

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES—VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

NO. 4.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coats
I redo you tent it;
A chief's among you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prant it.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1860.

THE FASHIONS.

Simplex Munditia.
NEAT BUT NOT GAUDY.

As the subject of "Fashions" is one in which all the ladies are, more or less, interested, we, according to promise, continue our enquiries, trusting that our remarks may not be found wholly devoid of instruction.

It may appear strange to some, that contradictory judgments are passed on the beauty of successive fashions of dress; that fashions, which have "gone out," should be regarded as ugly and absurd; that the now-prevailing-fashion should be looked upon, by many, as intrinsically elegant; and that the colors and materials generally considered beautiful, while fashionable, soon lose their hold on our affections when the fashion has passed away. When we consider, however, that "all the beauty of material objects depends on the associations that may have connected them with the ordinary affections or emotions of our nature," we can easily understand the seeming inconsistency, and explain how the beauty disappears, when the associations which once exalted it have been reversed. As each one has his own idea of beauty, we, therefore, without being considered as intruding, may be allowed to express our opinion as to the prevailing fashions.

It has been said that woman is "an animal that delights in finery." The experience of ages has confirmed us in this belief, and proved the truthfulness of the assertion. After all, it has its advantages. Any object we love, we desire to look well and we do not care how it may be effected—whether by the use of ornament or not. We are never more pleased with our soul-affinity, than when she is the object of admiration. The question then arises how is this best accomplished, as far as dress is concerned? We should answer, by tempering this desire for finery with a refined taste, so that a little discrimination may be exercised; not only in the choice of colors, but also in their tasteful blending. Our sense of beauty is shocked by a display of glaring colors without any harmonious arrangement. Hence, care should be taken to suit the color of the dress to the complexion of the face. A red striped silk has been recommended to the pale complexion; dark, to the fair, and so on. A little more attention to this would add immensely to female attractions.

Nothing characterizes the present day more than the astonishing progress made by the female sex to-

wards a perfect equality with that sex which was formerly considered to be their lords-and-masters. This advance has been slow but sure. It is a triumph over prejudices attributable, in no slight degree, to that spirit of independence which is gaining ground in the world. Soon, very soon, both sexes will stand on a perfectly equal footing—in fact they do so already, to a great extent, as the ladies wear long boots; and high-heeled boots differing only from those of men in their size. Already the softer sex have donned some very useful parts of male attire, which were formerly considered essentially pertaining to the men.

The law allows married females to stand in their husband's shoes sometimes, but this does not seem to suit, as they have coolly appropriated their better-half's sack-coats, hats and vests. Every day fair damsels and grey-haired matrons appear in our streets, promanaging in all the glory incident to the possessor of a hat and sack-coat with pockets in it. Yes—even with pockets. The vest has been given up willingly, the cloak also; but now they wish to take the coat into the bargain. High-heeled boots have long since ceased to be a novelty; hats and cockades reign supreme. The wall of partition has been broken down, and the ladies are now, and have been for some time, rushing in, plundering, and then retiring with their hands full of spoils in the shape of gentlemen's attire. Soon there will be no difference in outward appearance between the sexes.—By the way the gentlemen have now commenced to part their hair in the middle of their heads, and wrap themselves in shawls.—One sex as well as the other wear hats, cloaks, coats, shawls, high-heeled boots and silk stockings—we beg pardon—neck-ties. But after all, what do we care? What does it amount to. The world is coming to an end. Lot the ladies dress as they have a mind, so long as they dress tastefully, and we may add—not too expensively, remembering that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most." The only rule by which ladies seem to be guided in the length of their dresses is, "if one have pretty feet, short dresses suit best, and vice versa."

Silks of all colors are again much sought after, or we should say generally worn: the prettiest we see are those which are flounced, or have a double skirt. Bonnets are still contending with hats, but are being gradually driven not only out of the market, but also out of the streets. However it may end, we can only say, if the streets continue in their present dusty state—*pulvis non sine pulvere*. We prefer the rakish little hat, although we dislike too much veil as it hides the ladies' countenances. Parasols are still carried, and ever will be—as they are found to be very convenient for their holders to look under, while they at the same time screen the gazer. Bonnets are trimmed (for all we know to the contrary: we judge from appearances) with velvet, ribbons, pieces of straw, and artificial flowers. Little muffs are seen every where. We cannot say, which kind of crinoline

answers best, for we do not profess ever to have seen any. We always shut our Editorial eyes when we see—we should say—are told that a hoop skirt dangles in the shop windows near to us, so we cannot express an opinion. The ladies will appreciate our modesty, as all Editors are modest, and we, of the *Grumbler* of course, are troubled with that amiable weakness. Consider dear readers, that we have fainted.

LAGER-BEER.

BY A DUTCH ADMIRER OF THE BEVERAGE.

De Lager-beer is vera nice,

As nice as I can be;
I likes it 'cause de little mice
Will drink it, just like me.

I likes it, and I've always said,
—And die vat Dutchmen say,—
It never goes up to von's head,
But stays de right way.

I likes it 'cause it's vera light
And cool and frisky too;
It never wants to make von fight,
Vich your bad viskies do.

O Lager-beer, fine Lager-beer,
I likes it vera much;
I likes it, 'cause it's Lager-beer,
I likes it, 'cause it's Dutch.

I. S.—Mit fritsels it goes vera one,
Mit cheese it's got also;
And I will always call it "mine
Goot drink," vlie here below.

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

That modest but somewhat Quixotic gentleman, the Hon. M. Cameron, does not very often try the brilliant. His oratory is of the asthmatic and puffy kind common to men of his size and weight. We see, however, that in last attempt at Maine Law gammon, his Rosinante has carried him off completely. He respectfully asks of a suffering country whether the brewers, distillers, &c., "have not got enough of our blood?" That's pretty good for a man who weighs about 250 pounds when his hair's cut. Whoever has been put to the sanguinary abstraction alluded to, it clearly is not the "coon;" indeed we think it would be as well if some amiable brewer would have the Hon. gentleman cupped down to moderate proportions. The pronoun "our" is clearly as much out of place as the bosh in the context. Do try, there's a good Coon, and preserve your wrath for some more practical purpose. However much "they" may have had our blood, one thing is clear that we had more than enough of your nonsense.

The Very Latest.

—*Vanity Fair* says that the latest news from Italy is Napoleon's advice to the Pope—"Keep your seat." We, the *Grumbler*, have a still later despatch, informing us of the Pope's reply—"Pretty hard work, as I'm sitting on bayonets."