

HARD TIMES, OR NOTHING TO EAT.

At a certain time in a certain year,
There was plenty to eat and nothing to fear;
The farmer's crops had all sold very well,
And their price and their purses began to swell.
Money was plenty, and trade very brisk,
And towns and villages rose in a whisk.
For leagues and miles throughout the country,
You'd hardly suppose there was so much as one tree,
Or swamp, or forest; but all was villa,
Park and farm lots. You had to fill a
Few sheets of paper with street upon street,
And two or three stations where railroads should meet.
With a site for a market, a site for a pump,
And you sold off your wilderness all in a jump.
A. went to Dry Goods expecting to make
A respectable fortune in half a week;
While B. became grocer with views of retiring
In a fortnight or two; at the same time admiring
A one country house than which might count as snugger,
For a man who had thoughts beyond cheese, tea and sugar.
And how did this fortunate people behave?
Did they spend? did they lend? did they squander or save?
Why, of course, they expected good fortune would lead,
And like youthful Charles Edward they went it quite fast;
So that many a man considered worth twice,
Came at last to a most lugubrious exit.
There was a man who nameless shall be,
Say if you please, Mr. A., B., or C.,
With an unknown sum of the needful, say z,
(Now gone to the bottom amongst other wrecks)
Three daughters—Sapphira, Maria, and Ann,
Three sons—Poter James, Percy Thomas, and Dan;
His fortune was gained, we need not say how,
For a dollar is always a dollar for show.
By the good times inflated beyond moderation,
He launched into wild but gaudy speculation;
Successful in this, for the *beau monde* soon sighting,
A family mansion of course thought of buying;
And, making a diligent search up and down
Within a convenient distance from town,
He purchased an ample luxurious manor;
Adorned it with lawn, screen, and "forte-piano"—
English-plate was each mirror, fine damask each curtain.
And the "Brussels" went right to the attics, I'm certain.
(The men say, if he'd used a little more three-ply,
He would not have drawn on his banker so deeply.)
But that was not all, for, in this world of sinners,
There are no things so scarce as gratuitous dinners,
So our friend had to furnish his table in etate,
With wine-glasses, tumblers, decanter, and naplate,
For no miser must he be who strives to belong
To the graceful, capricious, delicious *beau monde*.
Our friend was successful so far as this went.
To send for invitations most cordial were sent.
The parvenu "look" and was voted of, ton,
The position he made was secure and was strong.
Meanwhile, what became of the sons and the daughters?
The daughters of course made their usual laughters
'Mong the swells, and upon the pocket paternal,
For they spared no expens on a spicy external.
The sons went it fast with dogs, horses, and women,
While for a short season affairs went on swimming;
But races, cigars, oyster suppers and drink,
Go on for a time, but soon drain off the clink.
For a very short time matters went on quite smooth,
While treacherous hopes the poor creditors soothe,
Of coming, when matters appear very bad,
Down on the purse of their opulent dad,
But the daddy in his own peculiar way,
'Sstead of putting by "brads" for a rainy day,
Goes on speculating, borrowing, spending,
In fact quite the converse of saving or lending.
Now the milliners, tailors, dry-goodsman and bakers,
Barkeepers, gunsmiths, billiard-makers, shoemakers,
Begin for their long promised money to hanker,
And wonder how *somebody* stands with his banker.
The creditors all, both butcher and grocer,
Respond to all orders with an obstinate "No Sir,
"We give no more "lick" not the worth of a pin,
"For the way you've behaved is a shame and a sin,
"We've given you credit for more than a year,
"And until you pay, nothing goes out of here."
From store to store in the dusk he strays,
And on each credulous tradesman preys,

And now some simple shop-keepers cajoles
Tuto trusting for bread or a few butter rolls.
But is it too late to turn and reform?
A little tight saving would weather the storm.
"No! No! I must keep my fair fame for a while,
"Wait just a month longer and fortune will smile.
"We must keep up appearances, hold our heads high,
"Keep our debts and creditors from the world's eye."
Thus matters go on, but no good luck arises,
Till they come at the last to a desperate crisis.
In come the accounts in a avalanche urgent,
While each creditor screams like a *sans-culotte* insurgent,
And soon there's a sheriff comes poking his nose in;
To say, not to visit, the *beau monde* new goes in,
An immense scarlet flag, torn out at the door,
And the "Brussels" is born from the drawing room floor.

MORAL.

But let no one imagine our sapient moral,
Is aimed at one person; 'tis meant indeed for ye all.
Ye all may be rich, ye all may be thriffliss;
Your own faults and follies may render you shiftless.
Seek not the *beau monde* till your fortune's well made,
And leave not the substance, to grasp at the shade.
Tho' you daily shake hands with the mobs and *cite*,
And the "upper crust" greet you with warmth in the
street;
"Upper crust" is poor feel when you're NOTHING TO EAT.

OPENING SPEECH.

The following is the speech which will be delivered by His Excellency at the opening of the Exhibition to-day. As it is uncertain whether Lord Napier will be present or not, the first part of the first paragraph, our readers will see, dexterously rides the fence:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Whether Lord Napier were here or not, the great object for which we are all met would still be accomplished. If he were here, it is good; and, as Charley Romain would say, if he weren't here it is gooder. Now, gentlemen, how the dickens, to use a mild expression before ladies, how did it happen that you allowed a blundering, ignorant fool named Horris or Chorris, or something of that sort—Norris, eh! thank you—to go to England as your envoy to entice Her Majesty the Queen out here; when the darned rascal—excuse me ladies; I'm excited—can not read or write. You must disown him, gentlemen, and be yourselves once more.

As to the purposes of the Exhibition, ladies and gentlemen, you know all about them; and those among you who do not had better learn as soon as possible, for ignorance, you know, is sin, and sin is damnation, and damnation is—ladies and gentlemen, do you know what that is? Very well then.

With these remarks, ladies—upon my honor, you do all look lovely to-day—and gentlemen, I pronounce this Exhibition to be open, although you all know very well that it was, in a certain sense of the word, open before and behind too, before I came here. Therefore, my friends, you need not open your mouths and stare that way any longer; but go and enjoy yourselves in the most convenient manner you can.

Shocking.

—What plank in the Crystal Palace gives it its greatest strength?
The Board of Arts and Manufactures.

Query.

—Why was the Nomination on Monday last like a well-known constellation?

Answer.—Because it was Charles's Wano [Wain.]

UNSUCCESSFUL COMPETITORS.

We have been urged to give to the world the following list of contributions for which the judges decline to give prizes at the present Exhibition. We accede to the request the more readily as we think every contributor should at least have his entry recorded, whether he obtains the Society's premium or fails to do so.

LIVE STOCK, &c.

A choice bull-dog, from the Speaker's chair.
A decided bore (boar) from a law office in this city.
A polar bear at the head of a pole (poll) in South Oxford; by Dr. Connor.
A Clear Grit hog, the one with which Charley Romain went the "entire animal." Bristles singed at the laze nomination.
A rat from the *Colonist* office, decorated with Orange ribbons.
A calf from "the last leg on which the Government is standing;" by Mr. Brown.
A wing of the Fire Fly; singed by popular indignation.
A bottle of blue blood; by Mr. Walbridge; turned green by the sun of public favour.

AGRICULTURAL AND DAIRY PRODUCE, &c.

A bushel of the seeds of discord; by the *Globe*.
A peck of wild oats; sown by Messrs. Macdonald and Foley.
A little marrow; from a bone of contention.
The cream of a joke from the *Globe*; turned sour by the *Leader's* thunder.
A keg of consistency; from the *Colonist*; article very inferior. No prize.
A long beet (beat); by a policeman.
A canister of bull's eyes made from the sweets of office; by Robert Spence.
A jar of the "pitch to which corruption has reached in this province."
A little cement for stopping up the "crack of doom."

MISCELLANEOUS.

A small piece whittled off a point of order; by Speaker Smith.
A blush from Mr. Ferres; soiled with ink from an editorial in the *Montreal Gazette*.
The *pitch* of a promissory note (A flat).
The fragments picked up, after a burst of eloquence; by D'Arcey McGee.
A map from the *Atlas* of the straits into which the Brown-Dorion Government were driven by a Head wind.
A pipe filled from one of Coleman's plugs.
Some soft soap made from the lies (lyea) of the *Atlas*.
An old scratch, from the 91st clause (claws); exhibited by a government official.
A towel for the use of the "great unwashed;" by the *Colonist*.
Some wool to pull over the public's eyes, shorn from Ferguson's lambs.
A map of Holland (John) and the Low Countries; from the *Atlas*.
An Orange circular (saw) for ripping up the Grit Platform; by Ogle R. Qowan.