

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

erican gentlemen, though they may not have... "Well, Viva, how did you and Maud enjoy your ascent of the Giralda?" he asked.

"We enjoyed it immensely, grandpapa," the young lady addressed said. "Viva said it was not half so high as the 'Lovers Leap,' Maud hastened to put in, 'nor half so exciting as the view from the new bridge at Ronda.'"

"She is right in that," he answered. "The scenery in both of these places is more sublime. All this said uncalculated grandeur of nature's triumph over the most formidable natural difficulties at Ronda; Seville and the vast plains of Andalusia, as seen from the Giralda, give you the idea of beauty of God's beautiful hand giving to man the fairest and most fertile of hemispheres, and of man's intelligence and industry in improving the priceless gift."

"And then, grandpapa," said Viva; "Señor de Lebrija pointed out to us all the spots on which some great exploit had been achieved; and when we came home Rose gave us the history of the siege and conquest of Seville by St. Ferdinand."

"So that you have not yet had time to weary of sight-seeing," "No, indeed," said Rose; "they say they could spend a whole month examining all the wonders of the Cathedral and the Alcazar."

"Take your time about it, my children," the old gentleman added. "We must see these things together, when your mother can be with us, and at the hours when our examination of the beauties and monuments of the Cathedral shall not interfere with the devotion of the worshippers."

"Oh, grandpapa," exclaimed Maud, "when I go into the Cathedral, I do not feel like looking around and gazing, as foreign visitors do. I only wish to get into some dark corner and kneel and adore the majesty of our great and good God."

"That is what we all should feel, darling," said her mother, at whose feet Maud had seated herself. "I thought I was inside the gates of heaven when I first stood beneath the glorious central dome, amid all the many-colored splendors that streamed down from the afternoon sun through the stained-glass windows."

"(To be continued.)" TO THE RESCUE. "When all other remedies fail," for Bowl Complaint, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., then Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry comes to the rescue. Thus writes W. H. Crocker, druggist, Waterdown, and adds that "his sales are large and increasing."

ENCOURAGED TO RESIST. BULGARIANS CLAMOR AGAINST GEN. KAULBARNS—WHAT AUSTRIAN TONE MEANS. SOFIA, Oct. 6. r. l.—The people throughout the country have held meetings and adopted resolutions begging the Government to reject Gen. Kaulbar's demands. Gen. Kaulbar's moderation is due to a telegram from M. DeGiers to the effect that Russia did not wish to interfere with the Bulgarian constitution or with the domestic affairs of Bulgaria.

OTTAWA, Sept. 27.—If architecture be as some writers affirm a sign of the spirit of the age in which it prevailed, what are we to think of the new monumental building in course of erection on Wellington street? It is a new species of architecture, it presents the combined features of a prison, a mill, and a barracks. The whole impression is of gloom. It frowns down on you with Yankee sandstone and Scotch granite. Heavy, repulsive it is. One almost pauses in passing to hear the clank of the chain, the shriek of the maniac. Never did brick and stone employ a more cruel thought. It is a building that has been planned for originality, and the plan from Gen. G— in the L'Academy of the nations with the Emperor as the stake. Before the roof is on, the sadness of age has crept over it.

IT IS A BASTILE. It states with impudent assurance that the way (happens) of the parliament buildings, as the painted caves of the West look down on the new civilization of the plains; with this difference, that whereas the caves belong to the dead past, this is the creation of decrepit youth. The Mackenzie tower is a cross between a church steeple and a factory chimney, but it is a dream of a steeple, which with this new tower in stone. Mackenzie's tower aspires. It cleaves the clouds. It lifts one up. It seems, as one might say, with wounded wings, perhaps; but this flat fabrication of ugliness spreads itself with boorish complacency, like an empty plate before a hungry man. It is an embodiment of Mr. Macdonaldism. I can say nothing worse of the hideous thing.

A BLY SHEET. A being industriously circulated in the parishes of Quebec, setting forth the alleged fact concerning the late Mr. Macdonald's views. An unknown firm sends it out through the post office. It is a production of an article that appeared in La Minerve a few months ago, and is as follows:—

Father O'Donoghue, of Carleton, held on 29th June a most successful picnic for the benefit of a Catholic work, the building of a church. A mark of the day was the presence of Sir John Macdonald, who had been invited by the reverend father, and eagerly availed himself of the opportunity. The Premier delivered an address of address, of which we have already aoken, and which has attracted much attention.

To the calumnious hypocrites who represent him as the personification of religious fanaticism, Sir John replied by saying that "he had never in his life set foot in an Orange Lodge." "I am accused," said Sir John, "of being a Protestant, and of having a bad Protestant. In like manner I have been accused of being an Orangeman, although I have never set foot in a lodge."

Sir John has but one son, and has let him marry a Catholic. Sir John has but one granddaughter, and has caused her to be brought up in the Catholic faith, in his own house, under his own eyes.

"Nations" say that Mr. Blake would allow his grand-children to be instructed in the Catholic faith under his own roof? For the rest, who does not know at Ottawa that Lady Macdonald is an assiduous friend of the nuns of the capital?

They (our Rouge-Nation) will continue to circulate through our country parishes the form of oath by which they intend to wear their hearts and kidneys, and to wear their hearts and kidneys to marry a Catholic nor to allow his children to be instructed in the Catholic faith.

Here are some facts on this subject relating to Sir John Macdonald: The Premier has an only son, now widowed, who had married a Catholic lady. This lady died some years ago, leaving a daughter. Who has taken the name of the orphan girl, Sir John Macdonald, her grandfather, who has kept her for two years in his own household. Who has begun her education? Lady Macdonald, wife of the Premier, who has taught her carefully the Roman catechism and the "athletic prayers in order to bring her up in her mother's religion, and to wear the robes of Sir John, this fanatical Protestant, to quote our Rouge-Nationists.

IN 1861. Sir John Macdonald made a speech at Kingston, in which he declared that he joined the Orange Order in 1841. He also said:— "Why, Sir, how did I become an Orangeman? I was not a Irishman by birth, and had little to do with politics in those days. It was in 1841, in times when Orangemen were on the descent, when the Provincial Legislature had prescribed laws, forbidding their processions illegal, and at times when they were about to pass a law preventing any Orangeman from being a juror or a constable, or holding any official position under the Crown, thus branding him as an outlaw and a traitor to his country. I, Sir, and many other loyal subjects of Her Majesty, at this wholesale proscription of a respectable and loyal body of men. I was not an Orangeman, but I knew many of the best men in Kingston were men of intelligence and sterling worth—and I resolved that if they, among whom were many of my best friends, were to be proscribed and hounded down merely because they were Orangemen, we would stand by them and support them in the same proscription. (Loud cheers.) Then, Sir, I became an Orangeman, and it was for the purpose of showing my sympathy with men whom I believed to be outraged by the conduct of the legislature. (Renewed cheering.) What time, Sir, did Mr. Brown do? At that very time he was urging the administration of which he was a prominent supporter, to put down Orangemen. Why, we read in the Globe of those days that they had their feet on the Orangemen and were bound to keep them there. (Hear, hear.) At the very time when I from sympathy with their wrongs joined the body, Mr. Brown was hounding the Government for the purpose of repressing the Orangemen. And, Sir, while I, an Orangeman, have ever since been true to its principles, that gentleman has turned his coat again and again." (Loud cheers.)

How are we to regard a man who is presented by himself in this double light? What is he? A liar and a bungler? Can any man endowed with common sense look upon such an exhibition without coming to the conclusion that he is a man who has no other power of plunder to secure the confidence and respect of the people.

THE SESSION. Quite a number of people here think that this parliament will not meet again in session. The reason for the opinion is the probability of the ministry being defeated in the House. Sir John can rely no longer on his majority. Like the party outside, it is torn by factions that they feel the fear of each other any moment. There can be no doubt as to the duty of the Government to dissolve immediately on the completion of the new franchise. The constitutional practice in England has always been that whenever the electorate was increased to a considerable extent parliament was dissolved, because it no longer truly represented the people.

quest. Our conquerors are legislators, and have so contrived matters by restrictions of trade and by taxes as to draw considerable private, as well as public, advantage from their conquests. What we ought to seek is vindication. Authority depends upon its credentials, and the credit which can be brought to bear support. Now let us take the Roman politician's suggestion, and apply—

THE BEST TEST WE CAN FIND to the government of our country. Dealing with the matter in this way, we must assume the right to ask any question. Try this question: Why should Canada be governed by Sir John Macdonald? Any Tory you may meet will give an off-hand answer at once—"Because it is the best for the country." Under no possibility could this Tory conceive that it is a necessary proviso in a democratic state for the people to change their rulers frequently. Nor would he imagine that the very fact of his freedom necessitates temporary tyrants to be expeditious and rapacious that they may accumulate sufficient wealth before they give place to their successors.

But if the legislative conquerors of Canada, represented by Sir John Macdonald, continue in power, we shall have a strong temptation to accept a subversion of what we now consider our rights.

THE COIL OF THE OLD SERPENT is about us. Can any man who pauses to think persuade himself that Canada may preserve her liberties when every people having a history has gone through the terrific experience of the results of government by corruption? We are having good crops; money is plentiful at reasonable rates; we fancy we are well off. But let us reflect. Why is the country, once described as a land flowing with milk and honey, a desert to-day? What made the Pontine marshes? Who introduced armed slaves into the Roman forum? Who is putting Canada through the same experience that made the Israelites clamor for a savior? The answer to these questions is straight.

A people who accept government on the principles of Jack Cade in exchange for their right to govern themselves must prepare for slavery. Sir John Macdonald emulated his illustrious predecessor when he did us that there would be—

BEING TIMES IN CANADA: "Seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-baked pot shall have ten loaves; all the people will be drunk in common, and will be as drunk as I; when I am king, all shall eat and drink in my score; and I will appear them all in one; 'livry, that they may agree like brothers and worship me their lord.' If that be not Sir John Alexander Macdonald, K.C.B., &c., P.C., L.L.D., Y.C.M.G., Q.C., I do not know the minister of Jack Cade in Canada has written this letter.

THE SUBJECT BRINGS SO GREAT, it is only possible to illustrate by a few of the lessons of experience the scientific character of the test we would apply to the Dominion Government. If a mad man is as good as a wild and a blind horse, wide awake men should not require to be stirred up with a long pole, in order to convince them that, while the Government of the day is so madly, vigorous determination to save themselves, into their hands, it is disappointing them by sealing away their manhood, their consciousness of rectitude, and consigning their children to a slavery worse than ever befell the African.

OTTAWA, Sept. 29.—Wiggins' storms and earthquakes are due to the only Tory agent likely to be elected about the care of Wiggins. Of course, we will have the usual equatorial gales about this time, and the "Prophet" has taken care to have whatever advantage they may bring to bolster up his predictions. Since he began his fooling with storms, earthquakes, and similar things, there have been several tremendous disturbances of the four corners of the globe, but they all came at times and places concerning which Wiggins failed to give notice. But repeated failures do not daunt him. He goes on the same as ever. He takes his cues from "Zadkiel's Almanac," and works up a cheap reputation at second-hand. The prophet business is a nuisance and should be abated.

THE TORY TORN-OVER is the most astounding political performance attempted of our planet. Sir John Macdonald and his gang have pursued a policy, forced it in Parliament, and crystallized it in legislation. That policy was bad; some of its features were simply fraudulent; as a whole, it resulted in a saturnalia of corruption, and would infallibly have resulted in civil war but for the steady, vigorous determination of the liberals in opposition. The elections in Chambly and Healdmont taught the Tories that the common sense of the two great Provinces was against them. They had already been condemned by Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Not only defeat, but annihilation stared them in the face. They were in the rapids above the falls. The outfall of the catastrophe was their ears. The gulf beyond was yawning to receive them.

DESPERATE CIRCUMSTANCES require desperate expedients, and Sir John A. Macdonald was not the man to hesitate at anything. An effort surprising all his previous exploits had to be made to save himself, his life and put his party in their places. Like former wicked governors, they may imagine they have a divine right to govern wrong, but the people have the natural right of removing them. Let them threaten conquest, revolution, civil war. Sagacious men, whose welfare and happiness depend on peace and good government, will have none of that sort of talk. A ministry at the head of affairs in a business country, inhabited with practical people, must have taken leave of its sense to threaten revolution because it has been condemned for its crimes, failures and mistakes. The people must treat such a ministry as the civil law deals with malefactors and all who go to war with society. Punish them, till they learn to believe themselves properly and cease to put the respectably, inoffensive in fear of loss of life and property.

THE TORY PROHIBITION IDEA, as advocated by the Mail, is the most laughable thing connected with the extraordinary Jim Crow performances of Old To-morrow and his organ. They have started a Prohibition league, the members of which are not obliged to take the pledge or even to be temperance men. Of course, everybody recognizes the fact that a Tory dodge cannot capture the Prohibition vote and use it as a prop to the falling fortunes of the party. The decision with which the scheme has been greeted everywhere shows how thoroughly it is understood. The Mail might as well have announced at once that Hon. Frank Smith, wholesale liquor dealer, would direct the organization, with Crown Whisky as the treasury, and Blackstock as tollkeeper. Never were insincerity and double-dealing more logically stamped on a party device than on this bogus Prohibition movement. Surely it is time that sensible men, no matter what their opinions on a question of this kind may be, should frown down so fraudulent a game played by a discredited ring of party hacks. Men having principles and convictions must be disgusted. Does the Mail imagine that temperance people are all fools to be taken in with so transparent a dodge? The object is to defeat the Mowat government and secure the continued operation of the Macdonaldite machine. Anything is welcome that may promise to serve these ends. But surely it is an insupportable folly to start a Prohibition League minus the principle of temperance!

"Though you should put the minted mark On copper, brass, and steel, It would be better to put it On the nose of a Tory." THE CABINET. Rumors are rife of dissensions in the Cabinet. Adherents of minister do not hesitate to say openly that Sir John Macdonald should not be permitted to drag the party down to ruin. They admit the extreme difficulty of the situation; that it appears equally impossible to win under existing auspices, or to succeed by any other party hacks. Men having principles and convictions anticipated defeat, Sir John is master of the situation within the party. There is not a man in his Cabinet who he could not ruin irrevocably if such a one dared to squeak openly. Several of them want to retire, but he will not permit them. "Sink or swim with me," is his motto. He may possibly let Costigan find a refuge in the Post Office Inspectorship of New Brunswick, with the hope of improving his own position with the Irish. I sincerely hope Mr. Costigan may get the appointment. But at the time it must be candidly stated that nothing Sir John Macdonald can do in the way of appointments will have the slightest effect. He has played his last card with the Irish and lost.

RIDEAU. LORD IRIBON AND ITS AFFAIRS. LORD IRIBON SUES THE FACTS OF THE CASE—A MOVEMENT AGAINST THE LEAGUE—A SHERIFF'S DETACHMENT DEFEATED BY THE WORKERS. LONDON, Sept. 30.—The Marquis of Ripon, speaking at a meeting of the Liberal and Radical association of the Strand, this evening, said it would have been better if the Government had consented to the reasonable proposals of Mr. Parnell, thus rendering impossible eviction, coercion and their attendant evils.

WELFARE, Sept. 30.—A crowd of laborers, while returning home from work this evening began rioting. As they seemed bent on mischief, the Black Watch regiment charged and soon dispersed the mob. DUBLIN, Sept. 30.—At Milltown-Malbay, county Clare, to-day, while the sheriffs were employed in distraint on the property of a man named Kelly, the married women of the neighborhood attacked, overpowered and imprisoned all the officers engaged, while their husbands secured the cattle and removed them from the locality.

DUBLIN, Sept. 30.—The Freeman's Journal publishes the text of the report of the Waterford police to the Irish vice-regal government with the comments thereon, made by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chief under-secretary. The document was obtained by a spy inside Dublin castle. DUBLIN, Sept. 30.—A body of unemployed workmen appeared before the Board of Guardians at Cork to-day and clamored for work. The board was unable to assist them. The municipal authorities of Waterford have appointed five councillors to wait upon Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden on Wednesday next, and present him with the freedom of Waterford.

Police in the south of Ireland have been instructed from Dublin Castle to obtain details of the personnel and organization of various branches of the National League. This, it is supposed, foreshadows decided action by the Government.

A SURE THING. A SURE CURE FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS.—Procure from your druggist one 37¢ cent bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and use according to directions. It is infallible for Diarrhoea, Cholera Morbus, Canker of the Stomach and Bowels, and Cholera Infantum.

THE SCOTTISH LIBERALS. LONDON, October 1.—Mr. Gladstone has received a copy of a manifesto to be issued by the Scottish Liberal federation advocating home rule for both Scotch and Irish. Mr. Gladstone, replying, assured the federation that he feels grateful of Scotland's action in the aid of Irish justice.

THE DEGENERATE JEW. The Hebrew Standard sees with disquietude the Jew gradually degenerating in this country into an infidel. It says the process of "evolution" goes on somewhat in this way:— "Ogan; Jews; Christian choir; hats off; microscopic prayerbook; abolition of the use of Hebrew; pork and oysters; chanuka—Christmas; intermarriage; no Abrahamism rite; the Sunday Sabbath; the God idea; no God no Judaism."

It quotes a dialogue to show how progressive even some of the Rabbis have become:— "Does your Rabbi believe in the dietary laws?" asked Solomon Isaacs. "No," replied his friend, Morton Lavello Cass (Meyer Loeb Katz), "he puts his ham and eggs regularly for breakfast." "Does he fast on Yom Kippur?" "He tells us that the progressive spirit of the age does not require it." "Does he believe in Toras Koshasy?" "Not all, except perhaps as a matter of ancient history."

"He believes in God, of course?" "I think he does." And the condition to which Judaism in America has been brought by these false teachers can be inferred, when all that can be said to the credit of a rabbi is: "I think he believes in God."

This is a sad state of affairs. The Jew in America is fast losing all reverence for the creed and the practices that have made him a most powerful factor in ancient and modern times. He is coming to a time when he retains only the peculiar peculiarities of his race and its love of money getting. There are no more out-and-out materialists than infidel Jews, ashamed of their race—no more shameless sensualists, and no more dangerous class in my community. The Jew who clings to the traditions of his race—the traditions of the Old Testament rather than the Talmud—is worthy of respect; but those half-bred Jews—these Moses who become Morrisies, and Abrahams Arthurs—are living reproaches to stalwart fathers.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

A DOLLAR WELL INVESTED BUILD A CHURCH. The German Evangelical Lutheran Luca Church, near the corner of Broadway and Wall-ridge avenue, Toledo, O., remained unfinished for the lack of funds. Last Saturday Mr. Henry Sasa, 29 Western avenue, received \$5,000 for one-fifth of ticket No. 77,227, which drew the second capital prize of \$25,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery on July 13. He is a member of the Church (Rev. A. W. Weber, pastor), and will loan at a low rate this \$5,000 to the new church, which but for this aid would remain unfinished for lack of funds. He is a tailor, 77 years old—in this country twenty years—has supported a large family—very popular where he lives, and the people there rejoice with him in his good fortune.—Toledo (Ohio) Blade, July 27.

G. has a bad name for personal cleanliness. Somebody having broached the subject in his presence, G. observed: "It's no fault of mine. Nature's blame. One should not take for three hours after having eaten, and I am so constituted that I cannot remain longer than two hours without eating. So you see, I cannot possibly take a bath!"

A GREAT AWAKENING. There is a great awakening of the sluggish organs of the human system whenever Burdock Blood Purifiers are taken. It arouses the torpid Liver to action, regulates the Bowels and the Kidneys, purifies the Blood, and restores a healthy tone to the system generally.