

lieve that God will forgive me for a deed done in a moment of insane and thoughtless anger. I intended, if I had lived, to have made such reparation to the wife of the murdered man, as it was in my power to make, and it was to do this that I returned to the place, which, to me has been so fatal. How the proofs of my connection with the crime were obtained, I do not care to ask. I am willing to die, and I have confidence in the just Judge before whose tribunal I will shortly be called."

This deposition was signed by the dying man, with the proper formalities.

So the mystery of the murder was solved and the motive explained. Walters did not linger long: in a few days he passed silently and peacefully away—dying with all the composure of a sincere Christian, and professing to the last, full faith in the Redeemer.

I may rest my tale here. I leave it to the faculty, to explain the nature of that mental convulsion which brought such fatal consequences on the unfortunate Walters. It is enough for me to record the things that I was unfortunately called upon to witness.

It was long before Mrs. White recovered from the shock of the events I have just narrated. She never married again, but spent her time in educating her son, who lives with her on the farm, and is now a fine promising young man. Old Mr. White has been dead for some years.

The sad result of my investigation, and the tragic character of the events which were connected with them, had the effect of extinguishing my zeal as a detective at once and for ever. I resolved, that no amount of temptation should ever induce me again to embark in the pursuit of a criminal, and that resolution I have religiously kept. I cannot help reflecting at times, that, but for my officious zeal, Walters might have been now alive, and engaged in atoning by a life of sincere repentance, for his single and fatal crime. Those who volunteer to be avengers of blood, cannot always expect to escape from the pangs of a conscientious remorse.

THE MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.

BY O'HARA.

OF the various movements of mind and matter that have from time to time agitated the world, none has of late years made a more conspicuous figure in society than the moustache movement. Yet, singularly enough, in this age of histories, biographies and autobiographies, the moustache movement is still without a historian. Without doubt, such a history—if any one sufficiently erudite could be found to undertake it—would be a most valuable and interesting work, and might perhaps be the means of explaining and throwing light on many doubtful and inexplicable passages in the annalistic lore of England. For instance, if it should be discovered that the moustached kings of the England of old days were those under whom she was uniformly victorious and successful, and that it was not until the time of the smooth faced House of Brunswick that she began to experience loss of territory or national dishonour, it might supply some advocate of the movement with an appropriate text to thunder at the evils which the barber inflicts on men and nations. Yet, without looking quite so deeply into the question, we think it will be quite possible to discover and trace the cause of the revival of the movement during the present Century. Any one who has seen the portraits of the great men of the sixteenth Century, will have remarked that, as a rule, they were a bearded and moustached race, whose faces were under no obligation to the barber or razor maker; and even during the seventeenth Century beards

were fashionable, and considered quite loyal and orthodox ornaments, in England. From the accession of the House of Brunswick these facial ornaments began to decline, and, in the reign of George III., even military men were bare-faced and beardless. The Iron Duke himself was closely shaven, and the officers of the British army, whether from necessity or choice, went without beard or moustache. Even at the present day in the Royal Navy, both officers and seaman are compelled to shave in a certain fashion, and moustaches are especially forbidden in the articles of war. Any one whose memory extends back for a quarter of a Century, can recall the contempt and disgust that our venerable fathers were accustomed to express at the wearing of moustaches. Any one who attempted so hazardous a feat was sure to be set down as a conceited fellow by the male sex and was regarded as a dangerous person by the ladies—a sort of compromise between a bandit and a *roué*—with whom no respectable person would care to associate. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the moustache movement languished and threatened to die out.—Such is the power of fashion that, for a century, Englishmen submitted day after day to the self-inflicted torture of being scraped by a dull razor—gashed and cut and maltreated—so that they might be able to get rid of that superfluous hair, with which nature had too abundantly adorned their faces. At length, after a long era of tyranny and oppression, the advocates of