

NEW SKATING SONG.

BY SIMON CRAVY.

Now, my dear, your left foot
 Now, my dear, your right.
 There's not the slightest danger
 If you but hold me tight,
 There's not a finer pastime—
 Now, is there, do you think?
 But here we are—just fancy—
 On the middle of the rink!
 You don't say—"on your honour!"
 That you "never tried before."
 Well, of course, I must believe you;
 But, then, really, I am *shavere*.
 There's the Mistress Dumper Poolo Peggs,
 Who has been here a week,
 She scarce can keep her feet, and is
 But learning how to squeak.
 She is, upon my word, she is
 The worst I ever saw,
 And wobbles like the baby
 She has left at home with *paree*.
 And there's the Miss Golden Osier,
 Bending gracefully and low;
 And it would be very graceful
 Had she always not bent so;
 Though leaning on the arm
 Of young Snigger Sniffor Snex,
 You see she does not move along
 So gracefully as you.
 Don't look at Splutter Bludgeoner,
 That runs at such a pace;
 From such a frantic study
 You can never catch a grace.
 Altho' a man so agile,
 And who twists at such a rate,
 Seems fit for any office
 In the councils of the state.
 Now, my dear, your left foot,
 Now, my dear, your right.
 There's not the slightest danger
 If you but hold me tight.

"O, Wretched Man that thou Art, &c."

A poor, wretched Benedict, who hails from the ambitious little city, (alas! not so ambitious now as it used to be,) has perpetrated the following piece of lachrymose writing, which he has given to the world through the columns of a local newspaper:

"The advertisement which appeared a few days ago in my name and my wife, Grace Hurd, was extorted from me by her frequent crying, importunities and promises in presence of many respectable witnesses, that if I should make the admission thereby made, she would behave better in future. But what is the sequel?—This creature (formerly an inmate of the penitentiary) whose conduct I thereby demeaned myself to screen, has turned out worse than ever. And I trust the public, in whose eyes I must now appear somewhat disgraced, will accept this explanation, and forgive me, an Adam, for having been thus beguiled by an Eve.

This thus miserable wight laments his wretched condition, with all the force of italics. We should like to see the other side of the case. Such an *ex parte* statement as this, cannot be received without some extenuation. If "Grace" is in the land of the living it is to be hoped she will come to the surface and put in her rejoinder. The case is too good a one to be lost to humanity. What was the nature of the promises which beguiled

this soft-headed "Adam," to knuckle-down to such a faithless "Eve?" The Grumbler is of opinion that Mr. Hurd, (we suppose that is his name) would be well served if he were to get a good ducking in a mill-pond, or be beat to death with his wife's garter. That would be the right way to treat all such Adams as thrust their private wrongs before a gossiping public.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The Grumbler, always actuated by motives of the greatest possible good nature, freely gives place to the following epistle:

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Sir.—Did you see the Leader—how it pitches into me? It called me a "lunatic," and other bad names, because of my speech on St. Patrick's Day. Now, Sir, I write you those few lines, affected, it is true, with a little of that "real pain" which people sometimes feel in the morning when they drink their tea too strong over night, to say that that scurrilous paper has done me the greatest injustice. I will leave it to Dr. Workman, "or any other man," if I am a lunatic, or anything of the sort. I admit, Mr. Editor, that the speeches in the *Globe* and *Leader* do not read very like loyal productions, but I give you my honor that they are not properly reported, or, if they are, then Mick Murphy is not himself, or was not himself at the time the speech was made. But why should I beat around the bush like this? What I wanted to say, and what I will now say, is this, that yesterday I—yes—the great anniversary you know—I—no—yes—what I meant to say is that—well—that meeting with so many of my friends, you know, I wanted to do honor to the day, and, perhaps, took a little drop too much, and, perhaps, spoke a little foolishly, and that sort of thing:

I hope you will do me the justice to insert this in your columns. Fair play I do not expect from either the *Leader* or the *Globe*, and so I come to you for it. I will ever remain,

Your Obligated Servant,
 MICHAEL MURPHY,
 President Libernann Society, Toronto.

[The Grumbler accords to Mr. Murphy all he asks, but would beg to remind that gentleman that there is an old Latin proverb which says that *in vino veritas*. Of course we do not mean to say that this at all applies to Mr. Murphy, but if he will make a fool of himself he must expect to be treated as one. Be better for the future Michael darling, or you will have Ogle B. giving you a snoozer under the fifth rib, before you know where you are. Don't rile him, or you will have a forty pounder on you in the twink of an eye.]

Familiar.

—Lord Monk, in one of his communications to Mr. Sanfield McDonald, familiarly addresses him as "My dear McDonald," and the Minister in reply brings down the representative of royalty to his own level, by addressing him as "My dear Lord Monck." Be mindfit Mac, that "too much freedom breeds despotism."

THE LEADER'S INSTRUCTIONS.

STARTLING REVELATIONS.

"Nothing could be meaner or more shabby than the treatment which the Macdonald-Scotte Ministry has met with at the hands of its Upper Canadian Supporters on the Separate School Bill.—*Leader*, 16th.

"We do not know whether their statements were authorised by the Premier."—*Globe*, 17th.

Of course you don't Mr. *Globe*. We do though. From private despatches we may state, without equivocation, that the Premier endorses every word of the *Leader's* statement. Furthermore, the Premier expressly authorised the *Leader* to use the words complained of—if the subjoined copy of the Premier's instructions to the *Leader* means anything.

COPY.

House of Assembly, March, 15th, 1863.

To the Editor of the *Leader*.

GREETING—The Copperheads need a drilling. They have shamefully deserted us. Pitch into them in to-morrow's issue. Let your article be headed "Imbrogio at Quebec" and be — inches in length. You are at liberty to use the following words, to wit: mean, shabby, treachery, foul play, desertion, skeedaddle, incorrigible, pack. Mercin fail not at peril of having the York Roads affair investigated.

Your Master,

J. S. MACDONALD.

Is it any wonder that the country is going to ruin, when a Minister has an editor so completely under his control that he can dictate what shall be the heading of his article, its length, and the very words to be used in it? Were it not that THE GRUMBLER is alive and kicking, all hope might be given up of a return to a better state of things.

"COPPERHEADS."

LEADER OFFICE, 18 March, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND GRUMBLER.—Those miserable Grits are in a most outlandish state of perturbation because they have been called "Copperheads" in the *Leader*. Allow me to give the public a definition of the word through you. It is taken from the snake of that name, which any Natural History will show you is not only a very venenous serpent, but turns on you at most unexpected seasons. Now is that name appropriate or not? For myself, you know, I don't care a snap of my finger for one party more than another. There are considerations, which, *entre nous*, are of a more substantial kind than those of party; but as it suited my purpose at the moment to have a fling at these Clear Grits, did I not well dub them "Copperheads." Let them rave as they will, I've had my revenge.

Ever yours in the brotherhood,
 C. L.

Important.

—Most of our contemporaries will be glad to learn that the Sheep Protection Bill has passed the Upper House.

REWARD FOR REPEATED ATTEMPTS AT ORATORY.—Mr. Jones, M. P. P., is undoubtedly the Burke of Canada. The way he murders the classics is terrible.