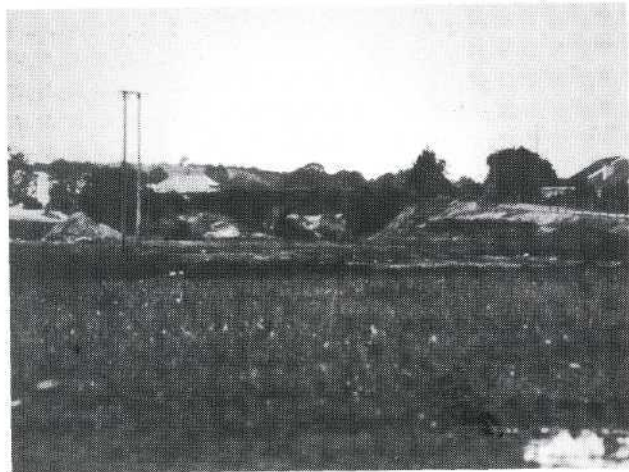
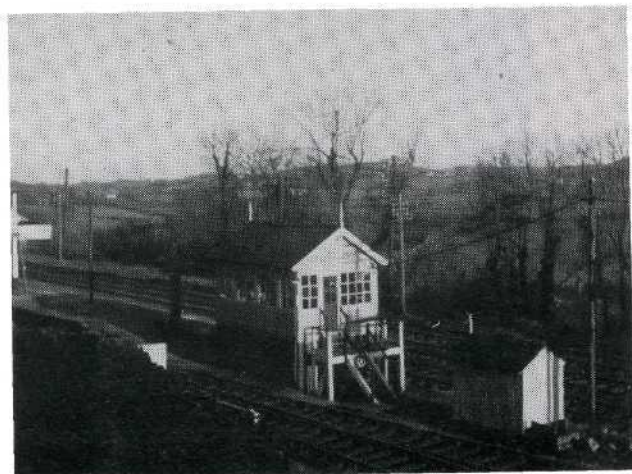




View from 'Brickie Loanin' looking towards
Edward Street, Newry



Bridge at Craigmore



Goragewood Station—the Newry line on the right

"We select No.4 shaft and, taking our places in the large bucket, we were soon whirled far beneath, and, looking upwards, a little blue speck was the only indication of the outer world. Cutting had been made in both directions, north and south — and the stout and burly English 'gaffer' soon issued from the darkness, in response to the call of our companion, the superintendent.

"What progress have you made in that direction?" (south) was the query. The 'gaffer' flung out his line and the direction soon came:—"Twenty three feet, sir."

"What in the other direction?" Bye-and-bye we learn "Twenty two feet six, Sir; but we met with very hard stuff in this direction." In the Northern 'cut' three men were engaged, and each man had his 'light'. Very frequently the labour is most severe. Hard slate rock is very abundant in the vicinity, and often 'blasting' with gunpowder has to be resorted to. While the men are engaged in boring, another is employed in conveying the debris to the bottom of the shaft, where another man is busy in filling, and signal wires inform those above that a load is filled. In the Southern direction of the cut, down No.4 shaft, the same process was going on, and the water here was flowing very rapidly. The double pump, however, which was in full play, carried it off as quickly as the torrents issued from the bowels of the earth."

"Mr. Swan, we understand, is about having erected double pumps at the other shafts, which, undoubtedly, will prove of great service. The quick transit from daylight to the bottom of the tunnel leaves the unaccustomed visitor in complete darkness. Soon, however, in the darkness, minute lights are observable, and, in a short time, a peculiar kind of light sheds itself on all around, and renders the vision tolerably clear. After a most interesting and instructive stay the visitor will return to *terra firma* with a far better idea of the labour to be performed by a peculiar class of men who, from childhood, are brought up to 'life under the surface.' "A word or two with regard to the other shafts. Just as we were lingering around the mouth of shaft No.1, the signal came from below that the miners wished to be conveyed to the surface. They had met with an unusually hard piece of rock, and they were obliged to blast with gunpowder. The men had scarcely arrived more than a few seconds at the surface, when five or six heavy explosions took