

## WOLF TONE

### The Laying of the Corner Stone of the Monument to His Memory.

### It Will Be the Figure of a Soldier of Freedom, Erect and Proud, the Embodiment of Courage.

### The Exercises Will Be Held in Dublin on Monday—A Great Day for Old Ireland.

## WHAT THE INDEPENDENT SAYS

Monday, August 15, will be a good day for Ireland. Maybe not for the British Ireland within our Ireland, but it will be a glad day for National Ireland. On that day there will be laid the foundation stone of the memorial to Theobald Wolfe Tone, the military genius and hero-martyr of the Irish insurrection. Timid, unthinking people, people who can not grasp the moral and lesson of great men's lives, say that the history of our country is only a biography of those who failed. Alas, it is the story of succession of great endeavors failures if you will, but failures that were heroic and epoch-making. Over the dead bodies of those that failed we will step dry-shod to victory one of these days. Thank God it is to the memory of those who died on the scaffold and in the cell that we do honor today. No heroes who led conquering armies, but patriots who in days of dismal crises stepped out from the ranks of the fearful and timid, and died so that the lesson of our nationhood might be read aright, so that those who followed would learn how self-sacrifice would hallow defeat and sanctify the despair of the common people. Wolfe Tone was no creature of circumstances. He fashioned the opportunity, he molded the circumstances; he laid the train for a holy war; he primed the piece, and fell dead across the breach. His entire life was a pure and earnest struggle against the foreign power that corrodes the national energy of our nation.

He had neither Hofer's bias nor Washington's resources, limited though they were; he had no exchequer, no arms, no men. Yet he created a revolution that threatened the sovereignty of England, and if the winds had not played him else in Bantry Bay he would have declared the constitution of an Irish republic from the steps of the capitol. From Ireland he was driven to America, from America he sailed to France. There, in a new republic, just feeling its strength, and trying its wings, he told the story of his country's wrongs, and by his genius and persistency secured the help of the most feared military organization in the world. He set sail to the shores of the Isle in the West with the most powerful military expedition that ever anchored off our shores. Storms arose, and the ships were scattered like white sea birds. Again he labored, and planned, and plotted, and another mighty fleet of warships set sail from the Texel. And at Camperdown the sun set on the ruin of his hopes and the destruction of the Dutch men-of-war who had the grim purpose of freeing old Ireland from the center to the sea. But Tone never wavered. He set out once again; this time on a hopeless errand, and in Lough Swilly he fought a fight as bravely as did Sir Richard Greville when he fought the little Revenge against the entire Spanish fleet off Flores, in the Azores. The last scene in his life was the saddest of all. After the mockery of a trial, the dim cell and death. His whole career was spent for Ireland. He told his advisers who begged of him not to set sail on his last voyage that he would go to Ireland if he went only with a corporal's guard. And bravely he set out and unflinchingly he gave his life for the land he loved best. Not one halting, one turning aside marks his career. From the very first he fixed his eyes upon the pilot star and coursed along. A heroic struggle it was, great in its infinite effort, terrible in its tragic sadness. France has her Napoleon, Prussia her Frederick, Russia her Peter, Sweden her Charles. All fought for conquest, lust of power urged them forward, ambition swayed and directed them. But Ireland has this man—Wolfe Tone! Not a soldier who, like the English Wolf or Nelson, died supreme in the moment of victory, but a simple soldier who loved his country and died ingloriously; one who was a failure if you estimate men's work by immediate results, but who was no failure before God or man if to leave an example that will encourage in the years that are unborn, and if a name to inspire noble actions and goodly sacrifices be the work of heroes who mold men's minds and train a people's yearnings. So it will come to pass that this 15th of August will be a great day for our Ireland, and a great day, too, for that Ireland beyond the sea. It will be the manifestation of a national purpose; it will show the vigor of our belief in our destiny. The statue to be erected to Tone will be no pensive figure, no symbol in bronze of the sorrows of Erin. It will be typical of all that is combative in our race. It will be the figure of a soldier of freedom, erect and proud, the embodiment of all that is courageous and bold in

a nation that has borne more sorrows and suffered more injuries than any other, and—lives.

The monument to the heroes of 1798 will be erected on the site of the old Newgate prison.

The readers of the Kentucky Irish American will be furnished with a complete report of the proceedings and incidents attending this great event.

## DUBLIN'S LORD MAYOR

### Visits the Distressed Districts on the West Coast of Ireland—Will Suggest Relief.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin, with his Secretary, Mr. Thomas Kennedy, and Mr. William Field, M. P., have returned to Dublin after a week's tour through the distressed districts of the coasts of West Cork and Kerry. A visit will be paid immediately to the distressed districts on the coasts of Mayo and Galway. At the conclusion of the tour of inspection a report will be drawn up giving the results of the relief operations, showing the present state of the affected localities and offering recommendations for their permanent improvement. This report when published, written as it will be in thoroughly impartial spirit and from actual experience and observation, will be a document of the first importance. It will help materially to throw new light on the economic and social conditions of the cottiers in the congested districts, and thereby aid in bringing about reforms which are urgently needed. So far as the coasts of Cork and Kerry are concerned, the Lord Mayor and Mr. Field found the most convincing proof of the good work done through the agency of the Mansion House and other relief committees. The seed potatoes supplied promise an excellent harvest, and the spirits of the people are very hopeful. One thing has been proved by the importation of new seed into the localities, namely—that the seed should be periodically changed. It is not necessary that the seed should be imported from Scotland, inasmuch as the varieties of soil in Ireland are so many and so distinct that an inter-county exchange of seed will suit all purposes. As a first result of the visit to the South, Mr. William Field, M. P., is about to ask a number of questions in the House of Commons. Those questions will have reference to the suggested extension of the railway from Kenmare to Berehaven on one side and Waterville on the other, the provision of a suitable dredger for the raising of sea-sand for farm purposes, the erection of a Technical School at Cahirciveen, the construction of boat-slips at Rhodes and Kells, and of a pier at Renard for the landing of fish.

## CUDAHY OUT OF DEBT AND RICH.

John Cudahy has recovered the fortune he lost five years ago on the Board of Trade. He has paid in that time \$2,000,000 in debts. It was in August of 1893 he was caught "long" on pork, the panic preventing banks and friends coming to his assistance. Now he has paid all claims and is rich again.

When Mr. Cudahy walked out of the Board of Trade five years ago his wealthy brother, Michael, handed him a check for \$100,000, saying: "John, take that and use it."

John Cudahy has used the money with remarkable sagacity. The report is that he is not only out of debt, but making money by thousands of dollars in Board of Trade speculation, in the packing business and transportation enterprises in Alaska.

## CROKER'S ATHLETIC TRAINING.

"There are few men of his age who could have followed Mr. Croker in the swim he made at Long Branch on Sunday afternoon," said a life-time friend of the Tammany leader last week. "Despite the occasional rumors of ailments which he is alleged to have, he is physically the equal of any man of his size and age in this city. He is built from the ground up as a muscular man, and he has never injured his constitution by dissipation. He is very moderate in his uses of stimulants, and, although he smokes a good deal, his nerves are unshaken. His most conspicuous characteristics are his coolness and repose. I have never known him to betray any sign of nervousness, although there have been times when he has been burdened with enough work to swamp two ordinary men. Mr. Croker's early training in politics was in the days when no man could be a ward leader unless he was physically a good man, and if such were the qualifications to-day Mr. Croker could still make good his claims. The muscles in his legs and arms are like iron, and apparently without any effort on his part he is always in good athletic training."

The London correspondent of the New York Tribune says in a recent letter to that paper: "There is a solid basis of self-interest underneath the good feeling existing between England and America." The remark is not strikingly original. It has frequently been observed that the English are not in the habit of valuing their friendship on people not worth cultivating.

## IRISH BEAUTIES

### Coming to America in Numbers That Beat All Previous Records.

### By Thousands Come Bright-Eyed, Rosy Cheeked Colicns in Quest of Work and Liberty.

### What Emigration Commissioner McSweeney Witnessed During a Recent Visit to Ireland.

## SCENES AT THE BARGE OFFICE

In this month more Irish immigrant girls have landed in New York than in any other July since 1846.

The Majestic brought over 400 immigrants last week, half of whom were some Irish girls with cheeks like apples and lips like cherries, says Edith Sessions Tupper.

sincere worker—his gray eyes flash and the red in his ruddy cheeks grows deeper as he says proudly: "Irish people love liberty. As they are burdened by unjust and grievous taxation—taxation that even the English Tories themselves condemn—they come here to escape it and enjoy liberty."

If you ask Father Cahill, one of the priests at the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary, the harbor of friendless Irish girls in New York, he will gravely say: "The primary object of these girls is to earn money to send back to their parents, perhaps to save the old homestead, to keep their fathers and mothers in comfort in their last days."

And so, whether in search of bread and gold, or on the glorious quest for liberty or the sacred errand to save the old home, these troops of clear-eyed, red-cheeked, honest-hearted ladies are pouring into the country this summer in greater numbers than ever.

When the Majestic landed the immigrants at the Barge Office last week hundreds stood waiting in lines, eagerly watching for the familiar faces to come up the stairway from the steamer. Every sturdy young man in frieze jacket and tweed cap, grasping his bag as though he expected to have it torn from him by force, every blushing, shy maid, frightened at the throng and the newness and strangeness of everything, was anxiously scanned by the watchers.

Suddenly a cry of "Michael, me boy,

Sweet Nora Sullivan, from County Down, with hair the color of amber and cheeks like scarlet satin, shyly condescended to tell me a little of herself.

"Yis, ma'am, I've lift brothers an' sisters in Ireland. I've a good place waitin' me in New Haven. I'm to find fur the others as soon as iver I can. Homesick? Oh, no ma'am—very bravely—I'm not after bein' homesick. I've fri'nds to meet me whin I get to New Haven."

Close by, Ellen Dolan, with a face like a Madonna crowned by a quaint, bell-shaped hat, crouched over her luggage. She raised her heavily lidded eyes pathetically. "It's homesick Oi am, ma'am," she murmured, and buried her face in her shawl.

Pretty Maggie Maguire, sweet as a bit of sweetbriar, modest and shy as a violet, came timidly along. Her sister was to meet her, she told the officials.

A flashily dressed woman, with blond hair and hard face, stood waiting with a man of sinister features and insolent eyes.

"There she is," said the woman as she caught sight of the child.

Rushing to her, she embraced her with exuberance and introduced her "cousin."

Pretty Maggie's eyes grew larger as she took in every detail of her supposed sister's appearance. "It's foine yez are," she said; "but what is it yez have done to your hair, Rose?"

Rose tossed her head and laughed and said: "Come, child, you shall look as

signing people were we not on hand to watch over them. But I've something pleasanter to do now, which, perhaps, you would like to witness. There is to be a marriage at the mission. A young man and his sweetheart have come over together and leave for Montana this afternoon, and wish to be married before setting out."

So we went over to the mission, and there, sitting side by side, sheepish and blushing and blissful, were Michael Sheehan and Kate Harrington, sweethearts from babyhood.

Nine years ago Michael came to this country and went to Butte, Mont., where he has worked ever since in the mines, earning his \$3.50 per day.

Six weeks ago he went back to Ireland to find his boyhood's sweetheart and bring her over to share his lot.

Michael was red-faced and twinkling-eyed. He flaunted a gay green necktie and an American flag on his coat, and he beamed and glowed and glistened with happiness.

As for shy, sweet Kate, she could scarcely speak above a whisper and kept her eyes fastened upon the ground.

"Niver a sweetheart have Oi had barin' Kate," Michael confided to me. "Twas her face wur always beyant me when Oi wur diggin' away in thim dhurty ould mines. It's savin' Oi wur from the first day to go back after me Kate. She's a bit strange, ma'am, but she'll loike it when wance she is there. Thim mountains is grand, and th' air so foine."

"Tis a dandy place, is Montany."

"Finer than Ireland?"

He moved uneasily. "Oh, no, ma'am," he said. "There is no place like the ould sod, God save it!"

In the cool, dim chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary the little romance had its fitting end.

The noble white head of Father Cahill towered above the Irish lovers as the stately priest, in long black cassock, prayed over them and sprinkled holy water upon them, and made the sign of the cross in the air above them, and pronounced them man and wife.

And then, hand and hand, the Irish immigrants set their faces toward the sunset, to begin anew the search for gold in a strange land where the sun always shines.

But they'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair.

## BRAVE COL. BOGAN

### Dies at His Home From Illness Contracted While in Cuba.

Commander Bogan, of the 11th Regiment, died at his home in New York, Tuesday morning. Col. Bogan had been in Cuba a few days ago in a greatly debilitated condition as a result of the hardships attendant upon the campaign, but it was thought he would rally. He showed favorable symptoms until Tuesday morning, when a sudden change occurred and he died a few minutes later.

Col. Bogan was born in Boston and was educated in the public schools. He entered the City Architect's office in 1878, and in 1885 was transferred to the public buildings department and was its Superintendent when he left for the war.

Col. Bogan began his military career in 1866, enlisting in Company D, Fifth Infantry, as a private. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant in 1871 and was made Captain in 1872. He was commissioned Major of the Ninth Regiment in 1882, and in 1892 was appointed Inspector General by Gov. Russell, with the rank of Colonel. On the death of Col. Strachan, in 1893, he was elected to command the Ninth. He was a member of the Charitable Irish Society, Montgomery Light Guards Veteran Association and St. Francis de Sales Catholic Temperance Association. He leaves two sons.

After spending ten days in quarantine on Egmont Key, Florida, at the entrance to Tampa bay, Brig. Gen. H. M. Duffield, of Detroit, and his son were released Tuesday and allowed to proceed to Tampa. While the General shows the effects of the climate and the malarial fever contracted in Cuba, he is now in comparatively good health, and has started for home with his son.

## RELICS OF BURKE.

Sir Edward Lawson has at his house, Hall Barn, at Beaconsfield, some very interesting relics of Edmund Burke, the famous Irish statesman, among them the identical dagger which Burke flung on the floor of the House of Commons in his speech on the second reading of the aliens bill, on December 28, 1792, to testify his abhorrence of the principles of the French revolution. It is a mere toy dagger, made of wood. It was sent from France to a manufacturer at Birmingham with an order for a large number to be made like it, and Burke had only received it the same day from Sir James Bland Burgess, on his way down to the House. The celebrated dagger scene was, like many other historic episodes in the House of Commons, wholly unpremeditated.

The Earl of Howth and Lady Margaret Donville, his sister, have arrived at the Castle Eloth for the season. Lord Howth, who has done more for sport in Ireland than any man of his day, is making an exhaustive inquiry into the state of the salmon streams of Ireland.

## CARE FOR SAILORS

### Father Dougherty Now Superintending Their Mission in New York.

### Archbishop Corrigan and Other Prelates Are Deeply Interested in the Work.

At No. 178 Christopher street, just off from busy West street, where longshoremen, stockers and sailors hang about, is a little reading room, which is called the New York Catholic Mission for Sailors.

Even in these hot nights the room is too small to hold those who would come to read the papers and play games and listen to the Rev. Father Dougherty's words of inspiring instruction.

Away down in the heart of the sailor there is a feeling of deep reverence for God. Out on the ocean where the sky and sea make their only vista, all speak of the Infinite God, who, like the ocean, is deep and high—and full of mystery.

This little place, which is too cramped for its great work, is loved by the boys of the sea, and when they come ashore they hasten to meet old friends and fine new ones.

"We don't obtrude religion upon them," said Father Dougherty, the superintendent recently appointed by Archbishop Corrigan, to a reporter. "Yet we know that they are brought under the influence of the religious spirit, as it is proven by the excellent way in which they attend mass in the neighboring church of St. Veronica."

The work was found necessary at first by the establishment of reading rooms by other denominations. The Catholic boys wanted their own place.

A committee was at first formed headed by the Archbishop of New York, the Rev. M. A. Corrigan, the Rev. Father John J. Keane, the Rev. David J. McCormick, the Rev. Father Charles H. Parks, chaplain of the San Francisco war ship, the Rev. Father Chidwick, of the ill-fated Maine, and the Rev. W. H. L. Heaney, of the Olympia. These men worked hard amid many discouragements till at length plans were formulated and the work was successfully carried on.

The room at 178 Christopher street was engaged, 2,000 books of an interesting kind were purchased, tables and chairs, games of every kind are there, dumb bells, quoits, etc. On Sunday evening a service is held, singing, prayer and short instruction by the spiritual director, Father Dougherty. The attendance fills the room.

Monday evening a concert is given where the boys of the ships come and with their own talents they make the evening pass delightfully.

Some time professional talent is engaged and the room is crowded almost to suffocation.

While I sat talking with Superintendent John Willie, the boys had just come into port, had washed away the grime of the boat hold, and the stoker, whose face was intended to be clean, betrayed the occupation which he followed. They sat down at the little tables and looked over the papers or took hold of the dominos and entered into a friendly game.

Occasionally the priest, Father Dougherty, drops into the reading-room, not as a minister as much as a friend. The room is open from 12 m. to 10 p. m. every day. The sailors, while they have a chance, come in and read or write letters, and oftentimes to enjoy a quiet smoke. I watched some of them as they were deeply engaged in a game. An old man, "Old Larry," as they called them, a veteran of the late war, was telling thrilling stories of the war of '61. He is in great sympathy with the boys of the sea. He comes as soon as the door is opened and stays till late. "Boy," he says, "you don't know what war means. I remember in '63"—and the boys laugh in a good-natured way.

"Monday night we have a good time," said one of them, who was playing checkers. "We have singing, recitation and lots of fancy and jig dancing."

This reading-room in Christopher street, New York, is the first center of the apostleship of the sea in the United States.

One hundred and ninety of the men of the ill-fated Maine were accustomed to drop in this reading-room, and they are greatly missed by the boys.

The boys are grateful for the work that is being done for them through this "Bethel," and some of them collected \$100. It has been the means of recalling hundreds of men to their duty to God and their fellow-men. Many a poor mother blesses the day that her son joined the Holy League. She can stand at the door and expect him home at the appointed time, and does not dread a drunken boy or a night of misery. Many a broken-hearted wife blesses the reading-room.

The men in charge of this reading-room meet every incoming and outgoing steamer. They welcome and invite the boys of the sea, or else they leave up the outgoing steamer books and newspapers which will brighten their outward cruise. May it continue its successful career.

Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin, is a firm supporter of the cause of the National school teachers in Ireland to the half a million of dollars grants still unpaid by the British Government and for the same reason for like services as is paid to the English Scotch teachers. In advocacy of this claim the Archbishop wrote a letter to the subject to the Freeman's Journal of cogent and unanswerable arguments in favor of the immediate payment of arrears to the National teachers' land.



"There'll Be a Good Day in Ireland Yet."

What is the meaning of this sudden influx of immigration from Erin?

If you ask Commissioner McSweeney he sighs and shakes his head, and says: "It's because they can't live in Ireland. Times are constantly growing worse there. There is no hope for the Irish peasant. If you travel in Ireland everywhere you hear the question, 'When are you going to America?'"

"It's not the question, 'Are you going to America?' but when. And the answer always is, 'When I've saved enough money,' or 'When mother dies,' or 'When my sister sends over my passage.' They are always looking forward to it from their childhood. They expect to go as much as they expect to go to heaven."

"And you wouldn't wonder at their eagerness if you could see the barren and desolate Ireland they are leaving."

"Last summer I went to Ireland. I traveled with a priest who had not been home for thirty years. I knew him as a genial fellow, to whom I supposed terms were unknown. As we drove through the country toward his boyhood home, what was my amazement when suddenly he burst into tears. The sight of desolated Ireland broke his heart."

"So these young men and women who see no future in Ireland turn instinctively from their own loved island of sorrow to America. And how do they save enough to come with? Let me tell you a fact. Six and one-half per cent. of all the passage money of Irish immigrants is furnished from this side."

"What do they expect here? Poor creatures, for one thing they expect to pick up gold in the streets. They expect to improve and rise in the world. Yes, many of the girls expect to marry young mechanics or artisans who have got a good start in life."

If you ask Agent Patrick McCool, who looks after these pretty Irish girls as a shepherd guards his lambs, who is here, there and everywhere—a tireless, honest,

God bless you!" or "Nora, me darlint!" was heard.

Strong, red, hard-working hands grasped the travelers. Brown arms snatched them to faithful hearts. Tears leaped to fond eyes and rained down longing faces, and everybody else groaned in sympathy.

Annie Ryan, thin, sorrowful, with hands that showed the marks of ceaseless toil, was looking earnestly for her little sister Beatrice.

"Shure, she's only a child. I'm wild wid thinkin' somethin' may have happened her," she was saying to a friend.

The faithful, anxious eyes devoured every young girl that came up the stairs. A bright red spot appeared on either pale cheek. The rouged, knotted hands nervously clasped and unclasped.

At last there came jauntily tripping up the stairs a typical Irish beauty. Scarcely sixteen, she was as round and plump as a partridge. Her dark, curly hair fell over her shoulders. Her eyes glowed like stars and her cheeks were like the blush of a sunset.

Annie Ryan gave a great dry sob and caught her baby sister, she whom she left toddling about the old home, to her breast. "Oh, acushla mavourneen!" she murmured brokenly. "And everybody in the crowd murmured, too, and wiped their weeping eyes."

A big, stalwart, ruddy checked young Irishman stood looking, not at the pretty girls as they passed before him, but at every old woman. Tim McPartland was there to find his old mother.

She came at last, a tiny, wrinkled little old woman, with a broad white cap and coarse, clumsy shoes. "Peasant" was emblazoned all over her.

But the well dressed, Americanized young Irishman was not ashamed of her looks. He did not care a rap about the doll cap and the awkward shoes. With a mighty laugh he lifted the little old woman clean off her feet and held her as if he would never let her go.

fine as I do before long. I've got a splendid place for you in my cousin's boarding-house. You won't have to work hard, and we'll fix you up grand."

"What cousin is he, Rose?" the little girl asked. "Oi don't remember him at all, at all."

"Of course not, stupid," returned her sister. "He left Ireland when you were a baby. Come, make haste now."

The conversation made me uneasy. Some way I did not like the look of this pair. I wished somebody would interfere. I looked around. Was there no one? There was some one.

Directly in their path was the imposing figure of a black-robed Catholic priest.

His usually kindly face had grown severe. His stern eyes searched the little group before him. The yellow-haired woman quailed and dropped her eyes.

"What is your name, child?" said Father Henry, of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary.

"Maggie Maguire, father," said the little one, dropping a timid courtesy. "Where from?"

"County Kerry, father."

"She is my sister, father," put in the woman, glibly. "I'm taking her to my cousin's."

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