

twisting and interlacing leaf stems and fibres together, yet the workmanship cannot be surpassed by the best manufacturers of Bolton cloths of the present day. From this it would appear that His Holiness had a sample of the cloth actually in his possession. Perhaps, sewing the fig leaves, as mentioned in the Book of Genesis, has reference to the same process.

“ ‘An obvious improvement on the garment of leaves,’ proceeds His Holiness, ‘which was suggested by twisting the peel of rushes into fine strings, by which means superior textures were produced; but this improvement was not adopted generally, in the part of the country of which we speak, till after the death of Methuselah. It did not escape the notice of the mat weavers, that their work was rendered more flexible and agreeable to the wearer (particularly for undergarments), by the use of a finer fibre, and accordingly we find that numerous trials were actually made with the fibres of various kinds of plants, such as those of the hemp and flax species.’

“It is curious how the descendants of our first parents obtained the knowledge of spinning flax into thread. We are credibly informed that it was by supernatural agency. We are indeed told by C. G. G., a learned metaphysician of Oxford, that a tradition exists in England which goes far to prove that spinning was first effectually practised in that country; but we disregard such testimony, as we have found

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Watson, John, "The Theory and Practice of the Art of Weaving: By Hand and Power", *Americana*,
Collections of Harvard University, Pub: George Watson, Glasgow, 1873.

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the true and original story from which C. G. G.'s one is evidently copied. This discovery we have made in the collection of Sir Henry Hunlock, and we think it right to give his version, which is as follows:—

““There was once an old woman and her daughter who lived at the side of a hill (not under a hill as the Oxonian would fain have it), in the midst of a forest, near Nodville. They were very poor, and their only support was obtained from selling the thread which the daughter spun with her spindle and distaff. During the long winter, when the roads were so bad that merchants of the surrounding nations could not come to purchase the thread, the daughter, who was one of the most lovely creatures on earth, worked without cessation, in order that she might have enough of thread when the spring market came, to enable her to purchase a cloak for her mother and a scarlet shawl for herself, in order that they might be properly attired while attending their devotions. (Where these shawls and cloaks were manufactured, is a question for hierologists to solve.)

““It so happened that the king of that country, whose name was Zannkul K. Euzen, had an only son, who, while out one day deer-hunting, went astray in the forest of Akiel, and called at the widow's cottage to inquire the way. He was greatly struck with the girl's beauty, and not less with the numerous hanks of yarn which lay upon the floor of the cottage, and

equally attested her skill and industry. He asked how it happened that she had collected such an immense pile, and the old woman, whose name was Zabozok, replied that her daughter had spun the whole in a week. 'In a week!' exclaimed the astonished prince; 'if this be true, I have found a 'gal' more worthy of my attachment than any other in the whole country. I will send you a load of flax, and if she has it done by the end of a week, I will, without any other proof of her merit, choose her as my bride; but if not, I will have you both cut in pieces and thrown to the cormorants and loons, for deceiving the son of your sovereign.'

" 'On the very next day, a long train of camels, laden with flax, stood before the door of the cottage, and the drivers, having unloaded them, told the girl that she must spin this quantity in a week, or prepare for death. When they departed, her poor heart was crushed with despair. She, however, was unwilling to reproach her mother, even by a look, but she went into the forest, and sitting down under a tree began bitterly to bewail her sad fate. While she was thus weeping and lamenting, a decrepit old man came up, and inquired the cause of her tears, and in reply she told him the whole story. 'Do not weep, daughter,' he said, 'I will execute every one of the tasks imposed upon you by the prince, provided you will either give me your eldest son when he is twelve months and a

day old, or that you shall, in the intervening time, find out my name.' She agreed at once to the terms. The old man, by some mysterious agency, conveyed away the flax, and about an hour before the time appointed for the prince's arrival (which was half-past five o'clock in the morning), returned with the finest and best twisted thread that had ever been seen in Nodville. The prince, according to his promise, married the girl, and conveyed her with her mother to the palace, which stood upon a beautiful rising piece of ground about a quarter of a mile from the city, and overlooking it. (This palace must have been a very magnificent building, as it cost rather more than eleven and a quarter talents of gold.)

“ ‘Every Monday morning, before sunrise, the prince gave out to his beloved the quantity of flax which he expected to be spun during the week, and every Saturday night the yarn was made ready for him by the mysterious old man. At length the princess became the mother of a beautiful boy, and the thoughts of the bargain she had made almost drove her to distraction. Every effort she made to discover the name of the wonderful spinner utterly failed, and he, at every visit, reminded her that the time was near when he would have the right to claim her child.

“ ‘One evening, as she sat oppressed with melancholy, her husband, who had just returned from hunting, inquired the cause of her sadness, but she was

unable to answer him a word. 'Come, my love,' said he, 'do not be cast down, and I will entertain you with an account of a very surprising incident which occurred to me this very day. I lost my way while pursuing a fine stag, which ran towards the great rocks beyond the forest. While searching for his lurking place, I thought I heard a human voice, and following the direction of the sound, came to a cave, where I saw an old man, who did not notice my approach, so deeply was he engaged in a strange sort of labour; he was spinning, not as you do with the distaff, but with wheels which flew round as rapidly as lightning, and gave out thread like water falling from a mountain torrent, and all the while he never ceased singing:—

'My mistress, little she knows my name,
Which shan't be forgot, which shan't be forgot,
When a prince as heir to the fortune I claim,
Of Wallotty Trot, Wallotty Trot.
I come at the end of a year and a day,
And take the young prince, my heir, away.
With my whack! she goes!
While nobody knows,
My trusty machine,
In this cave unseen,
Here is the spot
For Wallotty Trot.

“ ‘The princess made her husband repeat the rhymes several times, until she was sure that she could remember them perfectly, and waited with confidence for the return of the old man. He came at the appointed time, and claimed the child. ‘Stop,

neighbour,' said she, 'there goes another word to that bargain. I have found out your name; it is Wallotty Trot.' 'You have, indeed, detected my name,' said he, 'and my business on earth is well nigh finished; but before I depart I am bound to tell you the secrets of my art.' So saying, he went into the forest, and in a few seconds returned with his wheels. He then taught the lady their use, showing her that she could spin sixty-six times more with them than she could accomplish by means of the distaff, and then vanished, after which he was never again seen in that part of the world.

"The prince and princess taught this new branch of industry to their subjects, which so enriched them that all the surrounding nations regarded them with envy and admiration.'

"These wheels are of similar construction to those introduced into Great Britain by Samuel Crompton, which are known by the appellation of the 'hall-in-the-wood' machine. It is unnecessary for us to give drawings and descriptions of them; Mr. Baines of Leeds, and Dr. Ure of London, in their histories of the progress of the cotton manufacture in Great Britain, having already done so.

"After the death of Methuselah, the art of weaving appears to have made considerable advances in many parts of the East, and particularly in China, India, and Persia. The first loom of which there is any



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