

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BEARDS.

BY SAMUEL PHILLIPS DAY.

In very remote times the Beard was considered not merely a natural and useful, but even a sacred appendage. In the Book of Leviticus, it appears that Jehovah, through Moses, imposed this obligation on the Israelites—"Thou shalt not mar the corners of thy beard;" no doubt an allusion to some prevalent and popular Egyptian custom. The priests of Egypt—not the people—shaved both head and chin, suffering their beards to grow only in seasons of public calamity. The like practice was adopted centuries later by Jews and Assyrians. For a long period the beard was held in high honour by the Jewish nation. This is clearly exemplified in the case of those Ambassadors whom David sent to comfort Hanun the Amorite, upon the death of his royal father. The prince, fancying them to come as spies, committed the outrage of "shaving off the one-half of their beards," and in this plight expelled them from the city. This partial denudation of their beards caused the Ambassadors to "feel greatly ashamed," so that they were directed by David to "tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown, and then return."

The wearing of the beard was, by some nations strictly regarded as a religious rite from which no dispensation was possible. Even its management became a matter of grave importance. The Tartars estimated the Persians as no better than infidels, forasmuch as they would not adopt their custom of cutting the whiskers. A long and sanguinary war was waged owing to their obstinacy, which arose from a national sense of honour. So highly did the Persians value the beard that, according to St. Chrysostom, their kings had this natural appendage woven or matted with golden thread. This style of hirsute ornamentation was improved upon in subsequent ages by the rulers of France, who had their flowing beards fastened with gold buttons. None need be told what a vast value the Turks set upon their beards. Sooner than be despoiled of them, they would prefer the ignominy of being publicly whipped or branded, nay, even accept death itself. Only slaves who attend the seraglios are shaven, as a token of servitude. The Arab is known to preserve his beard with scrupulous care, almost bordering on devotion; in all probability, out of respect for the Islam Prophet, who wore this majestic mark of manhood. The anointing of the beard with unguents is traceable to extremely remote times, and was constantly practised by the Jews and Romans. The Turks still adhere to this custom. On occasions of staid visits one of the ceremonies observed is to sprinkle scented water on the beard of the visitant, and then to perfume it with aloes wood.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans the beard was an object of great veneration. Not only so, but it was considered to possess some occult charm, and regarded as a sacred pledge of confidence and protection. According to the Grecian Mythology, when Thetis sought to avenge the wrongs of her son, she embraced the knees of Jupiter and touched his beard in supplication. Another illustration of this is presented in the plaintive story of Dolon and Diomedes. The former thought if he could but touch the warrior's beard his life would not have been forfeited. The Greeks did not commence to discard the beard until the time of Alexander the Great, who ordered the Macedonians to cut off the same, simply as a precautionary measure, lest when in battle such would afford the enemy an undue advantage. This practice was abandoned in Justinian's reign, when long beards once more came into vogue. The philosophers, however, always distinguished themselves from the vulgar in this respect, by suffering their beards to grow, irrespective of the imperial mandate to the contrary. In Athens it was incumbent on such as cut off their beards that they should wear a medal bearing the inscription "Korsos," or "shaven," as a badge of contempt. That was a truly biting sarcasm of Diogenes when he asked of a smooth-chinned voluptuary "Whether he had quarrelled with Nature for making him a man instead of a woman?" So significant a symbol of Wisdom did Perseus regard the beard, that the highest encomium he could pass on Socrates was, "Magistrum barbatus."

The toga (or mantle) and long beard were at one time the distinctive characteristics of Roman philosophers. Lucian represents a learned man who had presented himself as a candidate for a professorship, as being actually unqualified owing to the shortness, or rather sparsity, of his beard. It was not until nearly five centuries after the foundation of their famous city that the Romans first made use of the razor. Barbers were then brought from Sicily to ply their vocation. No doubt they drove a profitable trade, irrespective of the fact that their calling was pre-eminently a sharp practice. Scipio Africanus was the first Roman who daily underwent the odd ordeal of shaving; a fashion adopted by the Emperors till the reign of Adrian, whom Plutarch tells us wore his beard to conceal scars on his face. The striplings of the "Eternal City" usually had a tentative effort made with the razor when they assumed the toga virilis, which was when they arrived at their one-and-twentieth year. Augustus did not shave quite so early. The day on which this pruning process was performed became regarded as a festival. Ceremonial visits were paid and enormous presents bestowed. Such was the dominion of fashion that young men who permitted the *lanugo*, or soft down, to remain on their chins were nick-named "juvenes barba-

tuli," or "benè barbati." Individuals of rank had their sons shaved for the first time by their equals, or, if possible, by those of higher grade. By this act they were made the adopted fathers or godfathers of such persons; a custom handed down to Rome Christian, when one became the godfather of a child by merely suffering it to stroke his beard. In the treaty entered into between Alaric and Clovis, one of the articles stipulated that the former should touch the beard of the latter and become his godfather. This touching of the beard at one time was equivalent to the taking of an oath.

No European nation has shown greater attachment to the beard than Spain, so that one popular proverb runs, "Desde que no bay barba no bay mas alma;" Anglicè, "Since we have lost our beards, we have lost our souls." The Portuguese in this regard are scarcely inferior to the Spaniards. A story is told of the celebrated John de Castro, who flourished in Queen Catherine's time. Being in Goa (an Indian seaport) and necessitated to borrow one thousand pistoles for the use of his fleet, he pledged a portion of his beard to the inhabitants as collateral security for the loan.

With the Normans the beard was held in abhorrence; somewhat similar to the ancient Britons, who contented themselves with the cultivation of hair on the upper lip. The beard, however, was allowed to grow by the Anglo-Saxons. When William the Conqueror, among other acts of oppression, compelled the English to cut off the entire beards, the edict was regarded as a wanton display of authority and tyranny. Some preferred abandoning their country rather than conform to so intolerant and insolent a decree. Peter of Russia issued a similar mandate. In both instances such arbitrary laws were universally disregarded. Sometimes they led to popular outbursts. It is said that upon Harold despatching scouts into the camp of William I., they returned in ecstasy at the cheering prospect of a speedy victory. They reported that their enemies were not soldiers but priests, having all shaven faces! Singular to say, on the seal of William the Conqueror he appears with both moustachios and beard.

The fashion of wearing beards obtained in France till Louis XIII. ascended the throne. The premature death of his sire, Henry IV., caused a revolution in this custom, though the Duke of Sully did not conform to the dress of the courtiers. Being once ridiculed for his obstinacy, he said to the King, "Sire, when your illustrious father did me the honour to consult me on his weighty affairs, the first act of his was to send off all the buffoons and stage-dancers of his Court." Beards were again worn in the reign of Louis XIV. Condé, Corneille, and Molière, like the ancient kings of France, took much pride in their beards. Duprat, the famous Bishop of Clermont, who built the Jesuits' Church at Paris, is reputed to have had the finest beard ever known—"too fine a beard for a bishop," as the Canons of his Cathedral thought. Hence they came to the rude resolve to denude him of it, and actually made the attempt one day in the church. The prelate, perceiving the dean and others with the instruments of torture in the shape of scissors, razor, et cetera, made the best haste he could out of the edifice, and fled some leagues off to the Castle of Beauregard. Here he pined, and at length died, it is said, through sheer vexation.

The Eastern and Western Churches have not only had controversies respecting points of doctrine and discipline; they have had disputes concerning beards. One Church enjoined that ecclesiastics should wear them. Another Church positively prohibited this usage by express *constitutions de radendis barbis*. Even the Greeks were scandalised at the beardless images of saints in Roman Catholic places of worship. The Roman clergy once assumed the right of legislating on the matter of beards. The hirsute ornament of Henry I., for example, was condemned by some priests from the pulpit; and so persistently that the King, to get rid of such fulminations, had to yield to their demand. Yet, notwithstanding this, in twenty years we find the beard on the effigy of Henry II. In after time the beard was carefully cultivated, and worn with pride. How touching that incident at the execution of Sir Thomas More, when he drew his teeming beard aside from the fatal axe, and naively remarked to the executioner, "My beard has not been guilty of treason!"

There are various descriptions of beards mentioned, such as the pick-a-devant, or sharp-pointed beard, once worn by merchants; the cathedral, or broad beard ending in points which characterised bishops and grave men; the forked, or broad beard; the mouse-eaten beard which we are told "groweth scatteringly, here a tuft, and there a tuft;" the long and thick, or emperor's beard, such as was worn by Hadrian and Antoninus Pius. Then, there is the beard of "the general's cut," mentioned in "Henry V.;" and the "great round beard," compared to "glover's paring knife," in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." The beards of the Greek heroes are represented as short and curled; those of the Roman soldiers as short and frizzled. Maimonides refers to the "five corners" of the beard, "none of which," he observes, "much less all, might be shaven off, as the manner of the idolatrous priests is."

Shakespeare observes, "He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man." Nevertheless, beards are not always symbolical of manhood. The very imperfections specially appertaining to woman may frequently be discovered in those who have faces otherwise than smooth. We can readily

condone the moral weakness of the fair sex, who commonly are thought to be less highly endowed than their imperial or imperious master—MAN. But feminine follies, superciliousness, and self-assertion, when seen in the so-called "lords of creation," excite profound disgust in sensible people. Some finical men turn what should be emblems of honour into dishonour. They are vain of their symmetry, beauty, dress, and the "presence" they can show; are self-elated even with their beards, with which they tenderly toy, as doth a Spanish lady with her fan. Thackeray, that nervous portrayer of human nature, shows a deep insight into character when he writes in "Vanity Fair," "The bearded creatures are quite as eager for praise, quite as finikin over toilets, quite as conscious of their powers of fascination, as any coquette in the world."

AN INSTITUTION FOR WOMEN IN BERLIN.

The ladies of the Union for Home Work may be interested in an institution for women here, to which I was taken the other day by one of the managers. Alas! women are still so far the inferior sex in Germany that special efforts must be made in their behalf. They do not manage their husbands with much success. Do you know what a reputation we Americans are getting on the Continent? I heard a sprightly Viennese say recently that the American husbands are the best trained in the world! And she has never been in America; she has never seen the docile race at home. She has never seen one of those masterly fairs in which the wives sell to their own husbands some of the very articles that the latter have already paid for once, and make a handsome profit on them too.

Of course if women do not understand the A B C of life—that is, the management of the other sex—they will be shut out from a great many privileges, and among them that of equal educational advantages, not only in the higher knowledge, but in practical training for various occupations. The German schools do not offer the same chances to girls that boys have, and it is to remedy this want that such institutions as the Lette-Vereins at Berlin have been established. They are private establishments, though generally under the protection of some titled person. This one is due to the charitable endowment of Herr Lette, and the Crown Princess is its special patron, visiting it frequently, taking great interest in the details of its management.

The Lette-Vereins own a large building which is all devoted to their work. It is not a charitable institution exactly, for every one who shares its privileges must pay something. The building contains lodging-rooms, kitchen, school-room, and a bazaar. The lodging-rooms will accommodate forty young ladies. They are for the use of girls who come from the country to seek a livelihood in the city, as teachers, or in some business, or who wish to study music or any branch of art. Only those are received who are of unexceptionable character and come well recommended. They are lodged and boarded in the house, at as low a rate as can possibly be afforded.

The school-rooms are open to girls who wish to fit themselves for some useful occupation, and the tuition is very low. They are taught French and English, writing, book-keeping, geography, arithmetic—in short whatever will fit them for situations in any banking or commercial or mercantile establishment. They can also learn type-setting and telegraphing.

In the work department they are taught all sorts of needlework—that which destroys the mind, like fancy-work, and that which wears out the body, like plain sewing. They are taught to cut and to fit garments, so that they may be competent to take charge of a millinery or dress-making shop; they devise and trim bonnets and constructs all sorts of pretty things. Most of those whom I saw in the work-rooms were cutting or making clothes for themselves.

The bazaar is a room devoted to the display and sale of fancy articles, things knit and crocheted, and sewed over and over and on both sides in all sorts of colors, spangled with bits of ribbon, full of holes, and perfectly lovely to examine. This bazaar serves two purposes. The girls in the Vereins may make articles and sell them in it, and ladies, let us say, who have known better days and now execute needlework for bread which they once did for pleasure can send their articles there to be sold without publicity to themselves, and get much better pay than they would receive from the city shops. Ladies who desire such articles are accustomed to go to this bazaar and order them, getting them well made and cheaper than elsewhere (probably), and thus an exchange is formed between those who have money and those who have skill.

The kitchen department is an important part of the establishment. It is under the charge of a matron, and the chief labor in it is done by girls who come there to learn how to perform its duties. They usually pay a trifle for tuition. Not only are meals served for the girls who lodge in the house, but any lady may go there and have breakfast, dinner, or supper. One gets a very good dinner there, not quite so good as can be had at your Coffee House, but surprisingly cheap. Girls come to the kitchen to learn cooking as they go up-stairs to learn dressmaking and geography. When we went into the kitchen there were two or three pretty girls up to their dimpled elbows in a soup, or daintily stirring the ingredients of a dough with a long spoon. They were all of the so-called middle class, and all, it for-

tunately so happened, betrothed, and expecting soon to enter into that holy state the happiness of which is so often ruined by cooking. They were learning how to cook, and, like wise virgins experimenting upon the boarders above of their own sex instead of their beloveds.

This is said to be the best institution of the kind in Germany; it is very successful and satisfactory in its results, but of course it is not self-supporting.

THE LATE HON. C. S. RODIER.

The Hon. C. S. Rodier, Member of the Legislative Council for the Province of Quebec, died in this city, on the evening of the 3rd inst., at the advanced age of nearly 80 years. He was one of the wealthiest, best known and most respected citizens of Montreal, leaving a name that will long be remembered for public and private charities. He began life as a merchant, being one of the first Canadians who imported foreign goods, and having met with great success, he abandoned business for the legal profession. In 1857, he was elected Mayor of Montreal and was reelected in the three succeeding years. His popularity during his administration was very great and he was generally known as the Father of the People. In 1861, he did the honours of the city to the Prince of Wales, and in 1862, to Prince Alfred and Prince de Joinville. In 1867, Mr. Rodier was appointed to the Legislative Council of the Province for the district of Lormier which he represented in the Conservative interest. He was a tall, handsome man, of lordly manners, and full of activity. Up to within a few months of his decease, he bore his years with wonderful freshness of mind and body.

LITERARY.

DR. RUSSELL will leave India in time to write up the opening ceremonies of the Centennial Exposition for the London Times.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE rises early and works from five until nine. One thousand six hundred words an hour are his usual allowance.

WILLIAM HOWITT is eighty-four, and is still hale, hearty, and busy with his pen in Rome, where he and his wife, Mary, now reside. It is sixty years since he published his first book.

MISS THACKERAY is said to be one of the most charming and "sought-after" women in London, engaged at least twenty dinners deep all through the season, and still fresh and natural and unspoiled by it all.

Apocryphos of Swinburne's voluptuous verse, a good *mot* is credited to Rossetti. Said the latter:—"Swinburne, some poets are *nascitur non fit*, but you are *nascitur non fit* for publication."

A NEW book by Emile de Girardin, entitled "The Greatness or decline of France," and dealing chiefly with the national questions of 1874 and 1875, has been published in Paris.

DANTE'S *Convito* has been published with an improved text. Giuliani has availed himself of the labours of his predecessors, has collated the various MSS., and, by a combination of industry and insight, has produced a text which is highly praised.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in searching over an old library of some 10,000 volumes, sent them for sale by auction, have discovered an interesting relic of the Protector. In a copy of Glauber's *Philosophical Furnaces* will be found a small pen-and-ink drawing of a "Plan off Battell," drawn and signed by "O. Cromwell," showing the position of "Myself," the "Maine Bodie," "Fairfaxe," "Elenie," "Elenie stronge," "Light Horses," "Bridge," "Passe," &c. Also an adoration in it is believed, the Protector's autograph, as follows:—

"O may ye Lord helpe me in mine pious undertakinge.
Bie ye most highe, I will coett ym off
roote and branche."
It has also the autograph, "O. Cromwell," at both the beginning and end of the volume, one dated "1653."

WHEN Dickens was the lion of the day at Montreal, there lived there a young man fond of collecting autographs. He had a desire to procure one from Dickens. This was no easy matter, as multitudes bored him for his writing, and he had to refuse with some sternness, or wholly to ignore the application, and poor Dickens was rather sold. The writer tried the pathetic-litlerary dodge. Thus:—

"Mr. Dickens, sir,
"Me and my wife's got a boy, and wee've a-hear tell a great deal about the beautiful books you've a-writ, and the good you've a-tryed to do for us pore folk. Now we has a-thote that it might so be that you mite let we giv your name to our boy. Us is no scollers, but we hope that, as wages is good and learning is plenty, that he will some day read what you've a-writ. An so, Sir, we askes you're pardin, and wishes you prosperity an' good luk. If so be as you rite, direct Andrew H—, Monreal Post Office. So no more at present, from you're humbel servants to commend,
"there XX
"marks
"ANDREW H—,
"MARY H—."

This missive elicited the following reply:—
"Dear Sir,
"I am much indebted to you for your gratifying and welcome letter, and am proud to know that you have conferred my name on your child in recollection of my writings. That he may become all you wish him to be, and that he may in his time derive some entertainment and instruction from my poor endeavours to beguile the leisure time of children of a larger growth, is my sincere and earnest wish. If I could ever learn that I had happily been the means of awakening within him any new love of his fellow creatures, and desire to help and assist them with his sympathy, I should feel much pleasure from the knowledge—Faithfully yours,
"CHARLES DICKENS."

Though the late Lord Lytton's romance, *Pan-santas, the Spartan*, is not finished, it is sufficiently advanced to deeply interest every reader. The author takes up the story of Pansantas at a period subsequent to the battle of Platea, when, as Admiral of the United Greek Fleet in the waters of Byzantium, he was at the summit of his power and reputation. The "domestic interest" of the narrative is supplied by the story of Cleonice; a story which, briefly told by Plutarch, suggests one of the most tragic situations it is possible to conceive. The pathos and terror of this dark weird episode in a life which history invests with all the character of romance, long haunted the imagination of Byron, and elicited from Goethe one of the most whimsical illustrations of the astonishing absurdity into which criticism sometimes falls. This is the last writing which the world is ever likely to have from the pen of the great magician who will never more wave his wand; its publication, both in the Old World (where it has not yet appeared) and the New, will be looked forward to with the greatest interest. Having secured the copyright for the Dominion, Belford Brothers, of Toronto, will lose no time in laying the published work before the Canadian reader.