

### CARMEN AMOEBAEUM.

"*Donec gratius eram tibi.*"—HORACE.

HORATIUS MOSE.

As long as I stayed in the band,  
As long as I ran with the Mose,  
No chap through the breadth of the land  
Could boast more than I "your dear Mose."

But now that I've given up those,  
You won't come with me for a walk,  
You don't give my hand now a squeeze,  
And hardly permit me to talk.

LYDIA LIZZ.

As long as you flirted with me,  
And took no one else to the ball,  
I'm sure I'd every one see,  
I liked you much better than all.

HORATIUS MOSE.—(sullenly.)

Well.—Jane will not throw me away,  
To take up with some other one,  
*She'll* always have something to say,  
*She'll* walk when my day's work is done.

LYDIA LIZZ.—(becoming riled.)

I'm glad it has, now, come to that,  
As I shall go out—yes—to night.  
For I've been invited by *Mit*,  
"Need—yes—I shall go out of spite."

HORATIUS MOSE.—(entreatingly.)

O Lizzie—suppose I should try,  
To banish all thoughts of that *Miss*,  
Dost think that I could on the sly—  
Make up all again with a kiss.

LYDIA LIZZ.

The, *Mit* is a very nice chap,  
And wants to come courting of me,  
Yet Mose though tho't not worth a rap,  
I'll wed rest assured none but, thee.

(Getting theatrical and throwing herself into an attitude.)

### POOR DEAR OLD LADY.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! Such an atrocious crime!  
We never thought that the human heart was capable  
of planning such an awful offence! So weak and  
defenceless, to say nothing of her sex, poor, dear,  
unprotected *Old Double*. Would you believe it? Mrs.  
*Grumbler* (dear creature) came in breathless the  
other morning, scalded our knees with the coffee,  
and anointed our best coat with buttered muffins, in  
telling us all about it. And what ever do you think  
it was? An inhuman, diabolical burglar of a fellow  
threatened to punch *old Double's* dear old head. At first  
we thought that, emulating the example of the delicate  
Mr. *Toots*, *Old Double* had been writing letters to  
herself for the sole pleasure of answering them. We,  
however, soon dismissed this theory. Well knowing  
the demure and witless character of the octogenarian  
matron. Unlike most of *Toots's* observations, the  
thing is "a matter of every consequence." It has  
indeed come to a pretty pass in this free and enlight-  
ened country, if a journal, notoriously stupid and  
pointless, is to be subjected to threatening letters for  
the first and only good act of its long life. Where  
is Major Nickinson and his rifles? where the kilted  
followers of Smith? Why is not an escort instantly  
despatched to guard the old woman's out-goings and  
incomings. If our entreaties to the military are vain,  
we must call out "the old rables." To *Old Double's*  
aid. We have taken measures to secure Capt. Good-  
win's services as drill sergeant; and we have now  
pleasure in gazetted the appointments to office:—  
Colonel and General Nabob.—The *Old Countryman's*;  
Lieutenant Colonel and ornament-in-general, Cor-  
oner Duggan; Captain, (with special care of the wine

department,) Councilman Baxter; Drummer, (with  
full liberty of perspiration,) George Platt. The other  
appointments will be duly announced; in the mean-  
time we may tell "a starving Coroner" who writes  
for the surgeon's place, that if he does not succeed in  
hunting up a calf or a corpse of some kind, we will  
think over it. With such an array of daring valour,  
and more particularly with such a commander, we may  
say to the old woman, "Hope on, hope over."—  
Nor burglars nor Grits need fret the deep profunder  
of her tranquility; she may trudge along in safety,  
with no weapons but her old, faded, gingham umbel-  
rella and superannuated pattens. Peace, poor,  
dear, nervous old soul!

### THE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

From our Special Correspondent.

PUG ALLEY,  
London, 3rd March, 1860.

The sporting men of England are all in a lively  
state of excitement about this great contest, and the  
most minute particulars concerning the "men" are  
sought after with eagerness, to satisfy the judg-  
ment of the knowing ones, or the curiosity of the  
non-combatant public. I have been fortunate enough  
to procure a few items, that may afford some gratifi-  
cation to your readers. The course of training of the  
Benicia boy, I have been witness of. (I am credibly  
informed that this was a privilege denied to H.R.H.  
Prince Albert and Lord John Russell, although a  
large sum of money, and the next vacant garter were  
offered; Lord Palmerston was admitted on account of  
his connection with P.R., where he is well known  
under the sobriquet of "Plucky Pam). The training  
is of the most vigorous muscle-developing nature.  
The boy rises at 3 a.m., and undergoes "rubbing  
down with a brick," not the common architectural  
red brick, but one used extensively here for toilette  
purposes, hence known as the *Balk*-brick, the tritu-  
rated particles, filling the pores of the skin, fly off  
when the body is struck, and thus effect what is  
termed "throwing dust in the eyes" of an opponent.  
After the rubbing down; patent Mexican black-lead  
is applied with a whitewash brush; this is calculated  
to prevent his being "polished off" too quickly, it  
being a very difficult job "to take the shine out of"  
this preparation.

A short walk of fifteen miles or so, and the boy is  
permitted a slight repast of a dozen of eggs to yoke  
him into his business, egging him on in this way to  
get up his *pluck*, his trainers next *tether* him well to  
prove his ability for receiving punishment. An hour  
or two at this work, and he is allowed six pounds of  
beefsteaks and *two pots of half and-half* to make him  
*d.i.*

He is now considered through the morning exer-  
cises, and well prepared to encounter and *counter*  
any gentleman willing to put on the gloves and have  
a friendly set-to.

BOB SLASHER.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters directed to us must be pre-paid; no  
others will be taken from the office. Persons desirous  
of sending contributions will please remember that  
we do not intend to make the *Grumbler* a general  
receiptacle for diseased and mal-formed literature; as  
a general rule, they are advised when they have  
written a smart thing to tear it up. We do not bind  
ourselves to insert communications in full, even when  
they possess some merit; we shall feel at liberty to  
chop, hack and mangle till the author would not  
know his own property, if we are so disposed.

We may state here that we shall, as far as possible,  
eschew every appearance of party bias; circum-  
stances may at times give a temporary tinge to our  
paper; we shall take care that it shall be no per-  
manent stain. If sufficient encouragement be given  
us we shall enlarge and illustrate the *Grumbler* at an  
early date. We throw ourselves upon public support  
and leave with our friends our future fate. It is for  
them to say whether our little waif shall perish or  
endure.

### THE DEPTH OF DEGRADATION.

Who has not heard of our new City Council? And  
who has not learned to respect and admire them? From  
The unseamy butler-looking individual, whose  
adipose person at present occupies the Presidential  
Chair, down to the fangless Councilman from St.  
Lawrence Ward, one and all of them demand our  
respect. A vulgarly scrupulous person might be  
tempted to ask how the oracular Ald. Jno. Smith can  
reconcile the occupation upon which he has recently  
entered with the requirements of the law; another  
might, with equal propriety, question Ald. Strachan's  
right to a seat at the board; for ourselves we regard  
such gratuitous impertinence with the contempt it  
desires. We admire "the windy aspiration of forced  
breath" pumped from the depths of Councilman Baxter;  
we love the naive simplicity of the erudite Conlin;  
we adore the soft mellifluous lisp of the scrappy  
Smith and we absolutely dote on the rude, inde-  
pendent and touch-and-go-ishness of the Chester-  
fieldian Sherwood. The very odour of the Council  
chamber, albeit sometimes unavowry, is dear to us.  
We are, therefore, naturally jealous of its dignity.  
We would sacrifice our life to conserve the immacu-  
late whiteness of Carr's delicate choker and we are  
never happier than when meditating the revolutions  
of Dunn's neckerchief around his vigorous jugular.  
But alas! for human loves and longings, the finest is  
being rubbed from the municipal greengrad; Moodie  
the ruthless, he of the Fire-fly, has become ashamed  
of them, and we are forced to burst asunder the cords  
of affection. Hear the sad story as narrated by that  
infallible chronicler, the *Globe*:—

"Even the chairman (Ald. Moodie) was disgusted,  
and threatened to leave the chair."

There is a cruel force in that miserable dissyllable  
"even," perfectly killing. There is matter in it  
indeed, if Moodie be disgusted." Something perfectly  
unpardonable must have transpired. As soon should  
we have suspected music from a mole, knowledge  
from a pig, honesty from a politician, as disgust from  
Moodie. We have hitherto stopped our auditory  
organs against the calumnies heaped on our dear  
City Fathers; we have not heeded the Siren voice of  
the *Globe* reporter, charmed he never so wisely; but  
now, we are indeed overwhelmed. If Moodie has  
really been disgusted, the lowest depth of degrada-  
tion has been reached by the unhappy Council.—  
Henceforth, we leave them to their fate, unpitied and  
forlorn.

### Where are the Police?

The following desperate attempt at wit  
was thrust into our letter box on Thursday:—Why  
is a pun like Shylock in the fourth act of the Mer-  
chant of Venice? Because its a *jew desperate* (*jeu*  
*desprit*). Through the activity of Detective Greaves,  
we succeeded in capturing the miscreant who perpe-  
trated the above, but he was bulled out as usual by  
Captain Moodie, and immediately left for parts un-  
known.

### BUSINESS NOTICE.

As the summer is coming on and as it is very desirable to know  
where the best and the freshest Oysters can be had, we have  
much pleasure in recommending the establishment of Messrs.  
Rowe & Co., 60 King Street, 4 doors east of Toronto Street. As  
they own the celebrated *Pinkettes Beds* of the well-known  
"Count Oysters" they are not obliged to keep on hand at any  
time a heavy stock, which in warm weather would be liable to  
become "flat, stale and unprofitable," and lie heavy on one's  
stomach. On the contrary they receive a *daily supply* of fresh,  
fat and well-flavored "Bivalves." No lover of Oysters could  
ask more to recommend an establishment than that they keep a  
constant supply of *fresh Oysters*. Their Oysters have stood the  
test, have been judged of by a committee specially appointed  
for the purpose, and have been pronounced by a competent  
jury to be the best in the market. In fact Rowe & Co. have their  
reputation as Merchants on their line "Bivalves," and solicit  
a call from all incredulous people who may be inclined to  
doubt the truthfulness of the above. Give them a call. We  
have to thank this firm for their very acceptable present of six  
cans, as we found them capital.

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