

OUR OTTAWA LETTERS.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—GRAND DISPLAY—MEASURE SPEECH—THE USHER OF THE BLACK ROD AND THE IRISH CATHOLICS—A SUPREME COURT JUDGE ON THE PROTESTANT HORSE—POLITICS, &c., &c.

The fourth Session of the third Parliament of the Dominion was opened here in Ottawa on Thursday last by His Excellency the Governor-General. There was rather a small attendance of the members, but to make up for the deficiency the outside public came in their thousands. A thousand people, at the very least, must have received tickets for the gallery of the Senate house, more than could find room, so that at noon the place was crowded to suffocation. Knowing old citizens of the Capital hoping from the fine weather that there would be a rush for seats, took their measures accordingly, and came early. There they sat six mortal hours from nine in the morning to three in the afternoon, knitting, sewing, and lurching with sublime patience which is only begotten of the consciousness that though they were miserable enough, there were hundreds outside who envied them their happiness. At three o'clock precisely the guns at Nepean Point fired a salute, the Governor-General's chariot surrounded by the foot guards in scarlet and gold, dashed up to the front of the Senate house where His Excellency dismounted and entered, Black Rod summoned the faithful Commons to the bar of the Senate, the faithful Commons scrambled in that direction, the Speech from the Throne was read and the Session was declared open. You have read the Speech and know as much about it as I do, and that's very little.

Their Excellencies held a levee in the Senate Chamber at nine o'clock which was attended by about six hundred ladies and gentlemen. The ladies were dressed in their most gorgeous attire, some of their trains were of almost marvellous length and must have cost a fabulous sum of money. To each and every one of those ladies and gentlemen Her Excellency made a formal courtly bow, they passed away into space and there was an end of it.

An invitation to attend a levee is eagerly sought for and appreciated by the elite of Ottawa, for the reasons that the Earl of Dufferin and his Countess are really very popular and well beloved, and that it is considered a distinction to be invited. Why it should be so considered is not so easily understood seeing that the power of issuing cards is vested in the hands of the usher of the Black Rod, and that neither Lord Dufferin nor the Countess knows five per cent of those who come. It is a mere matter of form, but still if any class in the community which thinks itself legitimately entitled to the same honor as another is ignored, it feels aggrieved, and justly so one would think. During the past three years an offensive exception has been made in this respect in favor of the Irish Catholics of Ottawa, and notably at the last levee. Now, this class composes a third of the population at least, and has its fair proportion of representatives and professional men, such as eminent barristers, doctors, wealthy merchants, members of the Council and others who are in no wise inferior to their fellow-citizens of other nationalities of like rank, yet the number of tickets issued to Irish Catholics of Ottawa—so far as I can make out by looking over the printed lists in the daily papers, was fifteen only! This offensive omission has not been made through political feeling because prominent liberals as well as conservatives were placed in the same category, and if it was not, because the parties who, according to their social standing, were entitled to invitations, are Irish Catholics that their names were left out of the list I know no other reason. The affair is severely commented upon here and the attention of Mr. Kimber has been drawn to the circumstance by a prominent gentleman who was himself invited. It is very certain that if one person more than another would feel annoyed at the singular line of conduct pursued by the Usher, it is Lord Dufferin who recognizes neither creeds nor nationalities in his dealings with the people of Canada. Amongst other representative men whose names did not find a place on the list, are the Hon. John O'Connor and Mr. O'Garra, both leading lawyers of this city.

Mr. Justice Strong and two of his conferees all Supreme Court Judges, were enjoying themselves in the Rideau Club on last Tuesday night, the 6th inst., when they thought proper they instructed a porter to call a sleigh. That official did as instructed and in five minutes a vehicle drawn by a splendid span of horses stood in front of the Club house awaiting the pleasure of their honors. Mr. Justice Strong is polished and suave to a fault until the crust of impartiality which should surround every well regulated judge is dissolved by the strong waters inside and then his honor becomes a furious abuser of papists and calls the Pope all manner of ugly names. The crust was in a very bad way at the time of which I write and the driver of the sleigh—no less a person than Mr. Patrick Buckley—resented the language made use of by Judge Strong towards him and his religion. He then told Mr. Buckley that "he should have been banged long ago" and when Judge _____ remonstrated, his learned colleague turned round and called him a— Ultramontane. Mr. Buckley, who is a wealthy energetic citizen, owner of houses and sleighs in Ottawa, though he occasionally chafes to drive one of his own dashing equipages is not a man to be trifled with by any means, instructed his lawyer next morning to take proceedings against the Judge but vast pressure being put on him by influential friends he consented to let the matter drop after an apology and the payment of expenses by the erring Justice of the Supreme Court. Perhaps it was as well, but for my part I hope I shall never be standing at the bar of justice where Judge Strong or any such light is presiding be he Catholic or Protestant.

The politicians here are anxiously engaged in spelling out the Governor-General's speech from the throne and trying to discover something from the text. This is however almost impossible so guarded is the composition. It is thought by the *quid*, names that the opposition will take British Columbia, "Section 15" of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the railroad itself as their points of attack. Sir John Macdonald is the undoubted leader of the opposition and Dr. Tupper second in command. No one knows of course what the session will develop but it looks as if it was going to be rather tame.

O'Connor Power, M.P., is in town and is being feted by those who have a respect for his genius and patriotism. The Hon. Mr. Anglin, gave a dinner in his honor on Saturday and the Hon. R. W. Scott, on Monday. Efforts are being made to induce him to lecture here and it is to be hoped they will succeed, for few have visited this Dominion of Canada gifted with the splendid eloquence of O'Connor Power. If he does lecture it will be under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Society, a Society which by the way is regaining the energy and usefulness it had lost. This is in a great measure due to the exertion of the Rev. Father Whelan, its spiritual director who is using his utmost exertions to build up an Association which will be a credit to Ottawa, and the Irish Catholic population. A debating club is formed in connection with the Society where a given subject is argued *pro* and *con* once a week much to the edification of the members and the development of their debating powers. On last Friday night the subject under discussion was the Southern States; were they justified in seceding; a question which by a vote was decided in the negative.

rest with him. We said before that we will cling to this question until we exhaust it. The more we investigate it, the more we see the strength of our position, and as we said at the commencement, we promise our readers that this battle of Orange Immigration is not half fought out yet.

The *Tribune* in arguing the question reminds us that it is not to the interest of the MacKenzie Government to induce Orangemen to immigrate to the Dominion. Well suppose we grant this. But does it prove that such immigration has not taken place? Does it prove that it might not be to the interest of Mr. Foy to send his Orange friends to this country. He did so in the interests of the late Government, and he has been blindly permitted to do so in the interest of the present administration. Perhaps Mr. Foy is clever enough to deceive the Department of Agriculture. Mr. Foy is a prominent Orangeman. All his associations are Orange, and may it not be his interest, and to the interest of the party to whom he owes his position to send the members of the fraternity to the Dominion. But we care not for the reasons—the facts are before us. The importation of Orangemen is a grievance. We do not regard it as a political question. To us it has a more serious aspect, and if it is permitted to continue, Orangism will become rampant all over the country. We are not silly enough to think that it received "official" sanction, or that we can prove it through "official" returns. We do not for an instant fancy that it was in Mr. Foy's "instruction." No, No! There are more ways of killing a dog than by poison. Mr. Foy received no written "instruction" to send his "picked friends" to the Dominion, but he did it, and it was winked at, and encouraged in London, and before we have done with him, we promise our readers that the fox shall be unearthed, for we are resolved to hunt him to the end.

MAD!

The fanatics of Ontario are going mad! They are moon-struck to a man. Neither is there method in their folly. It is very mid-summer madness in them all. Perhaps, indeed, the gods do love them, for it would appear that they are about to drive them out of their senses. The fanatics want nothing less than the establishment of an Inquisition in Toronto. It has been so decreed by the Protestant Synod, or let us say by that portion of the Synod which is fanatical in its ways. It has gone so far as to introduce a bill into the Legislature. It is called "An act to enable the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto to conduct enquiries under oath." This throws the Mandement of the Bishop of Rimouski far into the shade. He merely enunciated opinions at variance with civil jurisdiction. His enemies cannot say that he did more. But our Toronto fanatics want to place judicial power in the hands of a fanatical tribunal. The Protestant press of Montreal does not view the monstrous proposition favourably. The *Star* says that:—

"The liberty of no man be he Protestant, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, or no church at all, would be secure were any bishop or other person or person deputed by the Synod to issue a subpoena directing him to appear and give evidence in a church squabble, the Synod would become a pest."

Safe! Why it would place us at the mercy of the terrorism of the Synod. It would subvert our social liberty, and endanger our religious freedom, to the inquisitorial of raving madmen. Such an infamous piece of Legislation can never become law. It would revive the days of Puritanical tyranny in New England. We know too well what fanatical ascendancy means. It is not to sincere Protestants an object, but to the madmen who in every land persecuted those who differed from them when they could. We want no renewal of the Penal Code in Canada. We do not forget what Berger said when he defied the fanatics to mention a single town, in which their Protestant predecessors on becoming masters, did not exterminate the Catholics. We remember Rousseau, who was educated a Protestant, saying that the Reformation was intolerant in its cradle, and its authors universally persecutors. We remember Bayle, who was a Calvinist, publishing the same thing. We have read of the Huguenot minister Jurieu, acknowledging that "Germany, Switzerland, the Republic, electors and princes of the empire, England, Scotland, Sweden, and Denmark, had all employed the power of the State to abolish Popery for the new religion." Are we to have the spirit of the infamous D'Adrets renewed in Toronto? It is not unlikely if this bill becomes law. But the fanatics will be careful. Such a bill must be rejected, and the "Synod" will assuredly discover then there is much difference between Protestants who are honest in their belief, and fanatics, who live only to curse the Pope, and to bring down their footsteps in ridicule and contempt to the grave. "The *Globe* supports this infamous measure," "But the *Globe* supported the Orange Incorporation bill too, and the latter bill has been lost on a division by 44 to 34. Of course Orangism is in a rage. The bill will

it is said, be introduced again, and the work of fanaticism will be pushed on with more method in its madness. But it is no more dangerous to predict a more disastrous defeat for the "Inquisition" Bill than it is to chronicle the defeat of the Orange Incorporation measure. These fanatics in Toronto make a huge mistake if they think that they can revive the days of Orange ascendancy. We append a list of the division in the Orange question. All the men may not be well known but it may be useful to enable us to fix upon them some other time.

YEAS—Appleby, Baker, Barr, Bell, Bethune, Boulter, Broder, Brown, Cameron, Code, Creighton, Gascon, Flesher, Grange, Hargraff, Kean, Lauder, Macdougall (Middlesex), Macdougall (Stimco), McGowan, McEae, Meredith, Merrick, Miller, Monk, Mostyn, Preston, Richardson, Robinson, Rosevear, Scott, Tooley, Wiale.—34.

NAYS—Ballantine, Baxter, Bishop, Bonfield, Chis-kelm, Clarke (Norfolk), Clarke (Wellington), Crooks, Currie, Deroche, Ferris, Finlayson, Fraser, Gibson, Graham, Grant, Hardy, Harkin, Hodgins, Hunter, Lane, Lyon, McCraney, McMahon, Massie, Mowat, O'Donoghue, O'Sullivan, Pardee, Patterson (Essex), Patterson (York), Paxton, Ross, Sexton, Sinclair, Snetsinger, Springer, Striker, Watterworth, Widdfield, Williams, Wilson, Wood.—44

VALENTINE'S DAY.

It is now thirteen Centuries since the Christian martyr Valentine was butchered to make a Roman holiday, and near where the Porta del Popola, or as it was until lately called the Porta Valentine, stands, all that is left of the relics of the murdered man are still preserved with Christian veneration. The pastors of the Christian Church in those early days had to encounter terrors, beside which the work of modern missionary labours, look enchanting to the senses. The stake and gibbet, too often preceded the decapitation of the victims of a cruel age, and the bleaching carcases of the martyred many, were left for the carrion birds to peck at. Valentine fared like many of his brethren, and by a happy accident is, perhaps, one of the best known of the many victims which the Church gave into the maws of a heathen epoch. But the whirlegig of time has brought many a change in the way in which the 14th of February was celebrated. "Old times have changed, old manners gone" and St. Valentine's day is now best known as a day when Jock and Gill may avow their mutual throbings, through the medium of the post-office and its attendants, the letter-carriers of the day. It is the day when all the living world hears the postman's knock rattaning at the door, as with fluttering hearts, hands trembling with nervous expectation are extending to receive a *billet* at the porte. It is a day of joy for the young folk, and prattling tongues and merry eyes, become the festive morn. Nor can those of more matured age well seek refuge in repose. The young ones of the household are too full of the merriment of the hour to permit an infringement upon their manor ground—for St. Valentine's Day is their especial pasturage. Cupid has, however, become a degenerate boy in these latter days and, for the lovers longings of a bygone age, a demoralized burlesque has been substituted. Man is bad enough at the best of times, but when pictured by an unkind hand he is a very brute indeed. But as the day is now upon us the freaks of many, will but be for the merriment of all, and as our young folks romp amidst the joyous throng which surrounds the cartoon of some victim of the hour, we can all afford to be an "Aunt Sally" for the day, and like that good-natured lady of the race-course, take our punishment with smiling resignation. Meanwhile we must not forget that letters alone do not now monopolise the claim to the favours of the day—valentines may come in many forms, and, as a comic songster says, in many "shapesses too." Let us therefore offer to our friends a new method for fulfilling an old habit, and tremblingly present the TRUE WITNESS to all good wishers as our valentine.

CHINIQUY—THE OKA'S—JOE BEEF.

Chiniquy has become more noisy of late—the Oka's are growing restive again, and "Joe Beef" is speculatively advertising "his canteen with three bears and tea for 5c," per human head. The trio should form a happy—a very happy—family, and if the "Rev." Charles and the philanthropic "Joe" betook themselves to the wigwags of the Oka braves beside the Lake of the Two-Mountains—the arrangement might be to the advantage of society at large. The Oka's, it is well known, apostatised because their hunting grounds became exhausted, and when food became scarce, these doughty warriors preferred to change their religion rather than till the soil, upon which the charity of the Seminary of St. Sulpice comfortably settled them in 1717. The "mess of pottage" successfully charmed them towards the temple of Baal. But Joe Beef could easily pack "his canteen with three bears and tea at 5c. per head," to the shores of the Great Bay of the Lake of the Two Mountains, and relieve the "Protestant defence Alliance" from all the fuss and "vigorous action" which a report in the *Witness* informs us they are about to take to bring the Oka business before the tribunal of mankind at large. "Chief Joseph and a

deputation" are, it is said, about to go to England—but it would be better for "Chief Joseph" to take Joe Beef back with him to the wigwags of his braves, and find solace for his feelings in the "canteen with three bears and tea at 5c. per head." And then the "Rev." Charles could minister even to the diseased minds of the Oka's, and the "grand orator," whose "voice trembles with emotion" would teach such moral doctrine that Oka would be saved. Chiniquy to the rescue of the soul—Joe Beef to the rescue of the belly, and the braves rejoicing that "they've got no work to do."

HOME RULE.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE MONTREAL BRANCH. The Annual Meeting of the Montreal Branch of the Home Rule League took place on last Wednesday week in St. Patrick's Hall. The annual report was read, and showed that during the year \$200 had been collected.—Several new members were elected, and the meeting adjourned until Friday, the 16th inst., when it is expected that Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., will attend.

HOME RULE IN THE UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The University Literary Debating Society held their thirteenth public debate in the Association Hall, on Thursday the 8th inst. There was a large audience, and the subject in debate was Federation vs Independence. During the course of the debate Mr. Greenshields B.C.S. who advocated Federation, is reported to have said that he was "in favour of granting a local parliament to Scotland and Ireland if they wished it. He was not there to uphold Home Rule, but he put it to the audience if Ireland was not as fully entitled to a local parliament as Canada was." Ireland as much "entitled" to Home Rule as Canada! We think far more so. Home Rule is the right of Ireland, while it is only expediency which secures it to Canada. Ireland was robbed of her Legislative Independence, while Canada was made a present of her liberty. No, no, there is no parallel in the two cases. The one was a fraud—the other was a gift. The Union usurped the rights of a Nation, while Canada was granted national autonomy. But even on the ground of "expediency," Ireland has as strong a claim as Canada to Federation, and Mr. Greenshields may be assured that so long as Irish laws are made by English men, there will be discontent in Ireland as there was discontent in Canada. The vote was in favour of Independence.

"THE HOME RULE LEADER."

The *Tribune* of Toronto made a mistake, when it said last week that Mr. Butt was converted "from Toryism to Liberalism." Mr. Butt is certainly not a Tory, and is just as certainly not a Liberal. As a Home Ruler he can be neither one nor the other. Such is the programme of the party. Mr. Butt may from time to time find it necessary to support Liberal measures, as he sometimes supports Conservative measures. But he does so as a strategical movement which may indirectly bear upon the Home Rule agitation. The policy of the Home Ruler is "a plague on both their Houses." Both have coerced Ireland—one party just as much as the other—the same under Pitt, Adington, Liverpool, and Disraeli, as it was under Grey, Melbourne, Russel, and Palmerston. We are sure the *Tribune* will recognise this as well as ourselves, and that the reminder about Mr. Butt not being a Liberal is made by us simply to prevent what might, perhaps, cause many to misunderstand his true position in the House of Commons—as leader of an Independent Irish party.

REVIEWS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1877.

Harper's Magazine for February is an unusually bright and fresh Number, with nearly sixty exquisite engravings. The Number opens with a very interesting paper, beautifully illustrated, on Cardiff and the valley of the Taff, in Wales. Among the illustrations are portraits of Lord and Lady Bute.

Dr. Bolton's article on "The Log-Book of the *Savannah*" is a novelty. The *Savannah* was the first steamer that crossed the Atlantic.

In an illustrated paper, entitled "And who was Blennerhasset?" J. S. C. Abbott relates the story of Blennerhasset and his accomplished wife, with a picturesque description of their island retreat on the Ohio.

One of the brightest illustrated articles in this Number is Mr. Van. Cleef's descriptive paper on "Barbadoes."

A. H. Guernsey contributes review of Mr. Squier's explorations in "The Land of the Incas," with fourteen illustrations of Peruvian scenery and antiquities.

In this Number are published, in their entirety, the four letters written by Macaulay to Randall.

A large installment is given in this Number of Blackmore's new novel, "Erema: or, My Father's Sin." The scene of the story thus far is California.

Part VIII. of "A Woman-Hater" recounts the adventures of Rhoda Gale as a female physician.

The Editorial departments very fully cover their respective fields. Among other matters of interest in the *Scientific Record* is a resume of the results of the recent British Arctic expedition.—Dawson Bros., Montreal.

DEVOTION OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

This is a book of nearly 340 pages, is divided into xxxi chapters, and can be had from Sadlier & Co. Montreal, sent free by mail for \$1.50. In Chapter III the author describes "what the rosary is" and traces the origin of this beautiful and devotional exercise:

"We find the traces of the use of beads among the pious solitaries of Egypt, who lived in the first ages of Christianity. Those among them who were unable to say the Breviary or Psalter, recited instead, as many Our Fathers as there are psalms in the psalter. These good monks made use of little pebbles or beads in order to count more easily the required number of prayers. In course of time these beads were attached to strings, and thus originated the present form of the Rosary."

The book is neatly made up, being printed and published in excellent style.

THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—Contents:—

Julian letters. The poetry of the Old Testament. Alexander Venet. Priesthood in the light of the New Testament. Spencer's Sociology; its Ground, Motive and Sphere. Guizot's History of France. The Servian War. Contemporary Literature.

We cannot be expected to agree with all that is in the *British Quarterly Review*, but we can appreciate the charming selections which it contains. There is a refreshing absence of bigotry in its pages which makes it welcome to all. Protestant in tone, it is yet free from fanaticism, and the sympathy it evinces for the Protestant faith does not degenerate to rude and childish attacks upon "papists" or their creed. The *British Quarterly* fights its own corner, as we fight ours. The "Contemporary Literature" with which it closes this month's number is a careful review of many of the latest publications which have come from the press, and the generous tone in which it speaks of such men as Frederic Ozanam, is as pleasing as it is unusual. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

BLACKWOOD'S.—Contents:—

The shadow of the door. Inside the House of Commons. A Woman-Hater. George Sand. Weariness: A Tale from France. Cupid Schooled. The New Year.

Blackwood is as able, but it is a little heavier, than usual. "George Sand" is by far the best article in the number. Madam Dudevent was certainly one of the most gifted writers of her day. As "George Sand" she won fame but not fortune. Like Balsac, Scott, Johnston and hundreds of others, she had to contend against pecuniary straits. She affected men's costume, assumed a man's name, and certainly was a strong believer in women's rights. Although the sketch is well written and instructive, still we differ with the writers view of "George Sand's" troubles. We find her obstinate in youth, and perverse in womanhood. We can admire her genius but not her life. Dawson Bros., Montreal.

BE. FORD'S MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.—Contents:—

What he cost her. Ruse D'Amour. Temperance by act of Parliament. Variam et mutabile Semper. Feemina. Evenings in the Library. Mr. Blusher. Where's the G? Harold. Literary men and their manners. Nicholas Miniatura. Topics of the Time. Olla Podrida. Current Literature, Scientific, Mental. Numerous Department.

Belford for February maintains its place well at the head of our Canadian monthlies. "Literary men and manners" is faulty but only because it is too short. It is one of those good things of which we would wish to get more. We believe that Belford brothers are anxious to secure agents for the sale of the work in every town and village in the Dominion, and they offer a liberal commission.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS.—Contents:—

Mr. Gladstone on Religious Thought. Cardinal Antonelli. Mater Christi. Ont on the moor. Russian monks and monasteries. Some more Spanish customs. The distribution of Light in Buildings. Turkish and new Turkish atrocities. The use of Creatures. Historical Gleanings. Infallibility mis-stated and stated. A true Story of a French General.

This is perhaps the cheapest, and for the money—six cents—the best monthly publication issued from the press.

MCGEE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

This is the cheapest illustrated weekly—of any standing—published in America, and deserves to receive the substantial support from Irishmen which its enterprising proprietors so well merit.

New Music.—"Tell that story again Maggie." Publisher W. Whitley, Toledo, Ohio, post paid 30cts.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.—Box 3090 Boston \$1.60 per year. Single copy 15 cents.

This is a charming magazine, and well adapted for our young folks. Without being sensational it is attractive, and without being heavy it is instructive. What we have read of its letter-press is in every way suitable for our young folks, and if such literature can be made replace the degenerate books which are now too much circulated among the youths of our day, the change will be for the better.