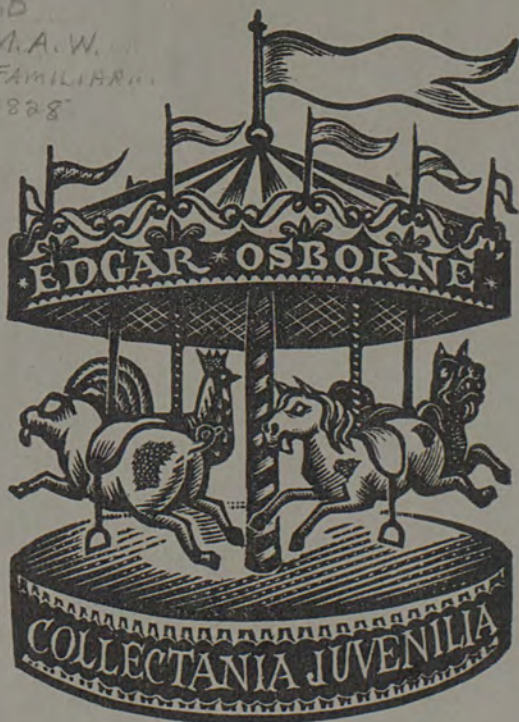


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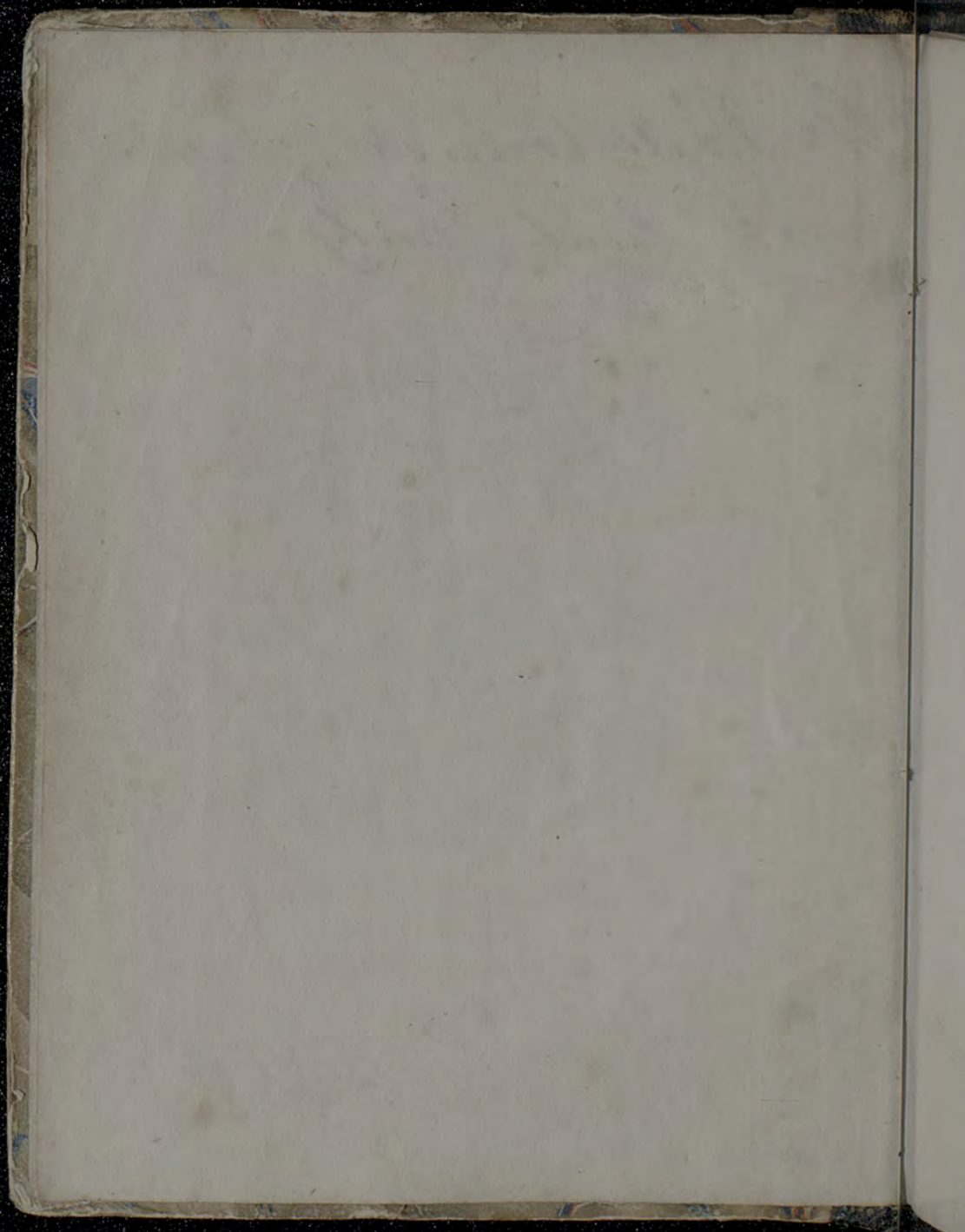
FAMILIAR

1828



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W. Hoyle Cornish. from
his Aunt Emily.



FAMILIAR TALES
FOR
YOUNG CHILDREN.

By M. A. W.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS, St. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD,
AND
W. CURTIS, PLYMOUTH.

1828.

THE

BOOK

OF THE

BY

THE

OF

THE

INTRODUCTION.

The following little Tales were written during a long and tedious illness, without the remotest view to Publication, but merely for the use of some Young Relatives of the Author. It is hoped that the simplicity of subject and style adopted to suit their ages, will be found equally useful for other children.

INTRODUCTION

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been associated with the project during a long and tedious process. The names are listed in alphabetical order. It is hoped that the names of the persons who have been associated with the project will be of interest to the reader. The names are listed in alphabetical order.

A MORNING
AT
NOTTINGHAM.

A HISTORY OF
THE
CITY OF NOTTINGHAM

DEDICATION.

TO E. W. C. W.

December, 1816.

DEDICATION

TO F. W. C. W.

1850

A Morning at Nottingham.

IN a pretty neat house about a mile from the town of Nottingham, lived Mr. and Mrs. Foster and their three children—Edward the eldest, about twelve years old, Maria, nearly ten, and little Ellinor, almost eight. These children were educated entirely at home, and in general their conduct was satisfactory and pleasing; they

dearly loved their kind parents and each other, and were very healthy and happy.

Spring Grove, as Mr. Foster's house was called, stood in a nice lawn surrounded by a shrubbery; there was also a large garden where the children had each a piece of ground to call their own, and in which they used to work when their Papa and Mamma were satisfied with the attention they had paid to their lessons. Little Ellinor indeed could not do much, but Edward would dig up the ground for

her, and Maria shewed her how to put in seeds, and to tie the flowers to the sticks which their Papa kindly gave them. Ellinor could weed and keep her garden neatly, and she liked working in it better than Maria, who was rather idle, and although older than Ellinor had many foolish fears and fancies. Sometimes she would stay within doors because she thought it likely to rain, and that she should be wetted; at other times the weather was too hot, or she was afraid of a dog or a cow: in short, she was always

troublesome though never ill-natured. Her Papa and Mamma did all in their power to make her more reasonable ; and her brother and sister used often to laugh at what they called her *nonsense*, and she would laugh too when the fright was over.

One day at breakfast Mrs. Foster said to Edward, “my dear boy, you and I must go to Nottingham to buy you some stockings ; I should like to take your sisters but poor Maria will complain bitterly of the cold, and my little Ellinor will be tired I fear”.

“Oh no Mamma” said both the girls, “we should be so glad to go”, “and indeed”, added Maria, “I am not quite so foolish as to complain of the cold when the sun shines so brightly; pray take us Mamma”. “But”, asked Mr. Foster, “if you do not complain of the *cold*, Maria, what will you say if you meet a horse, or a dog, or even a poor little quiet sheep? I saw you two days ago, running up the lawn in great terror because Rose, the sheep-dog, was barking loudly to get the sheep together; and when one of the

flock happened to stop near you, you turned in such haste as if you had seen a wild beast". "Dear Papa did *you* see that? I know I was very foolish, but I hope I shall not be so again, if Mamma will be so kind as to let me go with her to day". "You shall certainly go my dear, and I hope you will behave as you now promise to do".

The children set out with their mother, in excellent spirits; the road was hard and dry from the frost, the sun shone delightfully, and every thing looked pleasant and cheerful: Maria

made no complaints, and they all reached Nottingham in high glee. Mrs. Foster stopped at a hosier's shop to make her purchases, and the children remained near the door, looking into the street; a loud scream was soon heard from Maria, and she instantly ran for protection to her mother. "What is the matter"? said the master of the shop. "O! a dog, a large black dog, that came up close to me, and I really thought would bite me! I am *so* frightened"! "Maria", whispered her mother, "is this what

you promised to do"? "Oh! but Mamma, the dog is large and fierce I assure you". "He is very large I allow, but by no means fierce, and if you knew what a faithful good creature he is, I am sure you would learn to love him". "Love him, Mamma! *O never!* I can't bear to look at him—he *must* be very ill-natured". "No, Miss Maria", said Mr. Scott, the owner of the shop, "he is far from being ill-natured, believe me; I will call him, and you shall see how I can play with him, and even put my hand

into his mouth. Lion, Lion, come here". Poor Maria crept quite close to her mother, and scarcely dared to look around her; but Edward and Ellinor followed Lion, and tried to persuade Maria to pat and stroke him. "This dog", said Mr. Scott, "belongs to a poor soldier, a workman of mine, who lost both legs in a battle, in America. He lives very near this house, and whenever he finds it inconvenient to bring home his work, he wraps it carefully in paper and a handkerchief, and Lion brings it here

in his mouth". "Yes sir", said Edward, "he came with a parcel just now, and I wish Mamma would be so kind as to let us go to his master's house, for I should very much like to see him at work, and to hear him give some account of poor Lion". I will go with your Mamma most willingly", said Mr. Scott, "if she has no objection". "None at all sir, but that I cannot take this little foolish girl". "Oh do not leave me *here*, Mamma—I beg you will not—I do not know all these people, I cannot

stay with them", "You make me ashamed of you, Maria, and almost angry; what am I to do if you are afraid of going with me, and afraid of being left here? I beg you will decide, for your behaving in this manner displeases me". Maria seeing by the serious expression of her mother's countenance, that she would not be trifled with, very properly said she was sorry, and that she would try to behave better; and if her Mamma thought it proper she would go with her to see Dobson the soldier, of

whom Mr. Scott had been speaking. This being settled, Mr. Scott, with Edward and Ellinor, led the way, Lion running and jumping about them, for he seemed to know they were going to his home, and Mr. Scott being always kind to him, he tried to shew his pleasure in the best way a dog could. Certainly Lion was not very handsome, and as he was large and rough, and quite black, it was not very wonderful that a little girl like Maria, who was rather inclined to be fanciful, should object to him; but

little girls become wiser as they grow older, and learn to value dogs and people more for their good and pleasing qualities than their beauty: for many a kind heart has a rough and even a black face, so we should never despise any body or thing for their plain appearance.

“Sit still, sit still Dobson”, said Mr. Scott upon entering the room, where Dobson was weaving stockings, “this lady will excuse your rising I am sure”. “I should be truly sorry to disturb you”, said Mrs. Foster,

“under any circumstances, but when I see you are so disabled it would be quite cruel if I were to add to your sufferings”. “I am much obliged to you, madam”, replied Dobson, “but I have no great sufferings now; and I often think and say how much better off I am, even with the loss of both my legs, than poor Tom Sanders of our regiment, who lost his right arm, and who can now do nothing to maintain himself. I have returned to my old trade, and my good master here gives me plenty of work, so that I can

make my old mother nice and comfortable, and she and I and Lion, are as happy as the days are long. Lion, my brave dog, did you carry the parcel safe"? Lion of course could not answer, but Mr. Scott did for him; and all the children, even Maria, eagerly praised him. "Yes, yes, young ladies", said Dobson, "Lion has done me many a good turn; he saved my life twice; once when I fell overboard as we were crossing the great Atlantic Ocean, going to America, he jumped in after me, and held me by the hair of my

head till the people on deck could throw out things to haul me up ; and another time when the ice broke under me as we were marching over a frozen lake in America ; there being so many men I was not missed for several hours, but poor Lion never left me ; 'twas my foot that hitched in the ice, and I was afraid of breaking a larger hole, in which case I must have been drowned. So there I lay with one leg under the ice, till some of our men came back to look for me ; and I must have died of the cold if Lion had not kept so close

to me that he may be said to have kept life in me*. So I must always take care of poor Lion; good fellow; as long as I have any thing to eat he shall share it with me."

All the party were much interested by this account; and Maria said softly to her mother, "I do not think Lion looks half so frightful as he did; if you would call him, and if you are sure he would not bite", "You would stroke him perhaps; well! let us see"! Mrs. Foster then called Lion, and told little

* Facts—the dog belonged to the 24th Regiment.

Ellinor to set Maria the example of patting him, which she did, and after a little hesitation Maria so far conquered her fear and dislike, that she could stroke his rough head, and quietly suffer him to remain nearer to her than any dog had ever done before.

“Now then”, said Edward, “I hope Dobson will tell us something about weaving stockings; this I suppose is called a frame; who first thought of such a thing I wonder”? “Perhaps”, answered Mr. Scott, “it may be in *my* power to tell you a little

more of the origin of stocking-weaving than even Dobson himself, although he is so good a workman. I dare say you all have heard that formerly stockings were made of cloths or stuffs sewed together; but since the invention of knitting and weaving stockings, of silk, wool, cotton, or thread, the use of cloth stockings has been discontinued.

“Oh sir”, interrupted Edward, “I well remember my father’s telling me that Queen Elizabeth was so much pleased with a pair of silk stockings which somebody gave her, that she never

afterwards would wear those of cloth".

"Very true, those stockings are said to have been brought from Spain; but a few years after a person called William Rider, having learnt to knit in Italy, made a pair of worsted stockings upon his return to England, and gave them to an Earl of Pembroke, who perhaps introduced the fashion.

Woven stockings are manufactured in a machine made of finely polished iron or steel, like this which you see Dobson now using; I do not think you are quite old enough yet to understand

all the different parts of it, but if you will favor me with your company a little time hence, I shall have the greatest pleasure in explaining it all to you ; for nothing is more agreeable than to answer the questions of well-behaved young people. I may however now tell you that the inventor of this machine was a Mr. Lee, a student at one of the universities, but it seems uncertain which ; he married, and disobliged his family, became very poor, and the only means by which he and his wife could support them-

selves, were by knitting stockings, at which the young woman was very expert. Being constantly in the habit of observing the movements of his wife's fingers, in the management of her knitting needles, he began to think it very possible to contrive a little loom which might save her trouble and do more work. He made the experiment, succeeded, and although there have been since many improvements upon his plan, yet to *him* this country and many others, are indebted for a discovery which has tended so

essentially to their comfort and advantage. But I really think you must be now pretty well tired of my long history, and I hope your Mamma will allow me to offer to her and all of you, some refreshment at my house, before you return to Spring Grove”.

Mr. Scott so kindly pressed Mrs. Foster that she could not refuse, and the children were so pleased and obliged that they scarcely knew what to do or say. Poor Dobson could not be prevailed upon to keep his seat, and when Mrs. Foster saw how well

he managed with his crutches, she told him that she hoped he would be able to walk to Spring Grove some day to dinner, and bring Lion with him ; and Maria said "I assure you that I will never again call Lion a frightful fierce creature, and I will do all I can to try not to be afraid of him". All the children then shook hands with Dobson, and left him much pleased by their praises of his dog. The cakes and sandwiches provided by Mr. Scott, were very acceptable to them all, and his pleasant, easy, and kind manners,

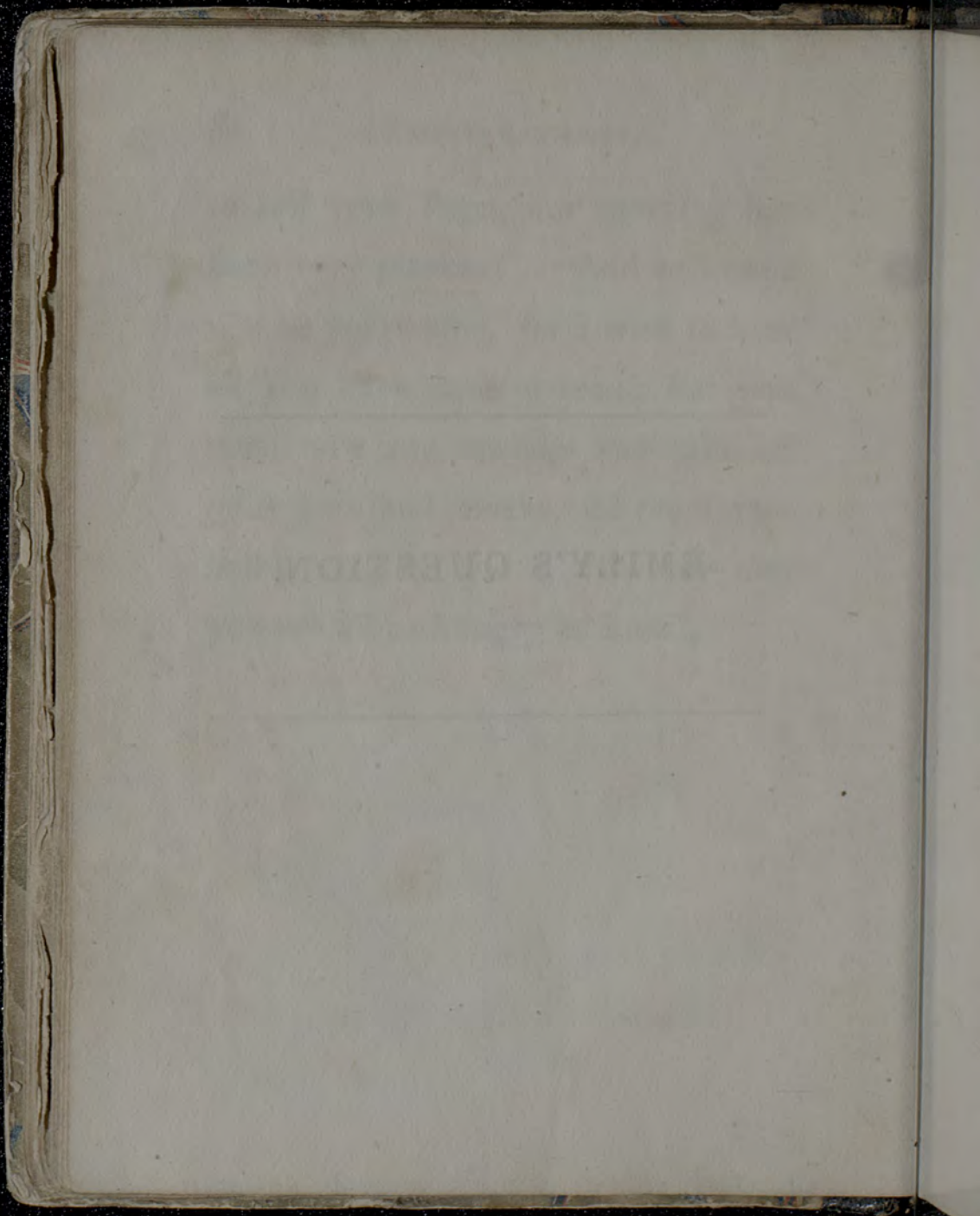
quite won their hearts. Edward asked a number of questions, and the little girls were far from being silent. At length Mrs. Foster reminded them that it was time to think of going home, and to thank Mr. Scott for all his attention. "Indeed we *do* thank him again and again, and we shall be delighted when you think us old enough, dear Sir, to understand some more about the stocking frames; good bye, good morning, we shall be so glad to take another walk to Nottingham". The children were so enlivened by

all they had seen and heard, that they were quite noisy in talking it over; and Maria seemed entirely to forget that the sun no longer shone brightly, as in the morning, and though they met a number of cows going to be milked, she was too busy in speaking to her Mother to feel or express any fears about them. "Who is that I see coming towards us"? said Ellinor, "it is Papa I do believe". "What! all returned safe and sound? not *one* eaten up by a dog or a sheep? are you *sure*, Maria, that you have not left a leg or an arm

at Nottingham? can you have taken so long a walk without meeting something very dreadful? let me look at you, is your head where it was when you left home"? Maria blushed at her father's jesting, but very goodnatureedly and properly said, "dear Papa, I have not been quite so silly as you fancy; at first I *was* a little foolish, to be sure, about a dog, but I hope Mamma can tell you that I tried afterwards to behave better". "Indeed I can, my dear, your conduct gave me much satisfaction; we have a great deal

to tell your Papa, our morning has been very pleasant". "And so I hope will be *my evening*, for I wish to hear all you have done or seen; but you must now run upstairs and take off your hats and cloaks, for the dinner bell is ringing, and I dare say that you are all as hungry as I am".

EMILY'S QUESTION.



DEDICATION.

TO

E. W. C. W.

December, 1815.

INDICATION

TO

R. W. C. W.

INDICATION

Emily's Question.

Emily. Pray Mamma be so kind as to tell me what you meant this morning, when you said to my brother Tom, "remember to do as you would be done unto". I have often heard those words, and I think one day that you or Papa read them.

Mamma. My little girl, I am very glad to find that you attend to what is said by those who are older than your-

self. I wish you would ask me to explain all that you do not understand, for you are so young that you can scarcely know what is meant by anything you hear unless the person who speaks will kindly take the trouble to tell you. The words "do as you would be done unto" are written in the Bible, in a short time I hope you will read them, and you will then see by whom they were first used ; at present I shall only give you this cake, but you must tell me what you mean to do with it.

Emily. Oh Mamma, how glad I am! thank you, thank you! I am so hungry and this cake is so nice, I shall eat it all.

Mamma. But Emily, if little Lucy were now to come in, I think she——

Emily. Poor little Lucy! I was very unkind not to think of her; she likes cake as well as I do, and if you had given this to her instead of to me, I should have thought, Mamma, that she would have given me some of it.

Mamma. You mean, I suppose, that if Lucy did not give you a part

of any cake she might have, you would think her unkind ; you are older than Lucy, and must therefore always try to teach her what is right. If you wish her to divide her cakes with you, and to lend you her doll or her toys, you must always be ready to let *her* share *your* cakes or sweetmeats ; and when she asks to hold your large wax doll, I hope that I shall never again hear my Emily say “ No, no, Lucy, you will break her, or tumble her smart frock, I will not let you have her”. One day you were angry with Tom,

I remember, because he did not let you take down his book of drawings; and I heard him say "Now *you* feel what poor Lucy did when you refused to lend your doll to her".

Emily. Mamma, I hope I shall never again behave so ill to dear Lucy, she is always kind to *me*; and when I feel going to say "No, no, Lucy", I will try to think of what you have been saying to me.

Mamma. Indeed I hope you will do so; and whenever you feel inclined to say "No, no", to any one who may

ask for any thing which it is in your power to give or lend them, you should always ask *yourself* "should *I* like to be answered—No, no"? This will teach you "to do unto others what you desire they should do unto you".

A few days after this conversation, whilst Mrs. Price was at breakfast with her children, a letter was brought to her—the following part of which she read to them: "Our friend, Dr. L. has sent us some tickets of admission to view all the curiosities in his rooms at the British Museum; I regret that

it is only in my power to keep *one* for *you*, which you or one of the children will use, as you think proper. I will call for you at twelve o'clock".

Mamma My dears, this letter is from your Uncle John; I should have been better pleased if we could all have gone together, but as this cannot be, you must settle with each other what is to be done, *I* shall certainly stay at home, and am now going to answer this letter.

Tom and Emily were silent for a few minutes after their Mamma left

the room ; at last Emily began to talk to herself—"I wish we both could go, I want to see many things of which I have heard, and it is such a nice fine day too ! but my Uncle cannot take us both, he says, so—so—"

Tom. Well Emily, so—so—as you say, shall I finish the sentence ?

Emily. Indeed Tom if you think I wish you to stay at home, you are mistaken ; I have not forgotten what Mamma told me of "doing as I would wish should be done to me", and I shall be very glad if you will go, I

assure you, so pray be ready by twelve o'clock.

Tom. My dear sister, pray forgive my having spoken to you so quickly, I am quite ashamed of myself, and earnestly beg you will go with my Uncle.

At this moment Mrs. Price returned, and the children eagerly expressed their wishes to her, each desiring her to send the other. After giving them a kind kiss, Mrs. Price said, "I am pleased with you both, and I agree with my Emily that Tom should go ;

he will give us a good account of all he sees, I dare say. But who is this? Uncle John I declare! We did not expect you so soon, brother, it is not twelve o'clock.

Uncle John. No my dear, but I came here to tell you that our plans are altered; and as Dr. L. is unexpectedly obliged to go out of town, we shall defer our visit to the Museum, but if you approve of it we will all go to the Exhibition in Spring Gardens."

Tom and Emily were highly delighted when their good Mamma gave

her consent, and more so when she said to them, "my children you will doubly enjoy this day's pleasure, for having been so willing to oblige each other, and to do as you would be done unto".

let yourself and more so when you
 talk to them. My children you will
 surely enjoy this day's pleasure, in
 having them so willing to enjoy such
 things, and in doing so you would be
 doing much.

And now I am sure you will
 be glad to hear that I am
 well and hope you are the same.
 I am sure you will be glad to hear
 that I am well and hope you are the same.
 I am sure you will be glad to hear
 that I am well and hope you are the same.

HENRY PLOWMAN.

“Short and simple annals of the Poor”.

HENRY PLOWMAN

"Short and simple scenes of the Poor."

DEDICATION.

TO WHOM

BUT TO HIS AND MY OWN

KINDEST FRIEND,

COULD I VENTURE TO DEDICATE THIS

HUMBLE SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

HENRY PLOWMAN?

January, 1820.

DEDICATION.

TO WHOM

NOT TO HIS AND MY OWN

A KINDEST FRIEND,

COULD I VENTURE TO DEDICATE THIS

THINKE SECTION OF THE LIFE

OF

HENRY FLOWMAN.

LONDON 1834

Henry Plowman.

HENRY PLOWMAN was born in Guernsey, April the 11th, 1806. His parents had been butler and lady's maid in a very respectable family, and were well qualified for the charge which they soon after undertook, of a large Inn on the New Ground. They were kind-hearted, as well as active, industrious people, and always ready to

assist their poor neighbours, not only by dividing amongst them broken meat, or soup, but by allowing them to boil a kettle upon the large kitchen-fire, adding a cabbage to the broth in it, permitting clothes to be dried in their garden, in short—endeavoring to do to all around them as they would be done unto.

As soon as Henry was old enough he was sent to a reading and writing school, and in his hours of leisure was carefully kept out of the bustle and confusion of the Inn—never suffered

to run from room to room, or to be troublesome to any of the guests.

Mrs. Plowman, while she lived in Guernsey, had two other children, a boy and a girl; to all of these she gave as much time as she could possibly spare from her daily business. They were taken regularly to church by herself or their father, and upon their return always said the catechism and several prayers; they were never suffered to rise in the morning or to go to bed at night, without offering their thanks and praises to the Al-

mighty Being who had been graciously pleased to protect and preserve them.

For some time this little family went on most comfortably, but in the year 1815 the business of the Inn began to fail, and Mr Plowman finding it out of his power to maintain his family as he had hitherto done, determined to leave Guernsey and go to Plymouth, hoping there to get some situation or employment. The first which offered was that of renter of a billiard room in the Hotel; in this he was likely to do pretty well, but the

master of the inn itself soon meeting with some great misfortune, was obliged to leave the town, and the billiard room was therefore shut up. This deprived Mr. Plowman of all present support for his wife and children, and he was obliged to remove with them into a single room in New Town. His health, never very good, began now to decline for want of proper food or nourishment; and in consequence of a severe cold, his lungs became so much affected that he could scarcely be expected to live long.

Some neighbours recommended his having medical advice, but to this he would not consent, having no sufficient means to pay for it, and being unwilling to add to the distresses of his family (to which there was added another little girl) who had not even then enough to satisfy their daily wants. A medical gentleman however, who upon all occasions proves himself a friend to the sick and needy, hearing of this poor man's illness, voluntarily offered to attend him, and for many months used every endeavor of skill

and kindness to lessen the disorder ; to *remove* it was not in his power, for God, who alone can prosper the means used by the physician, saw fit that Mr. Plowman should die.

During his painful illness, which he bore with great patience, he would very often hear Henry read, and endeavor to keep in his remembrance the lessons he had learnt when at school in Guernsey ; he made him repeat his prayers and the commandments, and earnestly desired him to be attentive to the fifth, saying, “ Re-

member, Henry, when I am gone, that you honour your mother, and that you try in every way to be dutiful to her, and to help her in all she wishes you to do. You are better able to understand what I mean than your sister and brother, to whom you must teach all I am now saying; and tell them also that the great and good God, who made them and you and every body in the world, will take care of them, and be their Father when He sees fit to take me from them; and that He sent His Son Jesus

Christ to tell us that if we are good in this world we shall be happy for ever in a better, when we die; and, that we shall there feel no pain, nor sickness, nor cold, nor hunger, for God will bless us with His love, and give us every thing our hearts can wish.

But we must never hope to enter this happy place unless we try to do every thing to please God Almighty, and to keep his commandments—unless we are good tempered, kind, and useful, as far as we can be, to all our neighbours, and forgive all those

who behave ill to us. For if we do not do all this God will not forgive us at the day of judgement—that day when Jesus Christ will come again to judge the world, and will call the dead and the living into the presence of His Father, the Lord God Almighty, who will open the great book in which He writes down all we say, and do, and think; and will send all those who have done bad things, and have not repented of them, into a place of punishment *so dreadful* that nothing you ever saw, or heard of, can be so bad. There-

fore try all of you, my dear children, to be good, and to do what God has commanded; you may then hope not only to be happy in the next world, but, while you remain in this to gain the love, favor, and assistance, of all good people, which will be the greatest comfort to you, and to your poor mother when I am no more".

To all this Henry listened very seriously, and he proved that he understood it by always telling the truth, keeping out of the way of bad boys, and trying to be as helpful to his

father and mother as his age and strength permitted. He was always ready to go wherever he was wanted, to hold the little baby, to make up the fire, to fetch water, and to give any thing to his poor sick father which he might ask.

In the Spring of 1816 poor Mr. Plowman died. The medical gentleman before mentioned kindly attended him to the last, and did all in his power afterwards to befriend the widow and her fatherless children. It was a heavy charge for Mrs. Plowman to

maintain four besides herself, but she never distrusted "the loving kindness and tender mercy of the Lord"; she relied on His gracious promises to "satisfy the poor with bread"; and knowing that He also "heareth the prayer of the poor destitute", she earnestly besought His blessing upon her endeavours, without applying to the parish.

Having been always a nice washer and ironer, she determined to try what she could do in that way, and accordingly the benevolent Doctor

wrote a petition for her to carry from house to house, asking a trifle from the charitable and humane, towards buying a mangle. This brought her to the knowledge of a family who, having suffered much from sickness and sorrow, could more readily feel for others in affliction, and who though very far from being rich, were yet willing and able to assist her in little matters. One of them wrote letters to some of Mrs. Plowman's former friends, making enquiries about her character, to all of which were re-

ceived the most satisfactory answers ; and the lady with whom Mrs. Plowman had once lived sent her a twenty shilling note.

This was very pleasing to her new friends, who were glad to find that she was so deserving of their assistance, and as she soon came to live nearer their house, they occasionally gave her broth and milk. If they had visitors they sent their clothes to be washed by her, and a part of the family who lived in a distant street, paid Henry a small sum weekly for

bringing their morning's milk and the newspaper. In this occupation although he sometimes met with accidents, by rude boys pushing against him in the street and spilling the milk which he carried in a tin jug, yet in general Henry was very regular and attentive, and might always be trusted with a message, for he never repeated any thing but the exact truth, and was always civil and respectful. Although his clothes were very old and poor, yet his hands were so clean and his hair so nicely combed, that it was

pleasant to send him with, or for, any thing; and for his good behaviour he would often, while waiting for an answer to the note he might have brought, get a piece of bread and butter or pence given him, which he was ever ready to share with his brother and sisters.

Every thing Mrs. Plowman could spare from the actual wants of her family, was laid by to pay for her mangle—the price of which was ten pounds; seven she had already obtained by the Doctor's petition for her,

by this and working very hard in cleaning old military clothing at one of the King's Store-houses, added to saving out of the sum given in payment of her expences to attend as a witness upon a trial at the Exeter Assizes, she was enabled to pay the whole debt, and to feel that the mangle was her own property.

Henry's general employment was to turn the mangle, to help his mother in carrying the baskets of linen, or to make himself in any other way useful to her. Through the kindness of a

respectable man, a brother free-mason of Mr. Plowman's, Henry was enabled to attend an evening school; and the same person also tried to get him a settled situation: for a short time a lady took him to live in her house by day, but he soon returned to his mother.

Behind the house in which she lived was a garden, very convenient and airy, for drying clothes; a small part of which was allowed by the owner to each of the lodgers. Henry had a great desire to cultivate the

spot belonging to his mother ; as he never kept any of the money which he received from people who sent him with messages or notes, but always desired his mother to use it as she thought fit, he felt that he had none to call his own, and seeing how hard his mother worked, even for a penny, he very properly never asked her for any. However it so happened that a lady having heard of Henry's wishes, laid out a small sum for him, in seeds of parsley, thyme, onion, and marigold ; and the neighbours were so kind as to

lend him a small spade or shovel, or a watering pot, when he wanted them : thus assisted, he cultivated his little garden with so much care and success, that many a dish of broth for his mother, sisters, and brother, was made the better by his means.

In the family we have before mentioned Henry had one *particular* friend, who took him under her immediate care. She repeatedly gave him many useful articles of clothing, and several excellent books ; indeed she became so attached to him, having herself the

warmest and most kind heart, that she used to call him "my own little boy".

Times were very hard with Mrs. Plowman in the latter part of the year 1817, and she was obliged to apply to the parish for some help. This was difficult to be had, and very painful it was to stand with such a number of other distressed persons, waiting till her turn came to be paid; but she would say, "why should I be ashamed of being poor? I did not become so through extravagance, and as I cannot maintain my family without

some assistance, I ought to be thankful that I can have it, without repining at any of the discomforts which attend my doing so". She was much gratified about this time by receiving through a person who came from Guernsey, a present of five shillings from a woman who had lived with her as cook, when she kept the large Inn—another proof of the respect in which she was held there.

In January, 1818, some ladies came to Plymouth for the advice of the Doctor to whom we have already

alluded, and being also well known to Mrs. Plowman's other friends, they were asked to let her have their washing. This was a happy thing for Mrs. Plowman, for the ladies staid many weeks, and made her some nice presents, one of which was a new washing tub, and another a black gown, which she little thought would be first worn for her son Henry.

One day, towards the end of March, his "kind lady", as he used to call her, observed that Henry was looking very ill. She sent him home,

and soon after followed him with those little comforts which his sore throat and feverish state required. His illness caused great inconvenience to all his family, as they were so many in the same room; but in a few days he grew better, and it was hoped would entirely recover. He was very patient and obeyed all his good friend's directions—took his medicine without complaint or delay, and was always thankful to his “kind lady”, who did every thing for him—like a tender mother. She was much pleased to

find him one day learning a hymn from a book she had given him, and whenever she asked him questions about the bible or other good books, was always well satisfied with his proper answers. Several times when he saw his mother quite tired by her hard work, he would say "Oh mother, I shall soon be well I hope, and then I can help you again".

On Monday the 30th of March, he complained of great pain in his side. His "kind lady" feeling very uneasy about him, asked the doctor who was

just returned from a long journey, to go and see him, saying, "I know you are sadly fatigued, but my poor little boy is certainly very ill, and I wish you would say what is proper for him". The doctor went with her immediately; when he left the poor little boy's room he expressed his fears that he would die; however he ordered many things to be tried, such as leeches, warm baths, and much medicine, and went to see him three times every day; but no attention or kindness could save his life. He was perfectly

sweet tempered and well behaved all the time, and grateful to every body for their attention. Many little nice things were sent to him by those who had seen his good conduct in health; he would try to eat of them out of respect to the givers, and would frequently say "how glad I am to be here instead of in the workhouse". When he was told that the workhouse was a very nice home for many poor people who had no other, he would answer, "Yes I dare say it is, but I would much rather be with my mother".

The night before his death, seeing his mother in tears, he asked her the reason; she told him it was because he was so ill. "Do you think then that I am going to die, mother"? "I am afraid you are, my dear". "Do not say you are afraid, mother, for if it pleases God I shall be very happy". Just before he died, Saturday the 4th of April, he desired to be turned in his bed, because the position in which he was then lying was uneasy to him; he made no other complaint but was quite still for some minutes,

then calling aloud, rather quickly, "Mother, Mother", instantly expired.

His mother's grief may be better imagined than described. She had the comfort of having it shared by all who had known her good little boy ; and her neighbours, though most of them very poor people, shewed her the greatest kindness during his illness, by taking care of the other children, sitting up by Henry at night, and, when he was buried—attending him to the grave. This was also done by the servants of the family who had

taken such an interest for poor Henry, and though of no real *use* to *him*, who could neither feel or know it, the respect was very gratifying to his mother.

He was buried in the New Church yard — Dr. Hawker in the kindest manner giving up all the usual fees to himself and the attendants, besides making a small present to Mrs. Plowman. She continues to live as we have described — still poor, but always well mannered, humble and grateful, endeavoring to bring up her children

with propriety, and hoping they may reward her by following the example of Henry, and by deserving as he did, the good opinion and regard of all who knew him.

Mrs. Plowman has since lost her other son, a very good little boy, though not so active as Henry. Her youngest girl through the kindness of one of the Trustees of Lady Rogers' School, has been admitted into that excellent institution.

ROSE MEREDITH'S
NEEDLE,

A LITTLE STORY FOR VERY LITTLE GIRLS,
BY THEIR SINCERE FRIEND.

June, 1823.

ROSE MEREDITH

NEEDLE

A LITTLE STORY FOR VERY LITTLE GIRLS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SINGERS"

1881

DEDICATION.

TO MY YOUNGER NIECES.

DEDICATION.

TO MY YOUNGER NIECES.

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Rose Meredith's Needle.

MRS. MEREDITH and her daughter Isabella, were one morning busily employed in making baby clothes for a poor woman who lived in the village of Norton, near their house, when little Rose, Mrs. Meredith's youngest child, came joyfully into the room with a message from Miss Brown, the governess, that she had so well learned

all her lessons as to be entitled to the reward of working for the poor baby. Isabella immediately supplied Rose with work suited to her age and ability, and the little girl for some short time steadily attended to it, asking only occasional questions about the family in which the baby was expected.

All Mrs. Meredith's children had been greatly interested for the parents of this little creature. The father, a mason, by falling from a scaffolding had so hurt himself as for many weeks to be unable to work, and the mother

having to attend upon her husband, and do all the business of the family, had so little time for needle-work that Isabella Meredith, with her mother's permission, undertook to provide clothing for the coming baby. Each of the other girls as well as the boys had done some part towards assisting John and Susan Harris in this time of heavy distress. Edward had contrived to mend an old chair which was laid by in the garret as useless, and had stuffed it with some wool from a sheep which his father allowed

him to call his own; James and Henry subscribed all the money given them to see wild beasts at the fair, to buy a coarse covering for their brother's handy-work. In this chair the poor mason was always placed on being taken out of his bed, to the great delight of the boys whenever they happened to call at that time. Anne and Mary were equally pleased to see him well wrapped up in a blanket purchased with their little savings.

Their good mother fully approved of all they did—she knew that thev

made sacrifices to be thus useful ; for Edward had intended to sell his wool, and hoped to buy with the money a book he much wished to have ; the others had long looked forward to seeing the beasts, and the girls were desirous to have bought a small work-box which they had admired whenever they visited Miss Cox's shop in Norton. Little Rose had nothing to give, but her mother and governess were anxious to impress upon her mind that she would not be allowed a share of the happiness of assisting the poor people,

unless she first fulfilled her daily duties. By doing this they gave her a motive for exertion and application far beyond any expectation of cakes or toys, which no little girls should ever be promised for attending to their lessons.

After giving this slight sketch of Mrs. Meredith's family circle, I shall return to the working party in the breakfast-room. Rose, as we have before seen, was very attentive for some time, but at last she said, "Isabella, please to give me another

needle, this thread is too large—it has broken the eye”. Isabella quietly remarked that the thread and needle were well suited, but that Rose must have used both roughly, to have broken the eye; she however gave her another. Soon after Rose exclaimed “Isabella, I have lost the last needle you gave me—I must have one more”. “What—a third! I believe you are tired, put down your work and go into the garden”. “No, dear Isabella, I would rather finish this band, if you will give me one needle

more—*only one*". "You have already had two, and if you wish to continue the work, Rose, you must find the last; I cannot afford to give you so many needles". "Not afford! when you have so many in your housewife, and in the little papers in your work-box; I thought needles were very plenty and very cheap". "So they are, but they are very troublesome in making, and we are not to waste any thing, Rose". "No, Mamma tells me that very often, and I remember the pretty little story called 'Waste

not, want not', but still I cannot think that a needle is so very *much*. It is only a bit of—I dont know what, with a hole at its head, and a point. I cannot see how making a needle can give much trouble, who makes them? where are they made, Mamma"? "Your sister can tell you, for she went to see them made at Alcester". "Will you, Isabella"? "Yes—if you will first bring me that which you dropt just now—it cannot be lost as you have never removed from your chair". "Oh never mind it, I want

to hear you talk, Isabella". "I shall not say a word till you have brought the needle to me, with your work neatly folded". Rose felt rather disposed to say "Isabella is a little cross", but she checked herself, for she really loved her dear sister, who was never cross, but *always firm*; and as she never insisted upon any thing being done without having the best reasons for it, all the children were greatly attached to her.

Rose at last found the needle, and carried it to Isabella with the band for

the baby. "Will you *now* then tell me all about needles? I will listen very attentively". "Yes, my dear, I will give you the best account in my power, but there are many books which would make you understand it far better than I can". "No, no—I like to be *told* things best; then I can ask the meaning of words". "Well then, Rose, you said a needle was only a bit of—you did not know what; I must first tell you that needles are made of iron or steel wire. Iron wire is made from bars of iron, or rather

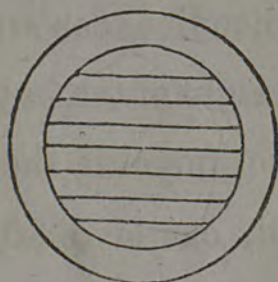
lumps called pig iron. Very strong fire is necessary, and the greatest labour is used in beating these pieces of iron into proper shapes; you never saw any thing like the great fires and the men employed about them. The place is very dark where they work, and only by the light of the immense fires are a number of them seen—scarcely clothed—their arms, heads, and necks quite bare, all differently employed, some in making up the fire, others in carrying from it red hot iron, others in beating it, and so on.

It is almost alarming to see the sparks flying about—the men however from habit, take no notice of them. These men have high wages, from one to three guineas weekly, because so much strength and exertion are necessary. But this iron is used for a great many things besides needles; I am only telling you the *beginning of needles*. Those in general use are made of steel brought from Germany and Hungary.

The wire goes through many hands before it is fit to be made into needles. It passes first through a fire not very

hot or large, and is then beaten by large hammers into what is called a cylindrical shape"; "That is a very hard word, Isabella". "Yes, I dare say you think so—Papa will explain it to you. When the wire has been beaten to this form it is drawn through a large hole in a machine called a wire-drawing iron, then returned to the fire, taken from it, and passed through a smaller hole of the machine, and so on, 'till by being so much lengthened it has lost a great part of its size, and is fit to be made into proper

lengths for needles. These lengths are then placed between two iron rings made thus:—



Those marks across represent the needles, or rather in that state—bits of wire. This hoop is heated red hot, then thrown into cold water, not suffered to remain long, but again heated, and then again *quite* cooled. They are then taken to the mill to be pointed

on a grinding-stone, then back to the stamper, who with a machine worked by his foot, while using both hands to place the needles, can stamp* enough to employ eight or ten boys for a whole day: these boys if they choose to work hard, can eye 30,000 needles daily, for which they are paid a half-penny per thousand.

The needles are then given to the girls to be divided, and to have their heads worked off; after which they

* That is, flatten the wire, near the eye, so as to be ready for the person who bores the hole called the eye, who is named an Eyer.

are taken to the Mill to have their first cleaning and polishing, which is done in this manner:—12 or 15,000 are ranged in little heaps against each other, in a piece of new buckram covered with emery dust, soft soap, powdered stone, and oil of olives, made into a roll well secured at both ends; this is laid on a polishing table, and, by means of a machine, worked backward and forward for two days. They are then taken out, and washed clean with water and soap, then put into hot bran, a little moistened, and

kept stirred 'till the needles and bran are quite dry. After this they are all sorted, the points turned the same way, and smoothed on an emery stone, then given to the girls to be filed, and what they call polished off, and lastly to the blue pointers. Before we get them they are given to the paperers, who sort them in numbers as you see in my work-box.

Now my little girl, what do you think of a needle? Ought we to waste any, or be careless of what has gone through so many hands? Do you think

you could stamp, or eye, or polish off, or clean any? Yet I saw many little boys and girls employed in doing all these things; I looked at them with great interest, because I felt how generally useful their work would be. Poor little creatures! I longed to drive them all into the fields, instead of keeping them pent up in a small close room, doing nothing all day but work, work, work. I gave a shilling between six of them, and the Mistress of the Manufactory wanted to take it from them—‘No’, said I, ‘it is for

themselves, and you *must* be so kind as to let them have it'. She looked very cross, and the poor children so afraid of her; perhaps after I was gone she might compel them to give it to her. She saw it accidentally, for I did not intend she should have done so. I am afraid my dear Rose is very tired by all this history".

"No, indeed, I am only looking sorry, perhaps, for the poor children; I wish I had them all here". "All, my dear, where could you put them? There are hundreds even in the small

town where I saw the Manufactory, and many more at Birmingham, Long Creeden in Buckinghamshire, and other places. Several wise and good people have endeavored to prevail on the masters of manufactories to allow the children a certain portion of each day for air and exercise ; in some instances they have succeeded, and we must hope that in time they will do so in all. If you could see them you would be very anxious, I assure you, to give them a good dinner and a good *run*, as you call it, upon the lawn. I

was constantly made unhappy in the great manufacturing towns, by the sight of the dismal, half-starved, half-grown poor children, looking baked up 'till they had lost even the inclination to do more than *creep* through the streets"! "Isabella, I *hate* manufacturers"! "My dear Rose, nobody is to be hated; you must never use so warm an expression. Manufacturers are not all bad people, on the contrary many are very excellent—very kind and feeling to their workmen, and never require them to do too much.

There are some to be sure, who having engaged a person at such or such wages, will insist that they shall not stir from the work till it is finished, and may say 'they engaged to do this or that, therefore they shall do so for I am not to be a loser, *I* must send my goods to the shop on such a day, and my work people shall not cause me to disappoint my employer'. You are too young to understand the relative duties of master and workman, but you are not too young to feel that you ought never to do to another what in

his or her situation you would not like to have done to yourself; if you bear this in mind I shall not be afraid that you will either 'hate all manufacturers', or be unjust and oppressive to poor little children. Now run away, for I must finish this little bed-gown as fast as I can".

THE END.

