

IRELAND'S MINERALS

NO ATTEMPT MADE TO DEVELOP HER RICH RESOURCES.

Policy of Landlordism Retards All Effort to Improve the Condition of Her People—Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron and Lead Abound.

John Roman in a recent letter to The Irish World says:

In a recent issue of The Daily News, New York, a writer therein undertook to deny that either copper or silver exists or has ever been discovered in Ireland. Mr. Thomas M. Dunne of Long Island City took up the matter, and he has clearly demonstrated from personal experience that not only does copper, silver and lead exist in paying quantities in Wicklow county, but that the "valleys" of Wicklow contain gold.



LISMORE CASTLE.

While Mr. Dunne is assumed to be correct on these points, nevertheless he does not go far enough in his conclusions.

More than 50 years ago Sir Robert Kane, in his capacity as a mining commissioner, was appointed by the British government to examine and report on the geological and mineralogical characteristics pertaining to Ireland. He clearly demonstrated that in the older eruptive crystalline rocks which abound largely in that country, as also in the later sedimentary rocks therein, 27 counties out of the 32 counties of Ireland were heavily mineralized. Embodied in this mineralization are vast bodies of iron ore of excellent quality in seven of the counties referred to as above. Outcroppings of gold, silver, copper, lead ore, etc., were found indiscriminately prevalent in the mountains of the four provinces of Ireland. A few sporadic efforts in a primitive way were made here and there to develop some of the copper deposits in Wicklow; also in Bonmahon, County Waterford, and Berehaven, County Cork.

No systematic attempt has been made so far to develop Ireland's mineral resources under England's "assassin" government. The foreign landlord's policy is to develop his unfertile and incapable and unwillingness to do anything to benefit Ireland or improve the condition of her people.

Here is an instance that came to my knowledge recently. Many of your readers no doubt have heard of the "Irish Rhine," the river "Black Water," with its slowly changing landscape of a vision of general beauty, retreating meadows, wooded cliffs and mountain masses, "swampy" and "fertile," a storied stream, its ruined castles, full of unhappy memories and things and battles long ago. From breezy sea-gazing Youghal to Annapolia and Lismore, my native town, where stands the stately castle of the Duke of Devonshire, the site of her ancient monastery and schools, where Alfred the Great, first Christian king of England, was educated.

In this vicinity a Colonel Bush, one of England's retired military ruffians, resided 40 years ago, and one day while his employees were digging a cellar they struck on to several bedded veins of anthracite coal in the carboniferous shales, but the ungalant colonel had it covered up forthwith, lest the duke might hear of it. Various croppings of iron ore extend from this vicinity to Tallow, County Waterford, and continue on to Arglan at a point where the Counties Cork, Waterford and Tipperary converge some 25 miles distant. In Antrim and Donegal and beyond iron ore exists covering an area of 800 square miles.

In 1890 160,604 tons were extracted in Antrim and smelted of a good quality, according to the "annual report" of the United States geological survey, 1894-5, as quoted therein from British returns. About 10 per cent of this ore is used in the smelting of the Cumberland and Lancashire English ores as a flux. Professor J. W. Anderson, M. A. of Cambridge, England, and fellow of the Royal Geological Society, in his work now before me, entitled "The Prospector's Guide," has proved that the rivers and streams of Ireland whose sources are in the mountains and lakes inland contain gold derived from the crystalline rocks which have become disintegrated, and associated with it is a "black sand" of a high specific gravity which contains platinum, now valued at \$16 per ounce.

Neither the diamond drill for testing ground nor the chlorination, cyanization or electrolytic economic modern processes of extracting metals from ores have ever been initiated in Ireland. The vast bodies of "rossans" known to exist throughout the mountainous regions of Ireland on the very surface in the form of oxides, chlorides, carbonates, etc., indicate the vast possibilities of Ireland's mineral wealth. These are the doorways recognized in all mineral regions through which entrance is made to the vast stores of mineral wealth which lie hidden beneath the soil. These are still held in reserve for the benefit of the rightful owners, the people of Ireland. The landlords did not get away with it to squander in idleness and debauchery. So this feature of the case may be a blessing in disguise.

Under the co-operative system millions upon millions of untold wealth can be utilized for the benefit of her people, in these reserves re-enforced by her other industries accompanying thereto in the smelters, stamp mills, rolling mills, foundries and other accessories. Yes, she is a rich and rare land, this native land of mine. Whether we contemplate her vast possibilities in mineral wealth or her motive power which nature has bestowed in her magnificent waterfalls awaiting to be harnessed to her sea girt harbors that encircle her bosom like a necklace of diamonds set in a coronet of green, her numerous mountains and her placid and romantic lakes.

Gentle Lough Neagh, soft Erne and sweet Killarney, whose lovely shores are as seducing as maiden beauty and upon whose quiet mossy banks the wayworn traveler loves to repose and drink inspiration from the charming and picturesque scenery which they reveal. Carved like a coral, rising like a sea nymph fresh from old ocean, crested on the Atlantic wave, crowned with every genius and decorated with every virtue, there stands the little queen of the sea, with her back toward Britain, her face to the west.

NOTED FENIAN LEADER.

Work of James Stephens in the Service of Ireland.

The recent death of James Stephens in Dublin recalls the story of his famous escape from the Dublin jail. Stephens was head and front of the Fenian movement. He was born in Kilkenny 77 years ago and has passed through an eventful career. He intended to study for the priesthood, but the martial spirit fired his blood, and he joined in the rising of 1848 under Smith O'Brien. Afterward he worked slowly but surely to weld the Irish people together into what finally became the Fenian Brotherhood. He was arrested in 1865, but made his celebrated escape from prison, and after remaining some time in Ireland in disguise he came to this country and afterward drifted to France. He returned to Dublin in 1891 and lived there until his death.

One of the most exciting and memorable events in Stephens' career was his expulsion from France in 1885. Together with Eugene Davis and Mortimer Le Roy he was arrested, presumably at the instigation of the British government. The men were expelled from the country and warned not to return.

His escape was planned by Captain John Kirwin and the plan supervised and approved by General Kerwin. It



JAMES STEPHENS.

so happened that a man named Daniel Byrne, a Fenian sympathizer, was night warden in the prison. It also happened that another Fenian sympathizer named John Breslin was a steward in the prison hospital. Byrne was the custodian of the keys to the cells for a certain period every night. It was arranged that an impression of the key to Stephens' cell and to the main door of the prison should be taken in wax and carried to Captain Kirwin by Breslin. From the impression thus made keys were made by a Fenian locksmith, carried back by Breslin to Byrne, who, about 2 o'clock in the morning of Friday, Nov. 24, 1865, unlocked Stephens' cell and conducted him to the inner wall of the prison. The night was favorable for an escape, as the rain poured down in torrents. Stephens reached the top of the wall by means of a ladder, lowered himself down to the ground and pulled himself over the outer wall by means of a rope which was thrown to him by Colonel Thomas J. Kelly and a companion who were waiting outside.

The Ould Straw Stack.

Bundled up some time when autumn
Lays a shaft at every gap;
Fum turt below the bottom
An a fod upon the top;
When the bitin' frosty weather
Fills with ice the shilly's track,
How the yells love to gather
Round the new straw stack!

Then it is we hear the mother
Every night an' moanin' say,
"Go an' pull a bit of bother
For the poor ould choy."
An when the steely weather
Bends the shivers down our back
How the linnets love to gather
Round the dry straw stack!

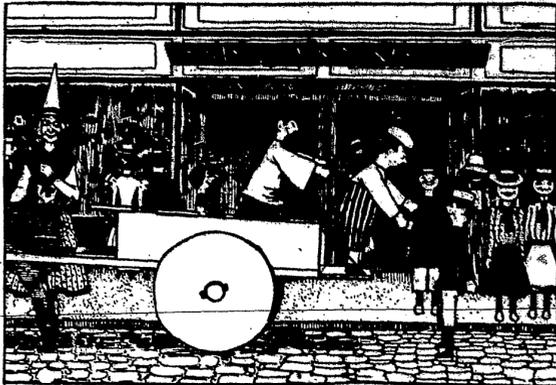
When the ditcher an' the digger
Are slavin' for a meal,
When the boys wif' how-an' trigger
Set the ould bird reel,
In the wild an' stormy weather,
When the clouds wif' snow are black,
How the white wings love to gather
Round the rough straw stack!

Over the winds have quit their blowing
Over moor an' mountain top,
When the tenant thinks of sowin'
For the rent—another crop;
In the charmin' April weather
When the ropes are hangin' slack,
How the ould ewes love to gather
Round the ould straw stack!

—Miss Taggart in Boston Files.

THE JOLLY JOBBERNOWLS GO SHOPPING

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"Dear me," said Mother Goose one day, "how fast your clothes wear out! My Jobbernowls, I do not see what you can be about! But get your hats and I my cloak, and we will go to town To buy some stuff to make you clothes and me a handsome gown." They all jumped in the donkey cart and swiftly towardward sped, Without a single accident, a single broken head. They stopped before a building fine, called a department store, Where everything is sold, from silk to powdered hellebore.



"Now, Jobbernowls," Dame Goose remarked upon the shop's threshold, "I want you all to be so good I shall not be soild." They promised, as they always did and always meant to do, And they were good, though "trying on" in time quite tedious grew. It may have been because of awe. (The clerks had airs so grand And shouted "Cawah! Here, cawah!" at times in tones of loud command.) They feared the dapper shopman too. A loft he counted change And watched the store. He was so bald, Hans said he had the mange.



The pig had come with them to town—just how, nobody knew. He followed them quite unbeknown, slipped in the shop to view. The shopman, in his money tower, the pig observed with care And jotted down a liberal charge for stolen cake or pear. When Mother Goose prepared to pay for purchases with cash, The shopman brought a bill to her for piggy's stolen trash. So much he charged when that was paid her purse was empty quite, So sadly home with empty hands the shoppers went that night.

The Story of Runaway Bob.

Some years ago a young lady in a manufacturing town gathered a class of poor, rough boys into the Sunday school. Among them was one named Bob. The superintendent of the school told these boys to come to his house during the week and he would give each of them a suit of clothes. They came, and Bob with them, and received the garments.

After a Sunday or two Bob failed to appear at school. The teacher sought him out and found his clothes in rags and dirt. She invited him back to school. He came and the superintendent gave him a second suit. After a Sunday or two Bob's place was again vacant. Once more his teacher found him, with the second suit of clothes ragged and ruined.

The case seemed hopeless. She reported the matter to the superintendent, who asked her to try again, saying he was sure that there was something good in Bob. He was promised a third suit of clothes if he would agree to attend Sunday school regularly. Bob promised, received his third suit and entered school one more. He became interested and by degrees he improved so much that he became a teacher.

After a few years that dirty, ragged, runaway Bob became the Rev. Robert Morrison, the great missionary to China, who translated the Bible into the Chinese language and preached the gospel to thousands in that great empire.—Chatterbox.

Dew falls on a yellow surface more readily than on green. On red and black it will not usually form.

OUR FASHION LETTER

BEAUTIFULLY GOWNED WOMEN AT BAR HARBOR.

Trials of the Trade in Introduction to the Sewing-Machine Agents say "we had our sales at Lisle's" "Variety in Decorative Hand Sewing."

A letter from Bar Harbor says: One sees the very essence of the summer's successes in gowns which are sent here from New York for the semi-private inspection of the summer colony. During the month these exhibitions are almost continuous at the two or three good hotels here. They are given in private dining rooms, the gowns and bonnets laid upon tables and chairs in the attractively neglected fashion by which the shopkeepers of the famous Rue de la Paix of Paris display their collections.



Stylish Mousseline De Soie Dress Incorporated With Lace.

Two days is the usual length of each exhibition of costumes here. In that time the tactful and often pretty young women who accompany the displays hope to dispose of their burdens if they can, and take orders for duplicates, even for costumes not shown at all. For these agents of New York dressmakers, coming at a time when the modiste's summer wardrobe has lost its freshness, are real blessings.

Sometimes madams wish to have duplicated a gown in which she has been admired, unaccountably or some portion of a frock. Or she has thought out a hat or dress which she desires to have executed in most cunning workmanship. The exhibition made by one or another of the modistes seems to have special merit, the order is given, and perhaps the New York concern has a new permanent customer.

The smiling agent of one of the most pretentious establishments in a New York fashionable street has told me that the best of patrons are gained by these little displays at the summer hotels of Newport, Bar Harbor and at one or two less exalted resorts. "Ladies can see and examine at leisure what we make, away from their hurried life in New York."

No restrictions are placed on handling the garments. Anything short of actual disfigurement of a dress is allowed by frequenters of the fine hotels where the dresses are shown. The assumption is that all visitors are women of means. In the Louisville Hotel lately I saw displayed many beautiful pieces for the feminine wardrobe besides these:

A costume made from a fine silk material resembling nun's veiling of more especially delicate weave was in nickel gray. The skirt had the most lovely lines, being made to cling at the hips and flare from the knees, quite unmindful of the difficulty in executing such design, satisfactorily under the inch-wide plait which covered the entire depth from hem to belt. There was a space of two or more inches between each plait, and the plait, dipping in front and running high up the skirt toward the belt at the back, were edged each with white lace.

But very smart, indeed, was this lace—no busy design, but the merest half-inch points of narrow black braid, as filled in by stitches. From the centre of the back fell a cascade of black velvet ribbons, each with

An especially fine white costume was seen, made of very white tulle with white satin or white chiffon, was trimmed with small pearls at the corners of white satin very closely dotted with white French knots. The full lower sleeves were gathered into bands at the wrists, which also were neatly covered with white French knots.

By this and other timely hints the French knot promises to remain in the heat of style during the coming season. It is especially decorative and owes some of its success to the fact that it cannot be duplicated by machinery. Here is good news to the needlewoman at home. For impossible as it is for machinery to make the decorative small knot without crushing it, hardly anything in needlework is simpler for fingers. French knots are put on in self-contrasting colors. And while they so far have been applied in the main only to neck-revers and cuffs, modistes everywhere will find that their own hands on costume gowns should be busy with them.

"Why, Freddie," said mamma, "aren't you ashamed to call your sister stupid?" "Tell her at once that you are very sorry."

"Well, then," said Freddie, "I'm awful sorry that you are so stupid!"

—Bessie.

Shirtings in this collection... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read due to the image quality.)

Shirtings in this collection... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read due to the image quality.)

The bath, too, of these... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read due to the image quality.)

A handsome... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read due to the image quality.)

As summer has progressed... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read due to the image quality.)



Traveling costume... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read due to the image quality.)

A notable dress... (The text is partially obscured and difficult to read due to the image quality.)