

THEATRE FRANCAIS.

This Theatre, owing to the appropriate day selected for the opening, and to your encouraging notice, was crowded to excess; it was tastefully decorated with trophies of 1837, among which we particularly noticed, the bludgeon with which Weir was struck the first blow, the tumbler out of which a certain great man drank, on the night of the 21st of November, 1837, the soul stirring toast, "a speedy deliverance of our Country from the bloody tyranny of England,"* and one of the Kamouraskian guns. The prologue was admirably given by the Ballet-master dressed a la jég-top with a Benjamito gossamer, the concluding stanza:—

"Though ready still to sell myself
From conscious hintings free,
With anxious hand to seize on self,
They find no place for me,"

Was most feelingly delivered, and the effect was greatly enhanced by the echo from the prompter's box.

"They did for me."

The whole company then sang the following Canadian anthem, assisted by a splendid orchestra of bull-frogs, tree-toads and rattle-snakes, under the able direction of a late secretary, whose proficiency in the bull-frog line, has often been the admiration of the House of Assembly.

Ain,—*"God save the Queen."*

God save great Nap the third,
Franco's ill-omened bird;
Long be his death deferred,
God save great Nap.

Grant him long years to reign,
That he may bind the chials
Of tyranny on France again.
God save great Nap.

May he our master be
Us from false Albion free,
Then will we shout with glee,
God save great Nap.

Confound those Saxon brutes;
Lop them off branch and roots,
Them naught but freedom suits.
God save great Nap.

We, the inferior race,
Hold with them hollow peace,
But wait till we march
Under great Nap.

This was received with thunders of applause, amid which the *bas-ses* of *les Moutons* predominated.

Chang and Eng next appeared, the bond which united them being "similarity of opinion"—*"the cap-pelle"*—go it ye cripples.

- O.—Friend of my soul! my tender breast
Longs, in thy arms, to be impress'd;
- E.—And my big heart swells with delight,
When'er my Johnny comes in sight;
- O.—But when I think of by-gone years,
My mind is full of anxious fears.
- E.—What if I once a rebel was,
You now contend for the same cause;
- O.—How dearly I have bought thy love;
Lost honor, truth, and friendship prove.
- E.—What's friendship, honor, truth to me?
All these I spurn when I hold thee.
- O.—Stern clear-grit phantoms haunt my dreams,
And that we're doomed it often seems.
- E.—Curse the clear grits! be firm and still,
And hold our own, we shall and will.
- O.—May all the party quickly sink—
But come, dear Cartier, let us drink.

*Fact.

The liquor incontinently; after which they dance a minuet, Chang as a drunken sailor, and Eng as a monkey from the Zoological gardens—both to the life.

This was followed by several feats on the tight rope; after which came a parody of the play scene in Hamlet, representing the present Attorney General prosecuting Messrs. Galt, Rose and Halton for treason, the Judges being Sir L. H. Lafontaine and Mr. A. N. Morin; and the chief witness Sir E. P. Taché.

The glee of the audience was somewhat damped, when the ghost of Deceigne appeared in the witness box. Here was a capital scene, acted to perfection; at royal table, one of the guests had somehow got a spot of blood on his hands, which he endeavored to wipe out with a finger napkin which bore the year of Her Majesty's accession, but, with all his twistings, burnings and grimaces, he only succeeded in erasing the Royal cypher, and electrified the audience by his passionate speech,—

"Out damned spot."

Next came Mr. McGee with a volunteer song,—

I sing the Pope, that good old soul,
Whose willing slaves we soon shall be,
For he's the lad can drain a bowl,
Can crack a joke, be frank and free.
More power to his elbow.

Oh! how I long to see the day
When heretics shall not be seen,
When all men shall the Pope obey,
And wear his livery of green.
More power to his elbow.

All Orange brutes my heart detests,
I've wrong'd them from my very youth,
They'll not obey the Pope's behests;
I hate them for their very truth.
Less power to their elbow.

I've spouled treason by the hour,
(But thought it best to run away),
E'en yet I'll see the Pope in power
And then the vampire's part I'll play.
More power to my elbow.

After this Van gave us a recitative,—

"I've twisted and turned with parties about,
I only hate one, that's the party that's out;
The Clear Grits I'll join if they only have place,
In turning one's coat there is now no disgrace.
I'd worship the rods as I now do the French
If through them I could only get safe on the bench;
A bright ray of hope on my vision doth break
And I hope to succeed Mr. Chancellor Blake.
Mr. Galt appeared with a pair of

"GLORIFICATION SPECTACLES,"

Through which he saw the rising generation worshipping at the shrine of 2½ per cent backward.

The other songs and a description of the various tricks next week.

On Dit.

—We understand that the City Council intend sending one of Mr. Cotton's celebrated dredges down to Prescott, for the purpose of dredging the river opposite the old windmill for one of the cannon balls handled by Bob Moodie at the battle of "Prescott." As the worthy Alderman has rendered himself famous in many battles, the Conservative gentlemen of the Council are desirous of paying him a great compliment, and giving one of the party a "job" at the same time. Should they succeed in the search, we presume they will present it to the junior member for Toronto, in commemoration of his great speech on Mr. Foley's want-of-confidence motion.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CONSPIRACY.

The Victoria College conspirators, indefatigable and unscrupulous as they are, are not making much head-way. They have got a Committee of the House, and, with that exemplary Christian, the Rev. Casual Advantages, at their head, are effecting just as much as slanderous statements, false figures and unlimited exaggeration can do, and we fear that will prove very little. The *Guardian* has got a new argument. Rev. Professor Hincks is avowedly a Unitarian, all who know him can bear testimony to his nobilitative piety and consistent demeanor; and whatever we may think of his theory of religion, we are inclined to think that most people will have little difficulty in preferring his Christian practice to that of the *Guardian* and its abettors. *En passant* we may remark that Professor Hincks is not a doctor, although a Fellow of the Linndan Society, as well as a man of thorough scientific attainments in his branch of learning. British universities are more chary of conferring titles of distinction than the American school after which Victoria College is modelled; and although Professor Hincks is extremely deserving of a new degree, we fancy that he will not seek it of those who degrade the old distinctions of learning and canonize mediocrity. Now for the *Guardian's* argument. Professor Hincks may have a promising student; The student may become a friend of the Professor; A magazine may "quite casually" be upon the Professor's table; the student may take it up; the Professor may point to an article not cut and ground in the Cobourg mill; the student may, on the recommendation of the Professor read it, and he may discuss it with his teacher; and may be very much injured thereby. Ergo, national education unless sectarian is baneful. Now, let us put the case, otherwise. Victoria College is a very orthodox, if not a very efficient institution; it teaches the Simon Pure in the shape of religion as duly approved by the denomination. Now there may be a Professor of immoral habits even in his sacred precincts; he may find a lively young man in the College; he may train him privately in the way he should not go; the youth may emulate the example of his pious professor and become a profligate; he may leave his father's house tolerably respectable and return with seven devils worse than himself, &c. Ergo, sectarian teaching is immoral. This may seem rather singular logic; it is so, but we got it where the *Guardian* gets its reasoning, from the pure fountain-head of Victoria College. The fact of the matter is, that with all their demure manners and glib cant, they are nothing but exaggerated types of the Jesuit as they themselves paint him. Protesting with one breath that they are non-sectarian; and in other containing non-sectarianism. Without one sound plea, with nothing but the cry of the horse-leech's daughter; it is "Give, give," but never to be satisfied. Let them answer the question fairly, like men who know what truth and ingenuousness are; are they in favour of religious endowments, whether for churches, colleges or schools? If not, they have no business to make the demand they are now making, for Victoria College on their own showing is both religious and denominational. If they are, their agitation is worse than useless, because the Canadian people have pronounced a final and irrevocable divorce between state and sect; and terminated a most protracted struggle, by solemnly and for ever declaring that henceforth no denomination shall appropriate to itself, monies or lands, which belong of right to the entire community.