

### A SONG FOR THE HARD TIMES.

I've friends who oft tell how it lightens the heart,  
In games, and amusements to take active part;  
But I let them talk on, and myself never fash  
For I know there's no pleasure like "taking the cash."

Of love too some speak; of its passion and power,  
Its ecstatic thrill—foolish dream of an hour!  
There's no time such a thrill through the bosom will flash  
As when to the pocket you're "taking the cash."

The poet "his eye in fine frenzy rolls,"  
As he tells us how poetry gladdens the soul—  
His "eclypsium blime" and all other such trash  
Can't compare for a moment with "taking the cash."

And if you're a debtor who's short of the mool,  
Who asks you for time ere your balance bill settle—  
Put him through it! Wlad him up! Though you settle his  
Dues,

You'll feel some true pleasure in "taking the cash."

What odds: if before he stood good on your book?  
What matter that others his security seek?  
To trust him a week or a month would be rash,  
Beside "would delay you in "taking the cash."

### CRUEL SELL.

So we are to have no Prince in Canada after all. The flourish of trumpets made by the *Quebec Chronicle* was but a deception, and its editor creeps out of his silly position in the following manner:—

ENRAGE:—The information received about the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada was *misunderstood* by the writer of the paragraph referring to it. It is not the Prince of Wales who is coming to visit Canada, but his late tutor, Mr. Gibbs, and Sir Henry Holland, Physician to the Court.

That is certainly a good one. After making an inappropiate announcement that a real live Prince, and the heir apparent at that, was really coming to Canada by the next steamer, and without previous announcement, the editor backs out with an "erratum." He tells us that he "misunderstood" the information "about the Prince of Wales' visit," when it turns out as he afterwards confesses, that he received no such information. It would puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to tell how a man can misunderstand what he never received. We should like to know whether the editor of the *Chronicle* is not indictable for treason for daring to confound the person of the Prince with that of his pedagogue, and doctor. It is really too bad, and we trust the law officers of the Crown will look into the matter. Mr. Cartier has surely not yet lost the flame of loyalty kindled at "Vindsor;" he, ought undoubtedly to take the cognizance of this unpardonable insult to the Royal youth. A question however arises whether we might not make a hero of Mr. Gibbs. If we cannot secure the pupil, let us make the most of the tutor. We want some one to lionize just now; and if the cruelty of the *Quebec Chronicle* has raised unfounded expectations, let us give our loyalty to his Royal Highness' proxy. It would certainly be better if he had been a baronet, or at least a colonel, but we must be content. Mr. Gibbs might earn an honest penny by giving us some idea of the royal pupil's education. Dr. Ryerson would doubtless be to happy to take the Buckingham palace teacher under his auspices. It would be a matter of very pardonable curiosity in his Royal Highness' future subjects to desire some knowledge of his progress in the humanities.

We should like to hear at what age the heir apparent could conjugate *verru* and whether Mr. Gibbs

had practically to illustrate the meaning of the verb on his Highness' shoulders. How many unsuccessful attempts the Prince made to pass over the pons asinorum, and how he finally succeeded, would be as instructive to plucked law-students as the story of Robert Bruce and the spider. The tutor's lectures might even be extended to the royal play-ground, and Canadian juveniles might profit by the Prince's experience in knocking down at law or round hand bowling in cricket. Sir H. Holland might be pressed into the same service and with the additional influence which a title gives him, would, doubtless succeed to admiration. Many a spell-bound audience all over the Province would sit with mouths agape at the gossip of the royal nursery.

The cutting of an eye-tooth, the process of vaccination and catching the weasles would furnish a fund of interest for the lieges in Canada. The first word uttered by the heir apparent, might perhaps have had special reference to Canada and we ought to be made acquainted with it. We trust, these hints will not be lost, and out of evil, good may yet be evolved. Though the *Quebec Chronicle* has disappointed us, the royal tutor and physician may at least alleviate the disappointment, and in part recompense us for the sudden pothor the false announcement has caused from Gaspe to Sarnia.

### THE POLICE.

What the deuce do the Police want to learn the art of street firing for? And what the plague is the use of instructing policemen into the mysteries of marching and counter-marching, carrying arms, firing platoon system, and all that sort of thing with which a policeman has no more to do than an oyster has with astronomy. If it were possible to detect thieves by the art of street firing—if incendiaries were to be caught by counter-marching—if burglars could be captured by platoon-firing, then there would be common sense in the fuss which Prince Chief of Police, makes over his men, in teaching them all those nonsensical arrangements to the overlooking of the material part of a policeman's duty.

There is no doubt the force look well. Those who saw them march, muskets on shoulder, and bayonet by side, through our streets the other day, must have been struck with their soldier-like bearing. But then there is the blunder. What the puck do policemen want to learn soldiers' drill for? They will never be called upon to defend their country from a foreign invader. Since the time that grass first grew and water ran, soldiers were never disparaged by a comparison with policemen, and as long as grass does not forget to grow, and water performs its function of running, policemen never will make soldiers, or even approach so near the genuine article as a marine does to a lobster.

Bah! Policemen learning the regimental drill! What the mischief use will it be to a policeman to learn how to carry a musket without endangering his own or his neighbour's life? What the ——— has it to do with a policeman's education, that he must be taught how to fix his bayonet without mangling his own digits? Pahaw! Give us a policeman that will catch thieves—Give us const-

ables that will arrest incendiaries—Give us practical policemen, not holiday servants, decked out, accoutred, deviled, drilled and padded out, to please the pseudo-police taste of Capt. Prince. Pahaw! Give us anything but policemen with guns on their shoulders! Give us a horn.

### BOB MOODIE'S WILL.

I Robert Moodie of the City of Toronto in the County of Kenady, marinyor and salt Esquire gentleman, being sound as any man in Toronto in mind and body, skipper of the Firefly, and late skipper of the *Jumping Thunder*, Brig (Maffrydite), being about to enter upon a perilous journey, on a lubberly bladder-fixing as can't beat to windward and dusn't carry a gallon of brandy to brenat the sissytoeds of wind and wether with professor Stuer, a Philycelpy Yankee, bat as tharrow a Brick as ever stepped in shewlther, think propior to make dispozel of my irthly ekez in case Bob Moody shud never come agin to this irthly planet but fall off the bladder-fixin onto a lonely dissyloot island in a far off star, or be burnt up to a chip in the scorchin rays of Phebis, or be obliged to stay in the moon for over and ever.

Bequethes and disposes of my water Lots in the Gut to the Honorable Geo. Brown, being butted and bounded as follers: comencing from a suag in the water West of Quin's sunk suloon North 145 feet, the West to a sunken tobacker box 500 feet, then South to a rotten white fish 145 feet then East 500 feet to the suag aforesaid, to have and to hold forever, over the left, which I mean to go to J. B. Robison, M. P. P. in aircnat.

Give a bequeutles my grate-eastora steven-or an phery-bote the Fier-Phi too Admiral Fortin to wack the French in the Gulph; hopin as Ho will not bust the biler nor spoil no fixins a board thereon wich cost a good deal of eckspens and was seledebated by the *Crumbler* and wich was run on Sunday for 7½ a hed and is a tant and see-worthy craft for any see.

Also my Suloon on the Peninuly to my cousin Irish Moody in the East Indies.

Also my Housse to have and to hold to the rest of my family.

Also my clay pipe with the brass top to Adam Wilson, Q. C.

Also my best Bever Hat to the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Also my best Tale Kote to Geo. Brown when his own gets wore out.

Revokin all former wills and Kadjysile I testify that this is my last will and testment.

(Sined,) ROBERT MOODY.

### Suggestion.

It has been suggested as the only expedient for arousing the Corporation to a sense of their duty in reference to the prevailing incendiarism that at the next incendiary fire, the entire Council be compelled to run with a machiae, to "break her down" till they are exhausted, and then played on by the branches of all the engines together till they are thoroughly soaked and cooled off. This course of treatment might bring them to their senses. The Chief of Police might be made branchman.