

OVER THE WAY.

There she is again. It has always been a matter of profound wonder to me why haudsome young ladies will be rash enough to make their toilets at open windows. Blinds are a useful and in all probability as ancient an invention as either "blind hooky" or "blind man's buff." But unfortunately for my peace of mind a duo regard for the use of blinds was omitted from the education of, at least one young lady. The story is not a long one, and I will set it down as harbour commissioners place buoys and floating lights to mark the spot where some gallant vessel was wrecked on some sunken rock, in order that posterity may take warning thereby.

It was on a glorious Saturday evening in autumn, years ago. I remember it well. Glorious autumnal evenings have ever since had the same effect on me that they say fire has on a burned child. Well, on the identical evening in question, I had put off the cares of the world, and my waistcoat at the same time, and in the true spirit of a bachelor was enjoying myself—my feet elegantly deposited on the window-stool, and my hands gracefully toying a paper of pins which I had lately become possessed of through the favour of my washerwoman.

"Mrs. Scrubbs," said I, at a former interview with that useful, but certainly not ornamental, member of society, "have the goodness to procure for me two pennyworth of pins—not," I pointedly remarked, "of that gigantic breed which seems to have been invented to pinion men-of-war in violent tempests, nor yet of that diminutive species, seemingly designed to be used as skewers to truss Hilliputian poultry with. Bachelors," I apostrophised, as I handed my washerwoman the requisite amount of current coin, "cannot get on in the world without pins! They are the Alpha and the Omega—"

"Mercy on us, Sir," says my washerwoman, "I never heard them called so before!"

"The Alpha and the Omega," I went on without regarding the interruption, "of a bachelor's life; for from the time he is pinned up in his swaddling clothes until he is finally pinned down in his shroud—"

"Angels be about us," says my female domestic, devoutly crossing herself, and advancing towards the door, through which she soon afterwards showed a floating skirt.

Next day I found a parcel on my dressing-table, of which I soon became painfully aware contained pins, in my trying to explore its mysteries. And it was this identical package of pins that I held in my hand on the evening in question.

"Yes," I mused, as I lounged at my ease, my eyes vacantly fixed on the opposite house which had been newly let, "abolish pins, and society will come to a premature end. What young gentleman could get up an unimpeachable 'tie' without the use of pins, and what young gentleman ever yet possessed the courage to appear in ought but an unimpeachable 'tie.' And aside from her 'pin-money,' what young lady is there who would not consider herself a 'perfect fright' but for the use of pins!"

How long I meditated on the utility of pins I know not. Doubtless I displayed a great deal of learning, and established my character as a deep

thinker—but unfortunately, an accident has deprived posterity of the advantage and me of the glory which must have inevitably resulted from a publication of my further meditations on pins—in a word, no remembrance of them is to be found written on the tablets of my memory. They are as effectually lost to the world as the principle of perpetual motion, or the art by which J. S. Hogan, M. P. P., curls his hair.

However, there I sat, wrapt in pins, I mean absorbed in the abstract notion, pins, when suddenly I became aware that there was a young lady in the opposite window combing her hair! How long she was there I could not say. But had she risen out of the earth, like a new order of mermaid, or dropped from the skies, I could not have been more astonished.

Indeed so great was my astonishment that I involuntarily started, and owing to my recumbent position, becoming entangled in the window curtains and pins, I made a vigorous exertion to free myself, which only had the effect of bringing me into rather violent contact with my wash-stand, the result of which was a general smashing of furniture and ewers, a bruising of flesh and rending of window curtains.

Thoroughly aroused by this accident—which I may also affirm of my neighbour below stairs—I again directed my visual organs to the cause of my disaster, and yes—no—yes—there she was again!

How enchanting she looked—downright handsome, in fact a Venus in *dishabille*—with her long, rich auburn tresses flowing down to her waist—her beautiful face occasionally glancing through those rich tresses like the moonlight gleaming through an orange grove, or any other appropriate similitude the poetic reader would like to suggest.

I never was so captivated in my life before. Indeed I may say I was madly and desperately in love. My first idea was to wave my handkerchief, and about frantically until I had attracted her attention. On second thoughts I gave up the project as rather risky. What if she should mistake my moirés, or take me for a lunatic, I said, and gave up such ideas.

After I had considered various other desperate plans, and given them all up in despair, I came to the conclusion, that she of the ringlets must be preparing to go out for an evening walk, and—ecstatic thought—I would go out and meet her.

I did go; and the result of my walk will be found written in the next number of THE GRUMBLER.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Toronto, April 1st, 1855.

DEAR GRUMBLER,—I do not know whether you ever go to Church or not; but from the general style of your journal, I rather think you do. For myself I never miss a Sunday when the weather is fine, and Heaven is kind enough to send me the latest fashionable bonnet. In accordance, then, with my usual practice I was present at the Cathedral last Sunday evening, and never was so struck with the folly of going to church before.

It seemed to me that the congregation were ex-

pected to do nothing for themselves, except fall asleep. In the first place, the minister—a weak-minded gentleman—prayed for the "miserable sinners" present, who gave a silent consent to all he said; then a few lines, then voices in the choir sang a mild hymn, to keep "the miserable sinners" awake for the present, I suppose; and lastly, another minister, a very weak-minded gentleman indeed, preached a genteel and inoffensive sermon, which had the desired effect of sending the "miserable sinners" fast asleep.

Along with the rest, I also fell asleep, and happening to wake up in half an hour, just as the mild minister was saying—"now to ———" I thought he was concluding, and accordingly stood up with a greater portion of those "miserable sinners" present, when judge of our confusion, the weak-minded gentleman aforesaid did not finish the sentence as we expected, but went on "now to conclude," and preached five minutes longer.

Now, sir, I am, on the whole, patient, and being a lady, I eschew strong language, but as going to sleep is the only object for which "miserable sinners" go to church, I, for one, will give up going there altogether, if people's rests be so rudely shocked. It is really shocking. Could you not speak to the Bishop to fit up sleeping pews for us, in the same spirit as sleeping cars have been mercifully put on railroads, in order to alleviate the sufferings of the travelling community. And you know that the minister says that we are all travellers in this vale of tears.

Yours truly,
MARIA BLOOMCHUCK.

MEMORANDUM BOOK OF A SWELL.

1. Get new buckskin gloves for whitening hands.
2. Look over Leatherhead and Pandee's assortment of dog collars.
3. Write a polite refusal for ———'s Musical Party.
4. Ditto for ———'s "quiet evening."
5. Get hair shampooed for party this evening.
6. Dance with the Miss ———'s, as their Mammas going to give a party. Mem. Don't "reverse" Miss Giamp. Advise Brown to "reverse," so as to get him into disgrace.
7. Keep out of the way of the married ladies at supper.
8. Walk on North side of King Street to-day, as Snip & Co. are on the look-out.
9. Cut Miss ———, her papa being done up in his land speculations.
10. Buy cheap philopona for Miss ———, viz: Monthly volume of GRUMBLER, or old copy of Josephus, at next auction.
11. Finish poem for ———'s album:

O you darling beauty's Queen!
How you grace your crown,
As you sweep,
Thru' King Street,
When the stormy tempests blow!
12. Get up "King Lear" for private theatricals.
13. Give I. O. U. for saloon expenses at "Cheatons'."
14. Give young ——— an hour at billiards this afternoon.
15. Read one hour at *New York Ledger* for mental improvement.