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Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen  
Weber Freiligrath Frey  
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel  
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas  
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach  
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil  
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London  
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer  
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup  
Mommsen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff  
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt  
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Damaschke Descartes Schopenhauer Bebel Proust  
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# **Little Abe Or, The Bishop of Berry Brow**

F. Jewell

# Imprint

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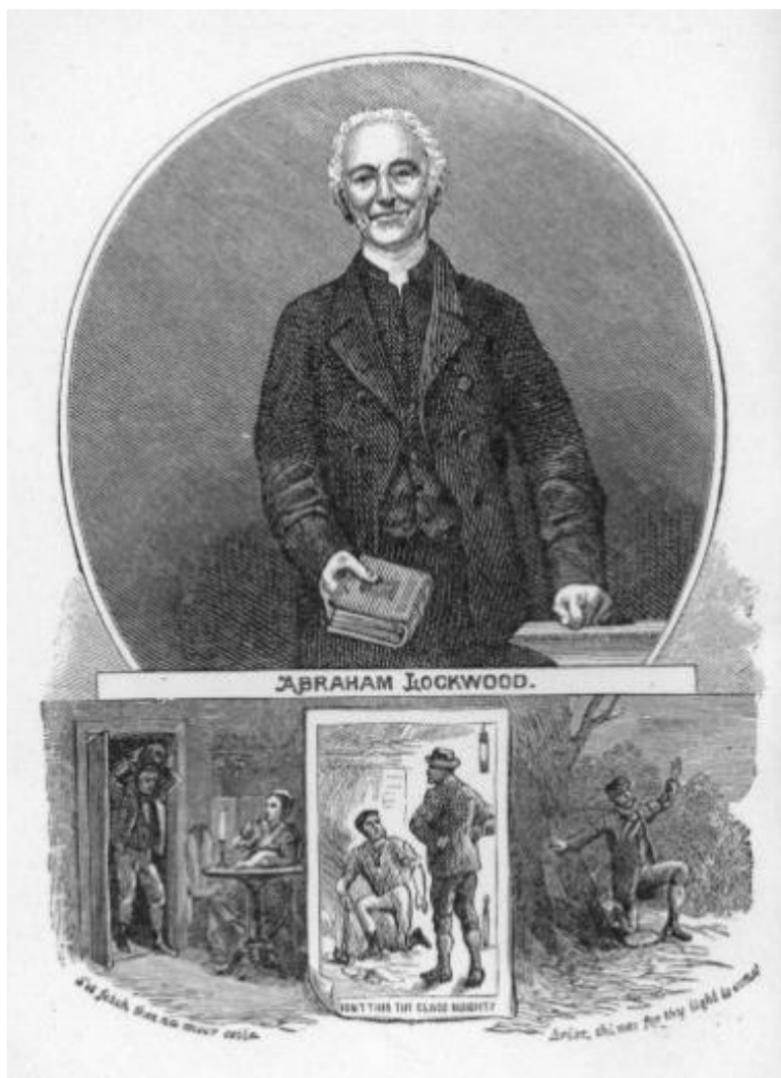
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[Frontispiece: Abraham Lockwood.]



**ASTLEY BRIDGE,  
BOLTON,  
I DEDICATE TO YOU THIS RECORD OF THE  
LIFE AND LABOURS OF ONE WHOSE  
WORTH YOU KNEW  
AND APPRECIATED, AS A  
MARK OF ESTEEM FOR YOUR ZEALOUS  
EXERTIONS  
TO  
ADVANCE THE KINGDOM OF CHRIST.**



## PREFACE.

I desire to express my thanks to all those friends who have kindly assisted me in collecting materials for these pages; and I am especially indebted to my friends the Rev. T. D. Crothers and the Rev. W. J. Townsend for the cheerful services they have rendered me in preparing the little work for printing.

Whilst trying to give a faithful account of the life and character of Abraham Lockwood, I have done my best to make the narrative both readable and profitable; but I am sensible that there are many faults in the volume. Such as it is, however, I humbly offer it to the public, with the earnest prayer that it may prove a blessing to many.

F. JEWELL.

BETHEL VILLA,  
HULL, 1880.



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## CHAPTER I.

### Birth and Parentage.

Abraham Lockwood was born on the 3rd November, 1792. His birthplace, also called Lockwood, is situated about a mile and half out of Huddersfield.

It makes no pretensions to importance in any way. The only public building which it boasts, is the Mechanics' Institute, a structure of moderate size, yet substantially built. Its one main street is lined with some very excellent shops, some of whose owners, report says, have made a nice little competency there. It still boasts a toll-bar of its own, which is guarded on either side by two white wooden posts, that take the liberty of preventing all cattle, horses, and asses from evading the gate, and of unceremoniously squeezing into the narrowest limits every person who prefers pavement to the high-road. Lockwood is also important enough to receive the attention of two or three 'buses which ply to and fro between there and Huddersfield, as well as to have the honour of a railway station on the L. and Y. line. Of course years ago, when Abraham Lockwood was brought into the world, this locality was not so attractive as it now is; only a few cottages straggled along the level or up the hill towards Berry Brow, mostly inhabited by weavers and others employed in the cloth manufacture of the neighbourhood. Among these humble cottages there stood, on what is known as the Scarr, one even more unpretentious than the rest: it boasted only one story and two or three rooms in all; it was what Abe used to call a "one-decker."

In this little hut dwelt the parents of Abe Lockwood; the fact of their residing in such a humble home, shows sufficiently that they were poor, perhaps poorer than their neighbours. However, in that same single-storied cot in Lockwood, Abe Lockwood was born, a Lockwoodite by double right, and though age has seriously told upon its appearance, it stands to this day. We sometimes see little old men living on, and year by year growing less and less, until we begin to speculate about the probable time it will require at their rate of diminution for nothing to remain of them; and the same may be said of the little old house in which Abe Lockwood was born; it was always little, but as years have slowly added to its age, it has

gradually begun to look less, and now, as other houses of larger size and more improved style have sprung up all around the neighbourhood, it has shrunk into the most diminutive little hut that can well be imagined as a dwelling house, and it only requires time enough for it to be gone altogether.[1]

Abe's parents were a poor but honest pair, and laboured hard to make ends meet. William Lockwood, his father, was a cloth-dresser, and worked on Almondbury common, about a mile from his home, earning but a scanty living for the family. In those days, when machinery was almost unknown in the manufacture and finish of cloth, the men had to work harder and longer and earned much less than now. Those were the times when hard-working men thought that the introduction of machinery into cloth mills would take all the work out of their hands, and all the bread out of their mouths; and this was the very locality where the greatest hostility was shown by the people to such innovations. Many a threatened outbreak was heard of about that time, and in two or three instances the smouldering fire in the men's minds actually burst forth into riot and rising, when they found that the great masters were determined to have their own way and introduce machinery into their mills. Abe himself was led, some years after, to take part in one of these risings, and narrowly escaped the hands of the law, while several others were lodged for some time in York jail in recognition of the part they had taken in the riots.

Abe's father was a quiet, moral-living man, whose chief aim for many years seemed to be to provide for his own household; but in after times his thoughts were drawn to things higher as well, and he became a God-fearing man; yet during Abe's early life, the most that can be said for his father is that he was an honest, hard-working, and well-disposed man.

His mother was a good Christian woman, and was for a long time a member with the Methodists in Huddersfield, and attended the old chapel which formerly stood on Chapel Hill. There is no doubt that the early teaching of his kind and pious mother had a great deal to do with the formation of Abe's Christian character in after years. Certainly a long time elapsed before there was any sign of spiritual life in her son; indeed, she was called away to her eternal

rest before there was any indication of good in his heart; what matters that? the good seed was there; it would bide its time and then grow all the stronger. Sometimes people conclude that because there is not immediate growth there is no life; this does not follow; the grain may slumber for years, then wake up and grow rapidly. I on one occasion saved some orange pippins, dried and planted them with the hope that they might grow; as time went on, I watered and watched them, but there was no indication of growth; months went by: I lost heart, gave over watering, threw the plant-pot in which they were sown out of doors; a year was gone by and more, when one day my eye fell on this same pot all covered with green growth. "Hey! what's this?" why, positively, they are young orange plants, standing up hardy and healthy, protesting against my want of faith and patience. It is often the same with the growth of other seed in the human breast; when parents have waited long in vain, their faith grows gradually less and less, until it dies out in despair; but the good seed may not die, it is sleeping, it lives its winter life, and then under the tender and genial touch of some spring-like influences it begins to grow. "Be not afraid, only believe," said the Master of the vineyard.

Why the young baby that had come to reside in that little cot should have the honourable name of Abraham may be a subject of question by some. It evidently was not to perpetuate his father's name, though from the beginning of generations this has been a sufficient argument for calling son after father; on that ground John Baptist had a narrow escape from being called Zacharias. That however could not influence the decision in Abraham Lockwood's case, because his father's name was William. Perhaps it was that the child indicated a patriarchal spirit, and conducted himself like a *stranger in a strange land*, in which case there might be a suggestion of that name. Perhaps it was a piece of parental forethought, for knowing well that they could never confer riches upon him, or place him in a position to make them himself, they determined to do that for him, which everyone must say is far better, they would see to it that he had a *good name* among men, and so they called him Abraham. This ancient and venerable name, however, soon underwent a transformation, and appeared in the undignified form of "Abe." The alteration at least exhibited a mark of economy, even if it involved the

sacrifice of good taste; there certainly was a saving of time in saying "Abe" instead of "Abraham," which is very important when things have to be done in a hurry; and then it may be that to some ears it would sound more musical and familiar than the full-length designation. Howbeit, there always seemed a strange contrariness between Abe and his name. When he was a baby they called him by the antiquated name of "Abraham." As he grew older and bigger, they shortened his name to "Abe," and when he was a full-grown man, and father of a family, he was commonly known as "Little Abe." The name and the bearer seemed to have started to run a circle in contrary directions, till they met exactly at the opposite point in old age, when for the first time there was seen the fitness between the man and his name, and he was respectfully called "Abraham Lockwood."

[1] Since the above was written, this little cottage has been removed to afford room for a larger building.