

Truth's Contributors.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES IN ONTARIO.

BY A CANADIAN.

To go to the commencement of the matter, we must remember that these differences are principally an Irish quarrel. Our ancestors, as was indeed the fashion of the day, dealt out hard measure to the defeated Irish. Many an honest man, forced whether he would or not to take arms for King James, lost his land and all he possessed by one confiscatory stroke of the pen, and saw his farm given to some soldier who had fought for William, or just as likely, to some politician who had not fought at all. Nor was this a narrow or confined operation, it extended its effects to hundreds of thousands. Then we must remember, long after peace was rendered, the terrible operation of the penal laws.

These measures, if they could not be returned by injury, were savagely returned by hate. Generations were born, lived and died, and still kept up the remembrance of mortal feud, and of injuries mutually inflicted. For two hundred years it was tried to conciliate the Irish by force, and the end was no nearer. Other means are now being used, it is to be hoped with effect. In the meantime various organizations were formed on the one side for mutual defence, it was said, too often, it is to be feared, for mutual annoyance. Many acts on either side it is impossible to defend, and afford unfortunate corroboration of the well-known line of Burns, on man's inhumanity to man.

Among these organizations the most important was the Orange, which seems, strangely, to have nearly as many members in Canada as in all Ireland, where it has 200,000, while here (according to Chambers) 150,000. About fifty years since, after having been long looked upon by Protestants with favorable eyes, a change took place in public opinion. On this point, to give the view of a writer probably unprejudiced, I quote from Chambers encyclopædia (Edinburgh). "The worst result of the Orange Association was the constant incentive it supplied to party animosities and deeds of violence. The spirit of fraternity which pervaded its members was a standing obstacle to the administration of the law, and all confidence in the local administration of justice by magistrates was destroyed. An alleged Orange conspiracy to alter the succession to the crown in favor of the Duke of Cumberland, led to a protracted parliamentary inquiry in 1835, and this inquiry, as well as a shocking outrage committed soon afterwards by an armed Orange men, on the occasion of a meeting in Ireland, so completely discredited the Orange Association, that the organization was abandoned, and the members were scattered."

ered that that body do not wield the political influence, nor do the amount of good they otherwise might, on account of their apparent belief that the principal end of statesmanship should be the weakening of Romish influence. Now, the large body of Protestants in Canada find it impossible to understand this. They are many of them old residents, many life-long residents here; they have lived in peace and union with their Roman Catholic fellow citizens, and have no sympathy whatever, either with attacks made upon them, or attempts to divide their methods of education or religion into channels they do not desire.

It is this which weakens Mr. Meredith in his campaign. If he could point out any evil management on the part of Mr. Mowat's men of office, he would have some backing to refer to. But he has none. He must admit that our affairs have been well and economically managed. All he can say is, "The Roman Catholics are being allowed to oppress you." Now, as no man alive can recollect when these did in any sense or manner oppress us, the attack falls flat.

In the same spirit, the most astonishing proposals are made. Some gentlemen seem prepared to rush with force and arms on the French Canadian schools, and teach all the little victims (worst thing is they've no idea they are victims) to speak English compulsorily, and it may be simultaneously. Other crusaders would compel all Catholics to carry school elections by secret ballot which is to be a great blessing to them quite regardless that they have not to any extent asked for the blessing, do not desire the blessing, and, as fact, do not seem to think it would be a blessing at all. Oh, but you do want it; it is only the priests who don't want it." And in vain priests and people turn the cold shoulder to the blessing; the crusader knows better, and he will bestow it on them, or there's no knowing what he won't do. But is all this religion? It has been going on for fifty years in one form or another here. Did it ever make a proselyte? I fear not. Ever improve manners or morals? It is very doubtful. Then what is it? It is a very earnest religion. It is campaign religion, and, though getting to heaven may be the ultimate intention, it is absolutely necessary that the path lead through the local, and that a refreshing rest of the duration be made there.

The Overcrowded City of Berlin.

New Yorkers think oftentimes that their living apartments are crowded, but they will notice subjoined some statistics which force the conclusion that Emperor William's capital, Berlin, is also a little tucked up. In Berlin in 1880, with a population of 1,122,339, there were 478,052 persons living in tenements having but one room that could be heated, or an average of 3.75, inmates to a room; 302,322 living in tenements possessing but two rooms that could be heated, or an average of 2.23 to a room, and 127,340 in tenements with three rooms that could be heated, or an average of 1.56 to a room. So it is that 1,000 inhabitants out of 1,100,000 in Berlin, three-fourths, have only one room that can be heated, and are on an average of 2.51 to a room. There are 26,203 houses, divided up into 100,000 apartments. The average rent for a one room flat is \$1.50, the highest lowest \$53. One house held 487 persons, 170 of them in one room, and 141 houses had 39 cellar dwellings, 141 inhabitants, of which 141 were crowded with close quarters.

MOWAT VS. THE PEOPLE.

BY ONTARIO.

To use the words of your contributor "Canadian" in last week's issue, "as your paper is generally a fair one" and takes no side in politics, I trust you will give me a few lines of your valuable space.

"Canadian" must have written his "other Side of Attacks on Mowat" laboring under the impression that Turner's readers were, to say the least, very gullible. His article reads to me like the speech of a candidate nominated because he was a farmer, to support Mr. Mowat because he was a Reformer (which he is no longer), for all who read the parliamentary reports are cognizant of the fact that Mowat has during the last session refused reform legislation, giving as his reason that he had no precedent, which to me smacks of Toryism dark and antique and not at all in touch with this age of progress.

It is not my intention to refer to all of the crimes he endeavours to defend, but it appears to me that where there are so many offences or abuses there must be a few well grounded adverse criticisms of the actions of the Mowat administration.

"Canadian" tries to confuse the individual Catholic fellow-citizen with the hierarchy in his effort to defend the action of the Government in refusing Catholics the ballot. I would ask can any free man reading the correspondence which passed between Archbishop Cleary and Mr. Meredith and the former's circular to his priests, fail to see the position of the Catholics in this country and fail to sympathize with them? Why, sir, their position is more to be lamented than that of the slaves down south before the war. Does Mowat, this champion of the people's rights, come to their assistance? Oh, no! not he, he barters their rights to the priesthood. It would never do for the Catholics to have the privilege of judging for themselves; it would establish a bad precedent; in time they would even dare to assume the responsibility of judging for themselves as to who would be the proper man to vote for, which very undesirable state of affairs might land Mowat, Cleary, Fraser & Co., in the soup, especially if we had a secret ballot in the Ontario elections, which was refused last session.

One of the charges made by the opposition has evidently been overlooked by your correspondent. Would he please rise and explain why the Government voted down the bill for the punishment for bribery at elections? Perhaps they may have been thinking some of the surplus to be used for the purpose of the "free and independent" election at a approaching day of reckoning, June 5th.

In reference to the expense of the Parliamentary buildings job, the charge is not that the buildings cost more than was originally intended, but that the Government has failed to express an opinion as to what their cost will be. Poor Mr. Meredith, and the majority of the electors, who do not know the facts of the case, a very few of which I might state for the benefit of the uninformed, your correspondent evidently is among the number. The buildings were to cost originally from \$500,000 to \$750,000. Toronto architects furnished plans at the request of the Government, and the Government gave the House to understand that the plans of a Toronto firm would be accepted, as they were satisfactory. We do not find fault with the Government for changing their mind and deciding on buildings which cost at least \$2,000,000, but why give out new plans to a Buffalo

man without giving our Canadian men a chance to compete, and not restricting the alien to any specified sum as to the cost of the buildings? He gets good pay for his work, too, 5 per cent. of the cost of buildings, estimating which at two millions will make the architect's share \$100,000.

Not being in the confidence of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues I am unable to explain why this is so, but reading the expressions of Reform architects of Toronto in regard to the matter, in which they denounce the action of the Government as outrageous, shameful, scandalous, iniquitous and rotten, I come to the conclusion that it is not a very creditable affair, to say the least, notwithstanding "Canadian's" brilliant effort at calculating that we get it all for nothing.

Finally he says "give Mr. Meredith power to-morrow, what better would he do?" Well, we won't give him power to-morrow, nor next day, but on the 5th of June we will. What W. R. Meredith's platform is I know the man to be a gentleman and a man of irreproachable honor are tempted to give him a trial, and if he does not do as he promises we will give some one else a chance.

A WALK UNDER THE SEA.

Curious sights to be seen away down in the Ocean's Bottom.

Prof. Alexander Winchell, in a vivid description of a walk under the sea, says:

We stand and gaze into the blackness and chill which rest against us like bodies imbedded in a wall of masonry. Days may pass, months and years, and not a sound comes out of the solitude which imprisons us; no gleam reminds us that nature is not dead. We stand a century, and nothing stirs, nothing in these voiceless plains of death, though above us sweep the still, majestic currents which bring frost from the pole. This mud is the dust of cemeteries, which has been gathering since the ocean descended to take possession of its mysterious bed, shutting three-fifths of the world's surface from the observation of man. Mingled with the clay are the relics of larger creatures which have lived in the sea where the sunlight cheers its populations—teeth of sharks, carbones of whales—not the accumulations of yesterday or of a century. They are the relics of creatures whose race has died out—tertiary whales, the representatives of past cycles of geologic history. Nothing changes here. Cold and darkness prevent decay. Here by the side of the wrecks of the last Winter are the hard parts of the creatures which dwelt somewhere in the ages before man.

Dead ruins of extinct types, we said. Not the forms are not all dead; the realm is still inhabited. Here are crinoids, primitive crinoids which have come down through all the ages of geologic history, lying here, sleeping here, like inanimate organisms through the centuries, chilled into changelessness like mammoth carcasses increased in ice, still dreaming of the middle ages of the world. Here are grotesque arthropods, perpetuated portraits of the quaint ancestors of the lobster and the crab, archaic fishes whose retarded development has left them ages behind in the march of progress. Few and widely scattered are these wanderers out of the world's antiquity and they have not strayed to greater depths than three and one third miles.

Ray of light, we said. But a phosphorescent gleam breaks through the wall of night. In the distance a fish like form bearing a curious appendage, which seems to serve him as a lantern. It sheds a ghastly glow, the thickness of the solitude. Then, then, has use for eyes. Shint out the figure's sunlight, he is a feeble star to himself. His lantern glow reveals the presence of other grotesque forms, without sunlight and without eyes. Fishes they are, but stranger than fancy ever pictured. One has a mouth of five times the length of the body's diameter. The mouth of another opens to twice the length of the animal's body, with a bag like pouch, which would hold the entire body six times over. Another has glaring eyes like a tea-saucer, strained to take in the thin phosphorescence from his neighbor's lantern. Life is even here—antique, obsolete life, which the ages have sent by a devious path astray, arriving at our times a million years behind its date.