

THE PIG-HEADED RACE.

It has not been our custom to notice in these columns the wretched bickerings carried on under the name of religion. Whether the *True Witness* on the one hand or the *Bowmanville Statesman* on the other, is the more unchristian and uncharitable, concerns us little. We were, however, considerably amused at a little outburst of the *True Witness*. Not content with the orthodox style of abuse, our ecclesiastical cotemporary bursts into a strain of invective, exceedingly crushing. Speaking of his Protestant fellow subjects, he feels constrained to style them "pig-headed," and their intelligence as "very low" on all subjects "connected with Christianity," the Olympian Jove of the *Witness* speaks of them as to "an inferior and degraded race;" yet out of charity he consents to do so. "Every little Catholic child in the street," is a theological giant whilst every Protestant, no matter what his learning and intelligence, is of "very imperfect and limited capacity."

Whilst questioning the taste of this attack, we still feel constrained to admit its force. Everybody knows the high intellectual power of Tim Muldowdy's little carrotty-poll'd Pat. To him, albeit, only six years old, theology has superseded his dirt-pie and his puddle-wading. With his mother's milk Aquinas and Bellarmine and Wiseman, were drained of all their lore; and though his face is besmeared with mire and his hair matted with dirt, he is, nevertheless, a staunch and immovable pillar in the ecclesiastical fabric. It was so with his father before him; how readily he lays aside the hod or dung fork, to delve into the mysteries of religious truth; how cogent his reasoning, how admirably equipped for polemical display. But those poor degraded wretches of another faith, what is to be done with them? How thankful they should be that Providence has benignly dropped a *True Witness*, whose charity is equal even to their deficiencies. For our own part, however, we could well be spared such an instructor. Tutors should not lose their temper and use bad language. Even the "pig-headed race," may be contaminated by such a pedagogue; we verily believe that the *Bowmanville Statesman* has sat at this Gamaliel's feet so long that he also, has imbibed the same christian meekness of temper and moderation in speech. We, however, who have been reared in a different school, have respect for fanaticism of no kind. We have as little respect for the ravings of the *Witness*, and Father Cahill, as we have for the howlings of the maniacs of Ballymena and Belfast; and we are sure that reasonable men of all creeds are of the same opinion.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

So Mr. John Moore should have looked before he leaped. He was driving in a buggy past a hole, and having given it a berth of three feet, was sucked in beneath and found the bottom.

*The petition of John Moore for compensation for damages to his buggy, through falling into a hole on Carlton Street, on the 23rd of June last, has also been considered. Mr. Moore states in his petition that he perceived the hole before he arrived at it, and tried to avoid it by passing at a distance of over three feet, when the earth fell in, and the crust of the road was undermined for some dis-

taunce, the result was, that your petitioner and buggy found the bottom very quickly. The board is fully of opinion, that if the petitioner had taken the precaution to examine the state of the road before attempting to pass, the accident need not have happened, and therefore declines to recommend any compensation on account of it.—Adopted."

So Mr. Moore ought to have examined the road before attempting to pass. He ought to have jumped off the buggy into the hole, made a note of its depth; probed the land for half a mile round with the handle of his whip and then gone round a whole block to save his buggy. And how could he venture to go round the block without a previous investigation.

In fact, everybody who wishes to travel the city roads must send a score of engineers before him, to ensure him against an accident, for which an impartial Board will allow him no compensation. No matter how cautiously he may pass a honey-combed causeway, because he hasn't a Stephenson, a Russell, or a Brunel with him, to warn him of the perils of his journey, he must run the risk of personal mutilation and vehicular damage, without any prospect of recompense. What is it we pay our taxes for? Isn't it for protection against all these accidents to which a savage and unorganized state of society is liable? But if we receive no equivalent for our 10 cts. in the £., hadn't we better go to Otaheite, or the Fejee Islands? Yes, we must have some return, or "we won't play," as the children say.

COOPER'S OPERA TROUPE.

It is hardly necessary to state that this talented company has fully sustained its reputation. The attendance was rather an improvement upon that of the previous week, and in consequence, the operas were, if anything, performed with more spirit and power than on former occasions. Miss Annie Miller has charmed every one, even our friend of the *Leader* among the number, so that we have had no ill-natured and absurd criticism upon her voice or singing. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing her, will not readily forget her captivating glances in *The Daughter of the Regiment*, or her correct rendition of such parts as Leonora in *Il Trovatore*, and Arina in *La Sonnambula*. Miss Payne sustains her rôle admirably, and seems to feel equally at home in every character. We were much pleased with Miss Kemp's singing of *Il Segreto* at the Concert, and with her naïve performance as Lisa in *La Sonnambula*; on both occasions she was well received. Mr. Bowler, the Tenor, has rendered himself very popular by his excellent acting and very correct singing. Even were some faults discernible, we should before pronouncing an opinion, take into account the difficulties under which a singer labors in our Lyceum. Such a place is peculiarly trying to a tenor voice, and we only wonder that he managed to sing so well. Of Mr. Rudolphsen we might say the same. However, we are glad to say that he has escaped the censure of our *Leader* friend, and has proved himself—both in singing and acting—to be a first-class performer. Were we disposed to particularise, we might refer to his impersonation of Dr. Bartolo in *The Barber*, where we hardly know which to admire, his singing or admirable acting. Mr. Cooke is a general favorite; on every occasion,

singing correctly, and with a great deal of spirit. In fact, he is a basso of no ordinary talent, and one the like of whom we very seldom meet.

La Traviata will be performed to-night in English for the first time in America, and we have no doubt that it will draw a large house.

We regret to be obliged to add that this evening's performance is the last with which this excellent troupe are to favour us during the present engagement. Every one of their performances has given the utmost satisfaction to their patrons, and every one of the Company has fully deserved the warmest encomiums we could bestow upon them. We trust that it will not be long before we shall have the pleasure of seeing them in Toronto again; in the meantime they have our best wishes for their success wherever they may go.

FALSE RUMOURS.

It is not true that La Mountain and Haddock found J. S. Hogan wandering in the Ottawa woods in search of a constituency.

It is not true that the Crown of Tuscany has been offered to, and accepted by, W. L. McKenzie.

It is not true that Mr. H. Smith has turned Annexationist in consequence of missing the expected knighthood.

It is not true that Dr. Ryerson is about to send back any conscience money to the Inspector General; he has no idea of such a thing.

It is not true that Peiho, the scene of the late Chinese skirmish, is spelt Pie! ho! and derived from the cries of the dealers in savoury pastry of that locality.

It is not true that when Mr. Brown applied for his two-day's salary, he was told to take it out in "Constitutional change."

It is not true that the *Leader's* musical critic has been appointed to a similar post in the staff of the *London Times*. He has not yet recovered from the spleen with which he has been afflicted for a week past.

It is not true that Angus Morrison was the gallant spirit on board the *Banshee* during the "perilous passage" last week. He says one *Ploughboy's* voyage in a man's lifetime is enough.

It is not true that Alderman Bugg has been buried alive in his Yonge Street "man-trap"; nor is it true that the Council have taken any steps to stop the nuisance.

It is not true that Sidney Smith has been sent to the Lunatic Asylum in consequence of insanity, brought on by remorse for his imposition of the newspaper postage.

It is not true that President Buchanan will be at the inauguration of Brock's monument.

It is not true that the celebrated Sergeant Blazes has been appointed aide-de-camp to Major-General Sir W. F. Williams. He is far too valuable as a Q. C.

It is not true that Mr. A. P. McDonald is about to publish a new poem, to be called "Chips by an old Chiseller."

It is not true that Amos Wright, M. P. F., disgusted with the iniquity of the times, is about to depart as a missionary to the Esquimaux.