



THE funniest thing possible is to see an old-fashioned buggy, cram full of old "notions," a keg of old nails, a bit of old wood, pieces of pelts and a dried hide, two or three string of onions, a few boxes picked up at the market, the "Missus" in the regular old fashioned red duffle cloak, coming blundering down to a railway-crossing, where the old lady hollers out to the train to stop or she'll smash it to bits, and stop it with her old umbrella. To see how the

unfortunate old lady, and all her sass, are sent spinning, is a "caution." The poor woman's old bones are not much worth after. "Look out for the Locomotive when the bell rings," if not—

A PEN AND INK SKETCH.

Mr. Peter Pell-Mell,
The Pecksniffian swell
Upon Art makes Pecksniffian strictures,
Saying, "Pictures, in fine,
Must come over the brine,
Native Artists must not sell their pictures."

"I speak as a judge,
Native Art is a fudge;"
(And he spoke with an air that was jaunty.)
"And I'll tell you for why
My employer and I
Are the agents of our Dilletanti.

"As I canvass the town,
On artists I frown
If they dare to express an opinion.
If the question is mooted,
Pr. the self-constituted
Great Oracle of the Dominion.

"I'll tell you my views:
They may paint if they choose,—
The reason why this I am naming:
I am in the right frame
To trumpet their fame
If they only will give me their framing.

"They are not the right sort
To get the support
Of the public, without my consenting.
It is impudence rare
For artists to dare
To exhibit and sell their own painting."

Though our pictures are few,
And not very new,
They are ours,—and we all of us know them;
And we'll plunder the walls
Of our parlours and halls,
And your agent, Pell Mell, means to shew them!

Pell Mell said "Enough!"
Wiped his eye with his cuff,
And then, (like our friend, Master Horner,)
With a tear in his eye,
And a terrible sigh,
Went to sleep and to dream in a corner.

Then he dreamt that he wrote
A very smart note
To the *Globe*, all in praise of his merits;
For himself he deceives,
And he really believes
That all virtue and taste he inherits.

Mr. Peter Pell Mell,
We know very well
That so great are his critical powers,
'Gainst Art,—if it's native—
He is quite demonstrative:
He's the dry nurse of paupers and flowers.

Peter Pell Mell makes bold
The patrons to scold
Of our artists, with proud regularity,
Saying: "Canadian Art
Once for all must depart,
Or else, be supported by charity!"

HONOURS TO A CANADIAN!—NEW ORDER OF KNIGHTHOOD!

Her Most Gracious Majesty has been pleased to institute a new order of Knighthood, having, on the recommendation of our Finance Minister, created Mr. Wm. Weir a Knight of the "Silver Fleece."—*Palman qui meruit, ferat.*

SAYINGS OF SOCRATES SNOOKS.

And it came to pass in those days that Socrates Snooks lifted up his voice and said:—

"A bridle for the horse, a rod for the ass, and an *English Grammar* for the CITY COUNCIL."

Though thou should'st bray Weir and the Yankee silver in a Government mortar, yet, will not this nuisance depart from us.

Weir sojourned at Ottawa for a time, studying the *khincks* of the law; thence he hasteneth to our city to finger the profits. He that hath claws to claw, let him claw!