

# BRITISH WORKMAN



AND FRIEND OF THE  
SONS OF TOIL

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY S. W. PARTRIDGE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "BRITISH WORKMAN," No. 9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON. (PRICE ONE PENNY.)

**JOHN JASPER  
AS HE WAS, AND AS HE IS.**

BY THE REV. ALBIE WALLACE.

**I**T was on a dark, rainy, cold evening, towards the close of the autumn of 18—, that I passed, for the first time, through the village of Lowmoor, in the neighbourhood of Bradford, Yorkshire. Long before I approached the confines of this smoky region, I was very much struck with the appearance of the clouds

that seemed a perpetually heaving mass of flame, as if all the furnaces in England had been planted in this part of the country. As the omnibus on which I was seated from a neighbouring railway station passed through the village, seen doubtless to greatest advantage at night, the blanching flames from the numerous chimneys that stood all around, formed the grandest

**Display of real fireworks**

I had ever seen. Then came the all-important questions

which I could not help revolving in my own mind, as the omnibus proceeded at a rapid rate towards Bradford: How many men must be employed in these works? What is their social condition? Can total abstinence be introduced into such a fiery atmosphere as this? Is not this a place where it would be impossible to adopt such a principle? Can men engaged at such an occupation ever be led to cultivate refinement of thought, or a taste for reading? Such questions as these, and many others of a similar nature, were passing in quick succession through

my mind, when the omnibus entered at a rattling pace,

**The smoky town of Bradford;**

and I had already resolved, before I dismounted, that I would pay an early visit to this modern Pandemonium of Yorkshire, and satisfy myself as to some of these inquiries.

True to my resolve, an early day found me in the midst of the furnaces, and forges, and sheds of Lowmoor, where there is certainly work performed of which Old

Tubal Cain, or even Vulcan himself, or the ancient Cyclops had never dreamed. I was







