



A SCENE IN PLACE D'ARMES GARDEN.

GARDENER—"Take care, Miss. Young ladies with puppies must be careful not to lose them here!"

STRANGE SIGHTS IN CANADA.

A youth who respects his sire,
 A lady in modest attire,
 A parsonage without pride,
 A church where the poor reside;
 A woman who ever was known
 The owner of hair *all* her own,
 A poor man without any pains,
 A rich one without any stains;
 A man who will boast of his blood,
 With brains any clearer than mud.
 A patriotic minister
 Of state, with nothing sinister,
 A sane, and sensible man,
 Who is one of the Fraser clan.
 A benevolent benefactor,
 An honest city contractor,
 A placeman who feels no vexation
 At the thought of Annexation.
 An editor who will essay
 To write without Government-pay.
 A pest who apes not the sage,
 A widow who owns to her age,
 A lady who does not evince
 A wish to run after the Prince.

A jilt who was never outwitted,
 A dunkey whose coat ever fitted,
 A Yankee with naught of the rowdy,
 A Scotsman who never eats crowdie,
 A Cockney, where'er he may roam,
 Who is not always talking of "ome."
 An Irishman who never sings
 That he springs from a long line of kings.
 A statesman who never refused
 A place,—or a drill-shed that's used
 For the Volunteers to drill;
 An artist not proud of his skill,
 A parson regardless of self,
 Rejecting with scorn,—the pelf.
 An actress content in the shade,
 A mechanic proud of his trade,
 A clerk who believes,—as a rule—
 His principal aught but a fool.
 A Member of Parliament, whose
 Merits are statesman-like views.
 An old man, with very young wife,
 Who is not wedded to strife,
 Or anything jolly or funny
 In a man who worships money.
 An apostate that isn't greedy,
 A lawyer that isn't needy,
 A Radical losing a chance,
 When Tories invite, to advance,
 Or a Tory loyal a day
 Longer than he thinks it 'll pay.
 Poetical variety
 From the Caledonian Society.
 A priest with a parson at tea,
 A knight with a pedigree.—
 And if any thing further is needed,
 A strike that has ever succeeded,
 Or a meeting for eating and drinking,
 That shows what the people were thinking.

MONTREAL, 28th September, 1869.

DEAR GRINCHUCKLE:—Is it not the height of meanness for a man to cut, or cause to be cut, both artist and engraver's names from the wood cut engraving forming the cover of a paper. Yet this very small thing was done under our very noses. Does not such a trick show to what length a narrow-minded person will go for the gratification of his spite, and in order to deprive people of the credit,—if any there be:—the reward of their labour, to which they are surely entitled. Although the instance I refer to is the first on record, I did not intend to draw your attention to it, taking it for granted that the individual, ere now, would have shown some regret for such an act. Were it not that he is constantly boasting about the "highest style of art" and his relationship thereto, I would not now notice him. It is but little of "art," a man that would act in such a manner can know. *Specimens* to prove his ignorance can easily be seen.

It is well to be "dignified," but it is quite a different thing to interfere with the business of another, or to circulate and print false reports, with a tendency to deprive that person of any credit that he is entitled to. No gentleman could be guilty of such conduct, besides, it is very ungrateful.

Yours truly,
 JOHN GREEN.

P.S.—I notice that the monogram of Richard Doyle, the former artist of London *Punch*, is still on the cover of that paper, although Mr. Doyle had a very serious quarrel with the proprietors of the paper, and had not no connection with it for probably twenty years. But his mark remains to this day.—J. G.