headed by their priests. The clergy of the
Pardon always advance to receive and wel-
come them.

After vespers there takes place a grand
procession. The young men and the maids,
in all the pomp of costume, walk in long
close lines, with infinite devotion, followed by bands
of sailors, who go barefooted and sometimes
almost unclothed, if they happen to have made
vows when in fear of shipwreck. The pro-
cession passes at the cemetery of the town,
where prayers are said, and in those prayers it
is usual for the lord of the manor and his
family to join.

The whole level plain is covered by this
mass with tents, under which pilgrims pass
the night in vigil, and in listening to the
religious songs. The minstrels go from one
part to another of the whole encampment,
singing no songs that are not of a serious
kind, because the whole of the first day of the
Pardon must be spent in holy thoughts.
Worldly amusements are to follow.

At dawn on the second day worldly
thoughts and pleasures are permitted to rush
in; then begin all the amusements of a fair,
and its excesses. The Xiloers may then sing
their love-songs for the last time, if they
mean to hold by their choice of the priestly
calling. Then it is that those famous dramas
are performed, which last several days, and
which are the last existing remnants of the
Mysteries and Moralities that were the
delight of our forefathers in almost all
countries.

The Pardon here described I saw at Ros-
porden in Finistère.

GROUND IN THE MILL.

"It is good when it happens," says the chil-
dren, "that we die before our time." Poetry
may be right or wrong in making little oper-
atives who are ignorant of cawlsips say any-
thing like that. We mean here to speak
prose. There are many ways of dying.
Perhaps it is not good when a factory girl, who
has not the whole spirit of play spun
out of her for want of meadows, gambols
upon bags of wool, a little too near the ex-
posed machinery that is to work it up, and is
immediately seized, and punished by the mer-
ciless machine that digs its shaft into her
pinafore and hoists her up, tears out her left
arm at the shoulder joint, breaks her right
arm, and beats her on the head. No, that
is not good; but it is by no means in point, the
girl lives and may be one of those who think
that it would have been good for her if she
had died before her time.

She had her chance of dying, and she lost
it. Possibly it was better for the boy whom
his stern master, the machine, caught as he
stood on a stool wickedly looking out of win-
dow and sunlight and the flying clouds.
These were no business of his, and he was
fully punished when the machine he served
cought him by one arm and whirl'd him
round and round till he was thrown down
dead. There is no lack of such warnings to
idle boys and girls. What right has a game-
some youth to display levity before the
supreme engine. "Watch me do a trick!
" cried such a youth to his fellow, and put
his arm familiarly within the arm of the
great iron-hearted chief. "I'll show you a
"trick," smashed the pitiful monster.
A
coil of strap fastened his arm to the shaft,
and round he went. His leg was cut off,
and fell into the room, his arm was broken
in three or four places, his ankle was
broken, his head was battered; he was not
released alive.

Why do we talk about such horrible
things? Because they exist, and their ex-
istence should be clearly known. Because
there have occurred during the last three
years, more than a hundred such deaths,
and more than ten thousand (indeed, nearly
twelve thousand) such accidents in our fac-
tories, and they are all, or nearly all, pre-
ventable.

These few thousands of catastrophes are
the results of the administrative kindness
so abundant in this country. They are all
the fruits of mercy. A man was lining
washing the ceiling of an engine-room: he
was seized by a horizontal shaft and killed
immediately. A boy was brushing the dust
from such a ceiling, before whitewashing:
he had a cloth over his head to keep the
dirt from falling on him; by that cloth
the engine seized and held him to adminis-
trate a chastisement with rods of iron. A
youth while talking thoughtlessly took hold
of a strap that hung over the shaft: his
hand was wrenched off at the wrist. A man
climbed to the top of his machine to put the
strap on the drum: he was a nook
which the shaft caught; both of his
arms were then torn out of the shoulder-
joints, both legs were broken, and his head
was severely bruised: in the end, of course,
he died. What he suffered was all suffered
in mercy. He was rent asunder, not per-
haps for his own good; but, as a sacrifice to
the commercial prosperity of Great Britain.
There are few amongst us—even amongst
the masters who share most largely in that pros-
perity—who are willing, we will hope and
believe, to pay such a price as all this blood
for any good or any gain that can accrue to
them.

These accidents have arisen in the manner
following. By the Factory Act, passed in the
seventh year of Her Majesty's reign, it was
enacted, among other things, that all parts of
the mill-gearing in a factory should be
securely fenced. There were no buts and ifs
in the Act itself; these were allowed to step
in and limit its powers of preventing acci-
dents out of a merciful respect, not for the
blood of the operatives, but for the gold of
the mill-owners. It was strongly represented
that to fence those parts of machinery that
were higher than the heads of workmen—
more than seven feet above the ground—
would be to incur an expense wholly unneces-
sary. Kind-hearted interpreters of the law,
therefore, agreed with mill-owners that
seven feet of fencing should be held suffi-
cient. The result of this accommodation—
taking only the accounts of the last three
years—has been to credit mercy with some
pounds and shillings in the books of Eng-
lish manufacturers; we cannot say how
many, but we hope they are enough to
balance the account against mercy made out
on behalf of the English factory workers
thus:—Mercy debtor to justice, of poor men,
women, and children, one hundred and six
lives, one hundred and forty-two hands or
arms, one thousand two hundred and eighty-
seven (or, in bulk, how many buses of)
dings, for the breaking of one thousand
three hundred and forty bones, for five
hundred and fifty-nine damaged heads,
and for eight thousand two hundred and
eighty-two miscellaneous injuries. It re-
maines to be settled how much cash saved to
the purses of the manufacturers is a
satisfactory and proper offset to this ex-
posure of life and limb and this crush-
ing of bone in the persons of their work-
people.

For, be it strictly observed, this expendi-
ture of life is the direct result of that good-
natured determination not to carry out the
full provision of the Factory Act, but to con-
sider enough done if the boxing-off of
machinery be made compulsory in each room
to the height of seven feet from the floor.
Neglect as to the rest, of which we have given
the sum of a three-years’ account, could lead, it
was said, only to a few accidents that would
not matter—that would really not be worth
much cost of prevention. As kings do no
wrong, so machines never stop; and what
great harm is done, if A, putting a strap on a
driving pulley, is caught by the legs and
whirled round at the rate of ninety revolu-
tions in a minute!—what if B, adjusting gear,
gets one arm and two thighs broken, an
elbow dislocated and a temple cracked!—what
if C, picking some cotton from the lathe
strip, should become entangled, have an arm
torn off, and be dashed up and down, now
against the floor, and now against the ceil-
ing!—what if D, sorrowing a belt, should
be dragged up by the neckerchief and
bruised by steam-power as if he were
oats!—what if the boy E, holding a belt
which the master had been sowing, be suddenly
snapped up by it, whirled round a hundred
and twenty times in a minute, and at each
revolution knocked against the ceiling till
his bones are almost reduced to powder!—
what if F, winding a shaft, be caught first by the
neckerchief, then by the clothes, and have his
lungs broken, his arm crushed, and his body
torn!—what if G, packing yarn into a cart,
and stretching out his hand for a corner of
the cart-cover blown across a horizontal
shaft, be caught up, partly dismembered, and
thrown down a corpse!—what if H, caught by
a strap, should die with a broken back-bone,
and I die crushed against a beam in the ceil-
ing, and little K, carrying waste tow from
one part to another, be caught up by it and
have his throat cut, and L die after one arm
had been torn off and his two feet crushed,
and M die of a fractured skull, and N die
with his left leg and right arm wrenched
from their sockets, and O, not killed, have the
hair of his head torn away, and P be scalped
and slain, and Q be beaten to death against
a joist of the ceiling, and R, coming down a
ladder, be caught by his wrapper, and bruised,
broken, and torn till he is dead, and S
have his bones all broken against a wall, and
all the rest of the alphabet be killed by boiler
explosions or destroyed in ways as horrible,
and many more men be killed than there are
letters in the alphabet to call them by! Every
case here instanced has happened, and so have
many others, in the last three years. Granted,
but what can all this matter, in the face of this
succeeding facts?—that to enclose all hori-
zontal shafts in mills would put the mill-
owners to great expense; that little danger is
to be apprehended from such shafts to prudent
persons, and that mill-owners have a most
anxious desire to protect the lives and limbs of
their work people. These are the facts
urged by a deputation of manufacturers that
has been deprecating any attempt to make
this anxiety more lively than it has hitherto
been.

They found such deprecation necessary.
When it became very evident that, in ad-
dition to a large list of most serious acci-
dents, there were but forty lives offered up
annually to save mill-owners a little trouble
and expense, a circular was issued by the
factory-inspectors on the last day of January
in the present year, expressing their deter-
mination to enforce the whole Factory Act
to the utmost after the first of June next, and
so to compel every shaft of machinery, at
whatever cost and of whatever kind, to be
fenced off. Thereupon London beheld a
deputation, asking mercy from the Govern-
ment for the aggrieved and threatened
manufacturers. We have, more than once, in
discussing other topics of this kind, dwelt
upon the necessity of the most strict repres-
sion of all misplaced tenderness like that for
which this committee seems to have peti-
tioned. Preventible accidents must be sternly
prevented.

Let Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For, lo! our mercy is become our crime.”

The result of the deputation is not wholly
satisfactory. There follows so much interfer-
ce by the Home Office in favour of the mill-
owners, as to absolve them from the necessity
of absolutely boxing up all their machines, and
to require only that they use any precautions that occur to them for the prevention of the accidents now so deplorably frequent. Machinery might, for example, be adjusted when the shafts are not in motion; ceilings whitewashed only when all the machinery is standing still; men working near shafts should wear closely-fitting dresses, and so forth. Manufacturers are to do as they please, and cut down in their own way the matter furnished for their annual of horrors. Only of this they are warned, that they must reduce it; and that, hereafter, the friends of injured operatives will be encouraged to sue for compensation upon death or loss of limb, and Government will sometimes act as prosecutor. Does all this now lie idle for two days in the week, or for one or two hours in the day. The succession of strikes, too, in Preston, Wigan, Hindley, Burnley, Padidi, and Bacup and the other places, have left a large number of men out of employ, and caused, for a long time, a total sacrifice of wages, to the extent of some twenty thousand pounds a week. These, however, are all temporary difficulties; the great extension of the Factory system is a permanent fact, and it must be made to bring good with it, not evil.

The law wisely requires that mill-owners, who employ children, shall also teach them, and a minimum, as to time, of schooling is assigned. Before this regulation was compulsory, there were some good schools kept as show-places by certain persons; but, when the Government has made their visit to the Factory, and schools were no longer exceptional curiosities, these show-places often fell into complete neglect; they were no longer goods that would attract the public. In Scotland this part of the Factory Law seems to be well worked; and, for its own sake, as a beneficial requirement. That does not, however, seem to be the case in England. All the Inspectors tell us of the lamentable state of the factory schools in this country; allowance being, of course, made for a few worthy exceptions. It is doubtful whether much good will come out of them, unless they be themselves organised by men determined that they shall fulfil their purpose. English Factory children have yet to be really taught.

"Let them prove their inward souls against the motion That they live in you, or under you, O wheels! Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward, Grinding life down from its mark; And the children's souls, which God is calling upward, Spin on blindly in the dark."

Here they are left spinning in the dark. Let Mr. Redgrave's account of a factory school visited by him, near Leeds, suffice to show—:

"It was held in a large room, and the Inspector visiting it at twenty minutes before twelve, found the children at play in the yard, and the master at work in the school-room, sawing up the black board to make fittings of a house to which he proposed transferring his business. The children being summoned, came in carelessly, their disorderly habits evidently not repressed by their master, but checked slightly by the appearance of a strange gentleman. Two girls lolling in the porch were summoned in, and the teacher then triumphantly drew out of his pocket a whistle, whereupon to blow the order for attention. It was the only whole thing that he had to teach with. There were the twenty children ranged along the wall, able to contain seven times the number; there were the bits of black board, the master's arms, with a hand-saw, and a hammer for apparatus, and