

the movement began to gain ground and take courage. The Crimean war was one of the causes which contributed to bring about a new order of things, and moustaches began to be cultivated in the army, and found their way by slow degrees into civil life. The Antis and obstructives resisted the movement and a bitter newspaper controversy followed, over which future generations will weep with mirth. The old foundations of the constitution were about to be shaken by the innovation:—the Englishman would lose his characteristics, and be undistinguishable from the French and Germans, with whom he mingled. On the other hand it was urged that the beard and moustache were a protection to the lungs, and especially so to men engaged in mechanical operations. Why then are not the females supplied with the same protection?—was the rejoinder of the Antis—and a shout of triumph rose from all their ranks. So the war went on; but, in spite of sarcasm and ridicule, moustaches were gaining ground, and desertion was rapidly thinning the ranks of the enemy. The workmen of England, especially those engaged in the manufacture of cutlery, became the strong advocates of the movement. The members of the Bar followed; and in our own Province can no longer be called the most bare-faced of men. The regions of mercantile life were rapidly invaded, and young men in all ranks of society were seen to display the obnoxious moustache. The grey beards, like

the old guard at Waterloo, resisted bravely for a while, and many of them vowed that they would resist to the death, but a wily enemy was in the field. The physicians became converts to the movement, and, as is their custom, were prepared to give a scientific reason for deserting their ancient principles. They discovered that there was a sympathy between the nerves of the upper lip and those of the eye, and that the process of shaving the lip, injured the vision. This decided the matter, as far as reasonable men were concerned. Old men who had shaved persistently for half a century, threw away their spectacles and commenced to cultivate. The pulpit even furnished its list of converts to the movement and horror of horrors! the bench, the sacred seat of justice was at last invaded.

Where the moustache movement will end is a problem which we must confess ourselves unable to solve. No man can predict what dire revolutions—what wars and crusades—what overturning of thrones—will follow the general adoption of this semi-military ornament. Or what philosopher can say what quantity of wisdom the sensitive tip of this capillary decoration may draw from the surrounding atmosphere—how much the turgid stream of modern oratory may be filtered and improved by its use—or the harsh cadences of modern music toned down by its influence. These are problems that we leave for the solution of the sages and philosophers of the future.

THE LAY OF THE "RINK."

To the tune of "The Brook."

BY GREYGAUNTLET.

My situation, as all know,
Lies in a quiet valley,
To see me, young and old do go—
They "make a sudden sally."

On Tuesday and on Friday e'en's,
The crowd, me covers over,
There's lords (Dundreary), fairy queens,
There's many a happy lover.

And hand-in-hand around they skate,
Young men and maids together;
But he, alas! who has no mate,
Must skate alone forever.

I'm lighted up with many lamps,
To make me look quite cheery,
And though affected by cold damps,
I never yet felt weary.

So long as folks around me glide,
I know no care—no sorrow—
'Tis ten o'clock I can't abide.—
Then long I for to-morrow;

When hand-in-hand around they'll skate,
Young men and maids together;
And he, alas! who has no mate,
Must skate alone as ever.

The music pealing from my dome—
The loud and joyous laughter,—

The query "How are all at home,"—
Are echo'd by each rafter.

And sounds, however slight they be,
Are oft again repeated,
'Tis Echo tells them all to me,
And he cannot be cheated.

Though hand-in-hand around they skate,
Young men and maids together,
And though, he now, who has no mate,
Does skate alone as ever.

I dread in Summer's lonesome days,
The warm and sultry weather.
I long for Winter's snow and sleighs
To bring us all together.

To think how short my life's to run,
Is really quite alarming;
But then to think 'tis but begun,
Is surely quite as charming.

For though this season's nearly o'er,—
The skating all but ended,
Behind the scene there is lots more,
So I can't be offended.

For yet again around they'll skate,
Young men and maids together,
And he who then has still no mate,
Will skate no more forever.