

builders of the pyramids, or the brick-building kings of Nineveh; firm fellowship and good feeling; evinced in subscriptions to sick funds and doctors' bills; clear-headed application of labor to produce a definite result; above all, a sense of the right that man and master alike have to fair-play and honest dealing; all these virtues are to be found in the kit of the navy. He is a man with whom there is some satisfaction in working, and a man as to whom you can attribute any failure in the attempt to elevate him into a position of permanent comfort and respectability not to any inherent infirmity of nature, but to want of early training, and to the potent influence of strong drink."

The "lasses" had got down from Ingleborough Hill, and were seated round the huge coal-fire in Mrs. Pollen's keeping-room. It was a state occasion; and the six navvies, who are lodgers, were relegated to their own sleeping-apartment, where I found Mr. Pollen, slightly the fresher from his journey to Ingleton, and having his hair cut by one of his lodgers prior to entering the sphere of gentility in the other room. Mrs. Pollen was painfully polite, and her notions of my capacities for rashers of bacon eaten along with buttered toast must have been based on her experience of navvies. The young ladies were at first slightly *distrain*, but Ingleborough air had given their appetite a beautiful filip. Mr. Pollen was benignly jocose, with a slight tendency to hiccup. After tea, he entertained me with an historical account of Batty-wife-hole, from his first appearance in a van on its soil, exactly three years previous. Shortly afterwards, he said, "some chaps came down to make experimental borings, and they had to bide w' us in the van, for there were nowhere else to bide. All that winter there were ten of us living in that van, a tight fit it were, surely. Of a night I used to have to stand by it for half an hour with the bull's-eye as a guide to the men home-coming through the waste. Sometimes one would stick, and his mates would have to dig him out; there were two chain o' knee-deep water four times a day for the fellows atween their meat and their work."

"It were a winter! The snow lay on the backs of the hill-sheep for two months at a stretch, and many on 'em were frozen as hard as a chip. But we got over it somehow; and in the spring, Recks and me built this cottage, and the works began in fair earnest. There's been a good many deaths—what with accidents, low fevers, small-pox, and so on. I've buried three o' my own. I'm arter a sort the undertaker o' the place. You passed the little church down at Chapel-a-dale, near the head of the valley. Well, in the three years I've toted over a hundred of us down the hill to the little churchyard lying around the church. T' other day I had toted one poor fellow down—he were hale and hearty on Thursday, and on Tuesday he were dead o' erinspalis; and I says to the clerk as how I thought I had toted well nigh on to a hundred down over the beck to Chapel-a-dale. He goes, and has a look at his books, and comes out, and says, says he: 'Joe, you've fetched to t' kirkyard exactly a hundred and ten corpses!' I knowd I warn't far out. They've had to add a piece on to t' churchyard, for it were chock-full. And there were one poor fellow I toted down the hill as don't lie in Chapel-a-dale. It were the first summer we were here, and a cutting had been opened outside the Dents-head end of the tunnel. Five men were in the heading as was being driven in along the track of the tunnel. There came on such a fearful thunder storm as nobody hereabout ever saw the like afore or since. The end of the cutting was stopped up, and the water came tearing down the hillsides into it, and soon filled it like the lock of a canal. The chaps in the heading were caught afore they could get out; as the water rose, three swam into the cutting, and tried to scramble out. As the water rose they got on a wagon that was in the heading, and tried to prop themselves up between some barrels that were on it. We could just see one, the tallest on the two—the face of him just above the water, and his hands held afore his mouth, to fend off the water that came lipping over him every now and then. He could get no higher for the head of the working, and it was horrible to see him. But we were tearing like mad at the bank

of earth that was blocking the cutting, and at last we got a hole jumped through it, and then the water soon found its own vent, and emptied the cutting. The shorter of the two men in the heading was drowned, and his mouth stopped up w' clay. He came from Kings-cliffe in Northamptonshire, hard by my own old native place; and I got a coffin for the poor chap, and toted him down to Ingleton, and sent him home by the railway."

I don't know to what greater length Mr. Pollen's gossiping reminiscences might have extended, if they had not been interrupted by a tap at the door communicating with the room inhabited by the navy lodgers. Sundry smothered and gasping squeakings of a fiddle had been audible lately from that apartment, the sounds being suggestive of the existence of an assertive and pertinacious violin, upon which the navvies were collectively sitting, sternly determined that while they lived, it should not violate the decorous quiet incumbent on lodgers whose respected host and hostess were entertaining visitors. The "lasses," I had noticed, were yawning a little after tea, as if the hill-air of Ingleborough had induced a somniferous tendency. As the tap was heard at the door, a glance of mutual intelligence and a smile of satisfaction passed round the younger ladies, and in truth Mrs. Pollen herself did not frown as she called: "Come in." Enter a stalwart navy, whose powerful frame contrasted comically with his shamefaced countenance. He was blushing from ear to ear, yet there was a twinkle in the big black eye of the good-looking fellow that might speak of a consciousness he was not altogether taking a leap in the dark. He bore a message from the navy brotherhood in the other room. He craved humbly of "Mother Pollen" that he and they should be admitted to participate in the festivities of the evening, whereunto they engaged to contribute by instrumental and vocal music, replenishment of the refreshments, utterly regardless of cost and good behavior. Pollen pronounced at once for their admission. Mrs. Pollen only stipulated for order; and the navvies trooped solemnly in, and seated themselves on the extreme edge of a form. Mrs. Pollen offered them wine, of which all ceremoniously partook, and then the black-eyed navy took Mrs. Pollen aside, an interview which resulted in the introduction of a pair of strong ale and a bottle of whisky. The navvies were a decided acquisition. First, the black-eyed navy played a lively spring on his fiddle. I may remark, that he had imperceptibly edged off his form, and had dexterously taken up new ground between Miss Pollen and the lass from the "Surrey and Sussex." Then Tom Purgin sang *My Pretty Jane*. Mr. Purgin was a smart ruddy-faced young fellow with black curling hair, and the physical development of a Hercules. "Tom is the best man on this section," whispered Pollen to me. A dance followed—something between a reel and an Irish jig—in which the black-eyed navy immensely distinguished himself by playing and dancing at the same time; while the noise his big boots make in the double-shuffle was a Terpsichorean triumph that may be imagined, but cannot be described. The beer-pail was replenished, the ladies were radiant with good-humour and enjoyment, the navvies were making themselves as agreeable as possible, and the evening altogether was passing most hilariously.

The "Surrey and Sussex" lass was suddenly interrupted in the middle of a song by a loud knock at the outer door. Mrs. Pollen rose, and admitted a stranger, a big navy in working dress. This worthy had no card, but he "named himself" as the "Wellingborough Pincer." At a glance, one could see that the "Wellingborough Pincer" was not quite so sober as he necessarily would have been if intoxicating beverages had never been invented. He was a new-comer at Batty-wife-hole, having only arrived that day; and being a Northamptonshire man, he had come to pay a visit to his "townie," as he had learned Mr. Pollen was. On Pollen the ties of "township" are binding; he hailed the "Wellingborough Pincer" with effusion; and that individual soon made himself extremely at home, resorting with marked freedom and frequency to the beer-can. Our own navvies had been obviously chafing at the goings-on of the "Pincer," restraining

themselves, however, for the sake of peace. His conduct was obviously leading to a shindy. Mrs. Pollen had been absent for some time, engaged in serving some customers; but just at this crisis she came upon the scene, and comprehended its bearings with a quickness which may have been owing to intuition, but perhaps more to experience. To resolve, with Mrs. Pollen, is to act. In two strides she had the "Wellingborough Pincer" by the scruff of the neck, and was bundling him toward the door. He struggled a little, but Mrs. Pollen plucked him with a vice-like grasp, and with a promptitude and dexterity which won my heartiest admiration, accomplished his ejection. I rather think she threw him out; anyhow, there was a sound as of a heavy body falling; and returning to the bosom of her family, she forbade any of "her men" from following the "Pincer" into the darkness whereunto she had relegated him. Harmony recommenced; the black-eyed navy and I became confidential; and he told me how he had loved Miss Pollen for a considerable period, how they had "squared it together," and how he only wished that her father had another van in which they might take up housekeeping. In the midst of this interesting conversation, the "Wellingborough Pincer" reappeared on the scene. Mrs. Pollen had not bolted the door, and he had entered bent on apologizing all round, and expressing his heart-felt repentance for his conduct. It struck me at the time that the leading motive of the "Pincer's" apparent contrition was a keen anxiety to return to the neighborhood of the beer-pail; but he appeared sincere, and his expressions of sorrow were graciously accepted. He made the most of his time, and it was a caution to see what quantities of beer that man contrived to swallow. But he was an ill-conditioned dog in his cups. Without the slightest warning, he suddenly hit Tom Purgin in the eye. It was good to see that honest fellow's power of self-restraint. "It will keep till to-morrow," he said with a pleasant smile, as he wiped some blood from the cut cheek-bone. This was Tom's own quarrel, and in his own quarrel he would not brawl in the presence of the women. But the blow had cut short the "Pincer's" stay under Mrs. Pollen's roof. Again Mrs. Pollen was upon him; again that determined and powerful female grappled him, dragged him across the floor, and sent him forth from the door. Enlightened by experience, she this time shot the bolt.

But this "Wellingborough Pincer" was an incorrigible and indomitable nuisance. He would not retire quietly after this his second ejection. He picked himself up, and commenced a persistent hammering on the doors and window-shutters of the hut, accompanying this exercise with a voluble flow of execration of the people who were inside. With difficulty did Mrs. Pollen restrain her navvies from sallying out and inflicting condign punishment on the incorrigible "Pincer." But it was reserved for Pollen himself to vindicate the proud principle that an Englishman's house is his castle. Rising (with some little difficulty) from his seat, he oracularly pronounced the monosyllable "Joe!" At the word there emerged from under the table a powerfully built bulldog, whose broad chest, strong loins, muscular neck and massive jaw, gave evidence of strength and purity of blood, as did the small red eye of unconquerable ferocity. Silently Pollen moved to the door with Joe at his heels. He threw it open, just as the "Pincer" had commenced to rain on it a fresh shower of blows. "Here, Joe!" was all Pollen's reply to the volley of execrations that greeted him. There was a dull thud of a heavy fall, a gurgling noise, and at Pollen's word, "Come, Joe!" the dog reappeared, sententiously wagging his tail. The door was shut, and the "Wellingborough Pincer" demonstrated no more against it.

After a parting glass, I withdrew from the festive scene, declining with thanks the offers of Tom Purgin and the black-eyed navy to see me home. I examined the precincts carefully, out of what was perhaps a weak apprehension that the Pincer might be lying about somewhere, mangled, helpless, and perhaps indeed throttled. But that worthy was "gone and left not a wrack behind," and I sought my couch with equanimity. A day or two later, Mr. Pollen called on me,

and told me that he had received a summons at the instance of the "Wellingborough Pincer." Rather, indeed, there were two summonses, one for selling drink without a licence, the other for setting a dog at that interesting gentleman. Mr. Pollen was game for litigation, and would hear of no compromise. The "Pincer" had called upon him that morning, and expressed his readiness to stay proceedings, on condition that the dog were shot, adding, that the doctor had assured him, were this not done, that his—the Pincer's—arm must inevitably be amputated. Mr. Pollen had requested him to go about his business, and was ready to face the magistrates in the serene consciousness of virtue.

I left the place before this *cause celebre* was tried; but I heard the leading incidents—Mr. Pollen drove to Ingleton with his wife and his two witnesses, Mr. Purgin and the black-eyed navy. The "Pincer" stated his case, and summoned a witness who saw him worried by the dog. Then Mr. Pollen arose and pleaded his own cause. He cited his wife to prove that she sold no drink, but that the whole affair was her "treat" in honour of the "Surrey and Sussex" lass. The magistrates asked particularly whether it was in defence of his own premises that Pollen had called in the assistance of the dog, and on being assured that this was so, gave judgment against the "Pincer" on both counts, condemning him also in costs. On the way home, the Pollen conveyance, which contained, in addition to the load it had brought down, the Pincer's witness, was upset in the ditch, owing, it was hinted, to the collective inebriety of the passengers, but ultimately reached Batty-wife-hole, and a triumphal entry was accorded to the Pollens. The "Wellingborough Pincer" returned to work a wiser if not a better man, but he was execrated by the whole community for having imported legal proceedings into a colony where the policemen live in a sort of contemptuous toleration. Hints were uttered that his career at Batty-wife-hole would be a short one. The "Wellingborough Pincer" was last seen in the neighborhood of a deep blind shaft, that had been excavated to divert the water from the workings in the tunnel. He may have suddenly migrated, but there are not wanting those who darkly hint that an exploration of the shaft would disclose the fact of his being in the immediate vicinity of its bottom.—*Chambers' Journal*.

The *Scientific American* says that "in less than twenty years most of the heating and cooking will be done by combustible gas."

The *Commercial Bulletin* says if the Boston dealers attempt a "corner in ice," it is to be hoped they will slip up on it.

Thieves break in and steal, in the Cincinnati station house, to such an extent that the police have scarcely any clubs or overcoats left, and the authorities think of engaging a private watchman.

The St. Louis coopers are making a war-hoop about the employment of Chinese labor in their trade, and threaten to "stave in" and "bung up" the Mongolian interlopers.

PERSONAL.—GEO. W. HOWE can make Five Hundred Dollars by corresponding with P. D. CHENEY, Jerseyville, Illinois. d s & w lea

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession the following described animals:
No. 1 Sorrel white-faced Horse, 4 white feet, blind in left eye, C S or G S on left hip; six or seven years old.
No. 2 Tolerably sized Mare, about 8 years old, Dark Bay or Brown, branded N on left thigh and shoulder.
If not called for by Monday, June 2nd, 1873, they will be sold at the estray pound in Hebron, at 10 o'clock, a.m., as the law directs.

G. H. CROSBY,
District Pound Keeper.
Hebron, May 15, 1873. d s & w lea

\$13 a Stand!
BEES! BEES!!

I have a number of Stands of pure Italian Bees, full swarms in Harbison hives—a full hive—in good condition, no patent, which I will sell at the above price.
JOSHUA TERRY,
s32 2t w19 3t. Draperville.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession the following described animals, which if not claimed and taken away on or before will be sold on Saturday 31st of May, 1873, at the district pound, South Cottonwood, at 10 a.m.
One light red Cow about nine years old, white on belly, bush of tail white, white on forehead. Branded F.L. on left horn and D.H.C. on left hip.
One small dark brown Mare about 12 years old, both hind feet white, blaze face, saddle marked. Branded J on left shoulder and T.J. (with half circle over) on left thigh.
J. R. MILLER,
Pound Keeper.
19th May, 1873. [d153 s & w 1t]

PUMPS! PUMPS!

D. M. STUART
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BEST AND Cheapest Anti-freezing Force and Lift Pumps for deep or shallow wells. Also, Patent Pumps for Drive Well Pumps, with suitable iron piping. Pumps repaired and fitted upon reasonable terms, at WORK-SHOP, TITING OFFICE, OGDEN. w16 1y

C. C. WALLIN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS
OF
HARNESS & SADDLES
DEALERS IN
Saddlery, Hardware, Leather,
AND
COLLARS

2nd South St., West of WALKER BROS.,
SALT LAKE CITY.
s19 w10 6m

Music Hath Charms!

THE
LARGEST,
Best and
Cheapest
House in the
Territory for
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,
SHEET MUSIC,
MUSIC BOOKS,
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
ETC., ETC.

General Agents for the Celebrated
ARION PIANOFORTE,
Which has taken the Premium over all other Leading Pianos.

THE WORLD FAMED
MASON & HAMLIN
ORGAN!

Which has been Awarded Seventy-five Gold and Silver Medals, and is acknowledged by over 1,000 of the
WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICIANS,
AS THE
Best Organ Manufactured.

The WILSON
NEW UNDERFEED
SEWING MACHINE,
The Lightest Running, Most Durable, Cheapest, and Best Sewing Machine in the Market.

CALDER & CARELESS
37 East Temple St., Salt Lake City.

U.S.
You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for \$290? We answer—It costs less than \$300 to make any \$600 Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make 100 per cent. profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for Illustrated Circular, in which we refer to over 500 Bankers, Merchants, &c., (some of whom you may know) using our Pianos in 44 States and Territories.
U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, N. Y.
Please state where you saw this notice.
w10 14mo