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Then I wept aloud for anguish,
Anguish I could not restrain;
"O my father! O my father!"
Cried I many times in vain.

For his lips were sealed for ever;
So I hollowed out the earth,
And I buried him afar off
From the land that gave him birth.

On the day that he was buried,
Breaking loose against my will,
Travelled back my wayward fancies
To the mill-stream and the mill.

I was sitting in the door-way,
As of old, and she beside;
She the idol of my boyhood,
Crown of all my youthful pride;

Whilst the crimson hues of sunset
Glowed in all the western sky,
And I thought I read an answer
In the softness of her eye.

And I found a sort of comfort,
Thinking what was left untold,
That she loved me ere her spirit
Yielded to the power of gold.

Wealth is won from many sources;
Wealthy farmer I became;
But my love for one who loved not
In return, remained the same.

KENDAL WEAVERS AND WEAVING.

In Domesday Boke, there is mention of a church at Kirkby Candale; whereby we know that Kendal, as we call it now, was a centre to which the Saxon inhabitants of the Westmoreland Moors came for worship and religious comforts. And perhaps for other comforts too; for, by the church, dwelt monks, who, in those days, fed the helpless, and gave out the little knowledge that was free to the many. According to tradition, there lived the hermit, in a hut shaped like a beehive, and almost hidden by a double fence; and here and there, among the heathery hills which slope up from the river Kent on either side, were scattered the cottages of that time —thatched with reeds, and fit to yield only the rudest shelter to the shepherds, whose flocks were all abroad over the fells, and on the green margins of the nearer lakes. This church was to serve the whole population, from the foot of Helvellyn to the borders of Lancashire; and it probably served well enough; for though there were a good many sheep, there were very few people. That there were so many sheep, and that they fed on hills covered with broom and heather, were the circumstances out of which arose afterwards the existence of a multitude of people, and the importance to which Kendal attained a few hundred years later. How came it that from these sheep being on these particular hills, we have seen, in our own time, upwards of half-a-million of people employed on the woollen manufactures of our island?

It happened thus. For two or three hundred years after the church of Candale was entered in Domesday Boke, the Flemings were the greatest woollen manufacturers in the world, and indeed almost the only considerable manufacturers. History states (we may please ourselves about believing it or not) that in the city of Louvain there were, in the times of the insurrection against Spain, one hundred and fifty thousand weavers, and four thousand woollen drapers; and that when the operatives were going home from work, a great bell was rung, to warn mothers to gather their little children within doors, lest they should be trodden down by the crowd in the streets. When political troubles broke up this mass of people, our English kings invited some of them over—or, at least, permitted them to come. Henry the First settled some of them in Wales; but the first who settled in England opened his manufacture in the reign of Edward the Third. His name was John Kempe. Of all places in the island, he chose that little valley in Westmoreland, and that bend of the river, on which stood Kirkby Candale, for his abiding place. Of course, he had reasons; and it is pretty clear what they were. The sheep were one reason; and another was, no doubt, the abundance of the broom, called by the country people "woodas," which grew on the neighbouring wilds. At this time, and for long after, wool made thirteen-fourteenths of our exports; and foreigners sent us in return woollen cloth, dyed and dressed, and a dying material wherewith to dye the small quantity of woollen woven at home. This dye was woad. Indigo was not then known as a dye, and woad was the only blue. Now, blue is one half of green; and in the broom which grew near Kendal, Mr. John Kempe and his successors had the other half—the yellow; hence arose the famous Kendal green, which was renowned for centuries, even to within a hundred years, when it was driven out by the Saxon green. This Kendal green was the first celebrated English colour. The cloth, of the colour of the wool, was first boiled in alum water, and then in a decoction from this broom: which made it a bright yellow. Then, there was only to dip it in the blue liquor from the woad, and it was Kendal green. This was all! And now, in a shed which overhangs the same bend of the river, there is dyeing going on, for one establishment alone, which requires between forty and fifty elementary dyes; the compounds from which would be almost innumerable—woods, gums, acids, insects, earths; a vast apparatus for giving colour, compared with the simple broom and woad of John Kempe's time! The time and the man were held in vivid remembrance for several centuries. They were celebrated at the last Kendal Guild, in 1759, together with some times and

persons which were a good deal older. After Jason, with his golden fleece, supported by a shepherd and shepherdess, and Bishop Blaise, attended by wool-combers, came Edward III., with a company of Shearmen dyers; and the English King, in armour, was followed by Minerva and Arachne, in honour of the weaving and spinning arts; and it is said that some of John Kempe's descendants were present. A feast, given within this week, seems at once a curious linking with, and a curious contrast to, that ancient celebration of the Guild. The rejoicing this week was on account of the honour borne by Kendal at the Great Exhibition, where prizes were gained by carpets of Messrs. Whitwell's manufacture. When John Kempe was setting up the Kendal manufacture, he dreamed not of carpets. In the royal palace, the floors were strewn with rushes, in which were only half hidden all manner of abominations; spillings of wine, lumps of fat, mire from unpaved streets, and whatever it was convenient to throw away, that was not too offensive for the interior of a dwelling. It was a grand feature of the luxury of Becket that his dining-room floor was daily strewn with straw or hay in winter, and with green branches in summer, that the guests for whom there was not room at the board might sit on the floor, without soiling their clothes. The office of rush-strewer to the royal household was retained in name until lately; and every year we see rush-bearing processions in the small towns of the district, in memory of the time when the churches were dressed annually with fresh rushes. Probably many a child who is employed in filling spools for the modern carpet-weaving, carries a garland on the rush-bearing day, in honour of the ancient makeshift.

Whether John Kempe detained any of the best wool at home, there is no saying; but it seems clear that, in general, the coarser sorts locally produced were kept at home, and the finer sent to foreign markets. Yet, we know, by acts of Parliament, passed during successive reigns, that Kendal cloths—soon called Kendal cottons—were an article of commerce of considerable importance. The length and breadth of these "cottons" (supposed to mean "coatings") were settled by legislative acts; and corn, then forbidden to be imported, was permitted to be brought to Kendal from Ireland. Within a century of John Kempe's settlement, his fabrics were originating at least one fair in the interior of the island. His woollens clothed a multitude of London people; and the Kendal men had no other idea than of carrying their ware to London. Now, a fair in London was no joke to the traders in those days. The journey was a dreary one, to begin with. The toll levied for the king in the market was heavy; but that, of course, was laid upon the price of the goods. The kings would not allow fairs to be held within a great distance, except at the places appointed by themselves; and no care was taken to shelter the trader from the weather; so that some dismal accounts of London fairs have come down to us. On one occasion, a Kendal clothier got wet—both he and his goods got wet—on his journey to London; and he stopped on the spot where since, as Stourbridge fair, more woollen goods have been sold than at any other place in Europe. His cloth being sadly wetted, he thought he had better sell it for what it would fetch, and go home. It fetched more than his London journey would have left him. He and some of his townsmen naturally came again, next year, with cloth in good condition. "So that," says Fuller, "within a few years hither came a confluence of buyers, sellers, and lookers-on, which are the three principles of a fair."

Perhaps this is not the only occasion of Kendal goods being intercepted in their passage to London. The pack-horses which carried the "cottons" had to pass through districts where gentlemen of the road helped themselves to what they wanted from the stock of travellers. We are not referring to Robin Hood and his merry men, for they were cold in their graves before John Kempe set foot in England. The true date of Robin's adventures is now found to be the reign of Edward the First. Whether he and his band would have been dressed in Kendal green, if there had been such an article in his day, we may have our own conjectures. As it was, the old ballad tells us that King Edward borrowed garments of "Lyncolne Grene" from the outlaw's wardrobe. But Falstaff's enemies—the three who set upon him behind—were "in Kendal green;" a fact which that accurate narrator vouched for, though it was so dark that he could not see his hand. Kendal green was worn by knights of the road, it is clear; and they probably got it, as they got whatever else they wanted—by helping themselves with it *on* the road. Midway between the times of Prince Harry and his poet, the manufacture had reached its highest fame. The chroniclers tell us how the goods were spread over all the land; a local tradition relates how country weavers multiplied in every hamlet among the hills, and how fulling-mills might be found on every favourable stream. But the time had arrived when the woollen yarn was to be used for something else than Kendal cottons. We have mentioned the church at Candale. There is also a castle—(that is, the mere ruins of one). No one knows when it was built; but a young lady was born there, and brought up there, who was courted by a King sadly given to fall in love. His wives had not been the happiest in the world; but the young lady married him—becoming the last queen of Henry the Eighth. This King had been accustomed, like other gentlemen, to wear cloth stockings; but during his reign silk stockings were heard of from abroad, and Henry much preferred knitted hose to the ordinary awkward cloth. It

appears that the Kendal folk were quick in taking a hint; for soon after this, there was a knitting of woollen hose proceeding in thousands of dwellings. This may seem like exaggeration; but if the local records be true, the quantity of stockings sold weekly at the Kendal market, one hundred years ago, was about three thousand pairs. The hosiers used to set out on their rounds at stated times; going to the principal markets to give out worsted, and to receive the finished goods. This amount of knitting may be more easily believed when we find that the number of pack-horses employed to carry out Kendal goods, before wagons were established, was above three hundred per week. One would like to know who, of all the people about the King when he came to Kendal Castle, examined his new silk stockings from Spain, and gave out the idea from which sprang all this industry, and all the comfort that it spread through the northern dales.

Meantime, the Kendal cottons were going beyond sea. They had lost favour at home before they were sent to clothe the negroes in Virginia. Raleigh's tobacco was a fine thing for Kendal. The more tobacco, the more slaves; the more slaves, the more Kendal cloth wanted for their wear. It was the American war which stopped the manufacture at last. Before the war was over, Yorkshire had got the start in regard to quality, owing to the introduction of improved machinery. The "cottons" descended in dignity—being used at last for horse-cloths, floor-cloths, scouring cloths (sometimes called "dwiles"). At last, the manufacture was admitted on all hands to have sunk below that of the linsey-woolsey (mixed linen and woollen), which had been rising for some years. Cotton fabrics were as yet scarcely heard of; almost all the Welsh, and multitudes of the Scotch and English working-classes, were dressed in linsey-woolsey—as indeed they are still. Between three and four hundred weavers are at this day employed in Kendal, in the manufacture of linsey-woolseys—all, of the old patterns that were preferred hundreds of years ago. The patterns and colours are various; more than could be supposed possible without inspecting the manufacturer's pattern-book; more than would be supposed possible in a material which is simply striped, and of which one pattern alone is required in any one locality. This local prevalence is the most curious feature of the case. The farmers' wives who wear the blue and black stripe, would not look at a pattern of the blue and red, which is exclusively worn a dozen miles off; and the neighbours who wear red and white, have a new red and white petticoat every three years or so, and will not hear of the red and black, which are the boast of the next county. The Glasgow sale is large; but it would stop at once if the good wives could have only the pattern which is worn on the shores of the Solway; and on the two banks of the Mersey, the linsey-woolseys are as distinct in their colours as the plaids of the Highland clans—without the same reasons—with no other reason than antique custom. There is something bewitching in this fragment of permanency, in the midst of the changes which are going on in everything but costume. The manufacturers, however, are shaking their heads, fearing that the Exhibition has "done them harm," by giving people the idea of new patterns. So the world marches on!

Change in abundance may be found side by side with this steady adherence to old custom. Railway rugs—a new article—are in great request, and the manufacture is increasing prodigiously. So is that of "trousering." The checked, and striped, and mottled trousers, that we see everywhere, come chiefly from Kendal; and so does a large proportion of the horse-cloths, and serge, and the checked and mottled woollen of which miners' shirts are made. Mr. Tremenheere's Reports tell us sad stories of the colliers putting on clean Sunday shirts for six months together, without ever washing the skin beneath; and those who have acquaintance with Staffordshire colliers, know too well the spectacle of the throat plastered and ingrained with coal-dust, which shows itself above the shirt collar; but, however it may be with the wearer, the shirt washes well; and there is so much comfort in it, that one cannot wonder that miners' custom remains steady to Kendal fabrics, instead of wandering to Manchester.

The great manufacture of Kendal, however, is carpets; and this, though the wages of linsey-weavers are said to be a good deal higher. For the weaving of linseys, the wages rise from ten shillings to twenty-five shillings per week; whereas for carpet-weaving, they vary from twelve shillings to twenty shillings. A carpet-weaver can earn, by such excessive labour as no man ought to undergo, as much as sixty shillings in a week, at piece-work; but the fair average may be stated at sixteen shillings, while the average of linsey-weaving is seventeen shillings and sixpence. But the linsey-weavers are employed for only eight months out of the twelve; whereas the carpet manufacture is steady. The collective woollen manufacture employs about a third of the population of Kendal. Happily, their wages are not their only resource. In this old-fashioned place, the land is not all appropriated; and almost every cottage has a garden,—and a good-sized one. Men who have not gardens at home, look out for and obtain them, in order to grow all the vegetables that they want. Some hire land of the farmers, who are glad to let them have it for potato grounds, for the sake of the capital manuring and breaking up by the spade, which is thus obtained. The farmers lend the manure and the produce, and the tenants supply the seed, the manure (which they purchase from the town), and the cultivation;

and the bargain answers well to both parties. The weavers have done something better still;—they have clubbed their money to buy a field, and have divided it into allotments, which they cultivate with zeal and profit. It is scarcely necessary to say, after this, that the Kendal weavers are not the pallid, dwarfed, sharp-visaged order of men that one sees in Spitalfields and at Norwich,—trained to one bodily action only, and moody and captious from ill-health, and from the want of general bodily exercise. Not satisfied with exercise of their limbs in the loom, and at the spade, some of them work their lungs as well,—under prodigious difficulties. Amidst the clack and shock of twenty Jacquard looms in one apartment, they talk to each other from bench to bench. Those who can keep up conversation under such circumstances, certainly yield a strong testimony to the sociability of human nature, and may consider themselves qualified to address the noisiest mob that could be mustered,—as far, at least, as concerns the power of the human lungs. It is pleasant to hear that these men have formed a cricket club,—and pleasanter still to know that the morality of their class is far above that of the average manufacturing population. The morals and manners of the mill-workers are superior to those of the weavers who do their work at home; but the homes may contrast advantageously with those of most other towns: and they might present a better aspect still, if the dwellings were better. They are sadly small and unwholesome.

Various reasons are assigned for the creditable social condition of the Kendal weavers: but it may be said, in a general way, that the clergy have been diligent; that two or three generations have had the benefit of Sunday schools; and that these influences have been aided by the superior means of health and comfort enjoyed by the labouring class. It may be added that there is here no apparent danger of the suffering from poverty, and from angry passions, which arises from strikes for wages. The Kendal weavers allow no interlopers, and permit no mischief-making between themselves and their employers. They formerly experienced just enough of the misery to guard themselves against a recurrence of it. Delegates from the south came among them, some years ago, and stirred up some discontent: but the Kendal men were intelligent enough, and few enough, to be able to study and manage their own case. They formed themselves into a sort of guild (without the name). They permit no one to enter it who has not served a due apprenticeship to the business; and, of course, the employers prefer those who have so qualified themselves. No straggler from north or south finds employment here, merely because he will work for low wages,—or for any other reason than that he is really wanted. And, in consequence of some threat of trouble when agitators came from the south, the employers and their men arrived at an understanding, which has made all smooth for the last seven years. An average was struck between the highest wages known to be asked, and the lowest wages known to be given; and this has been, through all changes, the rate of wages ever since. A compensating fund is formed, by subscription of the men; and out of this a maintenance is provided for any surplus labour in seasons of slack demand. Such is the state of things in Kendal. Some may say that the steadiness of the demand, and the restriction of the numbers, and the intelligence of the pepole, make this an exceptional case: others may object that it cannot last. However that may be, such is the state of things in Kendal now. Those who can't believe it had better go and see; and we can promise them that they shall see a very pleasant sight.

On entering Kendal from the north, one naturally looks upon the river from the first bridge. There, in the green meadows, some little way down the stream, stands a large grey-stone mill,—built over the water. It is the Messrs. Whitwell's mill. Let us go and see what we can find there. We shall find there all the preparations for the carpet-weaving, which is going on in their factory, in another part of the town. Let us see what those preparations are.

In a shed, there are heaps and stacks of wool as it comes in, rough and dirty. We shall see it better up-stairs, where it is carried in heavy sacks, by means of a crane. Before we follow it there, we will look into the shed where the dyes are prepared. In the yard there are piles, and stacks, and logs of the oddest-looking woods; some yellow and splintering; some red and scraggy; some purple and solid. There are barrels of salts, and carboys of acids and oils, and bundles of bark. Entering the sloppy shed, where red and yellow and purple puddles have to be avoided, we are stunned by the noise of wheels. There goes the great water-wheel, which tells us that the river is flowing under our feet; and creaking, rushing, and crushing, go several more wheels, set in motion by it. The rasping is the noisiest process. The wood to be rasped, is brought endwise to a wheel which is set with blades like those of a plane, and which, revolving, mince off the wood, which falls as it is cut, into an inclined trough, and finds its way to its receptacle below. A more awful-looking machine is the granulating-mill. In a prodigious basin, a stout shaft is set upright, which revolves, carrying with it two vast millstones. These, being round, and set on edge, must, in being carried round, thoroughly stir and crush against the sides whatever the basin holds. We see, accordingly, the rasped wood becoming a scarlet paste. These reds, however, are rather a sore point with the manufacturer; for, in our climate, no pains and care, and no science that we yet possess, can enable

us to compete with certain foreigners in our red dyes. The same materials, used in precisely the same manner, which produce a glorious depth of red in Turkey and at Nismes, and a dazzling carmine at Tunis, here come out flat and dull in comparison. It cannot be helped. We cannot "have our cake and eat it." If we rejoice in our insular position, which keeps us out of many mischiefs, we must accept its fogs. We must be thankful for a stout national character and a lasting political freedom; though we must do without carmine and Turkey-red dyes.

The dyeing process is not done in this shed, but in another, which needs no particular description, as it consists simply in boiling the yarns in various decoctions. We may mention here, however, the method by which "tapestry carpets" are woven in a pattern, as it belongs to the dyeing department, rather than the weaving. We all know the streaked, and clouded, and shaded work that comes out in purses, comforters, and the like, from under the hands of knitting young ladies, or crochet-workers. We see that the silk or the worsted is party-coloured, and that it forms clouds or shades in the working. Just so is it with the tapestry carpets which have been in use for seven years past. The yarn is party-coloured; and it is dyed carefully, so that the red of the weft may return upon the red, to make a rose; and a green upon a former patch of green, to make a leaf—and so on. This is done by encrusting the portions of the yarn with their respective dyes, and cooking them in this crust. As might be anticipated, these dyes cannot be made so permanent as in the case of a batch of yarn boiled in one dye; consequently the tapestry carpets do not wear well.

Now let us mount, and see the wool at the top of the mill. What an immense room it is!—airy, though low. Here are women employed, and boys, and a tall young man in a pinafore. He is wise to wear a pinafore; for the wool is, of course, oily and dusty. Two or three fleeces are brought; and we ask again whether they can be fleeces of ordinary sheep—they are so very large. Yes; they are from Westmoreland sheep. The greater part of the wool used here is of home growth. If it be true that an ingenious man has discovered a method of waterproofing the fleeces of sheep without injuring the animal's skin, and without interfering with its transpiration, it is a great discovery. We heard of it some time since, and we hope it is true. The great object was to obviate the rot in sheep, by preserving them from damp; but it is an important object, though secondary, to keep the wool from the plaster of tar which the shepherds smear all over it, to save the lungs of their bleating charge. The native wool is certainly horribly dirty; and, after fingering the long staple and the short staple, and the more silky and the more woolly wool (so to speak), we are glad to wash our hands. This black handful is from the Punjaub; and so is that shiny, curly, white specimen. They have come down the Indus to Bombay, and thence to this nook among the hills. The dwellers in this nook are ready to take a great deal more of this Punjaub wool, whenever we can agree with the inhabitants that they shall change their spears into shepherds' crooks. The long staple, that is required for the warp of certain fabrics, comes from Russia. It used to come over in a very rough state; but it is growing cleaner, with time and experience. The wool from Buenos Ayres is highly valued, and, if there could be an assured supply, the demand would be an important one; but that assurance of supply is exactly what is wanting. Sometimes the trade has been locked up for eighteen months together; and an inferior article is a less evil than such uncertainty.

Women and boys are sorting the wool here, pulling out the long staple and the short; throwing the finer fibre here, and the coarser there, ready for the operations below. The women earn about five shillings a week here, and the boys about three shillings.

The next destiny of the wool is to be "teased" by "the devil." This "devil" is a tremendous affair to be teased by. It has cylinders set with crooked teeth, among which the wool is pulled this way and that, and torn with the most persevering malignity, until there is nothing left but shreds and patches. The wool is next "fanned" in a revolving machine, which sends the dust down through a grating, to a receptacle below. The carding, and combing, and the "scribbling," which brings the wool out in a gauzy state, ready for spinning, and the spinning process, are so like the preparation of flax and cotton, as it may be seen in every mill, that there is no need to describe them here. There is, however, a "piecing" process, ingeniously managed by machinery, which was new to us, and very interesting, from its dispensing with the labour of children. As the proprietor observed to us, the little things can be at school while this machine is doing their work. By the revolution of a cylinder, lengths of wool are turned out horizontally, each falling into a tin channel; and being carried on, till there are about a dozen, when the dozen channels turn completely over, and spill the lengths upon a cloth beneath, so as that one end joins upon the other end of a length below. The join is then pressed, so as to unite by a cylinder beneath; and an interminable length is made. It seems to us that we have seldom seen anything more ingenious—more original in its ingenuity—than this process. It has been in use about three years.

After the spinning and reeling (women's work chiefly), comes the washing and drying. Here again we find machinery doing what was, until lately, slow and toilsome human