

THE FASHIONS.

Nobody expects that one, in our condition,—seeing that we are not a haberdasher's assistant—could be intimately acquainted with the mysteries of female attire. But, at the same time, we don't feel inclined to call in question our judgment in discerning a tastefully dressed lady, amid ten thousand, no matter how expensively dressed the rest might be. Therefore, picking up the gauntlet which we before threw down, in this matter, and carefully placing it in a band-box, for use next winter, we herewith constitute ourselves the Grand Censor of Fashions, and proceed to review the present mode of female attire.

Here, again, we find reason to deplore our condition, for we do not know which of the extremities of female attire we ought to commence with. However, let us begin with the boots, which latterly seem to have become jealous of the retrograde movement practiced by the bonnets, and to have contracted themselves to the smallest possible size. Of course, there is nothing so nice as a neat foot, but then there is nothing so trying to a sweet temper as a corn; so we hope that care will be taken to preserve the latter, even at the expense of the former. Then we come to the charming red petticoat, and we cannot help repeating for the hundred and third time since we saw the reality—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light!
And oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day,
Is half so fine a sight."

We did not intend to repeat the last triplet, but we could not help it. Alas! the red petticoat is among the things that were a fortnight ago, and we have now to turn to the sad reality of all-sorts-of-queer-stuffs, and heaven-knows-how-many-patterned silks. There they go, gleaming and flashing up and down King-Street, between the hours of three and five in the afternoon, till our editorial head is half-crazed with the vain endeavor to determine what is the prevailing fashion. After hours of patient promenading, however, we have found out that the flounces have left town, and that vertical stripes—we hope we will be understood—now adorn the spring dresses of our belles. As to the prevailing color, we could not determine; but, if our eyes did not deceive us, owing to the abominable dust, the tints were borrowed from the sky. There were also numerous dark-colored dresses abroad, which went sailing down the promenade like summer clouds, amid the azure silks. Hoops still hold their sway, and we are glad to see it, for we are not alone in thinking that they give additional grace and dignity to the motions of the sex, leaving altogether out of the question the comfort to the wearer; obviating, as they do, the heavy load of under-clothing which hitherto weighed down many delicate forms.

The bonnets are, if anything, smaller than ever. Indeed, ladies seem to consider bonnets "too much of a good thing," and we won't contradict them in this or anything else. In a short time they will verge into the other extreme, when we shall see nothing but immense round-about platters of hats; and then we shall have cause to grumble in earnest, especially so, if they are trimmed with heavy lace,

the effects of which, to the wearer, is a danger of injured optics; and to the disconsolate beholder, the hiding of all beauty. The "Die Vernon" style—those nont, rakish, quizzing hats are, we are glad to see, becoming popular.

On the whole, the greatest harmony exists in the disposition of colour. Indeed, the chief danger to taste, to be apprehended now, seems to lie in a desire for sameness of color; which is carried, even as it is, too far,—for yesterday we saw a lady whose boots, dress, bonnet, and parasol were all of a color, and that was green; we could not help remarking that "it was good for sore eyes to see her."

We intended to review the masculine fashions,—or, rather, follies,—at some length, but as we have something more important to do, we shall content ourselves with briefly noticing that "peg-top" trousers, as they are called, are somewhat in vogue—especially among those whose understandings are not of the most perfect order. Villainous many-colored monkey-caps are also worn by a class, and these, with stragulation collars, glaring ties, short coats, and impertinent, silly visages, complete the picture of our Toronto jackeens, both of home and foreign growth. Several gentlemen have donned light-colored frieze, bag-shaped coats, which look well.

A FRAGMENT.

NORTH OXFORD SPARE MCD.

North Oxford spare McD,
Cloud not his lofty brow;
Rejected thrice was he,
Have pity on him now.

For Perth he tried his hand,
But that was not the spot;
For Oxford let him stand,
Alas! quatelets him not.

Proper Appointment.

—We have been given to understand that the first act of the new Colonial Secretary has been the appointment of Mr. W. F. Powell to the governorship of the Scilly (silly?) Islands.

Atrocious.

—The following beggarly attempt at the facetious was inserted beneath our office door:

Why is Bob Moody unlucky in not getting the Admiralship of the fisheries? Because fortune (Fortin) stands in his way."

Another Job.

—The present corrupt government is actually contemplating the construction of a huge viaduct from Toronto to Newmarket, over the slough formerly known as Yonge Street; the latter is to be given to Mr. Beatty for a mammoth pig-sty, he being about to enter largely into the pork business. We are informed that it is in an excellent state of preservation, for this new speculation.

A Wrinkle for Dr. Ryerson.

"I can read my prayer book, but no other book, nor my newspaper."—Dennis' Sheridan on the *Sheddy Inquest*.

—We trust that the chief Superintendent will search out the tutors of this exemplary Hibernian immediately. What a power of mischief might be prevented in this harrassed province by training the youth in so blissful an ignorance of such literary snares as cover the shelves of an education depository, and the table of the Exchange News Room.

WHAT'S IN THE WIND?

The following very significant letter from J. S. McDonald, supposed to have been dropped by the member for North York, has been sent to THE GRUMBLER:—

CORNWALL, March 28.

MY DEAR HARTMAN,—I arrived safely at Cornwall, and have succeeded in securing their joints firmly to my—I should say—our tail. Cook, Mattice, and my testy brother, will go in strong as soon as the thing is done. Donald does not like to desert Brown openly; but once our cabinet is formed, Brown may gnash his teeth as he likes. I was glad to see you so fierce against Brown at the caucus. Sicotte says, he will give you the Post Office. I am to have the Attorney Generalship. Connor consents to be Solicitor, but it was on the understanding that he should be promoted as soon as possible. We must secure him to fight Brown. The "Old Whitehead" owes him a grudge for being driven from North Oxford, and will be worth a dozen Spences to talk him down. That dodge about North Oxford was a failure; but I hope its not ominous. If we had got McKinnon or Perry nominated, we should have had one vote more; but what do you think of McDougall? Wont he give Brown up as soon as things are settled down a little? You have influence with him—sound him, Port Dover will secure White without an office. Aikins seemed all right at the caucus—do you think we can rely on him? Sicotte telegraphs me from Montreal "all right." This means, that Dorian consents—Cartier going on the Bench.

My dear Joseph, wont Brown be astonished when he wakes up one of these fine mornings, and finds that John A. is out and he not in? How the *Globe* will thunder about party treachery and shirking Rep. by Pop., and all the other nonsense of the No Popery platform. But never mind we can stand it for four years—if we live as long; and if we don't, why we'll enjoy the good things while they are going. I was glad to observe that all the Clear Grits at the caucus agreed in one thing—that it was too bad to be kept from office by Brown and allow the Tories to carry off all the spoil. If John A. can be got out of the way by a judgeship and a man of the right stamp returned in his place, we shall have smooth sailing with a U. C. majority of ten or twelve at the lowest.

I am glad to hear you are better; our day is at hand—as Shakespeare says, "There is a tide in the affairs of men which if taken at the flood leads on to fortune." But I forgot you are more in the habit of reading the Bible than Shakespeare, and to show you that I read that Book too (Douay version) let me remind you "Now is the accepted time—Now is the day" to secure office.

Yours faithfully,

J. SANDFIELD McDONALD.

Jos. HARTMAN M. P.

Aurora.

The extraordinary manner in which the *Leader of Thursday* and the *Catholic Citizen* of this week puff and praise John S. indicates the genuineness of the above letter.

Growing "Small by degrees and beautifully less."

—Brown's chance of the Premiership.