

but I daresay you know the general purpose or use of them."

"Yes; to make the cotton wool into cotton thread; to spin it."

"And do you recollect the name of the spinning machine?"

"I remember that perfectly—*Spinning Jennies*."

"Why was that name given to them? Can you tell?"

"Because Jenny is a woman's name, you know, and Jenny, I suppose, spun; and when these machines were made to spin, instead of women, they were called *Spinning Jennies*."

"Then cotton was formerly spun by women, and with spinning-wheels?" said her father.

"Yes, papa, so the gentleman said."

"And why, Rosamond, do they not continue to spin it in the same manner?"

"Because the *Spinning Jennies* spin much more quickly. A woman moved with her foot and hands only one spinning wheel, but these machines do the work of a hundred spinning-wheels at once in the same time. I saw them all in rows working, pulling the cotton out and twisting it, just like so many spinning-wheels, only better and faster. How were they moved? That is the thing I don't know, papa. I could not understand how it was done, and I am tired now of trying to recollect."

"You have understood and recollected more than I expected that you could, my dear," said her father, "especially as you have not been used to such things. I am glad you have attended so carefully. It may not be necessary for you ever to understand perfectly the construction of these or of any other machines, but it is always useful, and will often be necessary for you to

command your attention, and to turn it to observe real things. Some other time I will bring you here again, if this gentleman will give me leave, and if you wish to come yourself."

The gentleman kindly said that he should be glad to see Rosamond again, and that he would then try to explain to her anything she might wish to know.

Rosamond thanked this good gentleman, and was glad that her father was pleased with her. She said that some other time she should like to see the way in which the pretty little balls of cotton are wound.

"That was what Godfrey was showing me, papa, when you called us away."

"I am glad I did call you away, my dear, because you could not have understood it, and Godfrey would only have puzzled you."

"Look, look, papa! look, mamma, out of this window!" cried Godfrey. "All the people are going from work. Look what numbers of children are passing through this great yard!"

The children passed close by the window at which Godfrey and Rosamond had stationed themselves. Among the little children came some tall girls, and among these there was one, a girl about twelve years old, whose countenance particularly pleased them. Several of the younger ones were crowding round her.

"Laura, Laura, look at this girl! What a good countenance she has," said Rosamond, "and how fond the little children seem of her!"

"That is Ellen. She is an excellent girl," said the master of the manufactory, "and those little children have good reason to be fond of her."

Rosamond and Godfrey asked "Why?" and the gentleman answered,

"It is a long story. Perhaps you would be tired of hearing it."

But they begged he would tell it, and he complied.

"Some time ago," said he, "we had a benevolent clergyman here, who gave up several hours of his time every week to instruct the children in this manufactory. He taught them to read and write, and he taught them arithmetic. He taught them much more, for he taught them the difference between right and wrong, and explained to them the use of doing right, and its good consequences—the happiness that follows from it, and the evil and unhappiness that follow from doing wrong. He was so kind and gentle in his manner of teaching that these children all liked him very much. At last news came that this good clergyman was to leave the place. He had been appointed master of a large school, and a living was given to him in another county at a considerable distance. All the children in the manufactory were sorry that he was going away, and they wished to do something that should prove to him their respect and gratitude.

"They considered and consulted amongst themselves. They had no money, nothing of their own to give, but their labour; and they agreed that they would work a certain number of hours beyond their usual time, to earn money to buy a silver cup, which they might present to him the day before that appointed for his departure. They were obliged to sit up a great part of the night to work to earn their shares. Several of the little children were not able to bear the fatigue and the want of sleep. For this they were very sorry, and when Ellen saw how sorry they were, she pitied them, and she did more than pity them. After she had earned her own share of the money, to be subscribed for buying the silver cup, she sat up every

night a certain time to work, to earn the shares of all these little children.

"Ellen never said anything of her intentions, but went on working steadily, till she had accomplished her purpose. I used to see her, night after night, and used to fear she



would hurt her health, and often begged her not to labour so hard, but she said, 'It does me good, sir.'

"When she had completed her work the wages were paid to her, and all the wages were paid to those who had worked extra hours—that is, hours beyond their usual hours of working. A clerk was sitting at a table to receive the subscriptions for the silver cup, and those who had earned their