

THE GRUMBLER.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

NO. 42.

THE GRUMBLER.

"If there's a hotel a' your coasts
I rode you tent it;
A chiel's amang you taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1859.

THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

CHAPTER I.

Which trottelh out ye Edward Noodles, Esquire, for ye inspection of ye audience.

'Twas on a bright day in the glorious old month of December that high resolve and deep determination, mingled with the mellow tints of hidden, yet hopeful, love might be seen as plain as the nose on one's face, in the countenance of Edward Noodles, Esquire, the junior member of that ancient and honorable family, the Noodles of Doodle Hall, Nowhere, County Moonshine. I have said that it was easy to be seen that young Noodles was going to make an effort! Who that saw the firm manner in which he grasped his walking cane, and heard the manly and straightforward tone in which he bade an obtrusive beggarwoman "go to the devil," could for a single instant have failed to discover that Noodles, junior, was on the point of covering himself with glory.

CHAPTER II.

Ye junior Noodles sallielh forth and w eetelh with sundry acquaintances.

In the good city of Toronto, there dwelleth many jewellers who possess gems of the rarest quality, and gold and silver manufactured in the most curious and elaborate manner, which may be had at prices, the very mention of which is enough to make the stars stop in their course, and flies to foreswear jam pots. Thitherward Noodles, the younger, directed his steps. The day, I said before, was beautiful; but lost were its beauties on the heart of young Noodles. In vain did those trusty guardians of the city, the pigs, put on their sliciest and shiniest coat of mud, to win a smile of approbation from him! He heeded them not—contrary to his wont. In vain did the ducks suspend their toilet, to shake their bills and wag their tails, in token of recognition. Noodles was holding sweet communion with his own duck, and too much engaged composing a *billet doux* to her, to pay any attention to such rude and wanton interruptions.

CHAPTER III.

Ye Noodles reachelh ye store after divers adventures, and purchaselh ye magnificent present.

The sun was shining in the Heavens regardless of expense, as the hero of our story reached his destination. He reached it, I say; but how he got

there—how his soul was so wrapt up in his beloved that he neither saw nor heard ought of the busy world which past him—how many pedestrians damned his blind eyes on the way—how many rowdies ostled his unconscious person into dirty puddles—how he found his progress suddenly arrested by an impertinent lampost—how he poked his cane innocently through seas of crinoline, and tumbled over innumerable obstructions, without in the least being aware of the fact or discomposing his fortitude, remain for the future historian of Canada to relate. Suffice it to say, that Noodles reached the desired place, and selected a precious present: tall it was; of the purest gold, and inlaid with the richest gems; yet delicate withal, and confoundly easy to be broken.

CHAPTER IV.

Ye Hero of the story carrielh away ye prize, and cutteth up ye capers with joy thereat.

The joy of a mother in having found her lost child, or of a rogue in escaping the pillory at the hands of THE GRUMBLER, was nothing to the joy of the latest scion of the illustrious Noodles, while surveying the *chef d'œuvre* of a present, as it stood in his study. He saw his beloved's smile in every wrinkle of the gold, and her bright eyes in each flash of the diamonds. He surveyed himself in his looking glass, and then flung his boot-jack at it, because the abominable thing made him squint. He walked abroad to cool his ardent temper, and sang a lusty roundelay in the street. He was shut up by a policeman, and thereupon he immediately went home, and wrote a furious article against the police force, and went to bed.

CHAPTER V.

Ye Hero goeth to ye abode of ye beloved, on ye Christmas Eve, and findelh ye rival there, who causelh ye dire catastrophe.

The lazy hours seemed to lag on wings of lead until the time for his departure for his beautiful and beloved mistress arrived. It came at last. Dressed in the most exquisite taste, with the neatest of all speeches off by heart—and his magnificent present of gold and jewels under his arm, the younger Noodles presented himself in the drawing room. His mistress smiles on him from a distance. His soul is intoxicated with joy. He hastens forward, when—death and the devil! he is met by Fobs! Fobs, there at such a time! Good heavens! This is much too much—the room seems to swim round. Fobs says something! Fobs smiles sarcastically and laughs hysterically! Fobs is evidently going to commence a row! Now is the time young Noodles to be all your immortal self. But, alas, Noodles is not his immortal self! He is not half nor quarter his immortal self! Noodles is going fast! Fobs is big and he is little! Fobs evinces unbounded delight at seeing Noodles. He must shake both his

hands! Heavens! The precious present is under that arm! Don't shake that hand, Fobs! But Fobs is deafen than a door post! It is done!—Bang! Down goes the Christmas present with a dreadful crash! Fobs is overwhelmed with dismay! He hastens to pick it up. Noodles, frantic with grief and rage, dives down to do the same. Fobs accidentally falls over Noodles, who falls over the precious ornament, which is made thereby as flat as a pancake. The ladies scream and the wildest disorder prevails! Noodles yells in the bitterness of despair, and rushes frantically to the lake shore, where is discovered ominously feeling the water some two hours afterwards by one of the watch. Fobs explains the matter to Noodles' mistress and engages her for the next quadrille.

P. S.—The wretched Noodles is expected to commit suicide every minute. Yesterday, while shaving he gave the most alarming symptoms of cutting his throat.

THE FRANCHISE.

The day draws near,
When fun and beer
Will flow in jolly plenty,—
When for a rots,
They tip a note—
A five, a ten, or twenty.

There's neighbor Jones,
He made no bones
To hint about his taxes.
No sooner said
Than they were paid,
Thus honesty relaxes.

This freeborn right,
For which we fight,
This franchise for the masses;
Is all a hoax
To gammon folks,
And make them greater asses.

Now what have we
For liberty—
Immunity for rowdies—
For Truth a snare—
For rogues a care,
Protection for their dowdies.

Reputation.

The *Leader* has made the discovery that the Hon. Mr. Scitôtte is by no means as clever a man as was generally supposed, while the *Globe* gives him credit for abilities which it never before could discover in him. Such transparent and flimsy stuff can have no weight with the public, either to lower or exalt Mr. Scitôtte's character as a statesman, and can only produce a hearty contempt for any opinions which may in future appear in either journal.

New Appointment.

Robert Moodie, Esq., has been appointed by his Excellency, Commissioner of Public Works, in the room of Hon. L. V. Scitôtte resigned — *Gazette 32nd Dec.*

THE LAST CABINET COUNCIL.

The entire gang discovered sitting at their Christmas Eve Celebration—The Yule log which is a roll of abortive bills, flickers ghastly; deep draughts of vassail and huge puffings of smoke occupy the vacant hour. The ministerial heads are filled with the fumes of the Council room beclouded with the latter.—Cartier, Galt, Macdonald and Smith are just finishing a game of euchre.

Macdonald.—My soul grows weary of this joyless spot;
Lotus has done; ye had the bowers both,
And so'ra' jolly trumps to boot, so Windsor
You and Sidney here have won the game.
Let us give o'er. 'Tis now a brace of moons
Since first I warned you of the dread Phillippi,
Which scowls so weirdly in the cloudy future.
What's to be done? We have no English acts
To copy; no more Procedure acts or County Court;
The Henry fight is o'er, nor would it aught avail,
That we should touch again the Aboriginal Indians,
Or any of those last resorts we keep in store,
Against the stormy day. 'E'en Cartier has failed,
The eternal judicature bills come in no more,
And nought seems left us save "give up the ship."
But say, my Scootle of the Public Works,
My only colleague burdened with much brains,
What's left us now?

Smith.—Du tell I want to know.

Macdonald.—Silence, rude murderer of your mother tongue,
Base country lawyer, keep the peace or go;
You've had the bust full fifty times or more,
And if you dare to open your mouth again,
Pack up your traps and pettifog once more.

Scootle.—My Kingston chum, Ulysses of the gauge,
Deem me not churlish; if I wore to hang,
I could not give a hint, not one, indeed,
One faintest glimmer in this darkest need.

Cartier.—If you shall listen vera patiently,
I tink I tell zo way mon cher ami,
Von I vas at zo Windsor vid zo Queen,
Such one big tall reception no'or was been
Before, nor never shall be no more I bet,
I have not tell you half zo wonders yet.

Macdonald.—Dry up, old Windsor; at it, once again;
Pity royal favours make such fools of men.

Cartier.—You notare mind, old Mac, you are jaloux,
You would be too much glad to get them too,
L'ouvie is bad in ministaire of state;
So keep zo naughty words into your pate.
Bient la reine, also say to me, my friend,
Mon Cartier if you have one little ear to lend,
Give him to me!" "Your Majesty" I said,
I have two long big ear upon my head,
I wish that they were longer for your sake—
More worthy as a present that I make.
She laugh, and say "you are zo noble knight,
You have zo Norman blood—so much polité."
"Vous avez raison my liege," for I may say
"My great ancestor was Jacques Cartier;
At least if he was married he might be,
Which was a fault, the old stupidity."

Macdonald.—Alloyn let's take a nip and go to sleep.

Cartier.—Such black ingratis as you will make me weep;
How sharper than zo serpent's tooth day say
It is to have a boy, or girl, mauvais!
But, Sacre bleu, 'tis zo much greater pest,
Ze thankless bad Attorney General West.

Scootle.—Go on, old Georgy, let us hear you out.

Cartier.—Well, then, I will, but what was I about?
"Oh oui! zo Queen ask me if I forgot
Old "Thirty-seven," when I cant my lot
Along with rebels whom I rashly led;
Till zo big sum was offered for my head?
'Tis true; I weeps my illog to own it too,
But since I've got in office I'm more true;
I've learned at last to know the time of day—
Rebellion's very bad and doesn't pay.
I've got a dozen hundred reasons now and more
For giving all that wicked treason o'er.
She then impose as penance for my sin,
That I should urge (do stop that drunken din)
Ze Royal decision on you, spite of fate
Or never more pick bone on royal plate;

So "Ottawa and Windsor" be the cry
By which zo Government shall live or die;
What'or they ask those woly men of law,
Have but a single answer—"Ottawa."

Scootle.—No my dear Georgy, I can't stomach that,
I'd sooner leave the Cabinet, than'this flat.

Smith.—Now, you, don't be cantankerous; 'twont do
Sich tricks aint to be stood by e'en from you—
Cartier's quite right,—how ugly you have got;
I suppose you're kind of rited a bit, Scootle.
Cool off, old Public Works, for peace or war;
'Lo! about like all possessed for Ottawa.

Macdonald.—(Wakes up)—

'Tis now, at least if I can see aright,
The witching hour of half-past midnight,
When poets sleep and drunken rowdies brawl,
And some there are too drunk to shout at all:
Now could I do, what rascal couldn't I do?
To Brown, McGee and all the British crew,
The roaring traitors: Soft, now, to Sir Edmund,
Perhaps I'll stir him up a bit; and make
Him send the House about its business,
Who can tell! Well Cartier, what's the row,
I thought I heard a muss kicked up just now?

Cartier.—It's only Scootle kicking o'er the traces,
He seems to think he keeps us in our places,
I gave zo policy "the Queen's decision,"
By gar, he treats it avee great derision.

Scootle.—John A. I did, the truth I'll not be biding,
I think such stuff is only worth deriding
Rather than be again the old scape goat
I'll quit you all and don a browner coat;
Where will you be when I give you the slip?
Answer me that, and drop your curling lip.

Macdonald.—Well, be it zo I care not—not a rap,
If you're prepared to lose your share of pap,
Resign your office, sir, if that's your mind;
Cross the Assembly, sir, and go it blind.

Smith.—Nuff said, it wouldn't be much loss,
Give him his walking ticket now, old boss;
Nottin' shall hinder what we've got a mind to,
And that, I guess, Scootle 'll find too.

Scootle.—You are resolved then? oh you senseless muffs,
Have you forgot those terrible rebuffs
You got last session, and forgot the way
We pledged ourselves on this the other day.
Enough of this; my day of peace is o'er,
And I shall sip its pleasant sweets no more,
My share of pap is stumped; O, noo'for ever,
Farwell twelve hundred pounds; farewell to tricks;
Farwell the purchased votes, the *cageurs* all,
That make a fool of virtue, O farwell!
Farwell, the braying ass and the scraped desk,
The member's pony whistle and the letter clip,
The noisy Powell and all the train
Of quorks and bribes of our administration;
And oh you Grand Trunk engines in whose cause,
I've often unaged truth to counterfeit,
Farwell! poor Scootle's occupation's gone.

(Sings agonizingly, *spifantic*.)

When their tongues and other lings,
Your spouting stories tell,
In tones less scrupulous, perhaps,
I know they'll suit you well.
When once the Coon my place shall fill,
Or Ferres here shall be,
In such an hour, I'll take good care
That you'll remember me.

When Brown and Foley rule the roast,
And I their cause embrace,
Perhaps the thought may cut you up,
When they shall fill your place.
When Cartier's power is shattered all,
And Galt shall withered be,
In such an hour, I'll take good care
That you'll remember me.

Smith starts to an operatic air:—

You'd better go back, old boy in a crack,
To St. Hyacinth, once more,
You've lost your place, so back in disgrace,
To St. Hyacinth; once more.

Scootle exit wildly;—Tableau—Galt and Ross are asleep; Cartier throws up his hands melodramatically,—Smith sits back in his chair with his legs on the table and puffs his cigar; Macdonald pledges his colleagues from the wassail bowl, and curtain falls.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

DEAR FRIENDS,—We wish that we had a thousand hands that we might shake hands with you all, and can we forbear also from repeating the wish that the dear ladies had but one mouth that we might kiss them all? We do not mean to make a speech or deliver an address on this occasion. We are rather inclined to be censorious.

New Year's day is an occasion in which custom allows great license to the young and old of both sexes. But there is a boundary line that must not be overstepped. Therefore we charge ye, all ye old men—disturb not the harmony of pleasant visits by remaining at home all day. Be gone, make yourselves scarce and do what you like, but do not obstruct yourselves where it is evident you are not wanted.

And ye old women, ye hard-hearted mothers and cruel aunts, take care how ye conduct yourselves on this day. If the ladies are kissed—and such things do occasionally happen—you must not see it. If sweet things are said, be deaf and heed them not.

And oh ye, young ladies—ye who are a source of the greatest joy to us, take heed to what ye say; Do not let any impatient or rude fellow come near you; if such call, and call they will, treat them as they deserve. Neither do you allow your most intimate friend to kiss you more than once, and then, after a good proference at resistance. We need not tell you not to take too much wine; your good taste will guard you in that particular. What more we have have to say may be summed up in this—do not offer any gentleman coffee, it is an abomination.

And now, ye young men—ye who will drive fast horses, and luxuriate in neat cutters on this great occasion, take care what you are about. Do not be extravagant. Eschew dullness. Avoid making asses of yourselves. Visit every lady you know—but do not drink too much wine, nor let your horses run away—for in such cases you will be invariably laughed at.

Complete Letter Writer.

—Just published, A Complete Political Letter Writer in a perfectly original style for the use of young beginners; with perfect instructions in the art of abuse by Rev. E. Ryerson, D.D. References kindly permitted to Rev. Mr. Bruyere, Geo. Brown, &c., &c.

N.B.—Although the author is a clergyman, a proper regard to worldly tactics is observed and a profusion of slashing Christian epithets introduced in telling places. The writer will not be responsible for any dislocation of the jaws caused by reading unweidly sentences or endless parentheses. The Pot calling the Kettle Black.

—The *Globe* of Thursday calling the Ministerial organs to order for using strong language.

The Greatest Event of the Year.

—The Birth of THE GRUMBLER.

The Chief Commissioner of Public Works has suddenly undergone a complete metamorphosis into Mr. Sicotte. So thorough is the transformation that you cannot trace a single point of similarity between them. The men who loathed the Commissioner are enamoured of Mr. Sicotte, and those who were perfectly satisfied with the former, have discovered no end of flaws in the latter. Mr. Commissioner Sicotte was three days ago a paragon of a statesman, a Bayard in manners, and a Burke in genius; but the Mr. Sicotte of to-day is a perfect failure; the *Leader* measures his merits, points out his failings, and gauges his entire capacity with all the nonchalance of an excise officer. The *Globe* on the other hand which has been abusing him ever since he entered the Government as little better than a Judas, who had betrayed his country for the spoils of office, now makes an injured Samson of him, and while deploring his fall, gloats over the idea that the ark of Dagon and all the Philistines must perish with him. Will anybody tell us the meaning of all this? Has Mr. Sicotte really become an incapable in a single day? A sage and a philosopher last week, a disgraced abortion to-day. Yesterday the author of that wise and necessary masterpiece of legislation, the fishery bill, now solely responsible for a miserable failure, the same fishery bill. Yesterday had anybody dared to insinuate that the Commissioner was not as clever as some considered him, that he was arrogant and self-sufficient; the *Leader* would have branded the slander as little else than profanity; now all these drawbacks deform the character of Mr. Sicotte. The Commissioner of Public Works was immaculate, but Mr. Sicotte is no better than he should be. He might have been Commissioner till the crack o' doom, and never a speck would have been seen upon him, but the moment he becomes plain Louis Victor Sicotte, he becomes singularly deformed and faulty.

He might have been as great a cipher as the rest of his colleagues, as incapable as Alley, as ignorant as Smith, as crotchety as Cartier, but the *Leader* would have made a saint of him; the celebration of his departmental diligence, his masterly strokes of policy would only have ceased with the pap that inspired them. Break the charm and all is over: treason to Cartier pollutes the fairest heart and tarnishes the brightest talents. Sicotte's name to which Dian's visage was not a circumstance in point of "freshness" is now "begrimed and black" as Othello's face. With the *Globe* again things have taken the opposite turn. In this country every man's reputation, and it would seem even his talents, are always on the see-saw; now they come up with the Grits, and down with the Moderates, again they are up with the Moderates and down they drop with the Grits. It is not "in ourselves that we are thus and thus," it's just as the exigencies of party warfare make us or as the hirling pencil depicts us, and we have neither talents nor honesty nor aught else except as we receive them on the papers we feed to sing our praises. So now we find an appropriate niche reserved for Mr. Sicotte in the Grit

Pantheon, from which the Commissioner of Public Works would have been repelled with scorn. And instead of the miserable charlatan and pretentious lumbag, he is if not in the highest circle clearly one of the *dii minorum gentium* in the Globular Olympus. Who would't be a politician in Canada to be so properly appreciated? Who would think of hinting that such a course as this is utterly degrading to the press and unworthy of the country? The man who considers that politics in this country are anything better than a series of blackenings and whitewashings is far in the rear of this enlightened age. We have got beyond the weakness of estimating a man upon his merits; we gauge him by his party worth; the moment he has served that purpose we strip him of his factitious value; crop him close, deprive him of his good name and let him loose among your enemies without a shred of ability or a rag of character left to cover him. Honest, honest politics! no wonder that Dr. Ryerson and all the parsons cannot cleanse the filthy slough.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

In a few days will be seen what the new City Council will be composed of. It may be that we shall have a worse Council than at present—though that is well nigh impossible. Very probably we shall have a Council composed of honest men, and gentle ones to boot. The by-law which excludes tavern and saloon keepers, and such gentry, may have the effect of keeping out a bad class of men, but we hope that the free and independent electors will not put in a worse class. As a general rule, we advise those exercising the franchise, to vote for no man who has been dishonest in his private transactions—for such a one will invariably turn out a public chiseller the very first opportunity he gets. We would also say—do not vote for a man whose knowledge of English grammar is not equal to that of a school boy emerging out of pot-hooks and hangers—for such a one will be sure to disgrace your Ward in particular, and the whole Council in general.

As to the Mayor, there are three candidates. Our advice to the public is, that they vote for the best. Vote for the man whose honesty has never been impugned, whose general character is above reproach. If such an one cannot be found among the candidates—and we have pleasure in saying we doubt it—vote for the man who has done least harm, and who is likely to do most good—such is the sage advice which we hesitate not to give in the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine.

Not so bad as we seem.

We are glad to inform our readers that what really seemed very like old fashioned impudence in Mr. J. G. Bowes is really very praiseworthy. He is desirous to be Mayor in order that he may save money enough to pay the money he did dingle the city out of a few years ago. a chance.

ELECTION ADDRESS.

We give one of the candidates for the Mayoralty distinction. We insert his address in our editorial columns gratis; we only extend our courtesy so far in consideration of our high sense of the sublimity of his presumption and impudence.

To the Electors of the City of Toronto: GENTLEMEN,

When my name was brought before you at the nomination it was only one of my jokes, but now my friends insist upon my standing. I do so much against my will, not that my modesty troubles me, but because my conscience smites me rather sorely. As this is the eleventh hour, I cannot attempt to explain a lengthy platform; the platform I stand on is rather broad than long—it is the platform of self interest, and if I can only get enough of fools to unite with the knaves, I shall get in.

If I should be returned, I will do my best to reduce the taxes by rendering the unproductive property (I give in payment of my debt to the city) productive. Having pledged myself to refund £4,000 which the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council have decided, I look from you wrongfully, I have a vital interest in the affairs of the city.

The strict impartiality which marked my course, and "the want of candour" and the £10,000 job combined, will no doubt be remembered. I have always found that the honest fool runs the worst chance of preferment, and that he only can gain the favour of his citizens who abuses the trust conferred upon him,

I am, &c., J. G. BRAUN.

THE POST OFFICE CLERKS.

The cross and cranky manner in which the editor of the *Leader* attacked the Board of Trade for memorializing the Governor General to close the Post Office at six o'clock, p. m., instead of seven, is the greatest indiscretion that gentlemen has been guilty of in his public career for some time past. The very small soul which the editor thus shows himself the possessor of—not larger, we think, than a cheese mitre two seconds old—has leaked out on more occasions than one. Some time ago he exhibited the same spirit when some drapers' assistants started an early closing association; and not content with advancing several absurd arguments relative to public convenience, he had the impudence to impute base motives to the originators of the scheme. Now he is again ridiculing the good intentions of the Board of Trade, and singing a vicious psalm over the failure of the movement. We hate every action that appears contemptibly small; and it pains us to class this action of the *Leader's* as the smallest of the small. If the *Colonist* had thus acted we should not have been surprised.

The "Fern" and "Olympic."

"Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil," is a trite and true remark. It is surely bad enough that disreputable tavern-keepers must ply their trade in the byways of our city without intruding themselves on our best streets. Toronto cannot boast of two King streets; therefore the one that is should be kept clear of such dens

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 weo 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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