

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.)

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THE CRUMBLER

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THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in n' your coat,
I rick you tent it;
A chiel's amang yo' tinking notes,
And, faith, he'll prout it."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1863.

MASTER SURFACE.

We need not name the town or street
Where Master Surface dwells,
For you can meet him any day,
At all the big hotels.
You'll meet him in the public park,
You'll meet him in the square;
Like ignorance and impudence,
You'll meet him ev'ry where.

His face is flat, and smooth as wax,
And girt around with hair;
No hopes, nor fears, nor burning tears,
Have left their impress there.
His nose is small, yet pompously
The little pug has curled,
And from its elevation snuffs
At all this lower world.

And to assert supremacy,
And cut a lordly dash,
He curls his upper lip beneath
A terrible moustache.
And over all you only see
A simper and a grin—
The watchful sentiments that guard
The vacant realms within.

Creation is a mirror vast,
Presenting forms infinite;
But he, ah me! can only see
His lovely self within it.
The glory of the universe,
Sun, moon, and stars are dim;
Oh! look not at the firmament,
Do only look at him.

For is he not the spirit? Yeal!
The genius that controls
The hidden power, the mystery,
Of sleeves and button-holes.
If you would only see the height
To which his soul can rise,
Set him a going upon cuffs,
On collars, and neck-ties.

An artist, and an oracle,
An arbiter of taste!
Start him on the philosophy
And potency of paste.
Hear him on fashion's mysteries,
Its changes and mutations,
And henceforth think no more about
The rise and fall of nations.

Talk not to him of science, or
Of knowledge on the march;
But bow with reverence before
Th' omnipotence of starch.
Hear him descant on pedigree,
On noble blood and birth,
And never after bow the knee
To wisdom or to worth.

How well the creature plays his part,
He is not useless wholly—
He proves, at least, the ugliness
Of foppery and folly.
A thing of paste and padding, puff'd
With vapour and pretence,
As void of worth and manliness
As lie's of common sense.

Earth's toilers, in their hidden grey,
At far beneath his ken;
A man so great can never mate
With vulgar working men.
He must have wealth at his command,
There's nothing he can lack,
For don't you see he carries his
Estate upon his back.

And then his tastes are elegant,
His manners all refined,
For don't you feel where'er he goes
He leaves a scent behind.
This scented snuff, this pastry puff,
This pretty lady's fan!
This peacock vain, this ape insane,
This libel upon man!

Of his importance to the world,
No wonder that he brags;
For he is good at gorging food,
And turning clothes to rags.
The fellow has the face to eat
Good dinners ev'ry day,
Yet never does a useful thing,
And likely never may.

He mixes not with common clay,
Nor drinks he ought save brandy;
This empty cob, this putrid snob,
This Yankee doodle dandy!
Oh! what a pity 'tis to think
So fine a man must die,
And sleep forgotten in the grave,
Like either you or I.

On dit.
— We understand John Meek Macdonald, M.P.P., is about taking a tour through this "unhappy and divided country," and that Capturing Moodie is to travel with him to take lessons in letter writing, and to act as chaplain on state occasions.

Magistrate's Court, Whitby.

ASSAULT CASE—MULLINS vs. CONNOR.

Jeremiah Connors. (This witness was rather deaf and is eighty years old.)

J. H. Greenwood, Esq., (Counsel for the defendant): Can you approximate somewhat closely to the possible distance intervening between the terrestrial occupancies of the respective units of humanity who figure in this incomprehensible, inscrutable, and otherwise perfectly understandable action?

Jeremiah Connor: Is it the cow ye're mainin, Sir? or was ye axin if the praties was all in? (Great laughter.)

By Mr. Draper: Assuming the motive power of Mr. Connor's hand to be represented by 140 pounds, and further assuming the law of projectiles to be as 5 to 25, would the angle, at which it seems the blow was struck, be equal to the angle of 13 minutes 45 seconds?

Jeremiah Connor: Sure, and savin' yer presence, he fell on his south pole.

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS.

It is not often that we "shoot Folly as she flies," or, in other words, attempt to chronicle the vagaries of Dame Fashion. But, unable to resist the importunities of our fair admirers—we use the term advisedly—we sharpen our nimblest goose quill, and, armed cap-a-pie, we dare to trespass on the close of that celebrated lady. Her domain is guarded, we are well aware, with spring guns and pit-falls, and the mysterious avenues leading thereto watched with jealous care. Hence it is that we should keep our eyes open, and while spying out the nakedness of the land (*vide* "Nothing to Wear") exercise our usual adroitness in order to avoid being entangled in an inextricable maze. When Theseus entered the Cretan labyrinth he was furnished by his lady-love with a clue of thread, which enabled him to retrace his course. The wily Athenian was not was not more cautious than we intend to be, for we have taken into studious consideration *Le Follet*, *The Lady's Magazine*, and other similar publications. Having declared our intentions, we launch out on

BOXERS.—The Scoop with its horticultural display, we notice, has given way before the inverted Coal-scuttle. The flattened top and "toque" crown of the latter afford an unlimited field for the exercise of millinery skill. The trimming consists of an extravagant display of polished hardware and velvet flowers, all of which is very well in its way and pleasing in the extreme, as a lady's head is thereby converted into a miniature toy-shop. For producing a proper scenic effect the "curtain" is retained. The colour of the ribbons used for decoration is a matter of taste. Some prefer green;