

**CHRISTMAS EVE'S ADVENTURES.**

"Twas eve; the setting sun declined slow,  
Like Hero clothed with honors to his rest.

That is, the gas was lit, as we were meandering down King St. on Christmas eve, elbowing the uneven tenor of our way through the base crowds of fellow citizens and brethren whom business or pleasure or perhaps both had drawn together for personal discomfort and inconvenience. Our mind was deeply engrossed in working the plot of a noble epic which shortly we intend giving forth to the world—when we were suddenly aroused from our poetic reverie, by a heavy blow on our left shoulder, dealt from behind by some unknown hand. In less time than it takes us to write, in fact in the twinkling of an instant, we turned round with the natural instinct of self-preservation, and grasped—the hand of George Brown. George was in the very acme of good spirits on account of the rumoured dissensions in the Cartier camp, and volunteered to stand the beers; our course was immediately steered for the Topaz Saloon, which haven we entered, and found Hillyard Cameron, Bob Moodie, Alderman Carr, Jim Boulton, and some more of the same crowd, eating mutton pies; the great Grit winced a little for a moment, but—after borrowing a quarter from us—came manfully up to the scratch, and treated all round. This unexpected generosity quite overpowered Bob, he shook hands with Geordie, and swore by the skirt tail of his monkey jacket that he would support him at the next general election through thick and thin even if his friend, Hillyard Cameron, were his opponent. We fancied a tear glistened in the dexter eye of the Queen's Counsel at the anticipated withdrawal of Moodie's confidence. Ald. Carr got red in the face, and said that Bob was a turncoat, and not worthy the dignity of an Alderman. Here Jim Boulton, who had been quietly soaking whiskey and water in an ante-room, put in an appearance and delivered a police court invective against Carr for his desertion of "Orange Bill," concluding his oration by pitching the remains of his whiskey and water in the face of the worthy Alderman, who retaliated rather severely upon Jim's nasal organ. Brown & Cameron interposed to restore order, and after we had requested mine host to put the plas up again, the combatants shook hands and made up. Treat now succeeded treat, and after the fifth the fun grew fast and furious.

Cameron struck up

Scots whony lay—aw—aw wee Wallace bled—aw.

The Grit who had a drappie in his e'e told him to dry up, for he didn't know any more about Scotch music than Cayley did about Finance.

Cameron got indignant, and, throwing himself into one of his celebrated oratorical attitudes—with his hot brandy in one hand and his other hand holding on by the beer pump, he began a demolishing speech:

MR. TOPAZ AND GENTLEMEN,—

Aw Mistaw Brown thinks he is —aw—but I know—aw—my lord, that—aw—Mistaw Brown, as I said befor, is no moaw than—aw—dem Clear Grit, who'd in—in—sult her Ma—a—a—jesty—aw—

Unfortunately for the public, the remainder of this splendid oration sunk into oblivion simulta-

niously with the fall of the orator and the breaking of the beer-pump. The degraded hero we left with part of the bar tap in his hand bantering away at an earthen spittoon, which he mistook for Geo. Brown's head. Ald. Carr lay at full length under the bagatello board, snoring like Bardolph, and Boulton was begging a pen'orth of snuff from the bar-keeper on tick. As soon as we retired Brown and Moodie both rushed after us, and came in terrible collision at the door; the superior bulk of the Grit overpowered Moodie and sent him reeling into the gutter. Brown staggered down the street, singing alternately the "Protestant Boys," and "We won't go home till morning," until he fell into the clutches of policeman No. 100, who, in consideration of a small trifle, kindly conveyed him home.

A slight headache on Christmas morning reminded us of the adventures of the previous night, and, as a penance for keeping bad company and late hours we sat down and wrote this confession.

**OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.**

In order to secure the influence of as many members as possible in his favor, Large William has placed the following notices of motion upon record.—We congratulate the worthy Alderman upon his foresight, and beg to assure him that his election to the Mayoralty is thus placed beyond all doubt.

*Resolved*, That Alderman Carty be sent to a night school, and that the sum of ——— dollars be set apart to pay expenses in connection therewith.

*Resolved*, That Councilman Craig be furnished with a comb, a scrubbing brush and a quantity of soap, and that an active Constable be detailed from the Police Force to keep the worthy Councillor clean.

*Resolved*, That Ald. Carr be furnished with a book on etiquette, with the understanding that he do read the same—if he can.

*Resolved*, That Messrs. Ardagh and Fox, contractors, have no connection with Ardagh and Fox, city Councillors.

*Resolved*.—That a gag be provided for Mr. Ramsay should he be elected.

N. B.—Councilman Ramsay declared that he was too honest a man to have anything further to do with such a lot of the drunkenest, low-livest, scrubbiest, audaciousst—

Coun. Craig stopped the rest of the sentence by gagging Mr. Ramsay's mouth with an ink-pot.

*Resolved*.—That I, Ald. William Henry Boulton, in consequence of my able conduct, while Mayor, do receive a recommendation from this Council to their successors, be provided with a new pair of top boots, if the citizens do not re-elect me to the "highest civic office within their gift."

Ald. Carr here rose and moved an amendment, "That if Mr. Boulton be not re-elected to the Mayoralty, he be furnished with a rope having a noose at one end, wherewith to hang himself."—Carried.

**LATEST INTELLIGENCE.**

Under the above heading the nocturnal appearance of *Old Double*—which always reminds us of "deadly night shade"—publishes the Police intelligence of the evening previous! Stupid intelligence was what the Editor meant to write.

**BOOK NOTICES.**

MONTALEMBERT'S ESSAY. Toronto, Lovell & Gibson and W. C. F. Caverhill. Price 25 cents.

This little pamphlet is a reprint without abridgement of the celebrated article from the *Correspondent* for which the illustrious Frenchman has been sentenced to imprisonment. A good portrait and memoir of the writer, and sketches of Berryer and Dufaure, his counsel, are prefixed, and an account of the trial annexed to the whole. The pamphlet is very neatly got up, and should be in the hands of every Canadian friend of Constitutional Government. We trust it will meet a large sale in Toronto.

ALPHABETICAL INDEX OF THE LAWS OF CANADA, by E. C. GLACKMEYER. Toronto, Lovell & Gibson.

Within the short space of 16 pages the compiler gives an alphabetically arranged index of all the Laws in force both in Upper and Lower Canada. It is exceedingly handy, and we commend it to our professional friends.

**THE THEATRE.**

The performances at the Lyceum during the past week, have been much better than for some time past. "Aladdin" was got up in a style that even our fastidious eyes could not find fault with, and which reflected the greatest credit on Mr. Nickinson, who, to use his own expressive words, got it up "in a day, an hour, and without money." In addition to "Aladdin," the boards have been graced by Mrs. Kellogg, a lady of much talent, and no small personal attractions. Notwithstanding the *Leader's* fervent hope to see her in tragedy we hope to end our days in peace without such an infliction; for to our mind elegant comedy is more the lady's forte than tragedy. We have not time to notice the stock company—but must do justice to the volatile spirits of Mrs. Marlowe, which captivated us on several occasions. Mr. Nickinson was rather weaker as *Kazac* than usual. Before we close we must put it on record that there are several members of the company—mere novices—that are in the habit of systematically playing the very deuce with their characters. A word to the stupid we hope is sufficient in this instance.

**Cabinet Joke.**

—Why may the members of the Executive be said to be very well off for soap? Because since Cartier's return they have had plenty of Windsor.

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