

## DR. EYERSON ON PURE DOCTRINE.

There are some persons who, like a lively insect that must not be referred to in polite society, can never remain quiet, and among these may be reckoned the Rev. Superintendent of Education. He is like a high pressure steam boiler, always ready to burst unless he can be provided with a safety valve in the shape of a rostrum at a meeting, or the columns of a newspaper through which he can blow off. He seeks to overthrow the School System of Upper Canada, which he says he perfected at the top of a mountain in Switzerland. The Rev. Egerton used to be proud of the ranting which has now grown to be a full sized healthy chicken; but in order to please Bishop Lynch and to further the interests of another "sucking dove," he is ready to say—"Perish the school system; but sustain Victoria College." By supporting Separate Schools, he gains in return the help of His Lordship for the furtherance of Séctarian Colleges. On this question the "learned" Superintendent and the Editor of the *Globe* have had many a tilt, and he loses no opportunity of firing a shot whenever he can at the big daily. The other night, instead of being in the St. Lawrence Hall, standing forth in behalf of his school system, he was quietly ensconced on a platform at a tea-meeting in one of the Wesleyan Churches. Being asked to give his "experience," he arose and treated the audience to an account of "What a good boy I have been since I was 14 years of age." Speaking of Toronto, he took a fling at the *Globe*, by telling the audience that a little Methodist Church had stood at one time on the lot now occupied by the *Globe* office, and that at that time purer doctrine was expounded in the little building than now emanated from the premises. The *Globe* in noticing the speech says the remark was received with "applause drowned by hisses." Egerton must be careful; it appears that even his brethren, the Wesleyans, will not allow him to abuse the *Globe*.

## A TORONTO GRIEVANCE.

The GRUMBLER is an ardent admirer of the fair sex, but like all ardent admirers, is naturally jealous, and J. G. B. is the cause. What right has a Gray Mayor to be selected by the young ladies "to do the honours," as the *Globe* has it, on all occasions "for the young ladies." Can no young gent, with his hair parted down the middle, fashionable peg top, pea jacket, and pork pie hat, be found to muster courage to make a speech for the ladies? The GRUMBLER knows the Mayor has a "persuading" tongue that would coax a hen off her nest, but he would not take the eggs; and as he smiles so blandly on the young ladies, and looks so cunningly through the meshes of their veils, the secret leaks out, and they all declare that His Worship is just the man to do the "blarney" in presenting the prizes to the fair skaters at the "Victoria," or hand the gold-headed cane to that gallant Scotchman and Master of Ceremonies, Sandy McPherson, on behalf of the pretty girls of the Toronto Skating Ring, who subscribed it out of their pin-money. May their purses always be replenished by Pa

without a grumble. But the GRUMBLER is weary from the grievance. Come forth, oh young man with silver-tongued oratory and glossy ringlets, and topple the Gray Mayor from the pedestal.

## A FRIENDLY CALL.

Mr. Grumbler viewed the street through the window of his magnificent but unknown and undiscoverable establishment, and perceived an individual of unusual appearance advancing rapidly towards him. Unusual, but unforgotten, for with his usual acuteness, Mr. Grumbler at once recognized in the swallow-tail, the striped pants, the straps, the high collar, the old style beaver, the big seals and chain, and the astute yet jovial countenance of his old friend Mr. Samuel Slick, who, in his usual easy manner sprung through the window, laid down his umbrella, shook hands with Mr. G., mixed himself a glass of brandy and water, and was sitting in front of the fire with his heels on the mantelpiece, within 23 seconds by Mr. G.'s chronometer.

"My dear Mr. Slick," said that gentleman, "I am delighted at this opportunity of reliable intelligence from your side of the lakes."

"Wall," replied Mr. S., "no soft sawder; that's my line, I know its vally. As to our universal nation, I must say they air in a most considerable teetotal eyelastin fix, which fix a certain clockmaker professed years ago.

"For the sake of your nation, I regret your opinion," said Mr. G., "as it is likely to be correct."

"Sawder agin," said the clockmaker. "But look here, the onekaled North has subdued the larnal rebellious cusses twenty times, but I calculate the power of man is limited, and he can't change the natur of things. Our enlightend citizens air allowed to be the bravest men on the face of the airth, and they have fit enough in this war to lick sixteen Europes', Asias' and Afrikers, and all the Southerners into the bargain, but at every point they cum to a dead hitch, on account of one of their own peculiar superiorities."

"Is it possible?" said his auditor.

"Sarten," said Mr. S. "Look here now, is one of our free men to enter an army to resign all freedom? Is any officer in creation to steal his birbright, to deprive him of his individual will, to tell him that he shall no longer whittle sticks, drink rum, read papers, chew and smoke, when and where he likes; to order him through rivers, over plains, ker-slush through swamps; to tell him how to fight, when to fight, whar to fight, and when he has fit to tell him to do it agin? Is all this to be endured by free citizens? No, sir, it has not been endured, and never will be."

"I doubt, Mr. Slick," said his host, "that the reverses of your army are owing to the insubordination of which you speak."

"So I think," said the clockmaker. "I am considering now on it. I calculate I made this tour to consider it, and when I determine, I shall call. Good-by, old boss."

The clockmaker vanished.

## The Military Goose and the Ecclesiastical Gander.

The Commander of the Forces has had some experience of being besieged and half starved out, and naturally concluding that the cockneys of "London the less" required the presence of the troops to keep them alive, he coolly told them that unless they were ready to eat "humble pie," and apologise for their "Cornish" Mayor "Dowling" out the Major of the 63rd, that the troops would be marched elsewhere. The "Hero of Kara" and the Vestrymen of St. George's, Kingston, play the same game, the starving out plan—the shoulder-hit through the pockets. Sir Fenwick operates on the Londoners, and succeeds in bringing them down to their marrow bones in a twinkling; and forthwith the Vestry try the same dodge, and cut the Rector off with a shilling. What will be the measure of their success, remains to be seen; but what is sauce for the military goose should also be sauce for the ecclesiastical gander. Dr. Lauder, however, may be of tougher material than Hon. Mr. Goodhue and his two or three score of scared cockneys, and turn his own organ blower and pew opener to the baker's dozen who still adhere to St. George's and its Rector, and bow their necks down to the Bishop in the troubled "See of Ontario." We cannot, however, congratulate the hero of Kara on his victory, nor pity the Londoners on their defeat. Had a little more of the British spirit been infused among them, and had they told Sir Fenwick that they were sorry for what had occurred, but that after his impertinent and unmilitary letter no apology would be given, and that he might march his troops to Sandwich or Gaspe if he liked, they would have saved their own reputation, and taught the Nova Scotian commander a lesson that might have been useful to him in after-life. But what can be expected of a city of cockneys, and bogus ones at that.

## Skating Extraordinary—Outrageous Jobbery.

The quiet, unsuspecting citizens of Toronto are under the impression that the astute John G., Mayor of the city, leaves his comfortable fireside to take part in skating carnivals out of pure good nature, or *pro bono publico*. THE GRUMBLER pities such verdant specimens of humanity, and would gladly leave them to the enjoyment of their innocent "speculation," and not disturb the quietness of their dream. But he feels he has public as well as private duties to perform, and he therefore informs the citizens that all this seeming good nature of the Mayor is only the cloak for a deep laid scheme on the rights, liberties, and pockets of the citizens, old and young, lame and lazy. It is reported in dark and mysterious circles that His Worship, "the father of chisellers," A. M.—n—g, the "prentice John G.—ty, and our facetious contemporary of the *Padlock*, have all laid their heads together to perpetrate one grand and magnificent job. When the frost sets in next Winter, M.—n—g and his "prentice will go to work and put gates at the junctions of the principal streets, the streets will be flooded, and all who come out on business and pleasur will require to skate along Josey. It has been given out that the building next the *Padlock* is for the reception of "Birmingham ware." Another delusion of the enemy, for "Birmingham ware" read "Skates." The Mayor has an interest in both contracts. Rate payers of Toronto do your duty at next election, and effectually stop this "outrageous jobbery."