

very infancy of the Carolinian colonies; but his mountain home he called his "heart's rest," because there he had created a great, prosperous, and widely beneficial industry; there he was universally beloved and loved, and there especially he could see all the instincts of his noble nature, in shedding happiness around him, and in contemplating with the eye of a philosopher and a Christian the greatness and goodness of the invisible Creator, stamped on the visible works of His hands.

With the history of this venerable man, with the members of his large and most interesting family, with that of Enay Hutchinson, and his own by old friendship and near neighborhood, and with the mansions inhabited by both, amid these glorious highlands of the South, we shall become fully acquainted in the course of this story. Fairview Villa, the historic residence, was but three miles distant, but the straight line, from Fairy Dell, but the winding road that led to it, was more than three miles long. The two mansions, however, were in view of each other across the intervening gulfs of verdure, and from the lofty flagstaff which stood close by their respective portals the national flag was alternately hoisted and lowered to exchange friendly greetings on this auspicious morning.

It was a lovely morning it was. The great masses of shadow down in the valley of the Telesia (the modern French Broad?) and in the adjacent and interlocking vales, were now shining with every step of the ascending sun, while the mists were fast floating up, and leaving the far-off crests and shoulders of the Southern or Western mountains enveloped in the peculiar and beautiful blue haze which made the rude pioneers bestow on various groups in the Eastern and Western ranges the not very poetic names of Blue or Black or Smoky Mountains.

While the families at Fairy Dell and Fairview Villa are being prepared for breakfast and for the other festivities of the memorable birthday,—our two mansions have reached the river,—a creek it cannot be called,—which is a turbulent, headlong mountain stream, as it issues from a mill-pond just where Fairy Dell opened its bosom to give its waters brief respite in their downward course. A lofty and precipitous headland stood right in the path of the stream, forcing it almost to flow back to the shelter of the deep and scarcely less precipitous cove over which the dell opened upwards. This expanse of water looked singularly like a little lake,—dark, because overhung on all sides by steep rocks or stupendous wooded heights, and abeltering on its glossy bosom a little islet covered with a dense growth of oaks and chestnuts, and concealing in its very midst a shallow pond all covered with water-lilies.

This islet, christened Fairy Island by the D'Arcys, had ever been a favorite resort of Rose and her grandfather. They had constructed a rustic cottage there, where the old gentleman loved occasionally to spend a few hours in writing his memoirs, while the young folks were devoting themselves to the congenial occupation of boating on the river, or of awaking the marvellous echoes of the place by song or merry laughter, or of exploring the recesses of the sheltered nooks along the shores for rare flowers and mosses.

Rose had found the boats moored at the entrance of the cove, and giving the horses to John, she helped Lucy into a skiff, seized the oars, pushed off from the shore, and showed that she could manage her little craft as thoroughly as her pony. As they flew over the calm bosom of the river, Lucy could not withhold her exclamations of wonder and delight at the enchanted scene around her. The mist drifted slowly in broken patches over the water, impelled by the scarcely perceptible breeze which blew down through the deep, dark cleft forming the pathway of the mountain stream. It now hung like a shroud over the river and the inclosing walls of rock, and anon parted auder, disclosing for a moment the bright blue canopy of sky overhead, or allowing the eye to range upward along the amphitheater of wooded hills, the rose like mists above lifted to where the lofty summits of the Black Mountains shone far away in the heavens, crowned with all the glories of the morning sunlight.

The boat toward which Rose was steering could not be seen through the deep gloom and the veil of mist that clung to its woods, so that the skiff had almost touched ground ere the spell-bound Lucy perceived they were at Fairy Island.

"You are the fairy queen, Rosette!" she exclaimed, as she sprang out on the smooth sandy beach of the little cove, toward which her companion had steered unerringly through mist and darkness. "And I think you have none but obedient subjects in your kingdom; for everything seems to come to pass just as you wish it. See now the fog has lifted all of a sudden, to let the morning light greet you on your landing. And see how the white vapors are rushing up along yonder ravines, as if the fairies were urging their flight, so as to afford their mistresses a full view of the glories of her kingdom."

"You are the sweetest of fairies yourself, dear Lucy," Rose replied, as she drew up her skirt on the sand, took from it a flower-basket and knife, and led the way through a concealed opening in the screen of hawthorn and flowering vines. Before them, but invisible from the river, was a winding avenue among the stately growth of hickory, chestnut and oak, which soon led our maidens to the lily-pond in the center of this islet. It surely was a spot in which fairies might well disport them the whole night long. The whole surface of the pond was covered with the broad leaves of water-lilies of almost every species, native and foreign. Old Mr. D'Arcy had himself brought thither both the rootstocks and seeds of lilies from the Ganges and the Nile, so that, amid the yellow and white flowers of our American species were to be seen the splendid white and blue lotus of Egypt, the lily of Ceylon, and even the glorious blue lily of Australia. There was a flat-bottomed little boat expressly constructed for the purpose, which allowed the girls to approach the flowering clusters. Lucy was permitted to cut the first lily—our own sweet-scented nymphs, and Rose cutted all the rare buds of the blue and white lotus all that was needful for her purpose. They then returned without a moment's delay to where John, the gardener, and Ned were waiting for them with their horses; Ned being half-ashamed, half-angry at himself, for not having been in time to row his young mistress across to the island. This feat, however, Rose never would have permitted him to perform, as she was very choicely in her selection of visitors to her little realm.

An hour had now elapsed since they had set out, and it behooved them to lose no time, if they would enter the house quietly, and change their attire before the hur for the morning meal.

As the mist which enveloped the whole of Fairy Dell when they left the house at sunrise had now disappeared, they took a roundabout bridle path through the woods, left their horses near the stables, and stole in through the shrubbery and the green-house. In the latter they met Mr. D'Arcy, Rose's mother (her grandmother had long been dead), who felt disposed to chide the girls for their

early rising and excursion to the lily-pond. But, as she, even more than her daughter, was a devoted worshiper of the venerable head of the family, she dismissed them to their rooms with a half-murmured word of reproach and a loving motherly caress.

Meanwhile Mrs. D'Arcy had arranged with exquisite taste the garden and green-house flowers collected by the two girls in two magnificent Sevres vases on her ample breakfast-table, placing the lilies in the center opposite to old Mr. D'Arcy's chair, in a Japanese vase of silver inlaid with gold, which that gentleman had brought with him from the East.

The breakfast room itself was one which needed but little adornment to make it thoroughly delightful. It faced the east, commanding from its lofty windows a view of the steep slope of green sward that surrounded the house on three sides, of the active valley of the Telesia for more than thirty miles, and of the sublime mountain groups that rear their blue forms in the distance, with white masses of mist and cloud still clinging to their shoulders or valling their summits. Beautiful as were both lawn and park, and their wealth of shrub and flower, and lordly forest trees—and their intelligent proprietor had bestowed on their embellishment the loving care and industry of forty years—his own eye, like that of every guest who sat at his hospitable table, was irresistibly drawn and held by the panorama which opened above and beyond lawn, park, and woods,—

"Insuperable height of loftiest shade, A Syrian scene, and as the range ascend
Shade above shade, a woody theater
Of mistletoe view, together than their tops
The verdurous wait of paradise up string."

Yes, most truly, on this, the morning of his eightieth birthday, as on the first morning so many years ago, when he, a pioneer among these wilds, first gazed upon this scene, Francis D'Arcy thought that the unperennial paradise alone could offer to the soul of man anything more ravishing than this favored spot, prepared for his earthly home. And never sat he down to his repast in that room without casting his eyes on the blended magnificence of earth and sky before him, and thanking the divine Author of all good for the fatherly generosity that provides, in the riches and beauties of our present abode, an earnest and a foretaste of the everlasting future.

And such were his feelings as he joined the admiring family group that awaited his coming on the spacious veranda fronting the breakfast room, and who, familiar as the glorious prospect was to most of them, seemed to feed their souls on the varied splendors of the vast expanse of earth and sky before them.

It is a most fitting place and moment to introduce the reader to Francis D'Arcy, his family, and his guests.

The patriarchal figure that stepped out among the expectant group was that of a man upward of six feet high, erect and elastic in his bearing, with hair as white as the driven snow, falling in silvery waves over his shoulders, his deep blue eyes full of a gentle fire, which would blaze up into a bright flame whenever some noble subject excited his interest or his enthusiasm. His cheeks were still ruddy from health, exercise, and the life-long practice of temperance; while scarcely a wrinkle broke the polished surface of the broad brow, on which all lofty thoughts and noble sentiments were reflected as rapidly and faithfully as the calm bosom of the ocean beneath. Fairy Dell mirrored each cloud as it flitted across the blue, overhanging heavens.

Three of his children were there. There was Louisa, the oldest of them all, a stately lady, the widow of Gaston de Beaumont, a noble French emigre, and with her was her son Charles, a Major of Engineers, of great reputation. There was Gertrude, married to Richard Montgomery, a wealthy Georgian planter, who had come with his second son, Alfred, to pay his respects to his parent on this family anniversary. Finally, there was Louis, the oldest son of three, the father of our acquaintance, Rose, and the joint proprietor of the splendid estate of Fairy Dell.

The chief interest of this family circle centred, after the venerable head of the house, in Mrs. Louis D'Arcy, her noble husband and their six children. Louis D'Arcy, as he came forward to greet his father on that morning, appeared to be the latter's living portrait, when some twenty years younger. Nor was the resemblance one of outward form only; Louis D'Arcy was most like his parent in talents, disposition and elevation of soul. He was still what he had ever gloried in being, his father's most devoted servant, friend and companion—most perfectly one with him in mind and heart. Mary Dalton, Louis D'Arcy's wife, had become his bride at eighteen, in the first flower of her unspotted innocence and uncommon beauty. Her husband had kept her heart as fresh and her soul as pure and guileless up to the beautiful autumn of her life, as it was when the sweet fragrance of all her goodness won his young heart so many years before.

Of their children, Gaston, the oldest, was just then on his way from Fairview with their friends and neighbors, the Hutchinsons; Charles, the second son, was completing his course in the best school in Paris; Rose, the oldest daughter, is there, clinging to her grandfather's arm, her snow-white morning dress, with its sash of blue ribbon, contrasting with the roses on her cheeks and the dark masses of her burn hair, while her friend, Lucy Hutchinson, encircles her with one arm, in expectation of sharing a first greeting from Mr. D'Arcy. Three younger sisters, Genevieve, Maud and Mary, nestle between their mother and father, all radiant with happiness, and as fresh and fair to look upon as the loveliest flower that bloomed over all these beautiful grounds.

By the side of Major de Beaumont's martial figure stood Duncan McDonald, a tall and comely scion of the Clan Keppoch, the son of Mr. D'Arcy's youngest daughter, and who had come all the way from Canada to bear to his grandfather the love and congratulations of both his parents.

"Dearest grandpapa," said Rose looking up into his face with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, "all the family wish me to express their felicitations and the fervent prayer of all our hearts that many more years shall be added to your precious life."

"I accept your felicitations, my child," the old gentleman replied, with emotion, "and thank you all for your loving prayer. A long life is a sweet life when spent with children like mine, and in such a paradise as this." And bending down he kissed the fair girl on the forehead.

"Rose of my heart," he said, looking fondly into the worshipping eyes raised to his, "may God ever make you a blessing to your home, your kindred, and your kind. May you be in all things like your mother!"

"Yes, come to me, dearest Mary!" he added, opening his arms to Mrs. D'Arcy and folding her to his heart. "How many a long year have you not been the light of my home as well as the joy of my husband! Ah, Louisa, my own darling, I know you are not jealous of Mary, nor you, Gertrude. Oh, my children, is it not a foretaste of heaven to love each other as you do! And now let us all help make it a bright day for the young folk."

"Not till you have kissed me too," said Lucy.

(To be continued.)

OUR OTTAWA LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

OTTAWA, Aug. 16.—(Gladwin Smith, in a recent paper on "The Political History of Canada," says of Sir John Macdonald that "he has been compelled to resort to corruption in all its protean forms and in all its varied applications, though his own hands were believed by all to have remained clean. Probably no fewer of notes ever had a stronger melody of fishes in his net. Roman Catholics and Orangemen go to the polls for him to-day, and an effective opposition to him cannot be formed because there is nothing for it to be formed on. He stands not upon principle, but upon management. In management he has no rival, and his counter-principle there can be none. It is needless to say that the system is demoralizing on the whole, and its existence depends on the life of a man past seventy, after whom there is a fair prospect of political naught."

Without pausing to enquire whether this be the best that can be said of a man, we may, in view of an impending general election, venture a few remarks on this somewhat curious passage. Of course we do not expect Mr. Smith to be severely truthful either as a moralist or a critic, however we may trust his wits in matters where his Irish and English prejudices are not excited. That touch about "clean hands" may have been artistically necessary to relieve an otherwise very gloomy portrait. Were his English readers aware of the merit that the mention of "clean hands" always produces in political discussions in Canada, they would hardly forgive him, I think, for perpetrating an unguarded jest with regard to the subject. In another part of the same article Mr. Smith declares that Sir John Macdonald has practiced these methods of CORRUPTION FOR FORTY YEARS.

During that time he has had command of the public purse, with all it implies, he has risen to distinction, he has received titles and decorations, fortunes have been bestowed on his wife and children, he has held offices in which were great corporations, contractors and politicians dependent upon him for favors and advancement. Are the Northern railway demerits and the diamond necklace presentation incidents so obscure and remote as to have escaped the professor's memory?

But, not contented to find a man of Goldwin Smith's name and standing in politics advancing so flimsy an excuse for his own, who, to gratify his ambition for office, has for forty years deliberately corrupted and debauched his countrymen?

The fact that Sir John Macdonald had to adopt these methods at the start of his career and continue them to his close is not proof that the country needed his services, or that our population was too indolent and impracticable to be governed without them. Rather it is not an argument that

GOVERNMENT BY HONEST METHODS would have been carried on by his opponents, and that government of his necessitated "recourse to corruption in all its protean forms and in all its varied applications."

Mr. Smith seems to think it a great point in Sir John's management that Roman Catholics and Orangemen go to the polls for him to-day. Lies of political cleavage in Canada are not, and I hope never will be, religious. Catholics, like all men of independent views, are divided in their party sympathies. Orange Liberals are few and far between for the Orange Association is a Tory machine, wholly in the hands and under the control of the Tory party. Recently the action of the Toronto *Mercator* has driven large numbers of Catholics

OUT OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY, while the Irish, as a people, have been estranged by its venous opposition to Home Rule. When at the next election the Catholic vote is cast with the Liberals it will be because of the offensive attitude assumed toward them by the Premier and his organs. And I am rash enough to maintain that in so doing Catholics will dissolve an unlovely alliance, and unite with liberal, respectable Protestants in the effort to get rid of government by corruption. Hereafter it has not been astonishing that diverse elements should be found in Sir John's train, because there has been nothing to excite sectarian uneasiness. Perfect religious equality is the only form party politics can take on lines purely political. It was not till Catholics as a body were

INSULTED AND THREATENED by the Conservative press that new divisions arose. Duty now commands all Catholics, as it does all Liberal Protestants, to punish those who have raised the flag of religious discord. Mr. Smith places too much emphasis on the question of religious differences. Canadian politics are now a struggle for the desperate expedient of a politician on his last legs.

"Tory was the fox, but he is caught at last." The professor next proceeds to inform the British public that "an effective opposition to Sir John cannot be formed simply because there is nothing for it to be formed upon." A more lame and impotent conclusion could not be imagined. Is the effort of a great party in the State to

THROW OFF THE YOKER of a corrupt minister of forty years standing,—who has piled up a colossal debt, troubled taxation, magnified deficits, debilitated the public domain among his followers, corrupted the judiciary, invaded provincial rights, turned the civil service into a house of prostitution, created rebellion, driven Nova Scotia to secession, and who has finally, with the hope of hanging on to office yet a little longer, striven to obtain the reins of power in his palsied grasp by inaugurating a war of religious animosity—all nothing?

Sir John Macdonald "stands upon management," Mr. Smith says, "not upon principle. In management he has no rival, and counter-principle there can be none." It is very difficult to restrain one's temper in the hearing of language so grossly false, so palpably in defiance of morality, experience and reason. Were the situation in Canada as Mr. Smith describes it we might well despair of our country, and, like him, fold our arms in the hopeless expectation that "political naught" is what he thinks there is "a fair prospect" of.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD PASSES AWAY! To have a man so designedly superficial or purposely misleading abusing the ears of the British public in the name of Canada is a misfortune which a few years residence in the country does not entitle him to inflict. "Counter-principle there can be none," Mr. Smith says, in Canadian politics is a system, which he defines as "demoralizing as well as expensive." "From a man who is held up among the great literary lights of the day, a critic of statesmen and a genius enriched with the logos of ages! What a pronouncement from the serene spirit that in supercilious grandeur looks down from the heights of the Dominion! Never in the memory of man has there been seen such a plunge from the summit of Parnassus down, down, down into the gulf of Bathos!

OTTAWA, Aug. 17.—A Conservative member of Parliament, who is a constant traveller through all the Provinces, admitted to me, in conversation yesterday, that the chances were all against the Ministry in the coming elections, but, as usual with those of his party, he had great faith in Sir John being able to perform some grand coup by which he would save himself. There is no doubt of Sir John's willingness to perform a coup d'état, but what can he do? Granting his utter unscrupulousness and his command of a majority in parliament for another session he cannot by any human device divert the tide of popular disapproval which is rising higher and growing stronger every day. Quebec will return at least fifty-five

OPONENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT, Nova Scotia fifteen, New Brunswick twelve, allowing therefore that the government holds

its own in the rest of the Dominion, which is extremely poor, and the fate of the party is sealed. Even supposing the Tories retain their present count in all the provinces, how are they going to overcome the defection of Quebec? Last session in a house notoriously unscrupulous to ministers their majority was reduced on one occasion to ten and was constantly fluctuating. But supposing they had a majority, it would be unmanageably small and government would be impossible with Quebec in opposition. Such a state of affairs is, however, highly improbable. Ottawa will increase the Reform contingent, more particularly in the eastern part of the province. In every province of the Dominion the Conservative cause is in a bad way. When Sir John enfranchised the Indians he played his last card. No doubt he hopes to manipulate

THE RED VOY through the agencies, and with the help of the Indian Doctor, whom he has sent among them to establish Orange lodges. In this way he will try to keep Mr. Patterson, of Brant, and Mr. Mills out of Parliament. The contemptible meanness of the game is worthy of the man. But what a lesson is thus given to the red man in liberty and civilization! The head of the Government unscrupulous and corrupts them at the same time. It is said the Indian is quick to learn the vice of his white brother. To what depths of degradation may he not be reduced by the application of the triple Tory arguments of bribery, whisky and Orangeman! Sir John must be driven to the farthest end of his last hole when he resorts to tricks like this. But I suppose it is some one of his famous "isotisms." He will be beaten down before, under the black billows of his own corruption. This time without hope of ever coming to the surface again. He will die hard, I have no doubt, but my attempt he may make to save himself by legislative or other frauds on the electorate will only recoil on his own head and deepen the popular feeling of disgust with him and his methods.

REORGANIZATION OF THE CABINET. Sir John Macdonald will arrive here about the middle of next week. Sir Charles Tupper is expected about the same time. The work of reorganizing the Cabinet and preparing for the coming campaign will then begin. Mr. McLean will probably retire and Sir Charles Tupper will take the place of Minister of Finance as well as secretary of the treasury. Letters, and seat election in Colchester. Whether he will be opposed or not, I cannot say. The secession feeling being very strong and he being mainly responsible for the unconstitutional manner in which Nova Scotia was dragged into confederation, may make his election

A TEST QUESTION on the strength of the "anti" feeling in that province. In that case his defeat would be more than probable and his rejection would be a blow from which the ministry could not recover. To avert so great a calamity he will propose some extraordinary concessions to Nova Scotia. What their nature and extent will be remains to be seen. But as nothing short of a complete reversal of the prevailing policy will have any effect it is hard to anticipate the extent to which he may be prepared to go. His reappearance on the scene, however, may be taken as the signal for the retirement of Sir John Macdonald. It is admitted that the Premier is no longer physically capable of standing the wear and tear of leadership in the Commons during the session. Sir John will continue the nominal head, but Tupper will be the actual leader. Only direct responsibility could have compelled Sir John to take this final step, for he is too wise to take the truth of the warning uttered by his political model—"Whoever is the occasion of another's advancement is the cause of his own demerit; because that advancement is founded either upon the conduct or power of the donor, either of which become suspicious of length to the person preferred."

OTHER CHANGES in the Cabinet will be necessary, but they will be effected, we may be sure, without opening any constituencies, especially will the Government be careful not to court a repetition of the Chambly disaster in Quebec. This may lead to another arrangement than the retention of Sir Adolphe Caron in London. McLean may be sent there to get rid of him and the present *status quo* maintained. The fact is the ministry is in a tight place. Where they most need strengthening is in Quebec, and there is no man of character and standing in that province who will risk his reputation and his future in the forlorn hope of bolstering up a falling government. In every direction the prospect is exceedingly dim and the Tories have finished their work, nullified their usefulness, the policy with which they conjured support before in a dead issue, their corruption is manifest, abominable, they have created distrust and hatred among classes which they cannot mollify and without whose good-will administration is impossible. They have no cry. There is nothing left for them but to prepare to step down and out and make way for better men, or be driven out by a long-uffering and disgusted people.

"Nay, an thou wilt mouth Thy rant as well as thou!" —SHAKESPEARE.

OTTAWA, Aug. 18.—We have a great many political parties in Canada. There is the Tory party, the Liberal party, the Conservative party, the Liberal-Conservative party, the Conservative-Liberal party, and a party by the name of Smith. Of all these the last is the greatest in the eyes of the British public. But he is very tiresome. He don't like the Irish-George Washington and he arc of different opinions. They are a bad lot, because, like the Spartans of old, though he will not acknowledge it, they persist in breeding virtuous women and valorous men. Time passed that he has one fifth of the ticket 77,227, which drew the second prize of \$25,000. He is only 26 years of age, is a native of Italy and has been here six years, and is the proprietor of a fruit stand at the cor. Washington Ave. and Laurel St. and will continue to make New Orleans his home. He is unmarried but he is now prove more susceptible to the smiles of some soft-eyed daughter of sunny Italy.—New Orleans (La.) *Picayune*, July 15.

In Paris an enthusiastic crowd insisted on carrying an unwilling stranger, who had saved a man from drowning, to the police station to be rewarded. There he was recognized as an offender who was wanted for larceny, and he was placed in prison.

A PLEASING DUTY. "I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton of Desert, P.Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint, from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."

THE VERDICT AGAINST THE ANARCHISTS.

CHICAGO, Aug. 20.—The court officials have decided that the relatives of the Anarchist prisoners will be allowed in the courtroom. There were present the sister, brother and mother of Spies. Nearly 2,000 spectators gathered in front of the building, and up at the windows, the building, gazing up into the courtroom at 9:30 o'clock. They were sent about the usual appearance, though Spies and Fischer looked deathly pale. They arrived at 9:30 o'clock. The verdict was as follows:—

ALL ANARCHISTS. The law prescribes are content to be such persons as Sidney Smith, Mordant Smith, Goldwin Smith, etc., respectable men everywhere. That it reminds me, as they do, of the ray of a certain regiment in Her Majesty's service in which there were many Smiths. There were Gentleman Smith, Skunkny Smith, Dirty Smith, Shaky Smith, Creepy Smith, Stubby Smith, Late Smith (he was always late on parade), Dandy Smith and G-dawful Smith. The microphone of the court world. But he returned to my old friend Tom Smith. He had a strong antipathy to the Irish. His constant advice was "keep the Irish out of the settlement." "But you are Irish yourself," somebody said to him one day. "I know I am," he replied, "and see what I might have been if I never came among you." He was not the only Smith who missed a great destiny by coming to Canada. But we may say this of him—he never denied his country.

ACCEPTING THE INVITATION of the Work let us turn to the "election notes" and read: "The Irish are migratory and do not acquire the residence qualification. This is a relief. The Irish Catholic, whether in England, in Canada, in the United States, or in Australia, is not a citizen of the land he inhabits, and therefore is not the subject of an alien society, and therefore is not the subject of the clan. If he anywhere grows strong, the British electors, supposing they care for their electoral liberties, will find that the only way of salvation is to combine and vote him down."

The extract, like all Mr. Smith's writing, betrays the thought and the manner of the tongue. Assertion and command follow but about as if he had only to speak from the chair. This sort of writing would not be worth attention were it not that Mr. Smith presumes to speak as one having authority from Canada and is regarded as an authority in England. His power or mission is therefore vastly in excess of his credentials. The only thing that Mr. Smith, after all (he makes no exception) migratory, like wandering Jews of the tribe of Gad. They are residents nowhere. They are only "encamped" like the Gypsies, in the midst of an alien society. They are the same, Mr. Smith asserts, in England, in Canada, in the United States and Australia and everywhere.

"FIGHTING FOR THE OBJECTS OF THE CLAN." Were I to write Mr. Smith a line, I would only reduce to the simplest and grossest term the description he has furnished of himself in stating what everybody knows to be false. In every land under the sun Irishmen are to be found established, trusted, respected, and successful in life. There is not a nation of Europe or America whose history is not adorned with the names and services of illustrious Irishmen. To day there is not a city on this continent but has Irishmen among its best, brightest, wealthiest citizens. And these are the people whom the aristocrats, vindictive, most ungracious of the Smiths but they importune to describe as priests! The passionate love of the Irish for the land of their forefathers and their unwavering devotion to her emancipation from tyranny, he calls "fighting for the objects of the clan!" In the history of the world there is nothing more sublime than

IRISH PATRIOTISM. Irishmen have wandered over the earth and planted themselves everywhere, as Scotchmen and Englishmen have done; to say they are only "encamped" is simply an indication of lunacy. In my family, for instance, which came to Canada seventy years ago, cleared the land, settled on it, and, which is in its various branches to-day, identified with the institutions, the enterprise, the development and progress of the country less resident than any other of the nation. And there is no "way of salvation" for the rest of the community than "to combine and vote down" Irish people like us! Impudens, thy name is Goldwin Smith!

But writers like the Professor have their ends, they serve to stimulate Irish feeling and make us more determined to bring England and Englishmen to a proper sense of the magnitude of the conflict in which they are engaged with the Irish people. Were all England of the mind of Goldwin Smith, yet will we bring her to her knees.

NOT AS ENEMIES for centuries of wrong and seeking revenge, but as men demanding our rights, which let England refuse at her peril. Irishmen know their position and the position of those with whom they have come to settle with the account of ages. They do not mistake such persons as Mr. Smith for a right Englishman any more than they mistake an Orangeman for a right Irishman. He may rant as he will, but the green banner of Irish freedom will wave triumphantly long, I trust, before nature plants her eternal banner of green over his head, as it will over the heads of all enemies of Ireland.

REDAU. Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered Liver. Only one pill a dose.

THE NIAGARA RAPIDS AGAIN NAVIGATED BY GRAHAM—A CHAMK ATTEMPT TO SWIM WITH THE NATURAL RESULT. NIAGARA FALLS, N.Y., Aug. 19.—Graham successfully navigated the Whirlpool Rapids with his head protruding from his barrel this afternoon. Jim Scott, a fisherman, of Lewiston, attempted to swim the Whirlpool Rapids in a cork suit this afternoon. His body was picked up at Lewiston one hour afterwards.

IN NEW ORLEANS AN ITALIAN PROPRIETOR OF A WASHINGTON STREET FRUIT STAND CUTS A MELON. Among the happy ones at the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery on the 13th inst., was Mr. Vito Dioreno, who had one fifth of the ticket 77,227, which drew the second prize of \$25,000. He is only 26 years of age, is a native of Italy and has been here six years, and is the proprietor of a fruit stand at the cor. Washington Ave. and Laurel St. and will continue to make New Orleans his home. He is unmarried but he is now prove more susceptible to the smiles of some soft-eyed daughter of sunny Italy.—New Orleans (La.) *Picayune*, July 15.

Prayers of the Forty Hours' devotion will commence to-morrow, August 22nd, at St. Bernard; on Tuesday at St. Philomene; on Thursday at St. Esprit; and on Saturday at Hermyford.

The Rev. Father Carriere, curate at the Sacred Heart Convent, of this city, has been transferred to the diocese of London, Ont. On Wednesday next a Grand Mass will be celebrated at the Cathedral, at 7 o'clock, for the benefactors of the Episcopal Palace.

JUST THE THING.

W. J. Guppy, druggist, of Newbury, writes: "Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is just the thing for Summer Sicknes. I had out my stock this time last summer. It was a good demand for it." Dr. Fowler's extract of Wild Strawberry is infallible for Dysentery, Colic, Sick Stomach and Bowel Complaint.

THE COAL CONSPIRACY. JUDGE GUNNOR DEFENDS THE INSTRUCTION ASKED FOR AND THE CASE PROCEEDS IN COURT. TORONTO, Aug. 20.—Judge O'Connor gave his decision this morning refusing the motion for an application for an injunction to turn P. Burns' books seized by the police. He was of opinion that trespass had been committed, but as the books were in another court's custody he could not interfere. This decision was handed to the police magistrates and the defendant's motion with the hearing of the case against Burns, Venables and the other defendants for conspiring to defraud the city. After unimportant testimony Symons, Burns' absconding book-keeper, took the stand. His evidence was a repetition of the statements previously made by him that a false entry had been made in the books to cover up the frauds. The case against Burns, Venables and the other defendants for conspiring to defraud the city. After unimportant testimony Symons, Burns' absconding book-keeper, took the stand. His evidence was a repetition of the statements previously made by him that a false entry had been made in the books to cover up the frauds. The case against Burns, Venables and the other defendants for conspiring to defraud the city.

TO MAINTAIN ONE LIFE you must invent twenty, but truth can never be strengthened by bolstering. The testimony of every lady who has used Dr. Fowler's Favorite Prescription for nervous debility and female weakness carries conviction with it. The fact stated in such a way that no one can doubt them. All those peculiar pains and sinking sensations which ladies suffer from, can be overcome by means of this wonderful preparation. If you are a sufferer from female weakness, don't fail to employ it.

A SUCCESSFUL RESULT. Mr. Frank Hendry, writing from Seaford, says: "I purchased one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters to purify my blood. It did purify it, and now I have excellent health." As a blood purifying tonic and system regulator the result of taking B. B. B. is always successful.

Samson, the French executioner, beheaded 7,143 people in his official career, being 247 a year. Hatters say that straw hats were worn less this summer than for a long time, white hats being the favorite style.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Coughs, Influenza.—The soothing properties of these medicaments render them well worthy of trial in all diseases of the respiratory organs. In common coughs and influenza the Pills, taken internally, and the Ointment rubbed over the chest and throat, are exceedingly efficacious. When influenza is epidemic, this treatment is the easiest, safest and surest. Holloway's Pills purify the blood, remove all obstacles to its free circulation through the lungs, relieve the congested air tubes, and render respiration free, without reducing the strength, irritating the nerves, or depressing the spirits; such are the ready means of saving suffering when anyone is afflicted with cold, coughs, bronchitis, and other chest complaints, by which so many persons are seriously and permanently afflicted in most countries.

The debt of the city of Berlin amounts to 157,500,000 marks—112 marks per capita.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate In Constipation. Dr. J. N. Robinson, Medina O., says: "In cases of indigestion, constipation, and nervous prostration, its results are happy."

Prayers of the Forty Hours' devotion will commence to-morrow, August 22nd, at St. Bernard; on Tuesday at St. Philomene; on Thursday at St. Esprit; and on Saturday at Hermyford.

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