

BRITISH WORKMAN



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THE CANKER, DISCONTENT.

By the late G. MORRIDGE, Esq.

WHEN one is altogether free from the canker of discontent, two, at the very least, are afflicted with it. The mouth betrays the disease, but its seat is the centre of the heart.

"I wish I was a butcher's boy," said a fish-
boy, who, with a well supplied basket, was carry-
ing on a profitable trade, crying out at the top
of his voice, "Live mackerel! live mackerel!"

"It's fine to be a butcher's boy, to have as
much as he can eat and drink, and a horse to
ride on. Here am I tramping about in all
weathers, hardly getting salt to my porridge.
If I clear a trifle by selling a few fish, by the
time I've filled my belly, and paid for my night's
lodging, it's ten to one if I've enough to buy any
more, and then I'm obliged to sell for somebody
else: I wish I was a butcher's boy."

Perhaps you do, for you were once a butcher's
boy; you lost your place through misconduct, and
are not at all likely to get another. It will
be better to make the best of your present calling
than to render it worse by giving way to dis-
content.

On went the seller of "live mackerel" one way,
and away went the butcher's boy the other, mak-
ing, nobody knew how, his pony go like a wild
thing, scattering the gravel right and left, and
striking fire with his iron hoof against the pebble
stones. Not long was the butcher-boy before he
came to his place of destination. Having deliv-
ered his meat to the cook at the great gate of
the corner house of the square, he was just about
to mount his go-ahead pony, when, the hall-
door being open, he saw two tall footmen in livery
sitting on a bench doing nothing.



"I should like to try that game myself!" said
he, in an under tone. "No bad thing to be
dressed up in a drab coat and white cotton stock-
ings, cracking jokes, and doing nothing from
morning to-night. I wonder what those fellows
would think of my life. Up at three of a morn-
ing in the slaughter, then preparing the shop,

The Labourer
is worthy of his
Reward.
1 Timothy v. 18.

hanging up meat, and riding about like mad till
dinner-time; and clipping the block when there's
nothing else to do; and then called all manner of
ugly names, and sometimes kicked into the bar-
gain. I wish I was a footman!"
Wishing is but a bad trade, my boy. At one
time you might have been almost what you liked,



SWALLOWING A YARD OF LAND.

Jack. "Dick, let's have a pint of beer," said a railway navvie to his mate.
Dick. Nay, Jack, I can't afford to drink a square yard of good land, worth
£60 10s. an acre.
Jack. What's that you're saying, Dick?
Dick. Why, every time you spend threepence in beer, you spend what would
buy a square yard of land. Look here:—
[Dick takes a piece of chalk out of his pocket and begins
to make figures on his spade.

There are 4840 square yards in an acre; threepence is one-fourth of a shilling; divide 4840 yards by 4, that gives 1210 shillings; now divide that by 20, (there being twenty shillings to a £1), and there you have £60 10s., which is the cost of an acre of good land, at threepence a square yard!

for you had a kind father and mother, who
humoured you in everything, but how did you
return their kindness? Well! They have both
been taken from the world, and you can plague
their hearts no longer. Leave footmen to them-
selves, and do your duty to your master, hard as
he is, for you may be much worse off than you
are now.

"I tell you what, Joseph," said one of the tall
footmen to the other, as the butcher's apprentice
rode away: "I don't think of stopping here much
longer; for what with low wages, sitting up late
at night, and dawdling through the day on a
bench, dressed up in clothes that belong to my
master and not to me, I'm sick of it. I had
rather be like the butcher's lad that has just
trodden from the door, than lead the life of a foot-
man. Look at the butler, how he takes on, and
orders folks about, and the money he gets!
Nary a man would make a better butler than
he is, fall as he is of himself!"

"That's true, John," replied the other foot-
man: "I only wish you and I were butlers;
but that's a move that will not be made in a
hurry. I'm thinking, if my master don't mind
what he is about I shall cut before long. In any
other line we might get on, but a footman can
do nothing!"

O, ye'st footman, if he be sober, honest, and
industrious, may do a great deal for himself and
those he serves; but you, John and Joseph, are
not remarkable for any of these qualities. You
threaten to leave your present situation, well
knowing that at this very time you are in no
small danger of dismissal. Act better and your
prospects will be brighter.

"Were I the master of this establishment and
not what I am," said the butler, as he entered his
private room, "how differently things would be



managed. If the squire would be advised by me, instead of carrying him to high as does this, it would be all the better for him. I have no notion that because a man has money he is to keep those at a distance that have more wit in their heads than he ever had, or will have in his. If I were a squire, I would not be so proud proud to be so.

And so, Mr. Butler, like most of the rest of the world, you are discontented with your station, and fancy that you could act better in the situation of your master than you are. I have no notion you cannot bear the squire to be so high and mighty with you, how comes it that you lord it with so high a hand over your fellow-servants? This is with a witness complaining to me, and pointing to another's eye, instead of pulling the beam out of your own eye.

"I shall never be satisfied till I get into parliament," said Squire Gordon to himself, as he laid down the newspaper he had been reading; "who knows anything or cares anything about my opinion on politics? If I were in parliament it would be otherwise. Here has Sir Mark, who has no wit to spare, and still less money, been making a speech on the currency question which will get him into general notice. He will be talked for months to come, while I, who could buy him up ten times over, have not a word of it. I shall never be satisfied till I get into parliament."

No; nor then neither, Squire Gordon. A man who is not thankful, possessing what he has, would not be contented if he possessed the whole world, and had his own way in everything. "Better is a hand full of quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit." Eccles. ix. 6.

"A fine thing to be a member, indeed!" said Sir Mark, as he sat down to breakfast at ten o'clock, in his slippers and morning gown; "why, a slave at the galley has an easier life than I have. Here am I damned for money, persecuted for subscriptions, applied to for help on all occasions, and called upon to give a place for everybody when I can't get one for myself. I have not a o'clock this morning when I left the house, and my head has been full of the debate all night. By the time my coffee has been swallowed, and the newspaper before me glanced over, I must be off to a committee. Look at that pile of reports, and that table covered over with letters, notes, invitations, notices, and papers of all kinds! It is impossible for me to look over one myself, and at a fine thing, indeed, to be a member of parliament!"

Why, Sir Mark, would you think so little of being a member of parliament, after having taken so much trouble to become one? It is not with the pale-faced lad and the fish-boy, the butcher's apprentice and the footman, the butler and the squire, so it is with you; instead of heartily thanking God for what you have, you are greedily desiring what you have not. Oh, for less discontent and more thankfulness!

Thus goes on the world, each discontented with his own station, and envying the condition of those above him, foolishly envying the belief that in any other position than that occupied by him, he should be more useful than he is, and more happy. When will men become biddable readers, and learn the truth that "God is with contentment is great gain?" Tim. vi. 6. When will their conversation be without covetousness? And when will we all, from the seat of the greatest to the lowest, be all in thankfulness, and joy, that "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." 1 Tim. ii. 2. Blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works?" Tit. ii. 11-14.

COLMERS was a weaver; Franklin was a printer; Arkwright was a barber; and Ben Jonson was a bricklayer. Let every body remember that. Yes; and certainly one of the greatest writers of the present day spent his youth as a bricklayer's labourer, and might fairly rank A. 1, and add D.D. to his name. Go a little further. Cary was not a shoemaker, but a "mender and repairer." Then there was John Williams, whose life the present Archbishop of Canterbury said he would call the twenty-ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles; he was an artisan in a lock-yard. I was going to say that all the great men in the history of the world were labouring men. What was the apostle Paul? A tentmaker, a preacher, and a fisherman. And what was the Master of them all? In the sixth chapter of Mark, the Redeemer of the world is actually spoken of as being a carpenter. Many not working men be proud, and feel the dignity of their position, if their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ was actually spoken of as a carpenter.—*Speech by Rev. W. Doxey.*

FIRE! FIRE! OR A COSTLY PIPE.

SOME months ago I was looking over a large and interesting manufactory, the proprietors of which had credit for being very kind and liberal to their numerous hands, when I observed a large card on the walls, with these words:

CAUTION.

ANY WORKMAN SMOKING OF FIRE'S PIPE, WILL BE INSTANTLY DISMISSED.

Rather sorry to the poor men, thought I, must diminish for a single puff!

Within a few days I took up "The Times" and there read an account of the burning down of Messrs. Harper's printing establishment, of New York, one of the largest publishing concerns in the world.

A plumber, who was doing some repairs in the bookbinding room was left there during the dinner hour. Like too many working men, he carried a short pipe in his pocket, and being unwilling to light up his accoutred smoke after his meal, he fought a match. Having applied the match to the tobacco, he threw the still burning match

ADVICE TO SERVANTS.

(Continued from page 5.)

Position yourself in quiet and elevated notions of the divine character and administration, and of the end and utility of your own immortal nature. Having this firm ground, in my mind, as I could, the several obligations you lie under to those who serve and to your squire, I shall only add; that whoever pays a regard to the above precepts, will be happy in themselves, and sure of the assistance of those they serve. An old tried servant, is looked upon as a relation, instead of with very little respect, and perhaps a more heavy welcome; and, farther, will never want friends.

In the year 1881 upwards of eight million pounds were spent by the people of this kingdom in tobacco, a tolerable number of them to "and in smoke." If the need had been worked into pipe, rather more than half an inch thick, it would have formed a line 60 1/2 miles long—long enough to go nearly five times round the world we live in!

I can get no other work. The Drover whose place I now fill was a sad drunkard; his master could trust him no longer; his sheep, through his neglect, were often injured and run over. Poor sheep suffer dreadfully—their travel long distances, become tired, fall lame, bleed meeting with ill-treatment and accidents. To urge them on in their suffering state is a great trial to the temper, and very painful to a man of feeling. It grieves one to see such patients, drunken creatures, ill-used by swearing, passionate drovers, who not only deal out heavy blows with their sticks, but set on their dogs, who shockingly harass and torment them. I cannot hurt them myself; this pole that I use answers every purpose, and I can manage very well without a dog. Sincerely I commended his merciful conduct; but have I, silently offered thanksgiving and praise, that one, even one, of the thoughtless Drover of Drovers, exercised tenderness and compassion towards the defenceless grazing creature. The circumstances affected me. I desired the Drover to call at my house on his return; he did so, and at my request told me his brief history: I was induced by letter to make inquiries concerning him; to which his minister replied, informing me that the Drover and his wife were members of the church under his pastoral care, filling up that

TRY AGAIN.

KING Bruce of Scotland flung himself down in a rage, and said to himself; 'Tis true he was a murderer, and were a crown, But his heart was beginning to sink.

For he had been trying to do a great deed, To make his people glad, He had tried and tried, and could not succeed, And he would be quite as dead.

He flung himself down in low despair, As grieved as man could be; And after a while, as he pondered there, "Oh, my God!" he said.

Now, just as the moment a spider dropp'd, With its silken cobweb o'er, And the King in the midst of his thinking stop'd! To see what the spider would do.

'Twas a long way up to the ceiling dome, And it hung by a rope so fine, That how it would get to its cobweb home King Bruce could not divine.

It soon began to cling and crawl, Straight up with strong endeavor, But down it fell, and fell, and fell, As near to the ground as we could.

Up, up it ran, not a second it stayed To utter the least complaint, Till it fell still lower and there it laid, A little drier and faint.

He lead grew stiffer—again it went, And it travelled a half-yard higher; 'Twas a delicate thread it had to tread, And a real world was its foot wide tire.

Again it fell and swung below, But again it quickly mounted, Till up it went, now that, now slow, Nine bare inches were counted.

'Sure,' cried the King, 'that foolish thing Will strive no more to climb, When it'll so hard to reach and cling, And tumbles every time.'

But up the least went once more, Ah, me! 'tis an anxious minute, He's only a foot from his cobweb door, Oh, stay, will he lose or win it!

Steadily, steadily, inch by inch, His thread grew higher he got, And a little rattle ran at the very last pinch Put him into his native spot.

'Bravo, bravo!' the King cried out, 'All honour to those who try, The spider up those odds did drag, He conquer'd and why should I fail?'

And Bruce of Scotland traced his mind; And gossips told the tale, That he tried once more as he tried before, And that he did not fail.

Pay good heed, all ye who read, And beware of saying, now that, now slow, 'Tis a cowardly word, and apt to lead To Lollards, Poley, and Want.

Whenever you find your heart despair Of doing some goodly thing, Con over this strain, try bravely again, And remember the Spider and King. ELIZA OOOO.

CLOSING OF PUBLIC HOUSES ON THE SABBATH. OPINIONS OF PUBLICANS.

The following declaration has been signed by forty-seven licensed victuallers and retail brewers residing in the parish of St. James, West Bromwich:—
"We, the undersigned, do hereby declare and make known our determination not to open our houses on the Sabbath, on and after the 15th day of October, 1854, for the sale of beer, spirituous liquors, or any other kind of drink.

"We have come to this determination—
"1st. Because the obligation is imperative, and the command of God absolute, 'To keep holy the Sabbath day.'
"2nd. Because we have a great need of the Sabbath's rest in our class of society.

"3rd. Because we wish our families and servants to be with ourselves, at liberty to attend our respective places of public worship.

"4th. Because we believe that it will be promoting the general good of the community, that *Lawetioner* will taken out of the way of the Sabbath-breaker; that the public mind will be improved; and that we will be acting a good example to others who are now actually engaged with ourselves on the Sabbath-day.

"5th. Because we rely upon the support and co-operation of our customers and customers in carrying out our intention; that they will buy no extra, on the Saturday, and that our other satisfied folk, and the 'inhabitants' they may be necessary for their requirements on the Sunday, and we would recommend that they do this in bottles, which will cost less and keep six months, than their ale or beer from getting any more for keeping.

"As witness our hands, EDWARD HARRISON, &c. (Here follow the signatures of forty-six others)

into what he thought was a pot of water. Alas, it was *compline*.

As quick as lightning, the room was in flames. The man had hard work to escape with his life. The hands being away at dinner, it was some minutes before help could be had. The alarm was sounded, the engines came rattling down the street, but it was too late. The place being filled with paper and other combustible materials, the flames sprang from room to room, and from floor to floor, and from building to building, until five immense blocks were completely burned down, causing a loss of about £200,000, and throwing upwards of two thousand kinds out of work!

I have ever since felt that the threatening of 'instant damnation' instead of being tyrannical, is an act of kindness and of duty to the working classes.—*A Traveller.*

THE KIND DROVER.

A GENTLEMAN writes,—In a daily walk, pursuing my invariable custom of giving tracts, with a word of admonition, I met some country drovers and cattle on their way to London. As usual, I individually addressed them, and was pleased with the respectful manner in which they listened and received my tracts. To one flock of sheep my attention was particularly attracted; and as I usually approached me, I noticed their Drover deliberately waving to and fro a long stick, with a handkerchief attached to the end, which had the desired effect of urging them on towards London. As usual, I individually addressed them, and was pleased with the respectful manner in which they listened and received my tracts. To one flock of sheep my attention was particularly attracted; and as I usually approached me, I noticed their Drover deliberately waving to and fro a long stick, with a handkerchief attached to the end, which had the desired effect of urging them on towards London. As usual, I individually addressed them, and was pleased with the respectful manner in which they listened and received my tracts. To one flock of sheep my attention was particularly attracted; and as I usually approached me, I noticed their Drover deliberately waving to and fro a long stick, with a handkerchief attached to the end, which had the desired effect of urging them on towards London.

ABOUT three years ago, a neighbouring town in this was consuming two half-ounces of tobacco daily, and sometimes more, paying 1/4 for the half-ounce. On going into the shop of Mr. T. P. Drover and grocer, as was his usual practice, and hearing that the price of tobacco had been raised to the half-ounce, he held down his pipe and tobacco-bag on the counter, requesting Mr. T. P. to hold a glass of them until he could get home. From that day forward he deposited a surpluss piece (being the sum that it usually cost him for tobacco) daily in a box, and on opening it last Saturday he had the gratification of beholding upwards of £20 accumulated in 424 pieces. He then very judiciously counted out £215 worth and placed them in a box, leaving the rest as next opportunity to give for the poor.—*Greenwich Journal.*

THE Manchester Guardian notices in very commendatory terms, a code of rules of a sick society connected with the well known iron works of the *Albion Foundry, near Leeds*. It is an indispensable stipulation of the masters that the whole of the men and boys employed shall become members and be entitled to assistance as soon, not only so long as their names are inserted in the weekly payroll of the establishment. Thus no preliminary period of membership is necessary to a participation in the benefits, which are, half the regular wages paid weekly, in sickness, for twenty-five weeks, if necessary, and half that allowance for another twenty-five weeks, and at death a sum equal to four weeks' wages. The rule specifying the means of meeting these heavy responsibilities is, that all the hands receiving weekly wages shall work ten minutes per day over and above regular time, such ten minutes (making one hour per week for each person), not being allowed in the weekly wages, but placed to the credit of an account to be opened with the sick society. All fines and forfeits to be paid over to the same account.

When a deaf ear to the beakdrier. If this recovers his words, they by back and word, the reporter. If this does recover, they they flyward and wound the receiver.

THE highest Jews and the bitterest Jews how from parents' hearts.



We paid in Great Britain £26,000,000 annually on strong drink, but only £500,000 on literature.

J. M. CHASE.

THE BROKEN ROPE.

On the evening of the 18th of December last, a melancholy accident occurred at the Northside Colliery, Bedminster.

A number of the hands had assembled for the purpose of going to their work in the pit.

Four of the men named Frederick Pike, Charles Rowland, John Woodbridge, and Simon Darbin, got into the "Baskets," and were being lowered down, when, sad to relate, owing to some unobserved defect, the rope broke, and the poor fellows were precipitated to the bottom of the shaft.

Assistance was rendered as quickly as possible by some of the other hands descending the pit, but their four unfortunate comrades had breathed their last. Their mangled and lifeless bodies were all that remained.

How constant are the dangers to which our colliers are exposed, how needful that they should so live as to be always prepared for death.

We rejoice to know that in some mines in our land, it is not uncommon for a number of the hands to hold devotional meetings during a portion of their dinner-hour.



We were much pleased on taking up the "North British Advertiser," a few weeks ago, to observe the following advertisement.

"Dr. G. Wilson has kindly consented to lecture on the FRY and K&R as instruments of knowledge, with illustrations and diagrams, this evening (Saturday), in Infirmary Street Church. Admission One Penny."

The example of our Scotch friends in providing interesting and instructive Saturday night lectures, is worthy of extended adoption. The experiment of having musical entertainment and instructive Saturday night lectures, is worthy of extended adoption. The experiment of having musical entertainment and instructive Saturday night lectures, is worthy of extended adoption.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are obliged to our numerous friends for their valuable hints, suggestions, and promises of help. One of the most effective means of helping us is, to get the book-sellers to place copies in their windows.

Fool's Pence.

I remember reading a tract; it described a carpenter coming home from his work, with his tools on his shoulder, and he went into a public-house to drink. He had three pennies in his hand already, but the landlady was talking to her neighbour, and was not ready to serve him. The door was open, and she heard a piano begin with—it will probably take that bunch away. "If you don't, you'll probably have another grow on me!"

But I said just now, that this loss of means is but a small item in the matter. Let us look at the effect produced upon the man. I am not assuming that every individual present is a drunkard, or is liable to become a drunkard—even those of you who are in the habit of drinking; but let us look for one moment at the influence of intoxicating liquor upon the man, and then as men we shall hate it.

American and English Slavery.

You laugh at us in America for singing, "Hail, Columbia, happy land; Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band, Who fought and died in freedom's cause," and so on; because you say, how can it be a free and happy land with three millions of slaves in hopeless chattel-bondage? We bow down our heads and mourn over that; but we say to you, You sing,

"Rule Britannia; Britannia rules the waves; Britannia never, never can be slaves!" [To be continued in No. 1.]

J. B. GOUGH'S ADDRESS
TO THE WORKING CLASSES.

DELIVERED IN EXETER HALL.

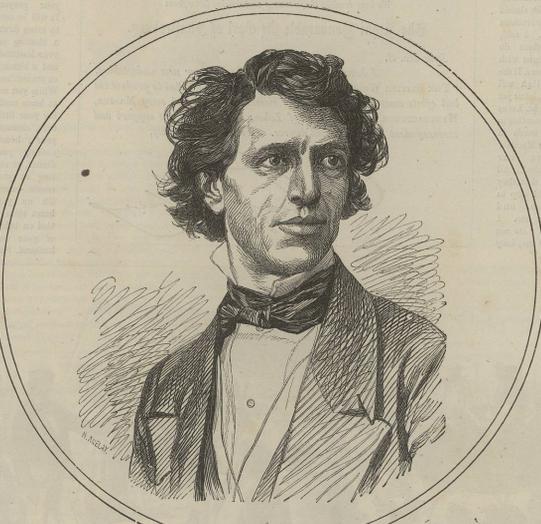
It gives me peculiar pleasure to have the privilege of addressing an audience such as I see before me. Your President said that he would introduce Mr. McCurrey, a WORKING MAN; and I felt as if, in introducing me to the audience, he certainly might introduce to you a working man also. My sympathies are with the working men; I consider it a high honour to be a working man.

I come before you to speak upon a subject that has been discussed over and over again, and I hardly suppose that any person can bring new matter before a London audience on the subject of temperance; but I have only come to give you, as my brother McCurrey has, the result of experience and observation. I often find it a difficult matter to get into the subject, because the points that strike over the mine and upon which we base our arguments, are conceded to us at once by the whole people. Every individual here agrees with me that drunkenness is an evil—there is no need of argument on that point. We maintain that it is not only perfectly right and proper, but that it is every man's bounden duty, to do all he can to remove an evil—and you all know that; we maintain that the evil of drunkenness is produced solely and entirely by the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage; and we also maintain that if the principles of total abstinence were universally adopted and carried out, the tide of drunkenness would be rolled back from this land for ever, and all agree with us on these points, working men or not.

Now, allow me, if you please, just simply to appeal, as far as I may be able, to the common sense and sound judgment of those who are in this assembly. Our warfare is against the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage. We consider that intoxicating liquor is the great enemy of the working man of this country. Look at the cost of it, and that is but a small item. I do not believe that it is true, as has been said of the working men in England, "a poor man once a poor man always." I do not believe there need

For we must all appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ. 1 Corinthians v. 10.

the dram-shop. The landlady supposed he had come for his drink, and began to feel by anticipation the poor man's coppers rattling in his pocket. "What will you have to drink?" he asked. "Nothing at all; I don't want anything." "Well, but your year is up!" "I know that; but I have got a terrible bunch on my side." "Ah! I thought you would have something; knocking off drink as quick went do, you had better have a little drop to begin with—it will probably take that bunch away. If you don't, you'll probably have another grow on



John B. Gough

be as much poverty and misery and squalid pauperism as there is. I believe the working men in this city of London spend more money for beer and spirit than they are at all aware of, unless they count the cost month by month, and week by week.

A Terrible Bunch.

You have all heard the story, probably, of a man who signed the pledge for a year, and at the expiration of the year went into

the other side. "Oh! you think so, do you? Well, here is the bunch," (pulling out a bag containing £20.) "you say, if I drink something it will take it away, and if I don't I shall have another come just like it? Nah!" Look, then, at the cost of the thing. There is many a man hardly able to juggle two halfpence together after Wednesday night, that might, at the close of a year, have a bunch in his pocket or by his side that would give to his family a great many comforts and privileges they are now deprived of.

