

**HOME-LIFE OF THE  
LANCASHIRE  
FACTORY FOLK DURING  
THE COTTON FAMINE**

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Home-Life of the Lancashire Factory Folk During the Cotton Famine by Edwin Waugh

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**EDWIN WAUGH**

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OF THE  
**LANCASHIRE FACTORY FOLK**  
DURING THE COTTON FAMINE.

HOME-LIFE  
OF THE  
LANCASHIRE FACTORY FOLK  
DURING THE COTTON FAMINE.

BY  
EDWIN WAUGH,  
AUTHOR OF "LANCASHIRE SKETCHES," "POEMS AND LANCASHIRE SONGS,"  
"TUFTS OF HEATHER FROM THE NORTHERN MOORA," ETC., ETC.

"Hopdance cries in poor Tom's belly for two white herrings.  
Croak not, black angel: I have no food for thee."  
—*King Lear*.

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1867.

## PREFACE.

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THE following chapters are reprinted from the columns of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, to which Paper they were contributed by the Author during the year 1862.

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HOME LIFE  
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LANCASHIRE FACTORY FOLK DURING  
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*(Reprinted from the Manchester Examiner and Times of 1862.)*

CHAPTER I.

AMONG THE BLACKBURN OPERATIVES.

"Poor Tom's a-cold. Who gives anything to poor Tom!"  
—*King Lear.*

**B**LACKBURN is one of the towns which has suffered more than the rest in the present crisis, and yet a stranger to the place would not see anything in its outward appearance indicative of this adverse nip of the times. But to any one familiar with the town in its prosperity, the first glance shows that there is now something different on foot there, as it did to me on Friday last. The morning was wet and raw, a

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state of weather in which Blackburn does not wear an Arcadian aspect, when trade is good. Looking round from the front of the railway station, the first thing which struck me was the great number of tall chimneys which were smokeless, and the unusual clearness of the air. Compared with the appearance of the town when in full activity, there is now a look of doleful holiday, an unnatural fast-day quietness about everything. There were few carts astir, and not so many people in the streets as usual, although so many are out of work there. Several, in the garb of factory operatives, were leaning upon the bridge, and others were trailing along in twos and threes, looking listless and cold; but nobody seemed in a hurry. Very little of the old briskness was visible. When the mills are in full work, the streets are busy with heavy loads of twist and cloth; and the workpeople hurry in blithe crowds to and from the factories, full of life and glee, for factory labour is not so hurtful to healthy life as it was thirty years ago, nor as some people think it now, who don't know much about it. There were few people at the shop windows, and fewer inside. I went into some of the shops to buy trifling things of different kinds, making inquiries about the state of trade meanwhile, and, wherever I went, I met with the same gloomy answers. They were doing nothing, taking nothing; and they didn't know how things would end. They had the usual expenses