

so successfully blended and harmonized thro' the efforts of the rose leaves, which so charmingly embraced and united, in sweetness and love, the East and the West of the great commercial metropolis. Mr. McConkey, from North Simcoe, will read an essay on "Ledger Influence;" this is another feature of the Canadian Circus likely to be useful to the legislators of the sister Provinces. Mr. Ferguson, from South Simcoe, has selected from his large flock a number of his best trained "lambs," and these will be exhibited along with a lot of full-statured Clear Grit sheep, to be brought from South Waterloo by Mr. Cowan. Mr. McKellar, from Kent, will appear in his great characters of "The Modest Man," and "Smooth Water runs Deep." At the conclusion of the performance the entire Ministry will appear, united tightly by a coalition grip, composed of the Masonic, the Odd Fellow, and the Orange; they will sing:

"We're a band of brothers!"

To be followed by a chorus from the few Oppositionists now in the House, of the air of

The man that couldn't get warm;
Slavery, slavery, but it cold!"

Mr. W. F. Powell, of Carleton, has been appointed clown of the circus, and we promise our Eastern friends a fund of wit and humor very rarely enjoyed.

Mr. Sandfield McDonald will, we are requested to announce, have a "sweat board" outside the canvass, where the member for Cornwall will ply his "little game" for the benefit of the Acadians who may wish to learn practically the value of a thorough knowledge of tricks and conjuror's wares.

A side-show entertainment will be given by the members of the Press who accompany the circus. The fine comedy of "Brotherly Love" will be presented—the two principal characters being the representatives of the *Leader* and *Globe*. The rest of the Press programme is as follows:—

"Ham fat man," by the editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*.

"The sprig of Shillelah," by the editor of the *Brantford Courier*.

"The Melroy Boys," by the editor of the *Hamilton Times*.

"The Emigrant's Lament," by the editor of the *Old Countryman*.

The Press show will conclude by Essays being read in the following order:—

"Government Patronage," by the editor of the *Freeman*.

"Patent Mining Tools," by the editor of the *London Free Press*, and late editor of the *Quebec Mercury*.

"Mucilage and Sealing Wax," by the editor of the *Quebec Chronicle*.

"Crystal Palaces," by the editor of the *Montreal Gazette*.

We never knew of a more attractive show than this. The above is but a mere outline of the great performance. "Biz" ought to be first-rate, and, no doubt, the enterprising showmen will return with a bountiful harvest. The *Grumbler's* readers will be regularly posted up as to the progress of the show.

"With thumbs turned back, they popularly kill."

My bump of curiosity being largely developed, it leads me into many scrapes, and, last Monday evening, led me to a place of no little notoriety for the gallantry of the lower order Britons, namely, to the *Bear Garden* at the City Hall, where (as a private circular, put into my hand into the street, exhibited me) there was to be a trial of skill exhibited between two renowned masters of the noble science of oratory, at seven o'clock precisely. I was not a little charmed with the peculiar wording of the challenge, which was written as follows:

"I, John Thomas Baxterino, lineal descendant of Sir John Falstaff of Puncheon, Alderman, Master of the noble science of Refined Oratory, hearing in most places where I go that Mayor le Metcaufe, of Donbank, C.M., proclaims himself to be my superior in the above science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise at the several weapons following, viz.: *bombast, speaking-against-time, personalities, vulgarities, and bad grammar.*"

If the style of John Thomas Baxterino approached that used by knight errants in former days, Mayor le Metcaufe returned answer in similar style, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to encounter John Thomas Baxterino, whom he apparently regarded as far beneath his notice. The acceptance was couched in the following words:—

"I, Mayor le Metcaufe, of Donbank, tracing my descent from Vulcan and Æolus, Grand Master of the noble science of Oratory, will not fail (D. V.) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring fair play, and no favor.—VIVAT REGINA!"

As is my usual custom, I commenced to meditate and consider from what this custom took its rise, and, passing over the many scenes recalled to my mind occurring among the Greeks and Romans, I came to the conclusion that it was a relic of the days of the Red Cross Knights, Brilomart and Amoret, where many

"A gentle knight was pricking on the plaine,
Yield in mightie arms and silver shield,
To prove his prowess in a battles brave,
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have."

And now I could not help lamenting that the terrible part of the ancient conflict is preserved, though the amorous side of it is forgotten—that we have retained the barbarity and lost the gallantry. How much more interest would the challenge have excited had it run: "I, John Thomas Baxterino, &c., for the love of Mary Jane Lightfoot, do assert that the said Mary Jane Lightfoot is the fairest of women, and will prove it by actual demonstration." Then the answer: "I, Mayor le Metcaufe, &c., do deny that Mary Jane Lightfoot is as fair as Polly Kildare. Let Polly Kildare look on, and I desire no favour." This would give things a different aspect, and the presence of ladies would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the hope of propitiating the electors with a view to re-election. Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried on with great spirit. John Thomas Baxterino came on first, preceded by an old trumpeter, who, entering the circle, proclaimed the result of last evening's con-

lict. There also entered with the daring Baxterino, a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, but evidently a faithful ally of his principal. This doughty champion (John Thomas) looked round upon the whole assembly, and, as he rolled from side to side with a stiff knee, he gave intimation of the purpose for which he was there. He is a man of five feet ten inches, or thereabouts, in height, of a round appearance, short, thick set, and stumpy, with a look of importance, and possessing a peculiar swagger, obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height, and the crowd pressing in soon filled the vacant space in the area and gallery, and Mayor le Metcaufe then entering, the whole assembly turned their eyes upon the champions. Metcaufe's second was an average sized man, who kept his head looking towards the ground, ruminating on figures, probably, as I was told he was a great financier. Baxterino had an audacious look that took the eye; Metcaufe, a perfect composure that engaged the judgment. And now the contest began. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly. The most disorderly crowd was at once as much engaged as if all their lives depended on each word spoken. But words fail me to describe the rest of the scene. Sentence followed sentence, invective followed invective, fiercer, still fiercer, grew the war of angry words, until it was nothing but a confused Babel of noises, the like of which I had never heard before. Lapsing into unconsciousness, I revived in time to hear Baxterino proclaimed victor, and led off for a guggle; Metcaufe's second following him, and declaring that he would, that day fortnight, fight him at the same weapons. Soon the crowd began to depart, each talking with his neighbour over the scene they had witnessed, and dilating on the merits of the two principals; and I thought it something in nature very unaccountable, on such occasions, to see the people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters, where every sense we possess is offended. "*Paxius hoc aliquando quodque audibus.*"

Lake Simcoe.

— Will not some of our enterprising men put a good steamer on Lake Simcoe. There is a grand opening, as the people at the various points would assist any Company that would take the matter in hands. The Captain of the present boat by his stupid and silly conduct has forced parties who wish to visit Toronto to go round by Lindsay in preference to being forced into a boat with a man that is totally unfit for his position. Will not Perry or some other popular man take this matter up? North Ontario.

— We think that the County of North Ontario for the noble stand it has taken in rejecting McDougall should be called the Banner County—from the fact, that McKellar nor McKonzie or any of the mountebank crew were not allowed to have any meetings there during the late contests, but were given to understand that it was bad enough to have to listen to McDougall's lies without the assistance of the Prince of liars, McKollar. Well done, North Ontario!