

LAMENT OF COUNCILMAN CARROLL.

An—Irish Cry.

Oh sad is my heart,
For that fence has departed,
In the place where it stood,
I now see it not.
I weep for its loss,
For 'twas it that imparted
A value so large
To my steam mill and lot.

Oh why raise my hopes,
When so little expected;
Oh why run a street
From the spot to my mill,
Oh why was a fence
There so boldly erected,
Unless they intended
To keep it there still.

Oh could they not think
Of the value decreasing;
The value of all
House, steam-mill and lot;
'Twas just at the time
I thought 'twas increasing,
That by this removal,
It all went to pot.

TURNSTILES.

The suggestion that turnstiles should be placed in the College Avenue, for the convenience of pedestrians living in streets leading to it is a good one. Every facility should be given to our citizens to enjoy themselves in this beautiful pleasure ground. But no carriage road must be cut through the avenue. If one road is allowed to be made across it, in a short time there will be half a dozen; and then farewell to the beautiful avenue. Therefore, let there be no finching on the part of our citizens. By all means let there be convenient entrances at the head of every street for foot passengers but let us have no roads—no unsightly gates—no mutilation of the Avenue. Let but our citizens be unanimous in their demands, and the schemes of the jobbing, tasteless, gentlemen of the council will soon be brought to naught.

The calling of a public meeting of our citizens in the St. Lawrence Hall, which we advocate in another column, is a good and a proper course. Let a requisition be immediately got up signed by every man of taste and feeling in the city, calling on the Mayor to call this public meeting, and then let the matter be well ventilated. It is expected that our leading, professional men, our merchants, and our respectable citizens generally, who are never backward to stand up for the public rights, will take a prominent part at the meeting, and set the matter for ever at rest by such a manifestation as will strike terror into the hearts of the barbarians of the Council.

Information for Mr. Alderman Thmith.

We beg very humbly to inform Nither Alderman Thmith, that THE GRUBBER hath not changed hand nor become a Minibterial sheet—we have not discovered anything particularly invitin in the polity of the Moderathe, or the "great conthervative party" to induth uth to change our courth and enter the rankth of minibterial journalithm, when we do, we shall immediately inform the worthy Alderman of Thait Johnth. Thortainly wo thall.

COLLEGE AVENUE.

The gates are removed. But the half is not accomplished yet. Baffled in their wicked scheme to erect gates across the most beautiful avenue on the Continent of America, the vandals of the Council now seek to make a carriage way across the avenue, sixteen feet wide, the insulting gates to be placed at the side and not across the avenue. This piece of Gothic barbarism must not be allowed. The public, at whose command the gates were removed, must preserve the avenue entire. Allow but this carriage way to be cut across the avenue; and it is destroyed for ever. The public have to fight the battle now. They must fight it with vigour. Alderman Ewart has come on the scene—a determined enemy to all that is good and beautiful, and insists that the avenue must be destroyed. A carriage way sixteen feet wide must be cut across it, the beautiful trees must be cut down—the fair walk destroyed—the public be grossly insulted, and all because Alderman Ewart is deficient, we will not say in common honesty, but in common taste.

There is little time left to the public for action—they must make the most of it. If gates are erected in the avenue, contrary to the declared wish of the people of Toronto, let them be torn down.—Down with them, and down with the base, selfish hirelings, who presume to set themselves in array against the public. Is it not beyond all patience, that when the public—the public who send those people to the Council board to guard their right—say that the avenue must be preserved in its beauty an fit is entirely—that it shall continue to the glory, and the boast of Toronto—that it shall be the bright spot to which the hard working mechanic, and the rich man in his coach may alike repair to enjoy fresh air, and delightful scenery—is it not monstrous we say, that in view of all this, a few ignorant, pettifogging ignoramuses shall dare, for motives the most base and unworthy, to declare that the avenue shall be destroyed—that its beauties shall be ravished—that the public shall be slighted, scorned and spit upon, that their wishes, their prayers, their entreaties, and commands shall be despised.

How is this contemptible, jobbing, ignorant clique to be put down? The public say, the avenue must not be cut up. The hounds of the corporation say the avenue must be cut up. What is to be done? Is the public voice to be heard in the matter? A public meeting of the inhabitants of Toronto should be at once called in the St. Lawrence Hall, and there the most influential men in our community should come forward and openly declare that, despite the Council, the avenue must not be touched. Our merchants, our professional men, our mechanics should at once come forward, and unanimously declare that not a twig must be bent, not a sod turned of the best birth-right and most beautiful avenue in America. What are our legislative representatives about? Why does not J. B. Robinson, that lover of all outside exercise and manly recreation, come forward, and make his constituents a present of his eloquence on this subject. Where is George Brown? Is he afraid to offend his reform corporation? Is he timorous of giving offence to the ungodly wretches who raise their brazen faces against

public opinion, and in whining accents seek to bully us out of our birth right?

In conclusion, we advise the council to give up their iniquitous proceeding. If they proceed in it, —if the College Avenue is cut up,—destroyed and mutilated by carriage roads, against the declared wishes of the people, they will suffer for it. They shrink from the chastisement they have already received, they cringe under the lash now,—but this is only the beginning of their sorrow. If they are not called upon to resign now, it is for motives of public convenience; but at the next election the College Avenue will be made a test question, and then each and all of the vile, uneducated crew will be kicked to their unhappy homes with every mark of contempt and hate.

We might have dwelt on the trickery, the detestable knavery displayed by Alderman Ewart's motion. He wants a carriage way sixteen feet wide, forsooth. Pahaw! Why not say at once that he wants to make a street across the Avenue. Those who can afford to drive in carriages can also afford to drive down to Queen street,—a drive of about one minute's duration. One minute,—and to save this much of a drive, the best Avenue in America is to be defiled, contrary to the wishes of fifty thousand people! Ald. Ewart's motion is most flimsy and most contemptible.

PRESENTATION TO CAPTAIN MOODIE

Yesterday evening a large number of the Friends of Captain Moodie, assembled at the "Bear and Turtle," for the purpose of presenting him with a beautiful walking stick, made of one of the rails of the College Avenue fence, as an appropriate testimony of their appreciation of his endeavors to have that unsightly obstruction removed. Mr. _____ made the presentation with the following speech:—

Captain Robert Moodie, Sir,—We are men of few words, we assemble here this evening to testify our appreciation of your character as a stickler for our rights, by presenting you with a walking stick, made from a rail of that fence which has been the source of so much railing. We ask you to accept it, with our best wishes. We trust that never through life may the avenues of your reason be fenced in by bigotry, nor your principles, through selfish motives, be induced to take the wrong gate. That you will ever abhor the sight of the honorable post of guardian of our rights, nailed by disgrace and clinched in infamy, by being sunk in the post holes of corruption. And, Sir, when you remove beyond the pailing of life, and have no more a stake in the world, we sincerely hope your path may be through unobstructed avenues of bliss to boundless parks of delight.

The delivery of this speech was followed by rounds of cheers. The Captain then briefly replied, mentioning, "that he was glad to see his friends stick by him, and that he would always be opposed to all fences, except—as his friend Lemon John observed—*de fence ob his rights.*"

Fa'se.

—It is rumoured, though we know not what truth, that the indignation of Ogle R. Gowan against the city council was not because they erected a fence across the Avenue, but that they painted it green.