

THE GRUMBLER.

NEW SERIES.]

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

[VOL. I.—No. 5.]

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hole in a' your coat,
I rede you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1863.

SANTA CLAUS AND THE GRUMBLER.

ARGUMENT.—Editor in a doze—Visit from Santa Claus—The effect on his mind and body of the rain on Christmas Eve—Santa about to make an affidavit when prevented by the GRUMBLER—Good humor produced by perusing the same—Change of purpose—Valedictory.

Alone in the Sanctum an editor lay
Half asleep, half awake, in a doze,
When suddenly startled, he saw with dismay
Aged Santa Claus thrust in his nose.

His clothes wore all muddy and dripping with rain—
Not at all like the Santa of yore :—
As sooned as if something had gone 'gainst his grain
He so nervously shut-to the door.

Advancing on tip toe, he threw down his toys
With a countenance red as a beet,
Then moving the table without any noise,
Quickly flung himself into a seat.

"What devilish weather this is," said the fellow ;
"Such a Christmas I fail to remember.
The clerk of the weather has surely got mellow,
And forgets it's the month of December.

"By Jove, it's too bad that a Christmas should pass
Thus, without either frost, ice, or snow,
And rain should pour down as it has—by the Mass,
Now I'll swear here's the best place I'll go."

He looked round the table for something to swear on,
But found none but four of the GRUMBLER ;
And struck with the title, he laughed like—old Charon,
Then read every line, the old mumbler.

Thinking no one was listening he started to laugh,
And ha-ha'd for some time like an elf,
Then kicked up his heels like a one-year old calf,
And old Santa again was himself.

"Well, well, after all I'll distribute my toys,
And my hat is not omitted of taws ;
Good humor is pleasant, so now for the boys,"
Were the last words of old Santa Claus.

Laudable Economy.

—We learn that, in the present awkward position of his finances, the President of the Northern States has dispensed with his chief *attler*, and assumed himself a very unpretending it of Lincoln green—a color worn by all the members of his cabinet since their inauguration.

CREEDS.—The spiritual politics of the bitterest utriazans during an election at which the poll never closed.

EPISTLES TO WOMEN.

BY BENEDICT.

"Tout est permis au profit des belles."
BRANTOME.
"Varium et mutabile semper femina."
JUVENAL.
NO. II.

DEAR GIRLS.—MONTAIGNE, in one of his garulous but sprightly essays, observes that women are remarkable for what he calls *l'esprit premissantier*, which enables them to pounce down on an idea, like the lion upon his prey—*at the first bound*. I shall, therefore, be justified in assuming that the great fundamental truths, expounded in my previous epistle, have sufficed to convince you how much your success in life depends on their faithful observance in theory and practice. In barbarous Africa men *buy* their wives; here, and in other enlightened countries, the women *sell* themselves. For this reason, it becomes therefore all important that you, dear girls, should early be instructed in those little feminine arts which (whether they result in a matrimonial sale or not) will do much to sharpen your wits, without in the least softening the things you call your hearts.

I shall now, dear girls, resume the thread of my argument where it was cut short by the printer last week. You will, of course, remember that I advised you to treat your poor suitors circumspectly and with an eye to all possible contingencies—making use of them, either to quicken the assiduities of the rich, or, in case of accident, accepting one of them as a *dernier resort*. Nothing can, indeed, justify a young girl in losing a single chance, and there is a Spanish proverb, whose worldly wisdom I cannot recommend too highly for your consideration, which says :—"If you have a donkey, don't kick him, but ride him!" Now, whatever you do, keep it in mind that suitors, like donkeys, will prove themselves far more serviceable to you when treated in the latter than in the former fashion. Above all things, however, be cautious never to give offence so as, perhaps, to turn an admirer into an enemy. Byron pretends that hell has no fury like a "woman scorned," but, believe me, she is a very lamb in comparison with a slighted bean. We Lords of Creation, are terribly sensitive in this respect. Though I, Benedict, might chose to trifle, flirt, and jilt Penelope, if she should venture to treat me in that way—Zounds! I would immediately sit down and write ten volumes of abuse against woman-kind.

But I am digressing. Let us return to the main point.

If a woman has once fully determined upon having a certain man, she must spare no pains to succeed in her designs, and may go any lengths.

Should the doomed man have a family, she should immediately become intimate with all its members. To the sisters, she may hint of a brother or cousin in Australia, enormously rich, who is likely to marry any one recommended by her, the moment he returns. She should also speak of the many gay parties she intends to give, knowing that gratitude is "a keen appreciation of favors yet to come." To the father and uncles she must do the amiable, and lavish upon them those daughter and niece-like attentions so agreeable to the aged ; though, in bestowing these caresses, it will behoove her to be rather cautious, or she may arouse the jealousy of their own feminines, who often consider such conduct as a "poaching on their domestic preserves."

The family circle offers indeed the greatest advantages to a clever girl, and none but a fool will neglect them. Where else can she talk so innocently and unsuspectingly at him? For instance, she can speak of Mr. Croesus's pointed attentions, and say, shaking her dear little curls, that she will never, never, marry one old enough to be her father, though her parents should insist ever so much on it. She may also allude with a little blush to the existence of a foolish, half-cousinly attachment, for nothing is so apt to enhance the value of a girl in the eyes of foolish young fellows as a suspicion that she belongs to somebody else already. In fact, I have known this course eminently successful in some very desperate cases where it always brought about that consummation most devoutly to be wished for—A PROPOSAL. This *coupe de femme* once happily accomplished, a woman needs no longer be so particular; the fish is hooked—and that was all she cared for.

Affectionately and paternally,
BENEDICT.

Funny.

—The Honourable George Brown—from his towering stature, perhaps—has just been nicknamed *Nelson's monument*. We are happy to learn, however, that on the occasion of this *soubriquet*—more fortunate than the hero of the Nile—his eye was not put out. Notwithstanding all this, he appears, so strangely, to be in his second childhood; for although prone proverbially to ride a high hobby in parliament, and study the most abstruse political writers, it is said that he has some notion of soon ordering a rocking-horse and a copy of Old Mother Hubbard!

Accommodation for the Legislature.

—Should it be decided to make Toronto the Seat of Government, we would suggest that the new Jail and House of Refuge be fitted up for the accommodation of the Members. The old convent would make a suitable residence for Lord *Mon(c)k*.