

**Ours Own at Ottawa.**

GLITTERING, GORGEOUS, GLARING !!  
MAGNIFICENT MUMMIES !!

*Ye Lord of Misrule and his Merrie Crowe!—Pageants in ye House of ye Lords!—Parade of ye Common People!—Loyal Levees!—Success of the Carnival Assured!*

Montreal may hide her diminished head, in view of the overwhelming success of the opening ceremonies of the Ottawa Carnival, which took place in this city on Thursday, the 29th ult. Your correspondent arrived in the directors' car of the C. P. Railway at an early hour on the morning of that eventful day, and succeeded in getting rid of the different reception committees, who waited on him with addresses, etc., in time to witness the whole of the magnificent pageant. He was furnished with tickets of admission to all parts of the Parliament buildings, and was enabled by the Magician of the Senate—of whom more anon—to be present in several places at the same time. As he cannot, however, describe all the proceedings at once, he will begin with the

**SIEGE OF THE SENATE.**

Skirmishing parties of ladies, Yankee visitors, small boys, etc., were seen together about the precincts of the Senate Chamber as early as 12 o'clock, and gained admittance to the galleries in small squads, and almost unobserved by the defenders of the place. In an hour and a half they had taken possession of the best strategic positions, both inside and on the terrace without. During the same period individuals in glittering uniform, more or less disguised under overcoats and mufflers, and supposed to be the leaders of a secret military organization, unknown to the police, mingled with the throng, and even intruded themselves into the corridors and upon the floor of the chambers.

Notwithstanding these threatening movements, groups of

**PALE BUT DETERMINED SENATORS** assembled about 2.30, and proceeded with the usual ceremonies of opening their session. The Chaplain read prayers in a trembling voice. The Sergeant-at-Arms, his Deputy, Usher of the Black Rod, and all minor defensive officers of the House, stood bravely to their arms, and glared defiance at the beleaguering hosts. Wild cries of derision, rage and anguish, resounded meanwhile from the galleries. During and after prayers fresh reinforcements of

**LADIES IN FULL WAR PAINT** pressed in and gradually filled up the floor. By three o'clock the rout of the Senators was complete, and all the seats on the floor were occupied by amazons, fully equipped for conquest—except a few in front tenanted by certain old persons whose sex seemed doubtful to the spectator, wrapped in red piano covers with white fur trimmings. At the same time the

**BOMBARDMENT BEGAN**

from the signal battery on Nepean Point, and the Infantry supports were brought round to the terrace in front of the building. About 3.10 a magnificent charge of the Household Regiment of Cavalry cleared the way for a triumphal chariot containing the

**CONQUERING LORD HIMSELF.**

On its easy cushions sat The Rt. Hon. the Marquis of Lansdowne, Earl (of a number of places), Baron (of several places also), K. P., K. C. M. G., a Baronet, M. A., LL. D., etc., etc. He immediately entered the Senate Chamber, and took his seat on the Throne to receive the homage of his subject lords—bowing to him in the first humiliation of defeat. This over, he

**ORDERED THE COMMONS TO BE BROUGHT BEFORE HIM,**

and the Mystic Messenger of Fate, with his Symbolic Wand, hastened to obey his behests. With winning yet solemn bows he delivered

his message, requiring the attendance of the Commons at the Bar of a higher power, and vanished with a wave of the wand. The Commons followed—not with their usual dignity—but

**LIKE A MOB BEWITCHED,**

as indeed they were. The Black Magic had prevailed even over the virtue of the Palladium, and this too was borne along the mad rout. Arrived at the Senate Chamber, the Speaker took the van, flanked by the ineffectual mace, and all listened in subdued silence to the Speech of their conqueror, which was to tell them why he summoned them from their hearths and homes. But, since speech is known to be a means of concealing our thoughts, it is not probable that any of the Lords or Commons were much the wiser for what they heard. Then the conqueror

**WITHDREW HIS FORCES,**

firing a parting cannonade by way of warning against future disloyalty, and the Commons retired to their own place. But they came back so worn and jaded by their startling experiences, that they could do no more that day, and resolved to “consider the Speech from the Throne to-morrow.”

Your correspondent will keep you posted on the further proceedings and pageants of this great carnival, which promises to equal, if not excel, its predecessors in interest, lavish magnificence, and prodigality of expenditure for the amusement of the public.

**TABLEAUX AT KINGSTON.**

While on my way home to Montreal to spend my Xmas holidays, I received a kind invitation from a friend to stay a few days at Kingston. Anxious to become acquainted with the aristocracy of the “Limestone City,” I gladly availed myself of the opportunity, and forthwith plunged at once into the vortex of dissipation, for which the good old town is so celebrated. I went to three dinners and a “Tableaux Vivants.” The latter entertainment I feel constrained to describe. My chief reason for doing so is to enlighten some of the ignorant upon a few points of history, concerning Joan of Arc, Cleopatra, Jephthah's daughter, and a few other interesting females.

The opening scene was a dream of Fair Women. The affair was evidently intended for a burlesque, as the dream was more like a night-mare than anything I have ever seen upon the stage. Some of the costumes were extremely unique, one or two startlingly fanciful. For example—Joan of Arc wore a tricolor. Perhaps my ideas are hazy about French history, but an inward monitor seems to tell me that the tricolor first appeared during the great French Revolution. But here was a female who was cremated by the English, quite a while before the Revolution, sporting the tricolor in the face of all historical fact. As the Kingston *Whig* has said nothing about it and the *Daily News* made no mention of the fact, you must acknowledge, that we and Macaulay are wrong, because you know these two papers are incontrovertible authorities.

I have not got much taste in dress, so when a lady appeared as Cleopatra, I made a mistake and said to an old gentleman beside me, “Isn't this that old advertisement for Rising Sun Stove Polish?” thinking all the time that I had got the right character. I must confess also, that Iphigenia puzzled me. I thought that she was a rather poor representation of Pochontas. I made no remark though, and found out in time that she was not meant for Pochontas, but I maintain that she looked like that dusky maiden. Jephthah's daughter came on next, and I protest that I lost my hold on history altogether when she appeared. I had a faint idea that she represented a heathen goddess, but when she began to sing “Angels ever Bright and Fair,” I broke down and gave

up. Where does history say that Jephthah's daughter sang that song? I assert boldly—Nowhere! I don't think that the melody had been composed when that female decorated “this earthly mould.” But stop, I must be wrong, if there had been anything incongruous in this, the omniscient Kingston press would have recognized it at once. It is presumptuous to criticize when these embodiments of knowledge have passed over the resemblance of Iphigenia to the late Mrs. Smith (*nee* Pochontas).

At this lapse of time even, the scene from Hamlet comes before me with wonderful clearness. I had one objection to it. Horatio was not what he should have been. He looked vapid, not to say inane. The wild glare in Hamlet's eye was unbecoming, and looked decidedly glassy. The dresses were marvels of tinsel and tinfoil. Why did Horatio wear a large lump of sawdust on each leg? I repeat, why did he? Again, a red light thrown on the scene, had the effect of making the people look extremely drunk. Two figures, which I had taken to be Peruvian mummies, introduced for effect, turned out to be guards. After that repulse, I abstained from enquiring about the characters.

The grand coup was the wrestling scene from *As You Like It*. Orlando, I maintain, was not a success. He, like Horatio, wore sawdust calves. Now, sawdust calves, in my opinion, are apt to overturn any feeling of respect which you may entertain for the wearer. But when the sawdust calves are accompanied by a large, curling, yellow wig, and an expression verging upon idiocy, the effect is too great for ordinary mortals to bear. I must criticize, if only for the sake of suffering humanity. Upon what authority did Orlando assume that semi-idiotic expression, those sawdust calves, and that yellow wig? Why should he have snorted so loudly, and glared so madly during the wrestling match? Was it to intimidate the band of “B Battery” R. C. A., who had just slaughtered a composer's *chef d'œuvre*? No one seems to know why he did so, and the reason will always remain buried in his own breast, which, indeed, is not a very deep receptacle. —A. C. M.

**TOPICAL TALK.**

It is stated that the Empress of Austria makes excellent bread. Vienna rolls, probably.

I SEE that Edmund Yates, of the London *World*, is doing his four months imprisonment for libelling Lord Lonsdale, his appeal having been dismissed. We don't often see Canadian editors jailed for libelling lords, I presume because the latter articles are scarce out here; in fact we seldom hear of editors being sent to goal, anyway, but that isn't saying that a good many ought not to be.

CHICAGO physicians are much exercised over the discovery of a young man whose heart is on the right side. I can't see what is wrong about this, but the doctors say that the heart, to be right, should be on the left. If it is left how can it be right, and if it isn't right when it is right when is it right? The young man in question seems to think his heart is all right, and he has a right to think so, because it is all right, and the youth doesn't want his heart to get left.

In spite of the determined stand that a number of newspapers are making against slugging matches and the importation of any more of the massive torso'd and short-haired disciples of the Marquis of Queensberry, I can't help noticing that many able articles are published concerning “The Milling Interest,” and these articles are all in favor of milling, even when they appear in those very papers that decry the P. R. and the “manly art.”