

THOU ART THE MAN.

Of all the wicked hypocrisies under the sun, perhaps, the most revolting is the hypocrisy of grief. We defame a man in the most cruel manner, we lie wholesale about him, we misrepresent his every action, accuse him of peccation, of robbery, of prostituting the powers of his official situation to his own private aggrandisement; and lo! in the full heat and spring-tide of our malevolence, the Great Reaper claims suddenly his victim. And we—what do we do? Shout for joy, and say, “a good riddance?” No, we lie on, in the face of God and man. We attend his remains decorously to the “house appointed for all living,” whither we have done our best to hurry him, and shed crocodile tears, and wipe our mouths and say, “we have done no evil.” Our exordium is an indignant one. It is so, for we do not simulate, we lay aside the cap and bells of the jester for once, and speak in bitter wrath and real indignation. If John Nasmith, ex-Alderman of the City of Toronto, see this article, and should ask us, (as, perhaps, he would do, for he is a Godly man and a ruling elder,) in the language of David to the Prophet, “Who hath done this thing?” we would answer in the words of the stern seer to the guilty king, “Thou art the man.” It is well said, “*Homini lupus*,” but this old, and (alas, that it should be so,) true adage, applied more especially to the open war waged by one man against another, to serve his own personal interests, or the like, at the expense of his brother. It is the more elegant rendering of that condensation of selfishness in words which disgraces the English language, “Every one for himself and God for us all.” But the latter is the bold brigand, the “stand and deliver” highwaymen of society, whose audacious boldness and open defiance of the golden rule; and as openly practised as acknowledged; and for the other, what shall we say? For that *malice*, that subtle unwinking malice which never sleeps? For that craven guilt which, dreading the law will yet whisper a man's life away, by foul inuendo and covert attack? Rely on it, that is the true devilish malice, for which there shall be one day a fearful accounting. “He that is without sin among ye, let him cast the first stone,” said our Lord on a very special occasion; but we venture to assert that no man has gone down to the Chambers of Death, humanely speaking, more free from wilful and premeditated sin, than our lamented friend, J. G. Bowes. We believe, nay we know him, to have been a truly upright and sincere man, loyal to his convictions, and firm to those good principles which he openly professed, and—privately carried out. But this man, as far superior to his traducers, as the heavens are above the earth, was hunted, if not to death, to the death; and we unhesitatingly aver that one of his bitterest enemies, one of his most sleepless and undying foes, was John Nasmith, a religious professor, a burning and a shining light, and why this enmity? Why this savage *vendetta*? Mr. Bowes some two years ago fulfilled a duty, he was solemnly bound to perform, thereby protecting his fellow citizens from fraud, and from that hour sprang up an un-

dying hatred in the bosom of John Nasmith, and filled his foggy soul. “Shall I not judge for these things, saith the Lord!”

AMUSEMENTS.

Mrs. Jane English's celebrated “Troupe St. Denis,” have been performing at the Royal Lyceum since the 24th to crowded houses, and all lovers of the ballet have since been kept nightly on the “*qui vive*.” Mlle Rosita, whose daring feats on the tight-rope were the theme of universal admiration on the part of amusement seekers in all the principal Cities in the American Republic, as the great card of the Company. Mlle Eugonia Ravel too, by her graceful and artistic dancing, has won additional laurels. Henri Agouste's wonderful feats with bottles, oranges, &c., are a great attraction and repeatedly brought down the house. The performance concluded each evening with a laughable pantomime. Last night an entire change of programme was given, for the benefit of the charming Rosita, consisting, among the other good things, of M. Muller's great violin feat of playing on one string, after the style of Paganini, and his celebrated imitation of a church organ; the Gladiators, by Agouste, Caron, and La Petite Alphonse; soiree dansante, by Mlles Annetta, Eugonia, and Aubrey; magic violin, H. Agouste and Josef Caron; tight rope exercises, by Mlle Annetta and La Belle Rosita; extraordinary feats of equivoise, by Mons. Agouste, with the dancing bottles; and concluding with the comic pantomime of the Magic Box, replete with new scenes, tricks, and transformations. To-night Prof. Muller is up for a benefit, when, we trust, the house will be crowded. We cannot miss this opportunity of testifying to the artistic excellencies of this celebrated troupe without paying our meed of praise to their gentlemanly agent, Mr. Tip Corey, and congratulating the fair Manageress on having in her employ one in whom are centred all the essentials which go far to constitute a thorough man of business, as well as a truly reliable agent.

Retiring by Columns.

— The Hon. George Brown, was, according to the *Leader*, about to retire from Parliamentary life altogether. The *Globe* throws cold water on the jubilant *Leader* by denying it. We can only account for the very great discrepancy in the two statements, by the complimentary supposition, that the Hon. George is such a host in himself, that he is obliged to retire *by columns*; i.e. those of the *Leader*.

In Chancery.

— A small *gamin* put a bill into our hand to day. It was the tearful announcement of a Mr. Chant, that he was going to tear himself away from Toronto, and that this was *positively* the last week. *Dear know*, as the *leading article* writers say, what the my sells, but if our readers wait till next week, and Chant lie not, they won't have the ghost of a Chant's, (chance.)

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