

A WORD TO THE UN-WISE.

To Ald. Carr, President, &c.,—

MOST PUSSANT DIGNITARY.—You are an honor to the body over which you preside. To say nothing of the immaculate ebokor or the unspotted handkerchief you boast, your delicate *personnel* and unimpeachable grammar admirably adapt you for your present position. Were you a whit more polished or a bit more learned than you are, you would be unfit for the presidency of the Toronto City Council. A disciple of Chestorfield would be shocked by the frequent employment of the "lie" in your Corporation; you have just that negative degree of delicacy which admits of hearing decency outraged without moving a muscle. Had you been a very ardent disciple of Lindley Murray, your nerves might frequently have been perturbed, but as it is the Queen's English is massaged within your hearing without causing you one shudder of disgust. The *gentlema*, whose place you are at present warming, is insulted weekly by the grossest and most senseless men who ever disgraced the civic board; and yet his warning-pan swelters in its place without one hiss of dissatisfaction or remonstrance. The Mayor may possibly vince under the degrading proposal to make him a petty poor-house steward. He may not relish the idea of being challenged by such contemptible creatures as Moodie, Fox or Strachan, to give an account of the wretched \$1,000 voted to him, but carefully begged by you. To yourself, however, these considerations have not presented themselves. You seem to be perfectly willing to act as the doler out of pounds of butter and pecks of potatoes, and furnish Councilman Conlin an account of the price you paid and the political soundness of the storekeeper from whom you purchased them. If the Mayor is merely the charitable trustee of the Corporation, he is surely accountable for the trust; and though you may not be over nice, I can fancy that *he* will not reish being made responsible for his thankless stewardship to such a set of beings as our present Corporation. Had you a spark of honorable feeling, you would not have sat silent under the contemptible insult offered to the first elected Chief Magistrate of the city. What business is it of yours that Mr. Wilson is a Clear Grit? you were once one yourself. It is not so long since you found your way to the *Globe* office and screamed lustily for Brown. If you have found *material* reasons for the summer-sault you have taken; why wreak your masters' vengeance on an honest, unbribed member of Parliament?

The people of Toronto chose him as their representative when they knew he was a candidate for Parliamentary honors; they gave him a large majority over your nominee; what right have you or the tavern-keeping Alderman, John Smith, to do with his politics? Had you not better mind your own business? Let me give a little advice to yourself and your motley crew:—Try and get a respectable common school teacher to mend your grammar, and some monosyllabic word on etiquette to do the same service for your manners. Learn to purify your language; you will never be mistaken for gentlemen so long as "lie," "fool," "falschood," &c., form the staple of your discussions. Don't be vindictive to the old servants of the Corporation. The Mayor is above your wretched spite; Mr. Gurnett and the present efficient police force are unfortunately at your mercy. Use your power more kindly than a brood of tigers would. Don't abuse men who have no power to defend themselves; consider that the Deputy Chief has human feeling as well as stalwart arms, and the excitement of the one, when the safety-valve of speech is closed, may lead to the exertion of the others. A bore all don't drink a Mayor's champagne and make the air ring with reluctant *alieu*, and abuse him next week when he is five hundred miles away. Mend your ways, or you have of yet heard only a bit of the mind of

THE GRUMBLER.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

As a specimen of what our Legislators are doing for their salary we give a true report of one day's proceedings.

We do not deem it fair in the daily papers to garble and mis-report the discussions in the Assembly. The fact is that they are doing nothing but postpone and procrastinate, and the country ought to know it.

(Our own Telegraphic Despatches, 3½ accounts in advance of the *Globe*.)

QUEBEC, March 29.

The House piled in at about 3.

The Speaker after brushing his wig, adjusting his queue, and piling on agony with a paint brush, patted his bull-dog and took his seat in the House.

Hon. Mr. CAMERON presented a dirty half sheet of fools cap from Snotville in favor of "konstitooshumal changes, and sum joint authority." (Mr. Brown) exultingly "Aha! and still they come.

Mr. J. A. McDONALD moved the second reading of the Anti-peg-top and general snobbing abolition Bill.

Mr. Brown denounced this hasty Legislation. Several of his constituents had prepared petitions against the bill, and he that day received a telegraph from the Duke of McIntyre urging delay. Desider the last fashions were not yet laid on the table.

Mr. J. A. McDONALD.—Well, postpone.

Mr. FOLEY desired to introduce a Bill to facilitate the consumption of lager beer and to abolish expectation.

Mr. CARTER, (in a saw-sharpening tone), it is well known—that the Honorable Member—represents a Dutch constituency—and of course he desires to aid the brewers of the liquor—he have referre to, but I am in no hurry—I had not any lager—ven I was in de Windsor—and I must see—if de Prince of Wales will drink it. I will write to Newcastle, and in de meantime the Bill must be put off.

Mr. J. A. McDONALD had no objection to the other object of the bill; any one who saw the state of the other side of the House after a debate, would see its propriety.

Mr. WILSON said something cutting, but we did not catch it.

PROCRASTINATED.

Mr. SIDNEY SMITH, moved for a committee to investigate the systems of ballooning at present in vogue with a view to a new system of mail service. Mr. Robinson said he had several communications from Bob Moodie, the Charles Green of America and he desired some delay. As soon as Moodie was prepared to give him an opinion, he would vote for this measure.

SHOVED OFF.

Mr. GOWAN said the measure he was about to introduce would commend itself to the good sense of the country. (He always says that Ed. G.) He begged to move the first reading of the Anti-Washing Board and general laundry regulation bill.

Mr. GALT said he hoped that his honorable friend would consent to a postponement. This was a matter which might refer to the revenue, indeed he was not sure but it might interfere with the domestic economy of His Excellency; he certainly thought he had seen the Vice-regal Biddy stooping over one of the very articles his hon. friend desired to abolish. He himself would shortly introduce a bill for the management of Biddies and other birds of prey, and the Hon. gentlemen would find that he had not over looked soft-soap.

SUBVED.

The House then went into the usual convention

and joint authority discussion, where they let fly all their superfluous talk. During this useless debate, our reporter fell asleep and the House adjourned and left him snoring in the gallery,

AD BACCHUM.

Quo ma Bacche, rapis tui.—HORACE.

Oh! Bacchus, you jolly old coon,
Whither now do you want me to go.
I really think I shall soon
Tumble over and lie in the snow.

Who placed these hanged lamp-posts so near,
Gloating out at the fellows that pass,
They think that I've taken some beer,
Well—perhaps—I have had—just a glass.

These lamp-posts they run against me;
All the curb-stones are out of their place.
I'd like now to start up a glee,
But my hat will fall over my face.

I'd sing now what never was sung,
Something new, by the way, in this town.
Oh! I wish that my lyre was strung,
And I'd soon let you have a break-down.

But, Bacchus, as long as I'm here,
Be assured that I'll stick to your side.
I'll never surrender my beer
'Till I've lost both my money and pride.

A Nice Point.

—We wonder would the courts hold that "pointed remarks" come within the meaning of "deadly weapons," as described in Col. Prince's late Act.

Retaliation.

—Mr. Atkins intends moving an amendment to Mr. Brown's Sunday-labor Bill, in order to retaliate on Col. Playfair, to the effect that an exceedingly heavy fine be imposed for *dancing and ball-going* on Sunday. Magistrates to have summary jurisdiction in the matter.

We hope that evasion or equivocation will not be able to defeat the object of this amendment.

Advice.

—We think that a resolution should be at once passed in the Toronto City Council to this effect: "That Alderman Bob Moodie, and Jim Smith, and Councilman Baxter, and Conlin, be a Committee to wait on the Prince of Wales, and present an address to him in the name of the Citizens. Also if necessary to shew H. R. H. and *suite* through our Institutions of learning, such as the University, &c.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

It is hardly necessary to state that the proprietors of the Terrapin Restaurant, MESSRS. CARLISE AND MCCOMBY, continue their efforts in catering for the public taste. They have at present a large supply of the best shell oysters, prairie fowl, and all the other delicacies of the season. Lunch is served daily from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m., in the best style and at the most reasonable rates. Their liquors are also of the choicest description, and any one who desires a quiet evening meal, and a good glass of beer, will be sure to find it at the Terrapin. Mr. Spooner, who occupies the cigar store in the Terrapin supplies the best pipes, cigars and tobacco, and will fully satisfy any who may patronize him: The whole establishment is a credit to Toronto, as well as to the proprietors.

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