

the little churchyard lying round the church. "The other day I had toted one poor fellow down—he were hale and hearty on Thursday, and on Tuesday he were dead o' erinsipalis; 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 U'kirkyawd exactly a hundred and ten corpses!' I knowed I warn't far out. They've had to add a piece on to U' 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 a heading as was being driven in along the tack of the tunnel. There came on such a fearful thunderstorm 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 waggon 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 tend 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 wi' clay. He came from Kingscliffe in Northamptonshire, hard by my own native place; and I got a coffin for the poor chap, and toted him down to Ingletton, 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 bill-air of Ingelborough 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 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 behaviour. Pollen pronounced at once for their admission. Mrs. Pollen only stipulated for order; and the navy-victor strode 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 the 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 made in the double-shuffle was a Turkish horn 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 navvies had been chafing at the goings-on of the "Pincer," but restraining themselves, 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 pinioned 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 for the "Pincer's" apparent contrition was a keen anxiety to the neighbourhood 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 Mr. 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 re-appeared, 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 célèbre* was tried; but I heard the leading incidents—Mr. Pollen drove to Ingletton 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 ineptitude 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 neighbourhood 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.

Handel's oratorio "Theodora" was to have been revived at the Hanover Square Rooms, London, on the 12th inst.

During the performance of "Black-eyed Susan," at the Boston Theatre, on Saturday week, Miss Victoria Vokes, the well-known actress, fell and broke her collar-bone. Several engagements, including one in Montreal, have been postponed in consequence.

In the language of the *Evening*, an English authority in all things theatrical, the following curious occurrence is said to have taken place at Brighton. The performance of "Man and Wife" at the Theatre Royal was delayed some little time on Tuesday night in consequence of it having been discovered that Mr. Charles Collette, who was playing the part of "Sir Patrick Lundy," was not in the theatre. Before, however, an apology was made Mr. Collette arrived, wet to the skin, and in a state of great exhaustion. He dressed hurriedly, and appeared on the stage, exhibiting no traces of the ordeal he had gone through. It appears that Mr. Collette had learnt the art of snake-charming in India, and was explaining the process to Mr. George Reeves Smith, the courteous general manager of the Brighton aquarium. Notwithstanding the entreaties of Mr. Smith, Mr. Collette insisted on exercising his science upon the octopus, and succeeded in luring the monster from his hiding-place, and caused it to follow him round the tank. On bending down to the surface of the water, however, the creature seemed to shake off all control, and turning his snaky feelers round Mr. Collette's neck, drew him by main force into the tank. A desperate struggle ensued beneath the water, whence "Sir Patrick Lundy" was with difficulty extricated by Mr. Smith and several bystanders. Mr. Collette has since confined his powers of charming to the patrons of the theatre, and with far greater success.

Scraps.

His Holiness has left his fortune, art works, etc., to his nephew, Count Luigi Mastai Ferretti.

A great indignation meeting is about to be held in the British metropolis on the subject of Confession.

Her Majesty has expressed her desire to act as sponsor to the Countess of Dufferin's infant. The child will be named Victoria Alexandra.

A singular instance of official carelessness has recently come to light in England, where it appears that an address sent from Madras to Lady Mayo in March, 1872, has been "inadvertently" detained at the India Office for twelve months.

The English Conservatives, elated by their late successes are about to bring a new weapon into the field in the shape of a daily paper, the subscription price of which is to be a penny per week. A circulation of a quarter of a million is expected for the new organ.

A revolving light has been invented, to be attached to the rear of trains, by which engineers behind can tell by the speed of their rotations, as shown by the succession of different coloured lights, at what rate of speed the trains are moving, and when they are at rest.

Appos of Tichborniana, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has discovered that Stilton cheese was first made by a Mrs. Orton, of Little Dalby, Leicestershire, in 1739, and that a Mr. Samuel Orton was executed at Tyburn in 1767, going to the scaffold in a morning coat instead of the usual cart.

Corporal Hickey, of the 63rd Halifax, has joined the Wimbledon Team in the place of Ensign Adams, of Ontario, who is unable to go. Adams' score on trial was 239; and Hickey stood next with 245. This gives Nova Scotia the largest representation at Wimbledon of all the Provinces.

Within the first ten days of the production of the postal cards orders were received to the amount of 17,671,500, or more than one-tenth as many as the present facilities of the Morgan Envelope Company could supply, working, as they are now worked, twenty hours out of the twenty-four, for a year.

The following lively advertisement recently appeared in the New York *Herald*: "The Devil's got a mortgage on Boston. Everything is going to burn up. I'm going to leave. Will sell my piano, melodeon and sewing-machine to any one living out of the city fearfully low. Address 'Presentiment,' *Herald* office."

The Japanese Tycoon, being in want of a few trowsers, has sent an official letter to Mr. Mori, his ambassador at Washington, to have made and sent to him a hundred pairs of that useful and agreeable article of drapery, his Majesty expressly dictating that they shall be of the high pocket and spring bottom pattern.

The annual meeting of the Society of Friends has just been held. They number 11,050 members in the British Isles, an increase of only twenty-seven on the numbers of last year. Secedism has found its way into this sect, as well as all others, and a number of members have in consequence "seceded."

The latest boon to literary travellers is "Graphine," which is described by the London press as a little packet containing four small sheets of paper, and on cutting off a little bit, no larger than one's finger nail, and soaking it in a table-spoonful of water, it will produce a beautiful purple-coloured ink. This condensed writing ink can be carried in the pocket-book like court plaster, and no traveller need in future carry an ink-stand about him.

The question of "confession" has been debated in the Irish Synod (disestablished Church of Ireland). On a motion to revise the "ordinal," the laymen voted for revision by a majority of three to one; the clergy voted against revision. It was the wish of the laity to have the form, "Receive the Holy Ghost," altered to a prayer for the reception of the Spirit. The laymen in the Synod are more prepared for radical changes than their clerical co-delegates.

It is rumoured that the Ritualists are getting up a petition to Convocation for the restoration of the service for Holy Communion contained in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., and it is said that they derive much encouragement and support from the following quaint prophecy:

"For full three hundred years and more
Sixth Edward's mass shall be layed lowe;
When Seventh Edward him doth rayne,
Sixth Edward's mass shall be said agayne."

Details respecting the ceremonies which follow upon the death of a Pope are always interesting, so the following may prove acceptable:—When the Pope is dead, the Cardinal Chamberlain, adorned in purple, kneels three times with a golden hammer at the door of the bed-chamber, calling the Pope by his Christian, family, and Papal names. In the presence of the clerks and attendants he then declares "he is dead," the fisherman's ring is brought to him and broken, he takes possession of the Vatican, and the great bell spreads the news over the city. The dead Pope is embalmed, and lies in state at St. Peter's for nine days. On the tenth day, and after the burial, the new Pope is elected by ballot, and the ceremony of the coronation is then performed.

A memorial service in honour of the late J. Stuart Mill took place recently at Mr. M. D. Conway's Chapel, South Place, Finsbury, in presence of a crowded congregation. Mr. Conway commenced by reading a portion of Isaiah, which was followed by the celebrated chapter from Confucius, "On Character;" to this succeeded the recital of Buddha's essay on the human graces, excellences, and duties, and the reading of the beatitudes from the 5th chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. The service concluded with a "meditation," consisting of an enumeration of the various qualities and virtues which, in Mr. Conway's opinion, are requisite to complete the ideal character of an exemplary man. The sermon, preached from the text, "The righteous perisheth and no man layeth it to heart," was an eloquent eulogy of Mr. Mill and his writings.

The following is the form of the declaration finally adopted by the English Convocation with regard to the meeting of the Athanasian creed:

1. "That the Confession of our Christian faith, commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius, doth not make any addition to the faith contained in Holy Scripture, but warneth against errors which from time to time have arisen in the Church of Christ.

2. "That Holy Scripture in divers places doth promise life to them that believe, and declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Catholic faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same, so doth the Church in this Confession declare the necessity for all who would be in a state of salvation of holding fast the Christian faith, and the great peril of rejecting the same.

"Wherefore the warnings in this Confession of Faith are to be understood no otherwise than the like warnings in Holy Scripture, for we must receive God's threatenings even as His promises, in such wise as they are generally set forth in Holy Writ.

"Moreover, the Church doth not herein pronounce judgment upon particular persons, God alone being the Judge of all."