

OUR GREAT CITY CIRCUS.

THE BIGGEST AND MOST FOOLISH MENAGERIE IN THE WORLD.

(By Barnum junior.)

Walk up, walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, and see for yourselves the only genuine collection of hanimals ever got together for the amusement of a fastidious and moral public. It has been secured at great expense, and for pure cussedness and foolishness has never been surpassed by any Show in the world. It comprises a splendid and hitherto unexcelled collection of giraffes, nincompoops and ignoramuses, each one an unrivalled specimen of the nearest approach to Intelligent man ever since Darwin first thrust his celebrated monkey into Public Notice. Were it not that one or two old hanimals are among the Show, just to keep the others quiet, there'd be no 'olding on 'em in. They go through the performance of a City Council meeting almost as well as if they were 'uman beings, and you'd scarcely know the difference, only by the way they cut up. Come one. Come all. Come early. No money returned, and babies in harms not admitted, cos they'd get scared.

The performance is just about to commence. We generally shows at three o'clock, but as arf an hour dont make no difference we aint particular.

The oldest Lion will take the Chair, growl and then open the meeting. As time is money we will dispense with the reading of the minutes, which no one understands, and fow give a cuss for.

Only thirty eight Orders of the Day, a good long programme, plenty for your money and no mistake. If the little boys in the Gallery will keep quiet, the gentlemen of the Press will then understood wot is going on, but if they do I'll give 'em ten dollars in cash, for I haven't yet understood what they are a drivin' at. But its fun we want and not common sense at this here entertainment.

These here hanimals will now go through the performance of cuttin' down the pay of the Firemen and Police Force, a body o'men wot is supposed to do their work for nothing and board themselves. Hadmire the naturalness of the hentire performance, almost as good as Natur itself. Being too poor to put on airs the pay is to be cut down and the Porlice and the Boys that run "the Machine" as to be sacrificed. Nuthin like economy, Ladies and Gentlemen, looks well, reads well, but dont work well. If yer dont believe me get burnt out and try it for yerselves.

The White Elefant will next submit a Petition from the Fire Insurance Companies recommending 'em not to come it too strong on the Firemon. But the menagerie throws it hover until next meetin'. Next.

You will next hobserve that the Boss Lion is a goin' in for Edication, as if these here critters had no hedication to speak on. Listen.

You will please notice that this show of economy is hall on the houtside and the members of this here show bein' mostly self made critters dont take kindly to schoolin'! It takes a pile of patience to teach 'em! I have been at it for two years and their hedication aint finished yet. They have only got as far as their P's an O's. The "noes" gen'rally come out ahead. Whether they'll hover pay proper attention to their P's and Q's, I cant say—neither can Principal DAWSON wot takes a great hinterest in hintellectual studies.

The next performance will be a gen'ral quarrel among 'emselfes, when you'll see 'em cut up lively. They always do it, as it gives things a real, live interest. They're a goin' to commence now, and you'll see them go thro' it just as natral as life. It gives a tone and dignity to the whole thing, and for thrilling interest is unequalled by any other collection of wild hanimals in the world. That alone is worth any Christian's money. But the fun of it is, none on 'em gets hurt except in his feelin's, and that dont amount to nuthin. After its all over they drinks beer just like 'uman beings, and some on 'em is pretty good judges.

I shall next draw your attention to their unrivalled and splendid limitation of playing at being a Board of Health. Some on 'em dont want no Board seein' as most of 'em boards themselves. But you will notice they've taken a hobjection to that plucky Irish Terrier wot acts as Chairman. The Chimpanzee and Poodle is awful down on 'em. So's the Kangaroo and the consequence is there aint no such thing as a pure healthy tone in this here menagerie. Some on 'em take to the Small Pox as nat'rally as a kid takes to milk, while Typhoid fever and things o' that sort is on hinfimate wisitin' terms. And if things dont aiter I'm blowed if this here menagerie wont bust up.

Why you couldn't get 'em to agree on the subject of Health if yer offered 'em each a Life Insurance Policy free, gratis for nuthin. They're the cussedest hanimals for taking to hinfecion as yer will find anywhar, and if yer offered to vaccinate 'em they'd chaw yer up in no time.

So walk up, Ladies and Gentlemen, Walk up, and see this unrivalled Show. The Public pays their money, but they takes no choice worth speaking on.

THE WAGNER OF MONTREAL.

This time it is the organist of Christ Church Cathedral who has been sacrificed upon the altar of flunkeyism and bad grammar in the columns of the *Gazette*.

Now we do not suppose for one moment that the editors of the *Gazette* are responsible for the glaring specimen of toadyism to which we intend to draw attention, for no newspaper man, in the full possession of his senses would be guilty of writing such a piece of arrant hosh and pure, unmitigated flunkeyism, and we can only conclude that the paragraph slipped into print when the editor was out.

On Saturday last, we were told that Mr. FRED. E. LUCY BARNES, the newly appointed organist to Christ Church Cathedral entered upon his official duties. "Now, had the historian stopped here his information would have answered all practical purposes, the interest of which is principally confined to the congregation of Christ Church and Mr. BARNES himself. But, no. Not content with giving to the world so modest a piece of information, the historian grows warm upon his subject and goes into details. The public is accordingly favored with a sketch of the wonderful history of the latest addition to the musical circles of Montreal.

Know then, O, Public, this great man was born in 1856 "the son of a highly respected professional man in comfortable circumstances." Happy parent to be so comfortably circumstanced! Why were you not born in a garret, suffering the bitter pangs of poverty in the foeted atmosphere of a London alley? And where your declining years could have been made comfortable by the hand of Genius, born of poor, but honest parents? This would have been the correct thing and have given a favour of interest to the rest of the story.

Know also, O, Public, that the hero of this thrilling sketch "was a delicate child, suffering from weakness to an extent that 'rendered' (the usual musical expression you will observe) "that rendered his future rearing a matter of grave doubt." Poor, weak child, how our sympathies go out to you! What a hard time your nurse must have had! Mrs. Winstow's Soothing Syrup possessed no charms for you! Under such painful circumstances you could not be expected to take kindly to the "old, stale and lumpy," and you naturally sighed in vain for those fresh tins of Nestle's Food, distinguished by the yellow wrapper, bearing the magic words "No 7, Barbican," without which none are genuine, none are healthy! How in the world you managed to live is a mystery. But the historian does not throw any light on your recovery.

Between the preceding quotation and the next, several years are supposed to elapse for we read our hero "was educated partly at Winchester, England; partly at St. James' Chapel Royal—where he was a chorister and often had the honor of performing solos in the presence of the Royal Family—partly also by private tutors—he always evinced a strong love for, (and decided talent for) music, to the complete disregard of his other studies." From the complex nature of this-by-far-and-very-much-more-than-necessary-involved sentence, we are to infer that our hero was only "partly educated" after all!—in three parts, with an intermission between, for refreshments. Our hero, so we learn in the same sentence, performed solos before the members of the Royal Family. It was very careless in the historian not to have given us a list of those solos and names of the members of the Royal Family before whom they were performed. And yet we read by the English papers that the Royal Family is still alive and doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances. But now we come to what may be termed the turning point in our hero's career. "At length, says the historian, "his profession was settled upon, and work began in earnest." Then he did work after all! although he had been only, heretofore, "partly educated." Good. Now we are getting down to real, live facts. "At first," says our authority, "only the piano-forte formed the subject of study, and his masters were none other than the greatest, including Mr. HOLMES, Mr. WESTLAKE and Sir STERNDALE BENNETT. Observe, O, Public, the wise methodical arrangement made in the selection of his masters. Commencing with HOLMES sweet HOLMES—a favorite theme with all young beginners, our hero next took up the variations of Mr. WESTLAKE and Sir STERNDALE BENNETT. "And even at this early age," continues our authority, "he was responsible for the *organistship's* duties at a Church." Will the historian kindly explain, for we want to get at the bottom of this thing, thoroughly, even if we have to write up our hero's biography ourselves, in three volumes, gilt, bound in half calf, for sale at Dawson's. We are bewildered. We never saw an "organistship." But perhaps it is new term for a bellow's propeller. We have searched the dictionary in vain for a definition. But the dictionary is a fool compared to the erudite scribe who has placed us under so heavy an obligation.

However, in the succeeding sentence we find our hero "discarded the piano forte and commenced to study the organ *alone*." Being partly educated, as previously explained, our hero resolved to go it alone, and unaided. He threw up the pianoforte leaving the field in the indisputed possession of Blind Tom. How grateful Montreal should be to know that our hero never swerved from his decisions.

But here we must part company for our book-keeper has just drawn our attention to the fact that the invariable rule laid down by the Publisher for "special notices" is twenty-five cents per line. He says we must have some recognized system if we wish to prosper, and he wants to know to whom the copy already set up shall be charged. We subside. Our inspiration gives out, but being in type, the copy shall go in even if the Publisher has to pay for it himself.