

warmly welcomed by the audience, said in the course of a witty and eloquent speech that he saw all around him when he visited Ireland evidences that the shackles of ages were falling from Ireland's limbs. Her religion had been emancipated, her industries were now emancipated, and the time of her political emancipation could not be long delayed, for freedom and success in one direction promoted the same objects in every other as well. He had been very deeply struck by the testimony of advance, which he had seen in the exhibition, and which formed the finest collection of Irish art and industry ever brought together. He meant to turn this display to practical account. A great cathedral was now being erected in St. Louis. He had seen Irish marbles in the Industrial Hall, Irish stained glass in beautiful design, Irish metal work and vestments embroidered by Irish hands, and he undertook that these products of Ireland would be largely utilised by him.

Progress of the Irish Language

According to Seumas MacManus the practical revival of the Irish language in Ireland is making phenomenal progress. He writes to the N.Y. 'Sun' that each day brings more startling evidence of the fact. Government returns just made out show that whereas only 313 pupils of the primary schools were learning Irish three years ago, 92,619 children of the national schools of the country were studying their own language on December 31st last, which signifies that upwards of 100,000 children of the national schools of the country alone are learning to-day. It is concluded that another 100,000 are being taught Irish in the evening schools, intermediate schools, Christian Brothers' schools, and Gaelic League classes. Enthusiasm for their language among the youth of the whole country is unbounded and infectious. Since the restoration of their language to the Welsh and the Bohemians, MacManus adds, there has not been in Europe any parallel for this magnificent Gaelic revival. 'It is astounding none more than the wise heads among ourselves, the eminently practical ones, who pooh-poohed the Gaelic revival at its start, and who for years obstinately refused to see that it was year by year taking firm hold upon the hearts and the souls of the people, and whose eyes are nowadays being forcibly opened.'

Imitation Irish Lace

Irish lace has found many imitators, but it is particularly hard on the genuine workers that a counterfeit article should emanate from a Swiss town which is named after an Irish saint. Yet the facts are, the British Consul at Nice reports that he endeavored last season to find a market there for Irish lace, and in the course of his inquiries learnt that the real article had to contend with the lace produced by the town of St. Gall, in Switzerland. Moreover, so close was the imitation that it needed an expert to distinguish the genuine from the counterfeit Irish lace. The efforts to procure a local agent appear to have been fruitless, by reason of the high commission charged, and the Irish Industries Association were unable to carry out their intention. St. Gall, however, has associations of particular interest to the Irish people. After the destruction of the monastery at Bangor, Gall, a disciple of St. Columba, found his way to Switzerland, and founded an abbey, round which grew up the town which now bears his name. He died in 625. O'Curry records that two Irish MSS. are preserved there: one, the Codex of Priscian, which contains a number of Irish glosses from the beginning up to page 222; and the other, a fragment of a Latin tract of Aileran, published by Fleming in his *Collecta Sacra*. Magnus Maclean, in his *Literature of the Celts*, adds the information that these MSS. are of the ninth century. Berne is another town in Switzerland which is the fortunate possessor of two Irish MSS. Altogether there are just fifty-six Gaelic documents that are known to be on the Continent, of dates ranging from the eighth to the nineteenth century.

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People We Hear About

An affecting circumstance connected with the recent death of Clement Scott, the veteran English critic, is that only two days earlier his theatrical and literary friends had tendered him a matinee benefit by which £1250 was netted.

Judge Alton Brookes Parker, should he eventually become President of the United States, will be yet another brilliant example to be added to the lengthy list of 'self-made' men, his father having been a small farmer, while he himself received but a scant education.

Sir Henri Taschereau, the brilliant Chief Justice of Canada, is, like the Dominion Premier, a French Canadian, but he went out of public life long ago, and has been on the Supreme Court Bench now for over a quarter of a century.

Sir Thomas Grattan Esmowde, M.P., who introduced a deputation of Irish bankers to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the other day, is best known as the Chief Whip of the Irish Party, and is Member for North Wexford. He is the only baronet in the Irish Party, and is also a landlord, his mother being grand-daughter of the illustrious Henry Grattan. In 1898 he was made a Chamberlain of the Vatican household, and he has spent a considerable portion of his time in tours abroad in the interests of the Irish Party.

A cable message received last week stated that another attempt had been made to swim the English Channel, the feat being attempted by Holbein and Haggerty, who started from Dover on Saturday evening. Both were unsuccessful. The latter was seized with cramp after being over an hour and a half in the water. Jack Haggerty was the champion chosen by the 'Weekly Dispatch' out of thousands of claimants for the honor of emulating the exploit of Captain Webb. He is in his early forties, and a Catholic, having been educated at the Catholic schools at Stalybridge, England. He is a man of splendid physique, and from a child has been devoted to swimming.

A number of London school children, it appears, have been put in correspondence with American school children, in order to exchange ideas. An extract is quoted in the current issue of the 'London Teacher' from an American boy to one of his new friends. 'I wish to thank you,' he says, 'for the picture of Lincoln Cathedral. The name of the sixteenth President of our United States was Abraham Lincoln, and I suppose the Cathedral was built to commemorate him. If it was I wish to thank the English people for erecting such a great Cathedral to commemorate one of our Presidents.' This is surely delightful, and as worthy of the schoolboy as it is of the American.

Lord Justice Mathew, whose 74th birthday was celebrated in the early days of July, is reckoned by many as being by long odds the ablest Judge on the English Bench. A man of the simplest manner, gentle, and unobtrusive, even on the Bench, where his innate dignity enables him to dispense with the affected pomp of minor men, the Judge is beloved alike by clients and Bar. He has a commonsense knack of getting to the heart of a thing in a trice, and litigants with the expenses of an array of witnesses to pay bless his direct action, which cuts away formality and gets to the merits of a case without delay. An Irishman—of course, he is the nephew of Father Mathew, he is the father-in-law of John Dillon, and the uncle of Frank Mathew, the novelist. If he were not the uncompromising Catholic he is, he would have won his way to the Woolsack long ago. As it is, he is unreservedly esteemed by all who know his worth—just as much as if he kept the King's conscience.

Many heroic deeds, as well as some that were shamefully selfish, mark the history of the awful disaster to the 'General Slocum' excursion steamer in New York Harbor, but no work was more heroic than that of young Mary McCann, 16 years old, an Irish emigrant, who, upon her arrival in America, had been sent to North Brother Island Hospital, opposite where the burning ship brought up, because she had scarlet fever. A convalescent, she sprang from her bed, plunged into the water, and, being a good swimmer, brought at least a dozen drowning women and children to the shore. In their struggles they tore off her clothing and bruised her, but she returned again and again to the water, persisting in her efforts until dragged back to the hospital by friendly hands. She forgot that she was just recovering from a serious illness; she thought not of a possible and even probable relapse. Fortunately her health has suffered no injury. The city of New York will give her a medal.