

WARMOLL vs. HALLOWELL.

A VICTORIA RINK BALAD.

I, skater Warmoll, swear and say,  
And solemnly protest,  
That I am the judges, when they say,  
Hallowell skates the best.

A good rough skater's Hallowell,  
The river Don's his place,  
Whereas *this* medal it was given,  
Exclusively for grace.

Now just that point my friends declare.  
Exactly is my game;  
And I, who shouldn't say it, say—  
I—really think the same.

Hallowell's good in a straight line.  
But Lord, to see his curves!  
And as precisely *there* I shine,  
Why this my soul disturbs.

Say can he do the postman's rap,  
A travelling on the ice?  
Can he cut birds, and flowers, and trees,  
And patterns trim and nice?

Can he hang o'er the inner edge,  
Describing an ellipsis?  
With one who—well, *why* shouldn't I speak?  
Who all the world eclipses?

Not he indeed; and therefore I,  
Protest against the judges,  
Then arguments are, all my eye,  
Their judgment, all a fudge is.

For grace, aplomb and dignity,  
I can be the world surpass,  
And he who won't agree with me,  
May write himself an ass.

Defrauded thus, a girl would cry,  
But grieving is but folly,  
My straps may break, my skates may fly,  
Warmoll *won't* be Warmolly.

Grand Temperance Demonstration, Quebec.

A public meeting will be held in the Temperance Hall in this City on Saturday evening next, at eight o'clock, when the chair will be taken by the Hon. Malcolm Cameron.

The following distinguished advocates of Temperance will address the meeting on the following subjects.

The Hon. J. A. McDonald, P. W. P.—"The order of the Sons of Temperance."

The Hon. Mr. Foley—"The advantage of a steady adherence to Temperance principles."

Mr. Wente, M. P. P.—"The Temperance Bill of 1863."

At the close of this meeting the Hon. Mr. McGee, will entertain the meeting by singing the patriotic song he composed on first visiting Niagara Falls. The Hon. Mr. Huntington to join in the chorus.

The Hon. Mr. Brown, assisted by the Hon. Mr. McDougall, will sing the popular Western song of Rep. by Pop., if they have not forgotten the words.

The casual advantages to be applied towards paying the cost of printing the short speeches of the Hon. G. E. Cartier, made during the session, in both languages, to be bound in half calf. Printing to be done at the Globe office.

Tickets, twenty-five cents each, to be had of Mr. T. R. Fergusson, M.P.P.

N.B.—No free passes.

The Reunion

We dropped into the Music Hall last night, and were electrified and very pleasantly so. Mr. Carter succeeded in bringing forward the wonderful "Lay of the bell" with the magnificent "Creation," which under the circumstances were admirably performed. The solos were better than we had a right to expect, and the choruses were even better still. We will not particularize, but we heard voices we fancy last night, destined to make a sensation in the musical world, and all true lovers of music must feel grateful to the talented and popular manager of the Musical Union Society, for the admirable manner in which, with the truest taste he has produced those mighty monuments of the greatest *maestros* the world has yet seen.

Upper Canada Colloge.

Toronto, March 4th 1864.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Sir,—Knowing the watchful interest you take in all matters affecting the welfare of the U. C. Colloge, I have the painful duty of informing you that, owing to peculiar and painful circumstances, on which I will not at present dilate; the services of a detective were required in this establishment, and a search instituted, necessary perhaps, but exceedingly painful to the feelings of one who remembers the tone of gentlemanly feeling once pervading this establishment. Sir, I contrast the former state of things with the present, and although I would not impugn any one, I heave a bitter sigh as I sign myself your

Sorrowing Correspondent,  
ALUMNUS.

To the Editor of the Grumbler.

Toronto, March 7th, 1864.

Sir,—My attention has been called to a communication in your last issue, signed "Alumnus"—Sir, I do not intend to contradict the statement of Alumnus; but I was searched, and I am none the worse, and I utterly deny the implied allegation of "Alumnus," that the boys of this establishment are deficient in that gentlemanly tone he affects to regret as a thing of the past. They are, in a word, far superior to their predecessors. As regards "the preparations for advanced study" never at any period have the facilities been greater, never has the educational course been *one half as good*, the advent of the present authorities, burst with a mighty effort, the barriers erected by common place usage, and levelled those traditional absurdities which fettered the forward tramp of genius; and I may the more fearlessly assert this, as I am perhaps the oldest college boy on record; being in fact exactly (to-day) the age of our talented, energetic, painstaking, self-sacrificing Principal, and I now conclude by boasting myself to be,

A PRETTY OLD U. C. BOY.

"But that!" as the sheriff's officer said to his first floor window.

NATURAL CAUSES.

The pleasant temperature and the good skating of the last week have had their beneficial results. The one filled the fashionable promenade, and the various skating rinks, with old age, youth and beauty; while the other induced thrift, and a plentiful market. This is as it should be. You often hear persons talk of brilliant winter scenes, which the artist would call agreeably picturesque; or of a glacial phenomena that came within the observation of the speaker, and hold them up as the finest and most brilliant of natural spectacles. No doubt they are very striking to the eye of the beholder; but who would compare them with the scenes of animated loveliness to be viewed every day in our midst! The writer has experienced (so far as Canada will admit) a realization of the glacier theory; but never did he look upon anything so charming as the scene nature and art displayed a few evenings ago, on one of the principal skating rinks of our city. In some respects it was very beautiful. The graceful *pirouette* of some nymph-like form presented a strange contrast to the clumsy movements of the enthusiastic law student by her side. He who has a fine sense of the ludicrous would also enjoy the scene. Let him observe that elderly grandma feeling her way over the frozen surface, with arms extended, body bent forwards, toes turned in, and, altogether, maintaining a very uncertain equilibrium. The revivification of passing mortality may be desirable; but when it takes place in the front of so many difficulties we think it had better be dropped. Looking round in the crowd for an endorsement of our opinion, we fancy there can be detected on the countenance of that elderly gentleman standing near the goal, who married senility for her money, a smile expressive of hopes shortly to be realized. The first impulse is to be her saviour, to rush out, carry her in *notens volens*, and place her again by the side of him who so dearly loves her. This, however, is a tender subject, and we will drop it; but before doing so, it seems a duty to state our opinion on the question, which is: that ladies over the age of forty should not go skating! At another time we will give our reasons.

A suspect.

— "A suspicious British steamer, with arms, was seized at Malaga." So says a western paper. We object to the terms. If the steamer was really suspicious she would hardly have allowed herself to be seized.

What Ignorance!

— Mr. Medcalf and Councilman Bell waxing warm over Council Chamber etiquette last Monday evening, Mr. Medcalf asked the Council which was Mayor, he or Mr. Bell? No one answered him. We, judging from appearances, would have found no difficulty in deciding the question.

The noble House of McGee.

— The Montrealers are about to present D'Arcy McGee with a "new house." All the country asks for is a *change* in the management of theirs.