

BRITISH WORKMAN



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THE "BRITISH WORKMAN" has been commenced with an earnest desire to promote the

HEALTH, WEALTH, AND HAPPINESS OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

We solicit the support both of employers and employed, believing that the interests of both are firmly linked together, and that whatever injures one, affects the other.

Instead of making many promises we shall leave these and future pages to speak for themselves.

"OUR OWN COTTAGE."

A BRICKLAYER who said he had "hard work to live," but who found both time and money for the beer-house every night, was induced by his master to deposit a few shillings weekly in the savings' bank. The shillings soon became pounds, and at the end of about ten years the working man's bank book shewed a balance in his favour of £200! "Now Andrew," said the master, "you have made bricks for other folk's houses, make some for your own." A plot of land was soon purchased, and a neat cottage was built.

It was a joyous occasion when Andrew's family took their first meal in "Our Own Cottage." Andrew has now a vote for the county of York! Are there not thousands of the working men of our country, who, like Andrew, might live REST FREE in their own cottages if they would?

THE TWO WEAVERS.

By THE LATE G. MOORIDGE, ESQ.

AWAY with discontent, for it is mean, cowardly, and ungrateful. Wage war against it, for it is an irreconcilable enemy to mankind. Resist it, pursue it, banish it. Away with it from the world!

If men complained only when they had cause, it would not signify, but, alas! it is not so.

While thankless men 'bust all the thousand grins
That riches, power, and honour can bestow,
Ensure one pang of unexpressed pain,
Or see one trilling pleasure unattain'd,
They grudge the wage which God has given,
And for that little fault, or unpossess'd,
Hang down their heads, and scrow and repine."

William Dew was a weaver, and having neither "chick nor child" to provide for, might, had he pos-

essed an atom of thankfulness, have been very comfortable, though his gets were small. William had never been married, and so wonder: for how any woman, young or old, handsome or ugly, with good feeling in her heart, or a grain of prudence in her head, could consent to live with such a whining, pining, discontented fellow, is difficult to imagine. There is a secret worth knowing to all working men, especially if their wages are low; it is this—Cheerfulness and thankfulness turn shillings into half-crowns, while discontent and repining change them into fourpenny-pieces. William Dew could only get work when it was really wanted, for no master would willingly have to do with so disaffected a servant. From morning to night he was pulling a long face, growing at the badness of the times, and grumbling at the lowness of his wages. No wonder that he went by the name of Whining William.



THE LOAF LECTURE. (See 10th page.)

True it is that a hand-loom weaver has to work hard for little money, but neither will he quarrel with making things that he and they are tolerably sure to make them worse. Whining William was as a dark cloud wherever he went, casting a shadow on all around him.

Henry Drake, a neighbour of William Drew's, was a weaver also, and contrived to make both ends meet, and to keep out of debt, though he had a wife and three children. His quiet contentment and cheerful demeanour had become known to his masters and his neighbours. The man had a sunny spirit. The very throwing of his shuttle told you that he was happy at his labour. Wherever he went, he brought a welcome.

It happened at a season when great orders were expected, that William Drew and Henry Drake had more work out than usual from the same master, and this work they had engaged to deliver by a certain day. Unfortunately for that weavers in a little time, would strike for an advance of wages.

No sooner did the report reach William Drew, than he set off to Henry Drake, to talk the matter over with him. "Henry," says he, "the strike that is coming on will be something in our pockets. Masters are not to do their own work in any other thing. Not another hour's work will I do till the strike is settled."

"As to that," replied Henry, "you are hardly do as you like, William, for you have agreed to send in your work next Saturday."

"So I will," said William, "if master will give me the new price, but I am not going to lose a chance, if you are. We must have a word of our master, and now is the time to keep it."

"Honesty is the best policy, all the world over," said Henry. "Let us do as we would be done by. You agreed to send in your work on the old price; keep your word like a man. It will be quite time enough to talk about the rise when it takes place."

"Fine talking," replied William. "But I will be ground down no longer. If master likes to give me the new price, well and good, and if not, he may do the work himself."

Having thus spoken, away from William Drew to know how the strike was getting on, little considering that he was losing out by his idleness what he could get by the new price.

No sooner was William Drew gone, than Henry Drake set to work hard and long, and he was in for the time which he had been lost in talking. Nimbly did he throw the shuttle, saying to himself, "You are standing in your own light, William Drew; you are standing in your own light!"

Saturday night will come, whether men are industrious or idle, and when it did come, William Drew had not a penny left to him, while Henry Drake, having taken in his work, had more than his ordinary wages to receive.

But now a dark cloud came over the hand-loom weavers, for the great orders were expected not having arrived, the intended strike of the workmen was set aside. Instead of the men having the whip-hand of the masters, the masters had the men in their power. Work not being wanted, they only employed such hands as they could depend on.

William would be William Drew, when he saw how matters stood, to finish the work he had in hand; but this master would not allow. As he had not done it when he could, he would not let him do it when he would. The work was taken from him, and given to Henry Drake, with a promise, on the part of the master, that if he was not the fault of Henry had not constant work for the Christmas.

When future came, it was not necessary to take stock, for neither William Drew nor Henry Drake had many shillings before-hand. Their hand-ooms and a little furniture formed the whole of their possessions. Let us see, however, how the year had rolled over them, and how they had run into debt; by the intended strike of the workmen had blithely pursued his calling, singing like a lark, and never letting "the grass grow under his feet." Industry and thankfulness had procured his work, lightened his labour, increased the value of his wages, sweetened his food, led him to his Bible, and thereby brightened his hope of heaven.

White contentment in shades of night
Endures a winter drear,
Contentment, in the sunshine bright,
Remains all the year.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.

THINK not of doing as you like, do as you ought to do.



There are few departed writers of whom it can be more truly said, than that Mr. Mordridge, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." The writings of "Old Humphrey" will interest and bless generations yet to come. We had the privilege of spending an evening with Mr. Mordridge shortly prior to his death. It was a time long to be remembered by us. Mr. Mordridge took a deep interest in the contemplated "British Workman," and at our late interview handed a several pieces of his paper. The "Two Weavers" was one of them. Amongst the last verses ever composed by him were some for the "British Workman."



LAYING A GOOD FOUNDATION;
OR,
ROBERT BLAKE, THE RAILWAY "NAVY."

ROBERT BLAKE was one of the finest fellows that ever handled a shovel or turned a sod. He was one of the best tempered "navies" that ever worked in a gang, and like many of his class had no mean share of tact and good common sense.

Robert was looked up to as a sort of "Captain" on the various "lines" where he worked; and strange as some men may think it, he could secure attention and respect without an single cash. Robert was not a sweating, hardy fellow, but he was a man who worked with Robert, and can testify that it was no uncommon thing to hear conversations something like the following during the "digging," or laying the foundation stone, of some large railway station or other building:—

Robert. "Now, George, my lad, lay it well—we've piled you a capital bed. No thing like good foundation, George, whether for this world or the next."

George. "What, Robert, is it you again, are you going to say a sermon on stones?"
Robert. "Not at all a bad text, George. The most wonderful creature that ever came into the world, said that all men were building, either on rocky or sandy foundation." On one, you can stand the text of a dying hour, but if you have nothing better than a sandy foundation, you betide us. In this kind, and yet faithful way, would Robert Blake seek to turn passing events to good account. The occupation of a "navy" is a very dangerous one, as the numerous accidents and deaths by rail slips, falling of tunnels, &c. painfully testify.

Robert felt that of all men "navies" should

George III. frequently attended the liberal class, "No British subject is by any means excluded from the passage." Consistently with this sentiment, he once checked a man of high rank, who was lamenting that a very good speaker in the Court of Common Law was of a "mean trade." "What signifies a man's trade?" said the old monarch. "A man of any honest trade may make himself respectable if he will." This difference between rising at five and seven o'clock in the morning, for the space of forty years, supposing a man to go to bed at the same hour at night, is nearly equivalent to an addition of ten years to a man's life.

I HAVE provided water for the use of the men in every department of the works. In summer time, the men engaged in the strongest work, such as the digging or the heavy forge work, are very copiously. In general, the men who drink water, are really more active, and do more work, and are more healthy, than the workmen who drink fermented liquors.—W. PATRICKS, Esq., Manchester.

lay a good foundation for the "time to come." It is true that he had formerly been a sweaver, drunkard, and everything that was bad, but he had been by God's grace to repent of all his wrong doings, and for many years prior to his death he was only a good man.

It was well for Robert that he lived ready for death, for it came suddenly. He was at work at Trenton, one day a few years ago, when the workman, under which he was working, gave way, and in a moment he was crushed to death. His funeral was an affecting scene—the coffin was carried to the grave by eight of his fellow-workmen; and forty "navies," dressed in their clean smocks followed in the mournful procession. An impressive funeral-sermon was preached by the Rev. Geo. Curnock. The tears chased down many a sun-burnt cheek, whilst the minister showed that Robert having built upon that good foundation, even on the "Rock Christ Jesus," sudden death to him, would be sudden glory. Not a few hearts fell on this solemn occasion.

"Robert Blake was right—I wish I saw like him—religion is a good thing in the hour of death."

Reader! are you laying a good foundation for the time to come? Life will soon be over!

THE LOAF LECTURE.

"A PAIR DAY'S WAGES FOR A PAIR DAY'S LABOUR" is a very good maxim and a very favorite one with English workmen, and he who has to add anything which ought to be well understood and as popular with every man who has to earn his daily bread by his own sweat and industry, as the "loaf" means idleness. The earnings of a hard-working industrious man ought to enable him to live in comfort and respectability. In most cases they would do so if they were spent to the best advantage; but everything depends upon carrying money to the best market. It is no uncommon thing to see two working men, who have done an equal day's work, and who are in the same factory—One rents a tidy little house, has it neatly and comfortably furnished, enjoys plenty of good wholesome food, and is able to appear with his wife and little ones as respectably dressed as any man need desire. The other can scarcely make both ends meet; occupying a miserable room, a two-pair back; not twenty shillings' worth of furniture in the place; a shabby, dirty-looking fellow, who keeps his wife and little ones in rage, and doesn't perhaps see a decent joint of meat on his table once a month.

Two such men are represented in the picture on the first page, and one of them is trying to explain his neighbour how it is that he manages to make his wages go so far, and provide so many comforts for himself and his family. He is endeavouring to prove to his slothful neighbour that it is for a working man to manage that he can't do without industrious Jirik. "You know, says he, "that I have been a Toteallator for seven years, and I owe to Toteallism the happy contentment I now enjoy. I never work, and I never use to think, as you do, that I couldn't do my work without my usual allowance of beer; I argued that hard work would destroy me, and I really thought that there was more nourishment and strength in good ale than in any thing else I could take—that strong ale made men strong."

"And do you mean to say that there is no nourishment in beer then?" said his neighbour.

"I don't say that there's no nourishment, but I say that there's not so much strength in it as in the very dearest place to buy it is at the publican's. You will, I am sure, agree with me, that whatever you buy of the publican, is a great deal more than comes from the barley of which it is made. If you buy the barley or wheat in the shape of bread, you get the whole nourishment which it contains without any deduction; but what happens when the barley reaches you in the shape of beer? It has first to pass through the hands of the maltster. He takes a bushel of barley, weighing 56 lbs., and converts it into a bushel of malt, weighing only 68 lbs. There has been a loss of 14 lbs. of solid matter, mostly nourishment; but what happens when the malt has been bought, say for 2s. 6d. the new sold as malt, for 7s. It then goes to the brewer, who puts it into his mash-tub, the only being only to obtain the sugar, or great mass of nourishment, which he separates from the grain, containing another large share of the nourishment, for the pigs. In this process full a third is lost to the ale consumer."

"With every loss of nourishment the price increases, for now you have to pay the brewer's profits; AND RYAN and I have to give you a very serious thing when you buy direct from the brewer. The ale goes to the publican, and doesn't always come out of his tap quite as pure as it goes into his cask. A little more of the nourishment is lost, and another heavy price has to be paid. Then, in addition to all this, comes the tax which the Government makes the ale drinker pay, and from which he would have been entirely exempt (thanks to Free Trade) if he had been content with the nourishment in good wholesome grain. Here is a little calculation which shows just what proportion of nutrient the ale drinker gets when he spends his money on beer.

Two shillings' worth of barley weighs . . . 10 lbs.
Being this amount of beer is equal to . . . 10 lbs.
To the government 4
To the retailer 7
To the altering for loss in fermentation . . . 9
To allowing for loss in brewing, given in grain 9
To allowing for loss in fermenting, given in grain 9
To reserving for himself as the Foot's Footnote 10
Total 50 lbs.

You see that the Toteallator is holding a slice of bread upon a knife. He is giving his friend a practical illustration of the difference between keeping to the whole loaf for the use of his own family and dividing it between so many claimants as maltster, brewer, publican, and tax collector. He cuts a large loaf into five different pieces of various sizes, and taking them up one after another, "He says he, "the maltster has lost an eighth part of the whole; then comes a big share for the Government, and then comes the loss to the brewer, who is giving him only a fourth, and a fourth, and three pennyworth to the publican, and a pennyworth more to represent the entire quantity of the barley required to produce the beer. He has been so busy with his making, one pennyworth in brewing, one half-pennyworth in malting, one pennyworth in fermenting, and one shilling's worth of the loaf—just one twenty-fourth part of the whole—for the unfortunate beer drinker, who has to pay for it, and who has to give up good advantage in buying strong ale."

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TEN GOLDEN RULES.

- 1. Never put off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day.
- 2. Never trouble others for what you do not know.
- 3. Never spend your money before you have it.
- 4. Never buy what you do not need, because it is cheap.
- 5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, or cold.
- 6. We never regret of having eaten too little.
- 7. Nothing is troublesome that is done willingly.
- 8. How much pain have those evil cut who wish never to repent.
- 9. Take things always by their smooth hands.
- 10. When you agree upon any business, you speak; if very angry, count a hundred.

THE SAILOR AND THE WIDOW;
OR,
NOTHING LOST BY KINDNESS.

NEARLY half a century ago, when a coach ran daily between Glasgow and Greenock, by Paisley, on a forenoon, when a little past Bishopston, a lady in the coach noticed a boy walking barefooted, seemingly tired, and struggling with tender feet. She desired the coachman to take him up, give him an seat, and she would pay for it. When they arrived at the inn in Greenock, she enquired of the boy what was his object in coming there. He said he wished to be a sailor, and hoped some of the captain would engage him. She gave him half-a-crown, wished him success, and after this she returned to Glasgow in the afternoon, on the same road, when near Bishopston, a sea captain observing an old widow lady on the road, walking very slowly, fatigued and weary. He ordered the coachman to put her in the coach, as there was an empty seat, and he would pay for her. When, directly after, when changing horses at Bishopston, the passengers were sauntering about, the captain and old lady, who remained in the coach. The sea captain then, for his kindly feelings, towards her, as she was now unable to pay for a seat. He said, "he had always sympathy for poor heidraisons, since he himself was in that state when a boy, twenty years ago, and this very place, where a tender-hearted lady ordered the coachman to take him up, paid for his seat."

"Well do I remember that incident," said she. "I am that lady, but my lot in life is changed. I was then independent. Now I am reduced to poverty by the doings of a prodigal son."

"How happy am I," said the captain, "that I have been successful in my enterprises, and am returning home to fire on my fortune; and from this day I shall bind myself and heirs to supply you with twenty-five pounds per annum till your death."

WAS old Zachariah Peck, the great merchant of Liverpool, was once asked by what means he had contrived to realize so large a fortune, his reply was, "Friend, by one article alone, in which thou may'st do too, if thou pleasest—indolence."

A man who gives his children habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune. Walter Dean Smith was arguing one day with great coolness, and a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm and desirous of the company and debts in the dispute. One of the reasons said him, "Here you are, who have temper so well?" "Oh, my dear friend," replied Dean, "I have truth on my side."

Column for Widows.



PURE AIR.

Throw open the window, and fasten it there, Fling the curtain aside, and the blind, And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air; 'Tis the life and the health of mankind. Are you fond of coughs, colds, dyspepsia, and rheum, Of headaches, and fevers, and chills? Of hiccups, hot drops, and medicine fumes, And bleeding, and blisters, and pills. Then be sure when you sleep that all air is shut out; Fling, too, a warm blanket at your foot; Put a handkerchief of flannel your neck quite about; And over your head with a sheet.

But would you avoid all forms of disease, Than haste to the fresh open air, Where your cheek may kindly be fanned by the breeze; 'Twill make you well, happy, and fair.

Then open the window, and fasten it there, Fling the curtain aside, and the blind, And give a free entrance to heaven's pure air; 'Tis the life, and the health of mankind.

"MY WIFE IS THE CAUSE OF IT."

It is now more than forty years ago that Mr. L.— called at the house of Dr. B.—, one very odd morning, on his way to H.—. "Sir," said the doctor, "the weather is very frosty; will you not take something to drink before you start?" In that early day winter spirits were deemed indispensable to warmth in winter. When commencing a journey, and at every stopping-place along the road, the traveller always used intoxicating drinks to make him warm. "No," said Mr. L.— "I never touch any thing of the kind, and I will tell you the reason— My wife is the cause of it. I had been in the habit of meeting some of our neighbours every evening, for the purpose of playing cards. We assembled at each other's shop, and liquors were introduced, which, by creating another link between us, unburden my bosom of its present trouble.

"I returned in such a plight about four o'clock in the morning. She met me at the door with her usual confidence, and said, 'Come in, husband; I have just bought a good fire for you, because I knew you would be cold. Take off your boots and warm your feet, and here is a cup of hot coffee.'

"But, Doctor, that was too much. I could not endure it any longer, and I resolved from that moment, that I would never touch another drop while I lived; and I never will begin to take any more. He never did. He lived and died practicing total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

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THE STRANGE PREACHER.

"This message which the minister of the gospel brings is indeed a strange message, and while those who do not receive it cannot understand. The following incident extracted from the 'Life and Times of the Countess of Huntington,' beautifully illustrates that gospel to which so many are indifferent, and others despise, but "which is worthy of all acceptance."

Some ladies called one Saturday morning to pay a visit to Lady Huntington, and during the visit one of the ladies inquired of them if they had ever heard Mr. Whitefield preach! Upon being answered in the negative, she said, "I wish you would hear him; he is to preach here to-morrow evening."

"They promised her Ladyship they would certainly attend—they were as good as their word—and upon calling on the Monday morning on Lady Huntington, she anxiously enquired if they had heard Mr. Whitefield on the previous evening, and how they liked him? The reply was, "My Lady, of all the preachers we ever heard he is the most strange and unaccountable. Among other preposterous things (would your Ladyship believe it?) he declared that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receive a man, or a devil, or a cat! Now, my Lady, I do not ever hear of such a thing since you were born!" To which her Ladyship made the following reply: "There is something, I acknowledge, a little singular in the invitation, and I do not recollect to have ever met with it before; but as Mr. Whitefield is in the parish, and he will have him up, and let him answer for himself."

"Upon his entering the drawing-room, Lady Huntington said, "Mr. Whitefield, these ladies have been preferring a very heavy charge against me, and I thought it best that you should come up, and defend yourself; they say, that in your sermon last evening, speaking of the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive sinners, you expressed yourself in the following terms—"So ready is Christ to receive sinners, that he will receive a man, or a devil, or a cat." Now, my Lady, I think it will be well for you, if he is willing to receive the devil's castaways."

Mr. Whitefield immediately replied, "Certainly, my Lady, must plead guilty to the charge; whether I did what was right or otherwise, your Ladyship shall judge from the following circumstance. Did your Ladyship notice, about half an hour ago a very modest singe rap at the door? It was given by a poor, old, shivering, aged female, who requested to speak with me. I desired her to be shown into the parlour, when she accosted me in the following manner—"I believe, Sir, it was you that preached last evening?" "Yes, I did." "Ah, Sir, I was accidentally passing the door, and hearing the voice of some one preaching, I did what I have never been in the habit of doing—went in; and one of the first things I heard you say, was that Jesus Christ was so willing to receive sinners, that he did not object to receiving the devil's castaways. Now, Sir, I have been his slave for many years, and am so worn out in his service, that I think I may with truth be called one of the devil's castaways. Do you think, Sir, that Jesus Christ would receive me?" (I said Mr. Whitefield assured her there was not a doubt of it; she was never but willing to go to Him.)

From the sequel, it appeared that this was the case, and that it ended in the sound conversion of this poor creature; and Lady Huntington was assured, from most respectable authority, that the woman left off all her evil habits, that, though her sins had been of a crimson hue, the atoning blood had washed them white as snow.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A MAN of kindness to his best friend, But brutal actions show a brutal mind; Remember! He who made thee, made the brute; Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute. He can't be cruel to a lowly, lowly-being eye. Beholds thy cruelty. He hears his cry. He was designed thy servant, not thy drug; And know—that his Creator is thy Judge!

"Thou shalt plead for the dumb."

ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

I. A good character is valuable to every one, but especially to servants. For it is their honour, and without it they cannot be admitted into any respectable family, and happy is that best of characters in every one's own interests.

II. Emage yourself exactly, but being long in the service, always work, but, quitting a good place, take care to get a new one, and always employ of too late.

III. Never undertake any piece of work unless you are qualified to do it; in what you do not understand, advise yourself, and what is still worse, deceive those whom you serve.

IV. Preserve your fidelity; for a faithful servant is a jewel, for whom no encouragement can be too great.

V. Adhere to the truth; for falsehood is detestable, and that with one lie, he will tempt twenty more to commit it.

VI. Be strictly honest; for it is a shame to be thought unworthy of trust.

VII. Be moderate in your behaviour; for it becomes your station, and is pleasing to your masters.

VIII. Avoid poor answers; for they are always contemptible, and impertinence is provoking.

IX. Be clean in your clothes; for it is a disgrace to have disagreeable appearances.

X. Be neat in the attire of the family you belong to, for that is a mark of respect, and it is a duty; but keep their secrets, and have none of your own.

XI. Be free from any false flattery, for the contrary does more harm than good.

XII. Above all things, avoid drunkenness; for it is an abominable sin, and the destruction of your constitution.

XIII. Be temperate in your diet; moderate passions, to great advantage, and temperance is necessary.

XIV. Save your money, for that will be a blessing to you in old age, and will be a security to your posterity.

XV. Be careful of your master's property; for wastefulness is a sin.

XVI. Never swear; for that is a filthy habit, and a mark of a vulgar mind.

XVII. Be very ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good nature is the best of all qualities.

XVIII. Be very ready to assist a fellow-servant; for good nature is the best of all qualities.

All this long line of glorious deeds could be accomplished in twelve weeks—

Eighty-four Days.

were the working classes of the United Kingdom, for that time to refrain from intoxicating drink! What other union would be so freighted with comfort to innumerable

homes, overflowing with benefits to all! From an excellent pamphlet, entitled "Good Times," published by Greenidge, 3d. One of the best three-pennyworths of a work a working man can purchase.—(Ed. B. W.)

A good old workman was once in company with a fellow-workman who occasionally introduced into conversation the words, "devil, devils, &c., and who at last took the name of God in vain. "Stop, Sir," said the old man, "I said nothing while you only used freedom with the name of your master, but I insist upon it that you use no freedom with the name of mine."

THE BAG OF GOLD; OR, THE NOBLE-HEARTED NAVVY.

One of my own people, who worked on one of the lines of railway with which I was connected about twelve years since, so much interested himself, and was so bad an example to all his fellow-workmen, that although he was most useful to me, I felt bound to write and say, that unless there was a change in his conduct I could not continue him in my service. It so happened, while at work in the south of England, upon one occasion a tract was placed in his hands. He read it; deep conviction of his own sinfulness followed; he was in

such a state of mind for some time that it was apprehended that he would be obliged to become an inmate of a lunatic asylum, and his sense of remorse was so dreadful, that he could not sustain his own feelings and burden. At length the ministry of the good man who gave him this tract (for he was the minister of a small Congregational church in the south of England) was blessed to him, and he found peace. He was afterwards removed to the north of England on other works. He then felt it his duty to make known this salvation, which had been so blessed to him, and he accordingly followed a letter from this minister, telling me how his was his astonishment to find, when this man had left him, that a small bag, tied up, was laid upon the table, containing fifty pounds.

The workman afterwards said, "I should never have been able to save this, if it had not been for your giving me that tract, and for its after consequences; and I feel that for the least I could do for the great blessing God has vouchsafed to me, was to give you of my personal substance, to show my gratitude to Him and my love for you."—SIN MORSON Puro, Bath.

A PROPOSED STRIKE; HOW TO KEEP THE MILLS GOING.

It would be a noble union if all who work straits—but against the drum shop and the beer house;—if they would make their weekly payments—one of them to the savings' bank or building society; and if they would hereafter devote their wages to the comfort and welfare of their own families! This is the good trade's union, into which the people of England should enter, to a filled with goods until nearly a thousand waggon loads of man. A union in which the glittering piles of gold and silver paid in wages weekly in the United Kingdom would, like the "sweet dew from heaven," confer a blessing on all around.

About one million are hoisted on all around. About one million are hoisted on all around. About one million are hoisted on all around.

Manchester.

For cotton, calicoes, &c. What excitement there is on the exchange, giving and receiving orders! How nervously work the mills and manufactories! How the warehouses would be filled with goods until nearly a thousand waggon loads of man. A union in which the glittering piles of gold and silver paid in wages weekly in the United Kingdom would, like the "sweet dew from heaven," confer a blessing on all around.

Bradford.

For children's dresses. What amazement at the letters containing the orders were read! Bright and beautiful the styles, and so beautiful the quantities, that such an arrival of money would produce! The third week sent the £1,100,000 to buy woolsens. Its coloured cloth-hall would be cleared, and its village clothiers have a market year to tell their children of a hundred days to which "they may use the linen again!" Send the fourth £1,100,000 to Leeds.

Leeds.

Its coloured cloth-hall would be cleared, and its village clothiers have a market year to tell their children of a hundred days to which "they may use the linen again!" Send the fourth £1,100,000 to Paisley.

Paisley.

For shawls for mothers and daughters. No minister's song tells of such an amount of treasure being conveyed off the banks. Fifty would the shawls fly, and long would they be good times in Paisley! The fifth £1,100,000 might be sent to Nottingham.

Nottingham.

For hosiery. Its artisans would require months, and months to complete so magnificent an order! The sixth week's might be sent to Northampton.

Northampton.

For shoes. Leather would be scarce, and every maker would have to stick woad to his last, for so long to come! The seventh to Sheffield.

Sheffield.

For cutlery. Ancient as is the Cutler's company, its annals mention no period so prosperous as Sheffield would be! The eighth to Staffordshire.

Staffordshire.

For china and crockery. The potteries would be supplied both night and day before one half the sets were ready! The ninth might be sent to Barnsley and Belfast.

Barnsley and Belfast.

might divide the money, and months would go before one half were paid in wages! The tenth to Dewsbury.

Dewsbury.

for blankets. New mills would have to be erected, and the population all busily engaged, before the bales were ready! The eleventh might be sent to London.

London.

for books. But the books could not be bought until the paper had been made, and such a quantity more than enough to hand as were present in the mills! And the twelfth, to halve all the rest, might be expended in the purchase of copies of the

Word of God.

The money spent in intoxicating drink in one week, would supply a mill, not only to every

same, but to every man and woman in the empire!

PAY NIGHT;

or,

"HOW MUCH IN THE BANK?"

We rejoice to find that employers are everywhere becoming alive to the importance of seeking to promote the health, morals, and domestic comforts of the hands in their employ.

The numerous Libraries, Reading Rooms, and Schools which are now to be found in connection with factories in all parts of our country, are pleasing signs of the times.

Some of the large London firms have within the last few years adopted a miniature Savings' Bank, on the following simple plan, which has already produced the most gratifying results.

When the wages are paid on the Friday night, each man is at liberty to leave on deposit a portion of his wages, which being recorded by the Pay-clerk, the sum is placed to the workman's credit in the "Savings' Bank Ledger." Each Depositor has a Bank-book. The accounts are balanced half-yearly, and interest added to the deposits.

A few years ago, one of the principals of a London factory took a special interest in inquiring how many of the men had anything put by "against a rainy day," but he could not find that one man out of fifty was a Savings' Bank depositor. "It is too far to go to the bank," said one. "If you go you have to wait so long," said another; "I have nothing to spare," said a third.

"Let us have a bank of our own on the premises," responded the gentleman.

The simple plan to which we have referred was then adopted. Many of the hands who at one time thought they could never save even a shilling, can now, in reply to the occasional inquiry of the principal, "How much have you in the bank," cheerfully respond, "Above £10, sir."

A working man with £10 or £20 on the right side of his Bank-book will not be fast, as to how he is to get a Sunday suit for himself, a good gown for his wife, and warm clothing for his children.

Let employers and employed seek to promote each other's comfort and prosperity, and the "good time coming," of which so many have sung, will ere long dawn on our land.

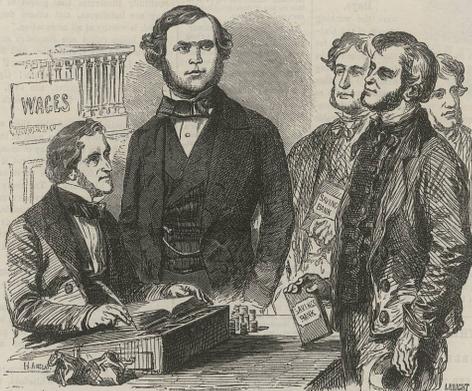
Let us, who are working men, and who profess to know something of our rights in, and duties on, the Sabbath, inform the parsons of our day, that our condition is not to be improved by any innovation of its sacred injunctions.—D. Farquhar.

He that overcomes his passions, conquers his greatest enemy. SUNDAY is not a day to fast our bodies, but to feed our souls. NEVER check the impulse of conscience nor sitle its voice.

Should the labourer be disposed to invest his Sabbath to acquire a surplus income, it would not be long ere his Sabbath would be forgotten, and he required to toil seven days for six days pay.—John Drowning, Shoemaker, London.

LORD PALMERSTON'S ADVICE TO WORKING MEN.

"No home can be happy if the husband be not a kind and affectionate husband, and a good father to his children. Bearing this in mind, he must avoid two great rocks on which too many men in the humbler ranks make shipwreck,—the tobacco-shop and the beer-shop. The tobacco-shop ruins his health and leads to all kinds of disease. If he were a man living on a desert island, and isolated from society, this might be a matter of comparatively little importance, and he might ruin his constitution just as he pleased; but the labouring classes must remember that their health and strength are the support of their families, and if they ruin the one and recklessly waste the other, they not only injure themselves, but do irreparable damage to those who are depending upon them. So much for the use of tobacco, which many to their detriment indulge in. But the beer-shop and public-house go further, because the habits there contracted, not only lead to the degradation of the individual and the impoverishment of his family, but they lead to offences and crimes which tend to place the man in the condition of a felon and a convict. No man who indulges in drink can fail to feel degraded when he recovers from his intoxication, and that sense of degradation leads him again to drown his care in renewed intoxication, and from step to step falls into the lowest condition that human nature can be degraded to."—(From a speech delivered at Romsey, October 31st, 1854.)



PAY NIGHT.

THREEPENCE per day paid by a man aged twenty-one years, will secure to him above £40 a year, payable on his attaining the age of sixty, for the remainder of his life.

There are several good Insurance Companies which receive weekly and monthly payments.

A PENNY saved is a penny gained.

Go to the ant—consider her ways and be wise.

NATURE did in sunset is more agreeable than affection in embryo.

In many parts of the country, the mills are now closed at noon on Saturday, thus giving to both employers and employed the boon of a weekly half-holiday. This excellent arrangement has been found to work well. The payment of wages on Friday is also gaining ground.

BANK FOR SAILORS.

SINCE the establishment of the Sailors' Home in Well Street, London Docks, in 1835, no less a sum than £324,409 has been deposited in the hands of the respected superintendent, by the Jack Tars who have taken refuge in that valuable institution. Of this sum £237,048 has again been withdrawn by the men; £77,728 has been remitted to "Jack's" relatives and poor friends, and £29,633 invested in Savings' Banks.

It is good to know much, but better to make good use of what we know.



ON STRIKE.

KEEP ON THE RIGHT SIDE.

A WREKHER, who was much addicted to intemperance, had a favourite goat, which on one occasion followed him to the public-house. He succeeded, after much coaxing, in getting the goat to swallow some liquor. In a short time the poor creature was completely intoxicated, and tumbling over and over, played such curious antics, that the toppers set up roars of laughter, and begged that the billy-goat might be brought to the next night for more "fun."

When the next evening came, the goat was called by his thoughtless master to accompany him to his nightly resort. Billy walked very quietly until they arrived at the door of the public-house, when he stood still, and neither

kind words nor blows could induce him to move a step further.

The landlord brought out some cake, and tried to entice the goat to follow him; but no, he was not to be caught in the publican's trap a second time. Billy of course could not speak, but his conduct seemed to say, "I'll keep on the right side of the public-house and that is the outside." It proved one of the best Temperance lectures ever given in the village. The master was so impressed, that he

It is estimated that the Preston EMPLOYERS lost through the strike of 1853,—first, in profits, which would otherwise have been realized; secondly, by non-receipts of interest on capital; thirdly, by expenses incurred in keeping their machinery in order, and by other unremunerative outlays, between £160,000 and £170,000. The OPERATIVES have lost in wages (18,000 "hands" averaging 16s each weekly, for thirty-six weeks) more than £230,000. It is true that, while not receiving wages, they were receiving an allowance, which would lessen their losses; but this allowance was contributed by other "operatives," &c., out of their wages. So that the operative loss may stand at the above figure, and indeed, be increased by about £15,000, thrown away on the "management" of the funds. It is difficult to calculate the loss to the shopkeepers, &c., of the town, by the withdrawal of a weekly £50,000 in circulation among them of from £20,000 to £10,000, in wages alone; but from authentic data there is no doubt that their actual loss by the strike has exceeded £200,000. To these losses must be added those sustained by parties whose business depends more or less on transactions with the employers, which cannot be put down at less than £12,000 or £15,000; so that the total money-loss can scarcely have been less than

£550,000!!!



IN WORK.

was never known to enter the public-house again!

WORKING MEN! forget not the poor goat; but, like it, keep on the right side of the public-house; that is, the OUTSIDE.

RECEIVE blessings with thankfulness, and afflictions with resignation.

THE best practical moral rule is never to do what we should at any time be ashamed of.

VALUE a good conscience more than praise.

THE bodily rest of the Sabbath is one of the greatest of earthly blessings—a mighty sea-wall built up against the flood of our degradation—the watch-tower of our earthly hopes—the fountain of our strength and health.—J. C. Ollerman, Working Men's.

GATHERING of riches is a pleasant torment.

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