

COLLEGE AVENUE!

INTERFERENCE WITH THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS.

INDIGNATION MEETING!

AN ENRAGED POPULACE DEMAND JUSTICE!

GREAT EXCITEMENT!

FENCE TORN DOWN!!!

RIOT—MILITIA CALLED OUT!

BUGG Tarred and Feathered—WIMAN rode on a Rail!!!!

At an early hour on Thursday evening last, an immense number of the citizens of Toronto assembled in the College Avenue, to express their disapproval of the course of their civic representatives, properly called the *déform* council, in destroying their only public place of pleasure. Our reporter speaks of the demonstration as one most vehement and unmistakeable in its character. The meeting was loud in its denunciation of the infringement of their rights, and the gross barbaric taste which counselled such heathenish spoliation.

Bob Moodie—we scorn the blarney of His Worship the Mayor in calling him Captain—honest Bob, who always turns up in the right place, where the rights of the mechanic and the poor man are being threatened, was found at his post, opposing with his powerful influence this diabolical attempt to enrich Messrs. Carroll, Bugg, and Cameron at the expense of our children's health and pleasure. Messrs. John Wilson and George Platt, came from their homes in the east end, to raise their voices in condemnation of the ruthless destruction of that Avenue which for the past thirty-five years they have been accustomed to look upon as the noblest ornament of Toronto.

It speaks well for the voters of St. John's ward, who principally composed the assemblage that they resorted to no lawlessness, trusting to that glorious British feeling of moral influence, they have for a while given their Hottentot civic parents time to chew the bitter cud of reflection of their misdeeds in this particular; but there are some, and we confess to a slight taint of the disorder, who wish heartily they had not been so self-denying, but proceeded at once to the demolition of the obnoxious piling, and made the councillors who voted for its erection, perform equestrian feats on the rails. Tar and feathers are said to be excellent adjuncts to this kind of horsemanship and might be judiciously recommended.

Look out Councillors—Snooks is about. Beware!

CHISELS vs. QUILLS or MAUL vs. MORRIS.

We cut the following chip from last Monday's *Globe*. It is a portion of a letter composed by John Maul, one of the stone cutters engaged on the University Buildings. The writer seeks to vindicate the reputation of Canadian stone-cutters in general—

"I believe that those workmen at the University entrusted with the finer portions of the work were capable of working from the drawings furnished by the Architects. The only exceptions of which I am aware were in sculpturing the grotesque figures which ornament portions of the edifice, where the Clerk of the Works to whose urbanity and good nature I have much pleasure in testifying, sat for whole days in the required attitudes, in order that the carvers employed on them should have the advantage of studying from a living model."

Well done, thou good and faithful servant, thou unparalleled paragon of a Clerk of the Works! Not content with exercising a vigilant superintendence over all departments of your charge, and keeping a strict watch over those ambitious, epistolary, scribbleracious stone-cutters, you condescend to spur the grovelling Pegasus of the University sculptors by suspending your precious organism from certain precarious "portions of the edifice," and enable their imagination to wing its flight back to the mediæval ages of architecture, by creating your limbs from their natural posture of dignified repose, into the goblin grimaces and diabolical contortions which form the essence of the "Veritable Grotesque." Now for the first time do we begin to understand the semi-developed feeling of recognition which the dragons and owls and lizards of the cave-troughs excited in our bosoms, when we gazed upon them first. The stone-cutters could not help copying to some extent the expression of this model, and involuntarily deserted their pencilled plans to trace the features of this good-natured Clerk of the Works. The kindly visage of Mr. Morris peeps forth in them all, and reptiles and fiends lose half their ugliness by seeming to claim his soul and mind as their animating principle. Mr. Maul was a fool to let the cat out of the bag. Everybody used to speak of the remarkably pleasing effect produced by the creatures of his chisel, but soon they will know that the charm lies not in the genius of the sculptor, but in the artistic idiosyncrasies of Mr. Morris's physique.

Virtuous Indignation.

—At the indignation meeting held in the College Avenue, for the purpose of denouncing the scoundrels who voted for the construction of a road across the beautiful College Avenue, Mr. Simon Nichol is amongst other things represented to have asked—

Was there a married man present who had not a child or a wife,—was there a single man who had not got a sweet heart?—[laughter]—and he would like to know if there was a place in the city where those men could take their wives, their children, or their sweethearts except the College Avenue? [No no.] He said publicly and independently that the Avenue was an ornament to the working man and to the mechanic, and they ought to go as one man and put such imposition down. [Loud cheers.]

Hear, hear, and good honest cheers for Mr. Simon Nichol we say. He may not have expressed himself

as nicely as a finished orator, but he spoke good wholesome truths. There is no place in the city, or out of it either, where our wives and our sweet-hearts can enjoy such a pleasant walk as in the College Avenue. And Mr. Nichol but spoke the sentiments of every man in the city when he said the Avenue was an ornament to "the working man and the mechanic, and they ought to go as one man to put down such imposition."

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

In the list of toasts proposed at the Dinner given to John Cameron, Esq., M.P.P., in Victoria, we find the following significant words:—

"The Governor General.

"The Band—'O Carry me 'long.'

"The Ministry.

"The Band—'Take me 'way Gallop.'"

What Clear Grit could have arranged the music more appropriately? What song could express more truthfully the present sentiments of the tired out representative of vicereignty? Well might he wish to be carried back to old Virginny's shore, after his long and wearisome term of uncongenial labour amongst a people whom he could not appreciate, and who never could appreciate a fine old English gentleman like him. Then the Ministry! They must have their praises echoed in the "Take me 'way Gallop." Who is to take the Ministry away? Is it a messenger from above, or will the Province only get rid of them with the assistance of an individual with horns, who will call upon them in a tone of thunder, exhaling breath decidedly redolent of sulphur? or must we send the devil from THE GRUMBLER'S Office?

PUTTING ON AIRS.

We have been informed that three of Toronto's hopeful young law-clerks have lately been basking themselves in delicious sunshine in and about the classic regions of Niagara, passing themselves off as young noblemen [Heaven bless the mark!] recently arrived from England. Come out here to enjoy—aw the scenery—aw and have a crack at aw Buffalo. We trust that their *Lordships* were not *be-zard* by attentions, nor their delicate and refined feelings shocked by the coarseness of un-ophisticated rustics in Niagara District. The odour of a vulgaw clod-hopper has been known frequently to endanger the delicate organization of a nobleman's nasal nerves, and therefore we hope nothing wanting the requisite amount of Patchouly or Jockey Club, was allowed to approach their persons.

People of more democratic views have expressed opinions rather different, trusting that the young bucks were made to pay handsomely for their *viduant* honors, and well snubbed to boot.

Not wishing to be severe on their escapade, we withhold their names, but we advise their mammas and guardians to have a watchful eye over them in future and not allow them to go travelling to make fools of themselves, as everybody who has seen them here, knows they can do that well enough at home.