

informed me it was one of the Lions of Montreal. The head was like a cauliflower, the shoulders like a pair of yankee saddlebags stuffed, a waist like a spider, and legs for all the world like sacks of potatoes. Such a *lusus naturæ*, after the homespun figures we have seen at home, you may naturally suppose was sufficient to produce the effect my friend perceived in me. How this creature was able to breathe or speak I know not, but from constantly making prodigious efforts to look through the handle of a key at his lower extremities, which the stiffness of his neck greatly impeded, and from the flush of his countenance, his respiration appeared to me to resemble a young beginner running the half notes on a cracked violin. What, said I again, a Lion do you call this? Why yes, replied my friend, this is really what we can exhibit as a shew to you gentry from the woods, but the term usually applied to this production is a Dandy. Well rejoined I, you Montrealists have a most happy appropriation of name for such objects of curiosity and commiseration, for they certainly are a very good sample of the *Dandelion** tribe. Now, I should like to know whether there is any exclusive patent for the manufacture of these figures, or if not, where models in miniature might be had, that my wife may wear one round her neck, with the same object in view as the heroines of ancient Rome when they wore the image of a little boy round theirs; for, although I may say, I am out of the world, yet times may alter as civilization and fashion advance towards our wilderness, and my youngsters might repine at having had so old fashioned a father as your humble servant.

PETER SLENDER.

* *Dens leonis*, the dandelion, *vulgo*, pissabed.