

CHEAP REPOSITORY.

THE
COCK-FIGHTER.
A TRUE HISTORY.



Sold by J. MARSHALL,

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By S. HAZARD,

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A Sunday Reading.—The History of Sorrowful Sam, and a Ballad.

And other Pieces on a similar Plan, on the 1st of every Month.

THE
COCK-FIGHTER.

A TRUE HISTORY.

AS ROBERT HAZLEM, a very sober-minded religious Yorkshire collier, was on his way to Leeds one Sunday morning, he met with a brother collier, who formerly was a companion to him in iniquity, Robert, after enquiring of his health, said, "Where are you going?" He replied, "To buy a cock, we are to have a match to-morrow;" this being a favourite diversion among the colliers. Robert said, "This is a bad errand any day, but much worse on the sabbath; I wish you would go with me to church." But GOD, who had a kindness towards him, secretly inclined his heart to yield to the solicitations of the good man who prevailed upon him to accompany him. The clergyman's text was from Isaiah, "In that day shall the branch of the LORD be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the earth shall be excellent and comely for them that are escaped of Israel."

When the sermon was over, Robert said, "How do you find yourself?" He replied, "I do not know how I find myself, but I feel I am one of the vilest sinners in the world." Robert said, "I generally bring a bit of bread and cheese in my pocket, and if you will stay, you shall have half of it for your dinner;" to which he did not want much pressing. In the afternoon the clergyman addressed himself to the worst of sinners, encouraging them *to repent, and believe in the Saviour of the world, &c.* The poor man wept bitterly, but said, "He had a little gleam of hope, that perhaps God might have mercy upon his soul." His friend, seeing him so deeply impressed, said, "If he had a mind, he would go with him again to a place of worship; he had heard the clergyman spoken of as being a very fine preacher;" accordingly they went. His subject was on the leper's being healed; when he appeared still more affected. Afterwards, they went as far as their road lay together, about a mile, and then they parted.

How this poor man passed the night, we have not been able to learn; but he went to his work the next morning. His com-

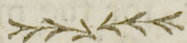
panions

panions accosted him by saying, " Now
 " where is the cock ?" He said, " I
 " fought three such battles yesterday as I
 " never fought in my life : I have bought
 " no cock, nor do I intend ever to fight
 " any again." So some of them said,
 " Here's bonny to do ! what is become of
 " our half guineas ?" He answered, " I
 " will freely forfeit mine ;" and said,
 " Come, lads, let us go down into the
 " pit." One remarked, " *Come lads !* it
 " used to be with a great oath, and now it
 " is only *Come lads !* I'll lay a wager he
 " has been to hear some nonsensical
 " preachments." The pit steward said,
 " I'll give thee a guinea, if thou dost not
 " swear for a month ; but I'll bet a guinea
 " thou wilt swear before the week is out."
 He was so much affected with what they
 said to him, and a view of his own weak-
 ness, that he kneeled down on the pit hill,
 and prayed earnestly, " That he might ra-
 " ther die then, than be left to blaspheme
 " that holy name he had now such a re-
 " verence for, and which he knew, if left
 " to himself, he should blaspheme before
 " night." His request was granted, for
 he died instantly, as soon as he had finished
 his prayer !

Robert

Robert Hazlem got up the Monday following, and appeared as well as usual, but died after an hour's indisposition.

The day before Robert's death, a collier, whose name was Bottomly, went, it is said, to hear a funeral sermon, which much affected his mind, and made him get up the three following mornings, very early, to read his bible, &c. His wife, being surprized at it, said, "What do you get up so soon for?" He replied, "I have a long journey to take, and but little time to do it in;" which really proved true—for the third morning, he, with seventeen other men, went to their work in a foul mine, where they presently perceived the fire damp; fifteen of them were drawn up alive, and this poor man, with the remaining two, were burnt to death. Two of them that were drawn out, died soon after.



The above History was versified in the following manner, by that famous Poet Mr. Cowper.

WHERE Humber pours his rich commercial
 stream, [pheme ;
 There dwelt a wretch who breath'd but to blas-
 In subterraneous caves his life he led,
 Black as the mine in which he wrought for bread :
 When on a day, emerging from the deep,
 A sabbath-day ! (such sabbaths thousands keep)
 The wages of his weekly toil he bore,
 To buy a cock, whose blood might win him more ;
 As if the noblest of the feather'd kind
 Were but for battle and for death design'd ;
 As if the consecrated hours were meant
 For sport to minds on cruelty intent.
 It chanc'd (such chances Providence obey)
 He met a fellow-labourer on the way ;
 Whose heart the same desires had once inflam'd,
 But now the savage temper was reclaim'd.
 Persuasion on his lips had taken place,
 (For all plead well who plead the cause of grace)
 His iron heart with scripture he assail'd,
 Woo'd him to hear a sermon, and prevail'd.
 His faithful bow the mighty preacher drew,
 Swift as the light'ning glimpse his arrows flew.
 He wept, he trembled, cast his eyes around,
 To find a worse than he, but none he found.
 He felt his sins, and wonder'd he should feel !
 Grace made the wound, and only grace could heal.

Now farewell oaths, and blasphemies, and lies,
 He quits the sinner's, for the martyr's prize.
 That holy day was wash'd with many a tear,
 Gilded with hope, yet shaded too by fear.
 The next, his swarthy brethren of the mine
 Learnt from his alter'd speech the change divine,
 Laugh'd where they should have wept, and swore
 the day

Was nigh, when he would swear as fast as they.
 "No!" said the penitent, "such words shall share
 "This breath no more, henceforth employ'd
 "in prayer.
 "Oh! if Thou see'st (thine eye the future sees)
 "That I shall yet again blaspheme like these,
 "Now strike me to the ground on which I kneel,
 "Ere yet this heart relapses into steel,
 "Now take me to that heav'n I once defied,
 "Thy presence, thy embrace!"—he spoke, and
 died.

Short was the race allotted him to run,
 Just enter'd on the list, he gain'd the crown,
 His prayer scarce ended, ere his praise begun. }

The following Account of an affecting mournful Death, is related by DR. YOUNG, Author of the famous Book called NIGHT THOUGHTS, who was present at the melancholy scene.

THE sad evening before the death of that young gentleman whose last hours occasioned these thoughts, I was with him. No one was there but his physician, and an intimate whom he loved, and whom he had ruined. At my coming in, he said, "You and the physician are come *too late*; I have neither life nor hope. You both aim at miracles; you would raise the dead." "Heaven," I said, "was merciful." "Yes, (cried he) or I could not have been thus guilty. What has not God done to save and bless me? I have been too strong for Omnipotence; I have plucked down ruin." I said, "The blessed Redeemer."—"Hold, hold, (said he) you wound me! that is the rock on which I split! I denied his name, I forgot my Redeemer!"

Refusing to hear any thing from me, or to take any thing from the physician, he lay silent, as far as sudden darts of pain would permit

permit, till the clock struck; then with
 vehemence he cried, “ Oh time, time! it
 “ is fit thou shouldest thus strike thy mur-
 “ derer to the heart. How art thou fled
 “ for ever! A month!—Oh! for one single
 “ week! I ask not for years; though an
 “ age were too little for the much I have
 “ to do!”

On my saying, ‘ We could not do too
 ‘ much, that heaven was a blessed place;’
 he exclaimed, “ So much the worse! ’tis
 “ lost, ’tis lost; heaven is lost to me!—
 “ the severest part of hell.” Soon after I
 proposed prayer. “ Pray you that can,”
 said he, “ I never prayed, I cannot pray;
 “ nor need I. Is not heaven on my side
 “ already? It closes with my conscience;
 “ it’s severest strokes but second my own.”
 His friend being much touched, even to
 tears, at this, (who could forbear? I could
 not) with a most affectionate look he said,
 “ Keep those tears for thyself. I have
 “ undone thee! Dost weep for me? That’s
 “ cruel; what can pain me more?”

Here his friend, too much affected,
 would have left him. “ No, stay; thou
 “ still may’st hope—therefore hear me.
 “ How madly have I talked! how madly
 “ hast thou listened and believed! but
 “ look

“ look on my present state as a full answer
 “ to thee and to myself. This body is all
 “ weakness and pain; but my soul (as if
 “ stung up by torment to greater strength
 “ and spirit) is full powerful to reason,
 “ full mighty to suffer. And that which
 “ thus triumphs within the jaws of immor-
 “ tality, is doubtless immortal: yes, I
 “ feel nothing but the Almighty could in-
 “ flict what I feel. Oh! let me speak on—
 “ I have not long to speak. Oh! my much-
 “ injured friend, my soul as my body lies
 “ in ruins, in scattered fragments of bro-
 “ ken thoughts. Remorse for the past
 “ throws my thoughts on the future;
 “ worse dread for the future strikes it
 “ back on the past: I turn and turn, and
 “ can find no way. Didst thou feel half
 “ the mountain that is on me, thou
 “ would’st struggle with the martyr for his
 “ stake, and bless heaven for the flames!
 “ —that is not an everlasting flame!—that
 “ is not an unquenchable fire!”

How were we struck! yet soon after
 still more! With what an eye of distracti-
 on, what a face of despair he cried out,
 “ My wickedness has ruined my friend;
 “ my extravagance has beggared my boy;
 “ my unkindness has murdered my wife;
 “ and

“ and is there another hell ? Oh ! I have
 “ blasphemed ! yet, indulgent LORD GOD,
 “ hell itself is a refuge, if it hide me from
 “ thy frown ! ” Soon after his understand-
 ing failed, his terrified imagination uttered
 horrors not to be repeated or ever forgot-
 ten ; and before the sun arose, this gay
 wicked young gentleman expired.

If this be a man of pleasure, what is a
 man of pain ? How quick, how total is
 their change ! in what a dismal gloom they
 set for ever ! How short, alas ! the day of
 their rejoicing ! For a moment they glit-
 ter, they dazzle : in a moment where are
 they ? Lost in endless misery, and hopeless
 everlasting despair.

F I N I S.