

Before the masters' tyranny  
 Shall rule our rights and laws,  
 We'll have another strike, my boys,  
 If ever we have cause.  
*Chorus—So now, &c.*

These ballads vary constantly to meet the exigencies of passing events. A disgraceful riot at Blackburn, in which some inoffensive persons were attacked for cotton-spinners, is celebrated by the Prestonian operatives in the following epic strain :—

The Preston manufacturers,  
 To Blackburn they did go,  
 To the Black Bull in Darwen Street,  
 Their tyranny to show.  
 The gallant troops of Blackburn  
 Full soon did find it out,  
 They sent broken bones to Preston,  
 And the rest run up the spout.

Hurrah! my boys, hurrah!  
 I'd have them be aware,  
 Or the cotton lords of Preston  
 Will be drove into a snare.

The tyrants of proud Preston  
 Have returned home with shame,  
 Beat out by bold Blackburn,  
 Who have won the laurel's fame.  
 To subdue the foes of Preston,  
 Their minds are firmly bent,  
 To throw off the yoke of bondage,  
 And restore the ten per cent.

Hurrah! my boys, &c.

Tyrtaeus wakened not more enthusiasm in the breast of his auditors, than these simple doggrels do among the rude but earnest crowds which throng to hearken to them. In one of the committee rooms, the work of distributing the funds volunteered by the operatives of the neighbouring towns towards the support of their brethren is going on. These funds are collected by six committees, and are distributed for the relief of a little more than fourteen thousand of the hands. Since the commencement of the strike upwards of twenty-four thousand pounds have been contributed by the poor for the support of the poor. Each committee relieves its own hands. The Power-loom Weavers' Committee cares for the interests of the weavers, the winders, the warpers, the twisters, the dressers, the helpers, and the reachers; the Spinners' and Self-actors' Committee sees to the spinners, the minders, the piecers, and the bobbiners; the card-room hands have their committee, and the throstle spinners, the tape machine sizers, and the power-loom overlookers theirs; each collects and distributes its funds without in any way interfering with the others. The proceedings in the room we peep into are quiet, orderly, and business-like.

Again we sally out into the dingy streets, and find that the evening is closing in over them. More knots of "lads and lasses" idling about the corners, more bands of singers,

solitary famine-stricken faces, too, plead mutely for bread, and even worse expedients are evidently resorted to for the purpose of keeping body and soul together: in Preston, as elsewhere, the facilities for crime are too abundant, and we repeat to ourselves those lines of Coleridge :—

Oh I could weep to think, that there should be  
 Cold-bosomed lewd ones, who endure to place  
 Foul offeriugs on the shrine of misery,  
 And force from Famine the caress of Love.

Ignorance of the most deplorable kind is at the root of all this sort of strife and demoralizing misery. Every employer of labour should write up over his mill door, that Brains in the Operative's Head is Money in the Master's Pocket.

### MIASMA.

NEAR a cotter's back door, in a murky lane,  
 Beneath steaming dirt and stagnant rain,  
 Miasma lay in a festering drain.

A home of clay, cemented with slime,  
 He artfully built—for he hated lime—  
 'Midst slop, and rot, and want, and crime,  
 He lay securely, biding his time.

Though a voice cried, pointing out his lair,  
 "Run, run, for Miasma lies hidden there!"  
 It died unheeded away on the air.

Living and breathing the filth among,  
 Miasma's home was secure and strong,  
 And the cotter did nothing; for nothing went wrong.

And his children would play by the poisonous pool,  
 For they liked it much better than going to school.

Then Miasma arose from his reeking bed,  
 And around the children his mantle spread—  
 "To save them from harm," Miasma said.

But they sighed a last sigh. He had stolen their  
 breath,  
 And had wrapped them in Cholera's cloak of death.

### TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE HUGUENOTS.

I HAVE always been interested in the conversation of any one who could tell me anything about the Huguenots; and, little by little, I have picked up many fragments of information respecting them. I will just recur to the well-known fact that, five years after Henry the Fourth's formal abjuration of the Protestant faith, in fifteen hundred and ninety-three, he secured to the French Protestants their religious liberty by the Edict of Nantes. His unworthy son, however, Louis the Thirteenth, refused them the privileges which had been granted to them by this act; and, when reminded of the claims they had, if the promises of Henry the Third and Henry the Fourth were to be regarded, he answered that "the first-named monarch feared them, and the latter loved them; but he neither