

American Visitors

Amongst the distinguished visitors in Ireland during July were the Right Rev. Dr. Scannell, Bishop of Omaha; and his Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Then and Now

Asked in a printed Parliamentary question by Mr. Flynn what the Parliamentary representation of Ireland would have been if determined on the basis of population at the time of the passing of the Reform Act of 1832 and in the years 1842 and 1852 respectively, Mr. Balfour replied—It is not practicable to state what was the precise population in the years mentioned in the question, but it is probably sufficient to take the figures in the reports of the census taken in the years 1831, 1841, and 1851 respectively. 'On this assumption, and taking the number of members of the House of Commons at 658, the Parliamentary representation of Ireland in the years 1832, 1842, and 1852 would, on the basis of population, have apparently been 212, 201, and 157 respectively.

Home-grown Tobacco

The great bulk of the tobacco crop grown by Colonel Everard in the County Meath was purchased by Messrs. Murray, Sons, and Co., of Dublin and Belfast. This included the best grades. Part of it was manufactured by Messrs. Murray and blended with American, and in that form gave every sort of satisfaction. Some of the best Irish leaf from County Meath has also been manufactured by itself by the same firm, and a sample of this is on the market. It is described as 'Irish brown cut cavendish,' and is made up in packets with an artistic green and gold cover. The pungent and pleasing aroma of this tobacco (says the 'Freeman's Journal') is noticeable immediately the packet is opened. The tobacco itself is light, dry, and flaky in texture, and its brown is of a rich golden color throughout. When smoked it burns freely but not rapidly to a fine white ash, without waste. It is mild and cool, and has a peculiarly rich flavor and fragrance. The quality of the leaf is undoubtedly excellent, the manufacturing part of the work has been well done, and the result is most encouraging, as showing the great progress already made in what may yet become, in its three fold aspect of cultivation, manufacture, and sale, an important Irish industry.

A National Asset

In the July number of the 'World's Work,' edited by Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., there is an interesting article by Mr. R. J. Lynn on 'Ireland's Porture in Peat.' According to the writer the new process to be applied to the Irish bogs is of supreme interest not only to Ireland but also to Great Britain, for the discovery of a substitute for coal in abundance cannot fail to have a widespread effect. Experts calculate that Irish bogs are capable of turning out 50,000,000 tons of fuel per year for a thousand years, and if this were sold at the moderate figure of 5s a ton it would bring in £12,500,000 a year. When this sum is multiplied by a thousand it will be seen that Ireland is richer in undeveloped resources than is sometimes imagined. At present Ireland pays to Great Britain something like £1,000,000 a year for coal, but with the utilisation of the bogs it will be possible to keep this money at home and, in addition, to add considerably to the national income; but more important still would be the assistance given to new industries.

Sir E. Elgar, the famous Catholic musician and composer of 'The Dream of Gerontius,' has had the degree of Doctor of Music conferred on him by the Harvard (U.S.A.) University. President Roosevelt was present at the function.

W. F. J. Fitzpatrick, Victorian Railway Commissioner, was born at Headford, on the banks of the Lough Corrib, County Galway, Ireland, in 1854, and was brought to Australia by his parents whilst still quite a child. After going through a course of education at St. Patrick's College, Melbourne, he entered the Victorian railway service in 1868, at the age of 13, and succeeded in 35 years in raising himself from messenger boy to Commissioner.

What turned the microbe out of home
And drove him far o'er earth to roam,
Of all his race the last!
What harries him from day to day,
And drives those colds and coughs away,
He manufactures fast?
Ancestral spirits cry "en masse,"
WOODS' GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE, alas.

People We Hear About

An exchange reports that the Holy Father recently gave audience to a poor man living at Tivoli, near Rome, who personally presented the Pontiff with a bunch of asparagus of his own growing. In exchange he received the Pope's photograph.

Among Lord Roberts's many claims to distinction it is little known that he is one of the best and hardest riders in the British Army. In his younger days he was nicknamed 'Jehu,' 'because he rideth furiously,' and even to-day his staff must be good riders and well mounted in order to keep pace with him.

It is related that when Sarasate, the famous violinist, quitted the Paris Conservatoire the advice was tendered him, 'Wed thy violin, Sarasate, my son, but no. or wed a woman.' The great player is now over 60 years of age and unmarried. For something like 30 years past he has enjoyed an immense reputation, and since the age of 12 he has always practised six hours a day.

Cardinal Raphael Merry del Val, Pontifical Secretary of State, is a Londoner by birth. It was on October 10, 1865, at Portman Square, that he first saw the light, his father at the time being Secretary to the Spanish Embassy. He went to school at Slough, and completed his education at Ushaw College, Durham. Cardinal Merry del Val speaks five languages fluently—English, Spanish, French, German, and Italian.

Miss Marie Narelle, of New South Wales (says the 'Australasian'), who has been singing for over a year in the United States, is still, according to accounts, doing well there, where she is called the Irish-Australian soprano. She lately sang at the annual festival of the Gaelic Society in New York, and received a very warm reception. She has booked many engagements at Lake Champlain, Cliff Haven, and also in Montreal, Quebec, and Ottawa, Canada.

Mr. Walter Kirby, our golden-voiced tenor (says a Melbourne paper), is evidently succeeding as well socially in the great English centre as he did when here. He is at present the guest of the multi-millionaire, Sir George Newnes, Bart., with whom and a small select party he is enjoying a summer cruise on the French coast in that gentleman's magnificent yacht, 'Albion.' Meanwhile, the Duchess of Somerset is making arrangements for his first London appearance, which is to take place early in the autumn, and the success of which will be looked forward to with much interest by Mr. Kirby's friends and well-wishers in Melbourne.

Mr. Justice Real, of the Supreme Court of Queensland, is certainly qualified for inclusion in any new edition of 'Self-Help.' Born in Limerick 58 years ago, he was only a child when his parents emigrated to Australia. He was apprenticed to a carpenter, and afterwards found employment in the Queensland Government railway workshops. At the age of 21 he resolved to become a barrister. A Catholic priest taught him Latin and Greek, and he learnt all his law himself from the diligent study of text-books. At 27 he was called to the Queensland Bar, and at 43 he was a Judge of the Supreme Court.

Mr. W. Killen, who moved the resolution adopted at the Farmers' and Settlers' Association meeting in Sydney the other day condemning sectarianism, is a splendid type of North of Ireland man, a sturdy Presbyterian Home Ruler, nephew to Dr. Killen, who was once head of the Presbyterian College, Belfast, and Moderator of the Presbyterian Assembly. His grandfather, another Dr. Killen, is the historian of the Ulster Rebellion of '98. Mr. Killen, who has been for some years in Australia, is a son-in-law of the Hon. Charles Young, who was for a long time member for Kyneton in the Victorian Assembly, and a prime favorite in that almost Irish town.

Mark Twain's first meeting with James McNeill Whistler seems to have been as characteristic as was to have been expected. This is how he recently described it: 'I was introduced to Mr. Whistler in his studio in London. I had heard that the painter was an incorrigible joker, and I was determined to get the better of him, if possible. So at once I put 'on my most hopelessly stupid air, and I drew near the canvas that Mr. Whistler was completing. "That ain't bad," I said. "It ain't bad, only here in this corner"—and I made as if to rub out a cloud effect with my finger. "I'd do away with that cloud if I was you." Whistler cried nervously, "Gad, sir, be careful there. Don't you see the paint is not dry?" "Oh, that don't matter," said I, "I've got my gloves on." Mr. Clemens adds that they got on very well together afterwards.