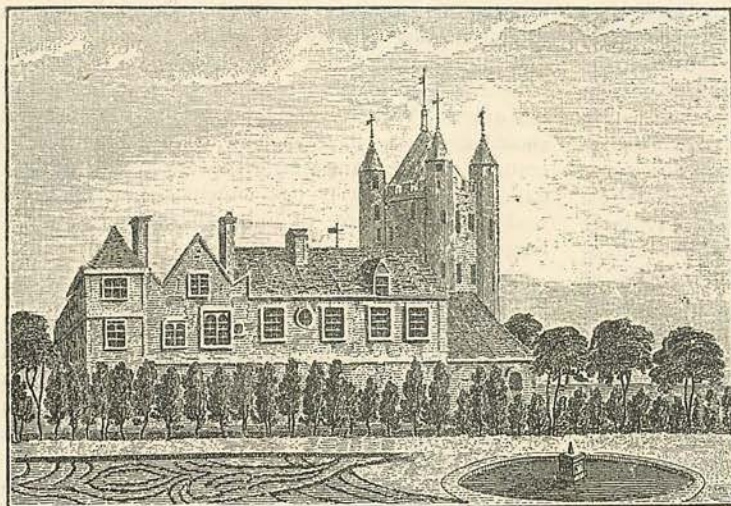
"In London thirty years ago,
When pretty milkmaids went about,
It was a goodly sight to see,
Their May-day pageant all drawn out.

Themselves in comely colours drest,
Their shining garland in the middle,
A pipe and tabor on before,
Or else the foot-inspiring fiddle.

They stopped at houses, where it was
Their custom to cry 'Milk below!'
And while the music play'd, with smiles,
Join'd hands and pointed toe to toe."

There are some more verses, but they are foreign to our purpose. At the foot is the date 1825. Thirty years before would take us into the last decade of the eighteenth century, and I do not think we should be far wrong if we place the manufacture of these toys to the same date, or perhaps even a few years earlier.

Several objects depicted on these cards are things of the past; Sedan chairs have vanished, so also have the elaborate tent-beds. It is difficult to recognise the forerunner of the modern fire-engine in the very clumsy machine depicted; and the umbrella is a



THE TEMPLE AT PARIS, 1793.

heavy-looking article, evidently ribbed with whale-bone.

Besides the small cards with the cuts to teach nouns, there are two sets of larger engravings. One set has pictures of ships; a coach stopped before an inn, the landlord of which is handing them a pot of beer; a fort, and some rural scenes. It is difficult to guess at what they were intended to teach. The second set represents various games. We may notice that the boys and girls play separately. The girls have a swing between two very rickety-looking trees; they dance *vis-à-vis* with extended skirts; play ball, teetotum, blind-man's-buff, and cards. They look rather old in their skirts, which touch the ground; but still they are not above nursing dolls, or having a turn at acting school-mistress, when, no doubt, the possessor of the birch rod had it all her own way.

The boys of to-day would look with scorn on some of the games which amused their great-grandfathers. Tops were in favour, kites and hoops were not scorned, leap-frog was not vulgar, and battledore and shuttlecock was a boys' game. We doubt whether it was very prudent to allow those boys to shoot with bows and arrows, as they seem to be rather inclined to shoot at each other, but *that* may possibly be due to the exigencies of the cut. What boy in a tail-coat would, nowadays, condescend to mount a rocking-horse! No doubt boys were boys just as much then as now, and threw zest and spirit into these games.

Ah! here is a treasure. A doll dressed in a sprigged muslin, with leg-of-mutton sleeves and skimpy skirt, and, best of all, wearing a primrose-satin coal-scuttle bonnet. Examine her garments; the stitches would pass muster in the "Sixth Standard." How neat and well-made are her clothes, and finely marked with "Emily" in red cotton. She is even furnished with a little pocket-handkerchief.

"Emily's" hair is light brown, done up in short curls; she is somewhat pallid, but it may be that the close atmosphere of the hair-trunk has impaired her constitution, and her roses have vanished. Lay her back carefully in the little doll's trunk studded with brass nails, where she rests peacefully, untouched by the destructive fingers of this generation, to whom dolls are only a passing pleasure.

Here is a doll's dinner-set; it belongs to very much the same date as the other toys. On the souptureens and vegetable-dishes, the sauce-boats and plates, are figures in the pseudo-classical costumes of the First Empire. The figures are in purple monochrome, and a rim of blue borders the plates, etc.

This scrap-book is in a very dilapidated condition, though it probably is not as ancient as the toys; and was evidently at first the album of some young lady, for there are numerous slips of coloured paper, or white paper with a coloured border, on which are written, in a fine Italian hand, riddles, conundrums, *bon-mots*. As we have all been thinking and talking of the census, perhaps some reader may be able to supply the missing answer to the following:—

"A Belle conversing with a beau,
Asked, all at once, 'What age are you?
What age meant he to let her know—
In saying, 'What in all you do'?"

The modest young lady, you will remark, uses a capital "B" for Belle, and a small "b" for beau. Here is another extract of the Beau and Belle style:—

"An *Elderly* man, named Page, was much in love with a *young* lady, and to declare his passion he sent this verse with a pair of gloves:—

"If from Glove you take the letter *G*,
Then Glove is Love, and that I send to thee!"

She sent the following answer in return:—

"If from Page you take the letter *P*,
Then Page is Age, and that won't do for me!"



ANOTHER OLD-FASHIONED PLATE (undated).

Most of the pictures that once adorned the book have been torn out, but there remain a few engravings of ladies in the enormous hoops which so provoked the ire of the *Spectator* that a whole number of that paper in July, 1711, was devoted to the subject. We read that: "The fair sex are run into great extravagancies. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more . . . Should this fashion get among the ordinary people, our public ways will be so crowded that we should want street-room. Several congregations of the best fashion find themselves already very much straitened; and if the mode increase, I wish it may not drive many ordinary women into meetings and conventicles. Should our sex at the same time take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (as who knows what their indignation at this female treatment may drive them to?), a man and his wife would fill a whole pew." Modern crinolines were bad enough, but hoops were still more extensive, if we may trust the pictures in this scrap-book. In some cases the width of the lady exceeds her length.

This leather-bound volume, handsomely stamped in gold, once had plated clasps, but of them only the hinges remain. It is another scrap-book, the contents of which do not equal the expectations raised by the cover; still some of the pictures are interesting.

An engraving of Mr. H. Greathead's life-boat going out to assist a ship in distress bears the date 1803; needless to say, the crew have no cork jackets. The odd thing about the picture is that the life-boat seems in imminent peril of being engulfed by a huge wave, but the ship in distress is surrounded by perfectly calm water. A print, dated March, 1793, shows "The Temple at Paris"; it was on the 21st of January in that very year that Louis XVI. left the Temple to be guillotined on the Place de la Révolution.

A view of the Harbour of Cherbourg is dated a few years earlier; it looks a quiet little place, very unlike the great naval station it now is.

Perhaps the most interesting prints are some fashion plates. A few of them have the date printed below them; of these the earliest is 1787, and the latest 1822. Between those two dates it is probable most of the fashions are represented.

In 1787 the hair was worn elaborately curled, and surmounted by three large ostrich-plumes. The skirts were plain but full, the bodice crossed over the front in folds, and the sleeves are puffed to a little below the elbow, and terminate in a deep frill. By

the year 1801 the dress had become decidedly scanty, so that in order to allow the wearer to walk comfortably, a dress, which lies an inch or so on the ground behind, is looped up in front to some inches above the ankle. Were it not for the gipsy bonnet, we should decidedly have thought it to be an indoor costume, as the dainty little shoe looks only fit for a dance. The waist is just under the arm-pits, the neck is open square in front, and the sleeves are long and tight.

In 1819 the coal-scuttle bonnet appears, and though the bodice of the dress has not changed much, the skirt is of a reasonable fulness, and prettily adorned with embroidery and tucks. An evening dress for a young girl, in 1822, is very pretty; the short sleeves are puffed, the bodice has lengthened a little, and is pointed in front; the hair is curled *au naturel*, and adorned with a small wreath of roses.

When we take out this portfolio we have come to the bottom of the hair-trunk. The portfolio has some family silhouettes, and some English and foreign views.

In the picture of Westminster Bridge, taken in 1751, there is a background of green hills. The old Houses of Parliament present a very different appearance from the new buildings, and the absence of the Victoria Tower makes the Abbey appear more imposing. Another view, of the same date, shows London Bridge crowded with houses; below the Bridge lie the large ships, but above, only skiffs and barges can be seen.

At the first glance, this view of the High Street, Oxford, is very puzzling to those who know that most charming thoroughfare; but a little study reveals the fact that the plate has been reversed, and so when looking up towards Carfax, instead of St. Mary's and All Saints being on the *right* hand, they appear in the print on the *left*. In front of Carfax Church stands the Conduit, which was erected by Otho Nicholson, in 1610, to furnish the city with pure water. It was removed in 1787, and presented to Earl Harcourt, who re-erected it at Nuneham, where it may still be seen. Numerous signs hang from the houses—not all, we hope, public-house signs.

The undergraduates who are standing about wear gowns nearly touching the ground, bands, wigs, and broad-brimmed hats with very shallow crowns. They belong to a generation which did not go in for boating and athletics.

Let us replace the things in the box; in another few years they will have become curiosities, and be thought worthy of some museum.

