

## ADDRESS TO "THE UPPER CANADA POLE."

By the Editor of the Colonist.

What ye pole is,

All hail prodigious pole,  
Fine sample of our forest tree;  
Oo tho' Great Britain's flag urool  
Do we, and flaunt it to the breeze.

Ye position of ye pole.

We love your smooth unknotted trunk,  
Great standing stick of pine,  
Thou raisest thyself on high,  
In perpendicular line.

Ye love of foreigners as well as natives.

The mariner who sails the seas,  
Though from the Yankee shore,  
Doth equal with our farmer here  
Thy upright form adore.

The pole remindeth yo poet of his loss.

But when stripped of its native bark  
Thy naked form we see,  
We weep the loss, oh pretty pole,  
Of a goodly company.

When ye company have gone.

Of a goodly company of souls  
Who've gone away aalek,  
Down to the hills of bleak Quebec  
To never more come back.

Pole and post left to weep.

Aristocratic forms no more  
Of these we'll ever see,  
And Upper Canada now, poor pole,  
Is left to you and me.

## OLD DOUBLE IN SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

Alas! alas! the glory of Toronto has departed. With His Excellency's ball have vanished the prosperity and happiness of Toronto. The band which turned out the vice-regal gas put an extinguisher on the gaiety of Toronto, the crack of the last champagne bottle, the roll of the last carriage homeward from the ball were the knell of doom to our ill-fated city. *Old Double* rising next morning with fevered head and aching brain, shook off the effects of gubernatorial hock, and roused herself into that state of melancholy, which is the natural rebound from an immoderate flow of spirits. With what pathos the dear old lady writes. Were it not for her age, we could fancy she has already forgotten the defunct *Atlas*; and with a gaiety beyond her years, is seeking for a new alliance. She naturally feels sad that she can no longer figure in the vice-royal dance; that her be-rouged face will never allure the simple; and that she can never again chatter nonsense to illustrious ears through toothless jaws. No wonder that the removal of furniture which to younger mortals is a scene of activity, to her seems a *memento mori*, a promonition of approaching dissolution. To the young, death appears a probability, and generally a distant one to the infirm and doting, a certainty; and it is therefore no marvel that to *Old Double*, "the eyes of the dead in glazed vacancy" glare from the government offices. Let us hear a little of her jeremiad:—

"The British ensign which at Government House has waved

its breezy salutations to East and West, to tillores of the land and traders on the lake, to the Province, the vast West, and even the Republic that shares with us the use of our waters—that banner is 'to be transferred from the noble Upper Canada pole which has held it so high and so steady, to the spot where it was first planted when Canada was first heroically won.

What a shame that so gigantic a piece of hunting should be carried off from us in triumph. A flag like the one so gloriously described, should never be allowed to depart from Toronto. It is a curiosity which can ill be spared. We were not aware that we had an ensign which waved from the east to the far west, and even spread a fold or two over the Great Republic. It would be almost large enough for the Great Eastern. And what on earth is to become of "the noble Upper Canada pole" left in widowed solitude. We feel more concerned for it than for the ensign; we are ready to head a subscription list for a new flag for the deserted pole. Who will follow?

However, *Old Double* bends gracefully to the untoward stroke—and finds consolation in the fact that the people are not "sacrificed to rulers," and that the Governor General has condescended to submit to the necessity of having an extra overcoat to serve the interests of Canadians. Happy the people who have such a Head, happy the Governor who has so thankful a *Colonist*. Still *Old Double* feels "dejected." The removal of the pag-giving establishment is compared to "the amputation of a limb," and the dear old lady seems to fear that the milk of government kindness may congeal in the frozen atmosphere of Quebec.

"The resources which accompany a Government are foreign to us," the poor creature whines. The Inspector General's office has departed and the great heart which warms an organ into life is removed to the extremity of the Province. But sadness is the season for moralizing. There are no more Government balls, there is no more gaiety, so we can retrench. We cannot play the aristocrat any more, ergo "expensiveness of living" must cease. We must lapse into plebeians again. Canadian grey must take the place of black; white chokers may be banished and dining at six must not be indulged in again. We cannot glean a smile from the great, we must therefore snicker at each other, and thus in time even the *Colonist* may become respectable.

The stroke is great, but we must grin and bear it; and we can only hope that in our day of darkness and woe, we shall be succoured and commiserated by those around us. Let us not despair therefore; if the ensign has departed, we have still the pole, and in the sage advice of *Old Double*, if we can tolerate her twaddle and garrulity, we may be happy yet, even though courts and governors refuse to smile again.

## THE EXCHANGE NEWS ROOM.

We are sorry to see, from the small number who frequent the Exchange News Room, that the inducements offered by its manager, Mr. Anderson, meet with so inadequate a response. The reading room is more complete than it ever was before. The Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Hamilton, London, Buffalo, Oswego and New York dailies are regularly supplied. The London Times, Daily News, Illustrated News,

*Punch*, &c., besides the Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin and Liverpool papers of the latest dates, may always be seen on the table. Then we have the English Reviews, and to complete the list a large representation of our Provincial country papers. Now that the long winter evenings are approaching, we surely ought to expect a large accession to the list of subscribers. It is not for the sake of the manager we make this appeal, but because it speaks little for the credit of the city that a public institution like this, for it is, after all, a public one, should be so neglected. The terms are exceedingly liberal, and subscriptions are taken for a year, a quarter, a month, or a week. We appeal to the inhabitants of the city to make it a matter of duty to give the News Room a hearty support. Clerks and students who are unable to visit the room during the day, are allowed access to it in the evening at reduced rates. Here is an opportunity which we trust they will not be slow to avail themselves of, now that the nights are lengthening and out-door amusements are coming to an end. We leave it to the public spirit of the city to maintain this excellent enterprise.

## HEADS AND FEET.

The *Old Double* goeth into hysterics and mourneth over the removal of Sir Edmund Head to Quebec in the following novel and one might also say nonsensical manner in its issue of Tuesday.

"When a limb is amputated here, remain sensations as if its extremities were in the old place—it is long before the patient habitually realizes that its foot is gone."

That is to say, that when a foot is amputated—meaning thereby by an inexcusable figure of speech, the loss of Sir Edmund Head—the toes appear to remain in the old place. We cannot see the connection between the head and the feet—especially if an *Old Double* lays the case down, the feet are amputated, nor can we imagine, in carrying the allegory what class is meant by the toes, or extremities of the feet. The question also arises supposing *Old Double* to be right in thus attributing sensations to limbs amputated here, what sensations may be supposed to be attached to the amputation of limbs in some other place, say in Yorkville?

## Unprincipled Imposition.

—By a recent telegram we learn that Speaker Smith has been attempting to foist himself on the Grand Trunk Railway as the editor of the *Gambler*, with the view of saving a few paltry dollars for his scurry pocket. The enlightened ticket-seller to whom he presented himself, catechised him pretty closely, asking him various questions on the theoretical principles of Wit and Humour, and starting a pun to see if the illustrious impostor was capable of following it up. But Smith was nonplussed by the questions, and couldn't see the pun, much less could he follow it up. The official treated Smith to whiskey, and turned him out.