

knee with leather thongs; an apron of flannel; stockings made of the undyed wool of a black and a white sheep, mixed; clogs, made of leather above, and wood and iron below; a brown felt hat, once black, turned up behind and at the sides, and pointed before. His sons were dressed in the same manner, except that they had buckles at their knees instead of leather thongs, and waistcoats of stuff like their mother's linsey-woolsey gown, instead of calf-skin. You would have seen or heard that Mrs. Peel trod the stone floor in wooden-soled clogs, while the clat-clatting of little Anne gave the same intimation. On seeing the family seated around the table uncovered, you would have observed, by their golden-tinged hair, short and curly, that they still retained the Scandinavian temperament of their Danish ancestors, who, as rovers of the sea, are supposed to have brought the lineage and name of Peel to England. Their neighbour Hargreaves, you would have seen, was a short, broadly-formed man, with hard black hair. He did not stand above five feet five; Robert Peel stood five feet eleven inches, rather more.

Being seated, and seeing his wife sit down, he said, "Elizabeth, are you ready?" to which she, having put a portion of the supper on a platter, to cool for the younger children, and lifted her finger in sign of admonition to be silent and still, answered, "Say away, Robert," and bowed her head. The father looked around, and, seeing that his children had bent their heads and were still, bowed his own, and addressed himself to the Most High. He besought a blessing on their food, on all their actions, on all their varied ways through life, and for mercy to their manifold sins. To which they all said, "Amen."

Soon after William, the eldest son, came in from Blackburn. He said, Harry Garland and other chapmen had come as far as the Pack Horse, at the Brook, but had gone in there, and he thought Garland was not much short of tipsy; they had been drinking at the Black Bull in Blackburn before starting. Saying which, he asked, "Mother, is there no supper for me?" She replied, "In t' oven; in t' dish; dinnot fear but thy share were set by for thee."

Presently the dogs, Brock and Flowery, began to bark, and the sound told they were running up the path toward the plantation. This indicated the approach of a stranger. Anne and little Lawrence ran, spoons in hand, their clogs clattering on the stones, and returned in a fright, saying it was a man who wore a red coat, and with a sword in his hand; and he was like to cut off the heads of Brock and Flowery with it for barking at him. Upon which, William observed, he dared say it was Harry Garland. Robert, the third son, laid down his spoon, saying he would call in the dogs. But his father bade him stay; he would go himself, and went. It was Harry Garland.

Mr. Peel, desiring to speak with him privately about the printing at Cray, took him into another apartment. They remained there more than an hour. The girl and the youngest boy looked through the keyhole, and, returning to the kitchen, said, the stranger was showing father such beautiful paper, and such a curious piece of wood, and such lovely things. But their mother interrupted them, saying, "Howd thee tongue, and sit thee down." James Hargreaves, thinking correctly enough, that his presence stood in the way of some private business, took the copes of west in his apron, and went home. Presently the private conference was at an end, and the visitor, with Mr. Peel, went to the kitchen.

Harry Garland was a handsome young man, in his twentieth year. He had dark brown hair, tied behind with blue ribbon; clear, mirthful eyes; boots which reached above his knees; a broad-skirted scarlet coat, with gold lace on the cuffs, the collar, and the skirts, and a long waistcoat of blue silk. His breeches were buckskin; his hat was three-cornered, set jauntily higher on the right than on the left side. In his breast-pockets he carried loaded pistols, and, dangling from his waistbelt, a short, heavy sword, sufficiently strong to cut the branches from a tree, or kill a highwayman. He thus appeared on ordinary days in the dress and accoutrements which a Manchester chapman only wore on holidays, or at a wedding, or at church. Mr. Peel had invited him, when in the private apartment, to stay all night; but no, he must be in Blackburn, he said, to go early in the morning to Preston. Besides, he had friends at the Pack Horse, down at the Brook, awaiting his return. Would William, Edmund, and Robert step that length with him? Their father, answering, said "No, they cannot go out." They inclined to go: the smart dress of the handsome Harry Garland, his lively conversation, his knowledge of the social and commercial world, so far exceeding theirs, inclined them to his company. But their father had said "No," they said nothing.

Robert Peel had work for himself and his sons which required to be done that night. He accordingly called them together, and said it was not so much that he objected to their being with Garland, though doubtless they might find more profitable company, as truly as they might find worse; but he had objected to their going out because there was work to do. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business," he quoted, "he shall stand before kings." He then told them to get the hand-barrow, the sledge-hammer, the iron wedges, the pinch (an iron lever), the two crowbars, and the pick, and that perhaps they might also require the spade. They put the wedges, hammer, and pick on the barrow, and Anne and Lawrence on the top of them. William and Edmund took their places upon the shafts;