

this state he was found and conveyed to the Grey River hospital, where he soon expired.—Another suicide is reported from Brunnerton. A miner named Treasure walked deliberately into the river at the back of his cottage, and immediately disappeared. Although diligent search has been made, the body has not yet been recovered. Both Walker and Treasure are said to have been very hard-working, inoffensive men, widely known and highly esteemed. (I have heard that Walker, who belonged to the Established Church, never was known to refuse a subscription to any charitable object.) Unfortunately for themselves, they at times indulged too freely in drink, and to this failing is due the sad termination of their lives.

A young lady named Taylor, residing near Lake Brunner, lost her life suddenly this week. She left her parents' house to search for cattle, and not returning at a reasonable hour, a search was instituted, with the result that her body was discovered in a creek. From the evidence given at the inquest, it appears she attempted to cross a stream which was in flood at the time, and getting swept off the ford, she was unable to regain it, and was drowned.

Yet another fatal accident to record. A man named Davis, supposed to be but a short time in the Colony, fell off the wharf on Monday night, the 27th inst., and was drowned. His body was found this morning lying on the shingle close to the river in front of Hungerford and McKay's work shop.

Two more accidents, both of which nearly proved fatal, took place lately close to Brunnerton, the one to Mr. Fraser, the other to a youth named Thos. O'Brien. Fraser was piloting a raft down the river when, at the Falls above Brunnerton, the raft got submerged and Fraser was swept into the current. Were it not for the prompt action of Mr. C. Curtis, who noticed the mishap and sprang boldly into the river to the rescue of Fraser, whom he brought safely to land, there would be one more added to the long list of fatal accidents during the past few days.—The youth O'Brien was driving a dray along the public road, when, in some unaccountable way, he fell from his seat and one of the wheels passed over his thigh. Fortunately, with the exception of a severe crushing, he sustained no injury, and he is now fast recovering.

Owing to the serious damage caused to coal through breakage after it leaves the mine, damage estimated at an average of one shilling per ton, the Greymouth Harbour Board offered a premium, some time ago, for the best invention for preventing the loss referred to. Mr. Brinble, a local tinsmith has succeeded, inventing what is probably the best coal shoot yet seen or devised in the Colony. It not only reduces the breakage to a minimum, but also trims the coals. The invention consists of a square shaped hopper suspended by chains to any convenient place over the vessel's hold. At the bottom of the hopper, is a short, round shoot, and the main shoot is attached to this in such a way that it can be turned round in any direction and at any angle. The body of the shoot is constructed on the telescopic principle, and is capable of being lengthened or shortened at pleasure in a few seconds. The extreme end of the shoot has a fan-shaped contrivance for spreading the coals in the hold. Coals can be run into the body of the shoot from any species of railway-truck, cart, or other receptacle, either from a side of a wharf, stait, or a coal hopper lifted and suspended over the vessel's hold. The coals passing down the hopper glide into the shoot, which delivers them wherever required. The discharge of coals can be directed to any part of the ship, and by a slight alteration to the end of the shoot, it can be applied to fill bunkers in almost any part of the vessel. Such an invention is of great importance to a coal producing district, and it is claimed for it that a saving of nearly a shilling per ton will be effected by its use.

Mr. Martin Kennedy, proprietor of the Brunner Coal Mine, has been absent in Sydney some weeks, for the purpose of procuring additional steamers for his coal trade. A good article requires no puffing, and will force itself into prominence through its own inherent values.

The Mayor read a letter from the Under-Secretary for the Colony, at the last meeting of the Borough Council. The letter stated that in order to mark the general appreciation entertained for the efforts of the Prince of Wales (not of whales—Captain Jackson Barry claims that proud distinction) in his connection with the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, it was proposed to present him with a testimonial, and concluded by asking the Mayor to put the matter before the public, with a view to co-operation. The amount of a subscription must not exceed two guineas.

## OUR IRISH LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Dublin, August 26.

RUFFIANISM continues to ride rampant in Belfast. It is a spectacle surely for the civilised world to behold the state into which that hapless city is brought by the connivance of the Government. The Orangemen have clearly proved to Lord Randolph Churchill that he might count upon their chivalry. He asked them to charge with all their chivalry, it will be remembered, and they continue to do so; this week it is down upon an excursion of school girls they charge; the next, an aged Papist is captured, tarred, and kicked to within an inch of the grave. For thirty-three years a Catholic, named Johnston, worked among Mayor Harland's Orange pets; he must have been rather inoffensive, one may presume, when his Orange fellow-workers allowed him to reach the years of 60! However, he was seized last week, knocked down, and kicked, and then held, while cans of hot tar were poured over his head and body. The Thug newspapers of Ulster comfort the unhappy man with the reflection of how "foolish he must have been to go amongst Protestants while their blood was up." Practically the rioters are masters of the situation in Belfast. They dictate their terms to the executive, which, like that ancient musician in the tune the old cow died with, asks time to "consider," and having considered, gracefully yields. The melody I allude to is a well-known one in the North:

"There was an old man and he had an old cow,  
And he had nothing to give her;  
He took down his fiddle and played her a tune,  
Consider, good cow, consider!  
'Tis no time of year for the grass to grow,  
Consider, good cow, consider!"

We are full of the conviction that the colonial visitors went away from Dublin as fervent Home Rulers as we could desire. The town was quite animated during their stay, which, short as it was, made some of these strangers with the badges on their breasts, almost familiar figures in our eyes. One day, returning from some sight-seeing in the direction of Kilmainham, a member of our reception committee observed in passing Thomas street, that the spot was sacred and dear to the Irish people, because of Robert Emmet; at the execution wall he uncovered his head, whereupon the strangers did the same, and a few of the loyal minority who were present turned up their eyes in righteous deprecation of such conduct. But *apropos* of Home Rule and of our brethren abroad, surely it were almost worth while to suffer in order to receive the friendly hand, and the ringing words of sympathy, hope, and approval, that have reached us from you all underneath the Southern Cross. Oh, be sure that Ireland is grateful for this, that the moral help given us now will not be forgotten!

The series of Royal Commissions proposed by the Tories for the cure of Ireland are looked upon as a sort of huge grim joke. From one end of the land to the other, the eviction campaign is opening; house-wrecking and heart-breaking sheriff parties patrol the mountains, and glens, and lonesome country roads, hunting out the people from their homes, and trying to collect impossible rents—the rents which Sir James Caird, in the London *Times*, declared to be absolutely irrecoverable. Mr. Parnell's demand for the stoppage of evictions, nobly as it was made, received the response we were prepared for. Once more the Grand Old Man touched a keen chord in the Celtic breast when he pleaded guilty to being the leader of the Nationalist party, adding the words: "But I am delighted at being either the leader or follower in any movement which is intended to soothe the people of Ireland, and realise their hopes."

The Marquis of Salisbury thinks the "ordinary law" will do for us at present. It ought, considering that from the petty sessions to the Court of Appeal he holds it in the hollow of his hand. An ignorant, brutal, and prejudiced magistracy, corrupt sheriffs, packed juries, partisan, intolerant and intolerable judges—this is the machinery of "ordinary law" in Ireland, and it ought to suffice, one would think, even for Lord Salisbury. But we will see what we'll see further on.

The evictions at Woodford read like the notes of a regular campaign. The people tried to impede the body of police and military by every means in their power. Three bridges leading to the doomed district were destroyed; the houses were barricaded, in some instances stone walls were built inside the doors; the bailiffs were assailed with lime-water, hot-water, and stones from the windows. It would pay the rent ten times over what these colossal evicting parties cost. Then at last, when the field is fought and won, it is rather judicious to behold 100 soldiers, with drawn swords, burst into a hut which contains, perhaps, only a bed-ridden old man or woman, and a half-frantic mother or father, who, with a ring of little, nigh naked children, have protracted the siege. In one case the police were so disgusted by the landlord's cruelty to a poor old man, named Bruder, they collected his rent (£16 10s). However, there were £17 more due for expenses, and "his honour" held out for that also. Poor Bruder went the way of the rest—to the workhouse. Amongst the rack-renters in Ireland of to-day three most noble marquises stand out in lurid light—Ely, Sligo, and Clanrickarde. The latter, however, bears off the palm. His wealth is something marvellous. From Galway alone he draws over £40,000 a year; in return for which it is said he has sworn to ruin the two towns Portumna and Loughrea. He was never known in his life to do one kind or generous act. No man speaks a good word of him, or has cause to speak it. They say even the worst of landlords in the West is indignant at comparison with him. At the present moment, two hundred honest men's homes are by him doomed to destruction.

R. K.

Kidney complaint, one of the most common and yet most neglected diseases of this country, can be readily cured by the use of Hop Bitters. Be sure and get American Co.'s make. See

An extraordinary scene was witnessed at Cardiff on Monday July 26th, when a large body of workmen armed with battering rams attacked a toll-gate erected upon a bridge, hitherto free, approaching the docks. The gates were thrown into the river amid loud cheering. The mob then attacked and destroyed the collector's hut, the collector escaping with his cashbox. A policeman was struck by a stone on face and sustained a nasty wound. A number of police were present, but were powerless to prevent the mischief. The toll which was a penny per head, was imposed by the Taff Vale Railway Company.

London, Aug. 16.—A *Cable News* reporter visited Knock on Sunday. The town was crowded with 6,000 pilgrims from all parts of the world, many of whom camped out in the surrounding country, but the majority passed the night within the chapel precincts, praying and seeking Archdeacon Cavanagh's blessing, and applying for holy water, cement, and other mementoes of the famous shrine. In the middle of the night a blind Welsh pilgrim, named Mitchell, screamed out, "Blessed be God. I can see." The excitement and awe were redoubled and prayers and joyous cries were heard throughout the night. Mitchell maintains his sight, although it is credibly averred that he has been stone blind for years. Several pilgrims saw visions, and other cures are reported. Sunday was devoted to processions and devotional exercises. The visitors included Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy, of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. McCormack, Miss Green, and Mr. Considine of New York, and many people from the colonies,