

repeated this so often, that every one of us believes it, and would be highly offended to be told any thing of a contrary nature, derogating from our "national dignity." Amongst the things we pride ourselves most upon, are our commerce and manufactures. These are assuredly very vast and very surprising. It is very wonderful to hear how many bales of cotton are yearly imported, and how much raw material is worked up in that time, and how many hands are at work to meet the demand. Especially is it astonishing to witness the machinery by which these things are effected, and to see machines making machines, (as at Sharp and Roberts's, at Manchester,) which strikes one always with a peculiar and fearful feeling. When our wonder and admiration are a little subsided, or rather when we begin to look deeper into the matter, and to consider the life which animated this great body of industry—the human masses, as they are called—which, however, are made up of thousands of individual hearts, and individual souls, our wonder is changed into a mixture of pity and fear. What is the real condition of these hearts and souls? What constitutes their happiness? What are they taught? What do they know? How do they feel? Do they know *who*, and *what*, and *whence* they are, and what they are sent into this world for? They themselves will tell us, perhaps, something about being the "majority," the "basis of government," and "the voice which guides the higher classes;" they would tell us of their "rights," and the "justice which is owed them in political privileges." This is not at all what we wish to hear. Our business is with their *souls*. It is of more consequence to make sure of citizenship in the "New Jerusalem," that is, in the Church of God, than to obtain any amount of political privileges here.

James Howitt worked in Savage's Brass Foundry, at Birmingham. He was a good workman, regular, and sober in his habits, and always laid up part of his earnings in the Savings' Bank. He came at last to be head-man in his department, and Mr. Savage always gave him the orders for those things which required the most delicate workmanship. Howitt was a fine upright good-humoured looking man; and on Sundays and holidays, when he was drest in his best, created great admiration among his acquaintance, and was always the first at their glee-meetings and matches. Among other accomplishments, James had the gift of a coarse and ready eloquence, or fluency of speech, which led him to try his hand at town and parliamentary elections, &c., with great applause, and no small self-satisfaction. In a short time Howitt was led on to join in political unions, and such societies; which might not be very objection-

able, some would say. though it caused him several times to be absent on foundry-days, and some of his work was ill-done. On one occasion Mr. Savage was vexed, and spoke sharply to him. Howitt, who had been declaiming the evening before on the equal rights of peer and peasant, found it difficult to command his temper. He answered in a surly manner; was afterwards sorry, but ashamed to own it; and fretted by the conflict in his own mind, grew pettish and irritable. Some of his companions, afraid of losing their favourite orator, persuaded him to go with them to a large public-house room, where many used to meet at night, and where they induced him to drink, and play also a little. When he was elevated by spirits and success, they took him off to a meeting to be held that night. Howitt found himself voted to the chair, and made a most brilliant speech amid the acclamation of the room. After the meeting came social drinking, and after that, resolutions, &c., and Howitt found himself voted unanimously chairman and collector for the ensuing month. He could not draw back; his pride was flattered, his ambition was excited. The house of commons fluttered before his eyes; he might become the popular member and "people's man." He went to the brass foundry next morning, and work and his paper-cap appeared to James the very dullest and most debasing things imaginable. The divinely-given and honourable office of a labourer and artisan, honest and healthy toil appeared to his feverish mind revolting and galling. In this mood he went to his work, late and slowly; it was tardily and ill done. Mr. Savage came in looking very grave; in a few words he told Howitt that he should employ him no longer; that his character was gone, and that he could not encourage a drinking and idle foreman in his manufactory. Mr. Savage added a few short but kind words on the danger Howitt ran, and the evil courses he was coming to; and then paying him his wages, bade him good morning.

Some months ago these words would have sunk deep into Howitt's heart; for though he was proud and obstinate, he had warm and generous feelings. He was a Catholic, and resorting at stated times to the holy Sacrament, had often learnt on examining his conduct, to mistrust his natural impetuosity. He was now full of his own consequence, he heard the advice with contempt, and taking up his money, he hummed the air of a Chartist song, and marched out of the foundry. His friends, however, did not view the matter in quite the same light; they saw that Howitt had lost a good thing, and was getting out of favour. As long as his money lasted not a few stayed with him, keeping up his spirits with good speeches and songs, and encouraging him to idle away his