

6.

A fair fay took me by the hand :
 " Come, mortal, join our elfin band,
 Flowers ever fresh for thee we'll twine,
 For thee shall flow our sweet cool wine."

6.

And as she spoke a dreamy calm
 Stole o'er each sense-like sleep's bless'd balm ;
 But just then broke the morning grey,
 And the pageant swept like mist away.

R. J. M.

THE PEEL FAMILY.

ABOUT a week before Whitsuntide, in the year 1765, at nine o'clock in the morning, a line of Manchester bell-horses (nineteen in number), loaded with packs and attended by chapmen, were seen by the weavers of Irwell Green descending from the moors by the bridle-road into that hamlet. The weavers (thirty in number, or there-about) stopped their looms, and went forth to ask questions about trade, wages, prices, politics; Lord Bute, Grenville, William Pitt (the elder), and young King George III.; and to enquire if there were a likelihood of the young king doing anything for the good of trade.

The spinning women had come forth also from their spinning-wheels, and, in reference to them, r. William Garland, a merchant (locally called a Manchester warehouseman), who had accompanied his pack-horses thus far to make some arrangements with the resident weavers of this hamlet, said, "If the young king would make the lasses spin more, he would do some good." "Or," said a weaver, "an t' king would make a spinning-wheel to spin two threads instead of one, it would be some good." Tweedie Maethrum, a weaver, who had been expelled from Manchester because he was a Scotchman, in the terrible trade riots of 1763-64, said, "What good is it to haver and claver nonsense; nae man can mak' a wheel to spin twa threads at aince; no, not even King George upon the throne."

The Lancashire men reminded him that he should be quiet when they spoke; he was only permitted to live at Irwell Green on sufferance, and he might be turned out of it as he had been out of Manchester. Tweedie asked, "What would ye do? Isn't there my hairns, Katey, Henny, Betty, Kirsty, Nancy, Peggy, and wee Tweedie, ilk one of them, and their mother, spinning weft or winding pirns, except only Peggy and wee Tweedie, and they'll wind pirns in a year or two, if they be spared? How many of ye work west of their spinning? But I'll tell ye what it is; gif I had kenned what I ken now, I would not have buded, no, not a foot-length, out of Manchester for a' their riotin' and misca'in' of my country, and

breakin' o' my loom; and I winna budge again a leeving man; no, not for King George upon the throne!"

This sturdy weaver had at that time built for himself and family a turf shed on a point of waste moorland abutting upon the Irwell river. He enclosed a few acres of the waste with a fence soon after. Within twenty years of that time, two spinning-mills were erected on it; and for the last forty-five years the great factories and print-works of Sir Tweedie Maethrum, Sons, & Co., have stood there—Sir Tweedie, the first baronet, being the "wee Tweedie" of 1765. (*Maethrum* is a name assumed here for convenience; the real name some will guess at, and, if they make a mistake, it matters little for the incidents which are about to be related.)

The chapmen having baited their horses, proceeded on their journey towards Blackburn, which they hoped to reach early in the afternoon. When they were gone, the children of Irwell Green ranged themselves in a troop across the stony causeway, hand in hand, and sang,

"Bell-horses, bell-horses, what time o' day?
 One o'clock, two o'clock, three, and away!"

At the word "away," they raised a shout, ran down the causeway, their wooden-soled clogs clattering on the stones as loudly as all the shuttles of Irwell Green. About two in the afternoon, the bell-horses reached Blackburn.

If it be at the distance of eighty-seven years from that time that you go first to Blackburn—winding through the vales by the turnpike road, or, on the railway, through tunnels, over ravines, along the mountain-sides, or guided by this page on the wing of your imagination—you will find it a town containing forty thousand people, or there-about, with narrow crooked streets, situated on undulating ground. It is surrounded by hills; and a rivulet, a canal, a railway, and several thoroughfares run through it. The whole town of grey stone houses, with stone roofs, and the country of green pastures rising around, are less changed for better or worse than any other town and neighbourhood which existed in the middle of last century in Lancashire. This has resulted from the early and long-sustained resistance of the inhabitants to the mechanical inventions which had their origin in that vicinity.

Being a stranger in Blackburn, you will doubtless visit Stanchill Moor and Peel Fold—the one the birth-place of the spinning-jenny, and of James Hargreaves, its inventor; the other, of the Peels; and, though not the birth-place of the art of printing calico, nor, perhaps, its cradle, yet certainly its infant-school.

If you leave the town by yonder windmill on the rising ground, your face north-east, and, where the road divides, take that branch going due east, you will, having proceeded about two and a half miles, turn to your right hand, and