

Bearding of the People.

We have to confess neglect of an important movement, which consists partly in the suspension of another important and truly national movement. The primary movement consists in the gradual protrusion of the hairs that naturally grow on the upper lip and chin of the adult male population of the United Kingdom, at least so far as that can be coaxed out of the diffidence which inclines those important ornaments of the human face to retire from sight, like Æneas, in a cloud of lather. The movement has an advantage quite peculiar to it, inasmuch as the arguments on both sides have all the amusing elements of the ridiculous. The present custom is absurd. To foreigners who come from nations unmitigated in the face, the aspect of men strolling about in public, deprived of the distinctive ornament of the muzzle, and thus reduced to stunted and rough copies of women, is more amusing than imposing. The North American Indian, who shaves his head and leaves a tuft in the centre for the convenience of his enemy in taking off the scalp, is actuated by a higher sense of honour than that which actuates Englishmen in compelling them to shave the muzzle and leave two seraps at the side for that domestic enemy the favourite child to tug at. The custom therefore is ridiculous; but the revolution is scarcely graver. The artist, who tells us that the beard is better than the shaven chin—personal comfort, which tells us that the operation of shaving is a daily torture—or common sense, which tells us that the fur upon the lips and round the throat in harsh weather is a natural "comforter"—have strong grounds on their side; but when the physician interposes, and gravely assures us that the national malady of consumption may be warded off by the natural respirator, and especially when the distinguished member of a public department heads the anti-razor movement: an essential to public health—it may be said that material improvement is beginning to reveal among the soap suds. One is prompted to ask whether the preacher practises; and perhaps a contemporary can tell us whether the great apostle of this bearded doctrine is himself an exemplar of his mission? It is one that can only be taught by example, not inculcated by doctrine or ordered by statute. We have a compulsory vaccination act, but a compulsory anti-shaving act would be tolerated only in Russia—or the Bank of England. Soldiers shave or grow by regulation, but the civilians might at least claim freedom of action. The Police have not been required to grow a handle by which to be bearded; but the authorities at the Bank, it is said, have put down certain rising moustaches; perhaps as dangerous to the safety of that institution. Such is our custom of ty-

ranny in trifles; we grant a freedom to religious and political principles which we deny to the capillary principles; we admit private judgment on the most important questions, and deny it on the toilet question of the morning!

The Profligacy of Paris.

"Let us go to the theatre. It is the Palais Royal," and there are five different pieces, all short and high-spirited, to be acted. High-spirited indeed they are, full of false sentiment and the worst licentiousness, all wrapped up in pleasant wit and lively songs. Not one honest thought or healthy moral from the first to the last. One piece especially is decidedly the most filthy obscene performance I ever witnessed, carrying its obscenity beyond words into actions. Yet it was Sunday, and the house was full of young men and girls, out for their weekly holiday, drinking in poison with every breath they drew. And as I listened very thoughtfully and mournfully, and looked with purged English eyes upon all this, I almost believed I could see the spirit of another revolution, more terrible than the past ones, sitting in the midst of the ungodly crowd and rejoicing. Let us go to the ball at the opera: a wild scene of riot if ever there was one. It is crowded to suffocation; yet there are two every week, one here, and one at the Opera Comique. It is not, therefore, the single holiday of a people, spent in a new pleasure, in which a licence may be allowed; it is the habit, the custom, the common thing with them, as Julien's conceit's may be with the Londoners. An immense space, the stage and pit of the theatre, is brilliantly lit up, and an excellent band, under the direction of young Musard, is playing lively airs, while some three or four hundred people are dancing like mad things.—The dancers are mostly masked; and all, or nearly all, in extravagant costumes, in the worst possible taste. To describe a tenth part of the wild licentiousness, the indecencies, the songs, the speeches which take place in this palace of infamy, this very high temple of the Vices, would be a thankless and impossible task. Let us go into the Foyer, where the better part of the guests, many of the most distinguished men in Paris, never fail to assemble. Shouting women, screaming, laughing, quarrelling, speaking words which should blister their lips, such is what we hear; and costumes more fit for a place which shall be nameless, than for what we see at a ball. Nay, do not ask me to take you into the boxes, or to any of those supper-houses on our way home: what passes there beggars belief, and almost possibility. And as I learn, mark, and inwardly digest all these things and lighting my cigar walk musingly home through the wet streets, I can see the spirit of another revolu-

tion, more terrible than the past ones, standing in the midst of this ungodly city and rejoicing."

Table-moving in Russia.

The *Abeille* of St. Petersburg, Russia, publishes an article from a correspondent, from which it appears that table-moving has been long known and used by the priests of the religion of Buddha.

When a priest is applied to by an individual who has lost something of value, and who is desirous of knowing where to look for it, he sits down on the ground before a small square table, places his hands upon it and commences repeating a passage from some religious book in a low voice. In about half-an-hour, the priest rises, raises his hand slowly from the table, and the table follows the hand until he is standing at his full height. The priest then moves backwards and forwards, the table follows or precedes him, sometimes with such swiftness that he has difficulty in keeping up with it. After a certain time the table oscillates in the air, and falls to the ground.—The seeker is then directed to look for the objects lost in the direction the table has taken. If one could believe the country people, the things are always found on the exact spot where it falls.

The day I witnessed the experiment, writes the correspondent, the table moved at least eighty feet through the air, and fell in a spot where the stolen property was not discovered; still, I must confess that the same day a Russian peasant, living in that direction, committed suicide. The act created suspicion. His domicile was searched and the stolen property found there. The experiment had previously failed three different times. This took place at a village called Elane, in the province of Zabaikal, in the Russian dominions. Not daring to trust my eyes, I explained the phenomenon to myself: a mere trick of legerdemain; I accused the priest of raising the table by an invisible thread. But, on being allowed to examine it, I found nothing—the table was of pine wood, and weighed about two pounds. I am now persuaded that this feat is performed in the same way table-moving in Europe.

Mutiny on board the "Winchester" in the China Seas.

At a time when the navy of Great Britain may be called to bear the brunt of war, the news of anything like mutiny on board an important ship is a sign of peculiar significance and danger. When we have most need to rely on the loyalty and fidelity of our seamen, to be told that some of them are insubordinate is most painful news. Yet such news we have recently had to tell. The accounts declare that in