

## THE COLLEGE BOY'S COMPLAINT.

Respectfully dedicated to the Senate of the University of Toronto by the boys of Upper Canada College.

Cheerily ring the voices of spring,  
O'er the shrill cool April blast;  
The birds twitter forth their opening hymn,  
And the leaflets are opening fast.  
'Tis the dusky pine, in a dying blue,  
Old Winter his death dirge sings,  
But no merry shout of boyish glee  
From the walls of the College rings.

The beavers peep from their wintry sleep,  
The beetle drowns out its mid-th,  
And the trees hum on their gurb of green  
To gladden the wakening earth.  
Joyous and free in its fresh spring glew,  
Chirps even the meek little cricket;  
But an acre of mud is all we can get,  
For the bat, the ball, and the violet.

W'd a verdant lawn in the times agone,  
Where we gambol'd and played at our ease,  
Till our old play-ground was ruthlessly spoiled  
By that odious senate's decree.  
The dear old spot must in silence rot,  
Or in building lots be sold.  
Oh, it galls our hearts as we sit to think,  
On the good lost times of old.

E'en the squirrel now, from bough to bough,  
In its joyous gymnastics may spring,  
But o'er a swing, a bar, or a pole,  
From the senate can college boys wing.  
'Tis the time has been, in summer's sheen,  
Many hours we sported away,  
But an all flagstaff in a desert of mud,  
In all that is left us to-day.

"All work and no play" is as bad, sure, to-day,  
As when you, old griffins, were boys;  
Our play-ground give back with its coating of grass,  
And hurrah! for our old college joy.  
And this we can tell, we shall travel as well  
On the Hawthorn pathway of knowledge,  
If you give a free rein to the playhour sport  
Of the pupils of old U. C. College.

Cheerily ring the voices of spring  
O'er the shrill cool April blast;  
The birds twitter forth their opening hymn,  
And the sternness of winter is past.  
In the old play-ground, let our voices resound,  
At old British cricket once more,  
And with bats as with books, we'll beat all the world,  
As we did in the good days of yore.

## OUR CORPORATION BLOWERS.

The want of space and time last week, prevented us from remarking upon the misdeeds of our unfortunate civic grannies, and as a consequence of our neglect, they have been getting themselves into a very amusing squabble. Now that the appointment of Mr. Brunel has really been made, it would ill-become us to say much—although having frequently had to talk severely to Mr. Brunel, and at times imagined he was rather slippery, yet on the whole we are rather pleased at the appointment. Certainly no one can understand the position and wants of the works of the city better, than Mr. Brunel, and as no one doubts his ability, we are disposed to give him a fair trial. If he will only observe two points, we think his success is certain—and these are to keep within bounds in his expenditure, and to treat with urbanity, persons of an inferior position who may have business with him.

The shelving of Mr. Brunel, has, however, created a great commotion in civic politics. Ald. Sheard, who evidently came into the council under the impression that he was commissioned with a supreme power to sweep corruption from the city govern-

ment, has seen fit to resign, and as a matter of course, Mr. Drummond, who had become his shadow, was compelled to do the same. Now that these two gentlemen are gone, our hope for the new Council is slight. There was always that in Ald. Sheard which inspired a sort of confidence in the Assembly, a something on which we could depend, that is utterly wanting in his absence. Then his manner was so pleasant; he was so gentle and lamb-like in his demeanor, and he was so easily persuaded to renounce any error when convinced he was wrong; so full of amiability and so liberal in his sentiments, talking so kindly and tenderly to the young fledglings in the council, and never imputing any improper motives to anybody, but always so manly and generous. Ah me, what we have lost—no one can tell. Of course, it is a certain fact, that the twenty-six gentlemen who remain, with the Mayor at their head, are nothing but "jobbers," and ready at any moment to sacrifice the interests of the city at the shrine of political partizanship. Now that Ald. Sheard has written it, in his exceedingly polite and general valodictory epistle, (which by the way, is a fair specimen of the man himself,) no one will venture to deny, that our city is placed at the mercy of a band of political robbers. What will become of us the future will only reveal. The wonder is, however, (that Mr. Sheard, who is so immaculate himself, did not remain to watch and check the prodigality of his colleagues, but we suppose the tender feelings of the good man would be distressed, and his principles contaminated by the associations which surrounded him. Had he imolated himself on the altar of purity, and remained in the Council to stem the tide of corruption, we are sure the citizens would have taken early occasion to testify their appreciation of his labors. As it is, we understand the electors of St. James' Ward intend presenting him with a leather medal. We would suggest as an inscription, the picture of a mule on one side, and a sulky child on the other.

And so the Avenue—the pride of the city—is to be cut in two, and Agnes Street continued across it. All hail to the erudite and classic Griffith for the noble stand he took in resisting the innovation; and as for Boxall, to whose efforts we may ascribe the success of the proposal, may cracked tin horns, milk pans and kettles be his doom for ever.

That excellent illustration of good nature, Mr. Ald. Ewart, is industriously engaged in the laborious avocations of his office, and a number of bills of immense importance will be introduced by him in a short time. It will only need one of his elaborate and eloquent addresses to convince even the Council of the utility of his measures.

We cannot conclude without congratulating the city on the accession to the Council of Mr. M. O. Cameron, who, seriously speaking, would be an ornament to any assembly. His ability, legal and otherwise, combined with his urbanity, are such as to ensure him a high position in the Council.

Thanks.

—We have to thank a number of our brethren of the press for many kind favors during the last few weeks. We can't do much in return beyond thanking them, but they can have the assurance that their kindness, which has cheered and encouraged us, will not be forgotten.

## PORTRAITS.

By a Blind Man in the Gallery.

JOHN A. McDONALD.

No. 2.

Some doubt exists as to the birth-place of the Hon. John A. McDonald; the general opinion being that he first saw the light on board an emigrant vessel bound to this country. This opinion is considerably strengthened by the fact that in all his public measures he has been at sea continually. Very little is known of his childhood, except that he graduated at Kingston—generally supposed to be at the Penitentiary—where he displayed his youthful genius by bilking all the basket women in the neighborhood who gave what is commonly known as "tic." At college our hero was generally accounted a young man of promise; which his subsequent career has fully borne out—inasmuch as the memory of man, according to the Grits, runneth not back to the time, when he did ought but "promise." The acquirements, which he attained, by his studies, may be briefly stated:—A love of good liquor, a taste for fun, a hearty contempt for discipline, the art of smoking, two black eyes, and the maledictions of the Professors.

With the useful stock in trade, the subject of our sketch commenced life, and soon won honorable distinction as a lawyer for the public, who are more generous and far-sighted than the Professors. His practice was extensive. All the "hard cases" of the Province were sent to him. So that it was no wonder that in a short time he found himself in Parliament, where, after undergoing various vicissitudes of fortune, he still remains, having attained to the position of Attorney General.

His appearance in the House is striking. His features are decidedly cute, and his hair looks quite knowing. His manner of walking shows that his understanding is decidedly weak, and the points of his boots turn up with an expression of cunning that there is no mistaking.

Barring his hair, one of the chief characteristics of John A.—which, by the way, is a corruption of John-ny (ee) is his brown coat. He is as fond of a brown coat as Phillip Vankoughnet is attached to old hats. Of course there is no denying that this peculiarity was adopted to spite Mr. Brown, the leader of the opposition.

Mr. McDonald is no orator, but, like Col. Prince, he is a savage old lion when provoked, and will not hesitate to send a man down to a very warm place in a debate, but he is so good-natured that immediately afterwards he will ask the same man "below" to take something hot. Of late the Attorney General has taken to cold water, which has considerably spoiled his usual sweet temper, and some people say that he has even gone so far as to take the "pledge." If so, we sincerely hope that he will make no distinction between his manner of keeping this "pledge" and all the other pledges.

No Relief.

—No action has yet been taken by Parliament for the relief of Mr. Davidson of Berlin, whose case was set forth in our last issue.