

in Stanchill Moor at the wheel. What if we call it "Spinning Jenny?"

It was all a mystery to Robert Peel. He went home with his bilberry leaves, and went to bed, wondering if Hargreaves were out of his mind, or if he, too, were inventing some thing, or about to make experiments in some new process of working.

The principle of spinning by rollers, usually called Arkwright's invention, was not introduced until about four years after the invention of the jenny. Whether it was original to Arkwright, cannot now be told; but Mr. Baines of Leeds, and other diligent inquirers, have established the fact that an ingenious man, named Wyatt, erected a machine at Birmingham, and afterwards at Sutton Coldfield, in Warwickshire, twenty years before Arkwright evolved his idea, which was in principle the same, namely, that a pair of rollers, with slow motion, drew in a roving of cotton, and a second pair, with an accelerated motion, drew the roving from the other. All the varieties of cotton-spinning machinery have sprung up from those two—the rollers of Wyatt (or Arkwright) and the jenny of Hargreaves. A farmer, named Samuel Crompton, living at Hall-i'-th'-wood, near Bolton, was the first to combine them in one machine; this was called the "mule."

Returning to the Peel family, we see Robert, the son, following the printing of calicoes with enthusiasm. He obtains lessons at Bamber Bridge. We see his father engaged in constructing a machine for carding cotton into rovings, preparatory to spinning. Instead of two flat cards set full of small wiry teeth, the one card to work over the other, this machine of Robert Peel the elder is a cylinder covered with such wiry teeth. It revolves, and a flat card with a vertical motion works upon it. The carding by cylinders obtains to this day; and there is no reason to doubt that it was invented at Peel Fold. It was, however, first erected for use at Brookside, a mile distant, for the convenience of water power. You look down upon the place called Brookside from Stanchill Moor, your face turned to the south-west. There, also, Mr. Peel and his sons erected the first of Hargreaves' spinning-jennies, which was set in motion by water power, they being previously moved by hand.

It was now, 1766, that the murmurs of the spinning women ripened to acts of violence. At first the men were pleased with the jenny, which gave eight threads of web instead of one; but, when it threatened to supersede hand-spinning altogether, they joined with the women in resisting its use. They marched out of Blackburn in mobs, and broke all the jennies, reduced the works at Brookside to absolute wreck, and levelled the house of James Hargreaves at Stanchill Moor with the ground. Hargreaves, his wife and child, fled for their lives, first to Manchester, and then

to Nottingham. After many difficulties, he obtained the assistance of a person named Strutt, and the jenny was brought into use at Nottingham (1766-67,) also at Derby. Mr. Strutt made a fortune out of it, which, with his sagacity, integrity, and business habits, has descended to the eminent family who still bear that name at Derby. It has been said that James Hargreaves died a pauper at Nottingham. This was repeated in books for many years, but more recent investigation has proved that, though neither so rich as the Strutts, Peels, or Arkwrights, he was not a pauper. In his will he bequeathed £4000 to relatives.

When the buildings and machinery were demolished at Brookside, the mob proceeded to Altham, six miles distant, and destroyed the works which William Peel, the eldest son, had erected there. Everywhere the Peels were hunted for the next twelve months. At last the father turned his back on Lancashire, and took up his abode at Burton-on-Trent, in Staffordshire, where he established both spinning and printing. Meanwhile Robert, the third son, was diligently fulfilling an apprenticeship with the Bamber Bridge printers already named. When at liberty to enter upon business for himself, he selected a green, sunny spot, with abundance of water, close to the town of Bury, in Lancashire. His brothers did the same, at the hamlet of Church, near to which has since arisen the thriving and populous town of Accrington.

The wonderful success of the whole family of the Peels as merchants, manufacturers, and calico printers, is a part of the industrial history of Britain. Nothing more can be done here than to name it. Robert, from the magnitude of his works at Bury, and from his political tendencies, became the best known. He married the daughter of Mr. Yates, one of his partners in business, and by her had a large family.—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE SPELLS.

Deep are the spells of the fairy dells,
And gay are the fays around,
As they dance by night in the pale moonlight,
In their own enchanted ground;
But deeper than spells of the fairy dells,
Are those in woman's power,
When, by Love's dear light, her charms, so bright,
Are seen in the twilight hour.

Deep is the store of magic lore,
And the charm which the wizard weaves,
When the book of night to his eye of light,
Unlocks its spell-bound leaves;
But in woman's looks, more than magic books,
The light of magic dwells,
When her eye's soft beam by some storied stream,
Its tale of passion tells!