

BRITISH WORKMAN



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CELEBRATED BRICKLAYERS.

BEN JOHNSON, one of the most distinguished dramatic poets of England, was originally a bricklayer. His father (who descended from a Scottish family) dying before Ben was born, and his mother marrying a bricklayer for her second husband, Ben was taken from school to work at his father-in-law's trade. Not liking this employment, he went into the low countries, and enlisted as a soldier. After this he turned actor, and Shakespeare is said to have first introduced him to the notice of the world. His "Alchemist" gained him such reputation that, in 1619, he was made post laureate to King James 1st, and master of arts to the University of Oxford. As a dramatist, he is regarded by many as second to Shakespeare, the many intellectual excellences for which this celebrated man was distinguished, his wit, observation, judgment, memory, and learning, gained his unbounded applause. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and on his tomb is the inscription.—"O, rare Ben Jonson!"

THOMAS CROKER, of Gloucester, who, like good Bishop Hooper, suffered martyrdom for his testimony to the truth, was a poor working bricklayer.

HARRY LEE, of London, who built the Dover, Rye, or Harbour, the New River Company's Works, &c., and who now ranks as one of the largest contractors in Europe, was originally a journeyman bricklayer.

SAMUEL GREENE, one of the largest builders, not only in London, but in the world, is the son of a working bricklayer.

JAS. MCCURRY, a well known London Builder, the owner of valuable property in Plymouth, and an active and highly esteemed member of the London Temperance League, was only a few years ago a poor friendless, and almost penniless bricklayer. The history of this prosperous builder affords one of the most striking illustrations of what a man, by true sobriety and industry, may, under the divine blessing accomplish. We trust that Mr. McCurry may be induced to comply with our request, and favour our readers with his Autobiography. A narrative of deeper interest, not only to bricklayers, but to working-men generally, was perhaps never issued to the world. Its publication would, we doubt not, prove a blessing to many who are now "friendless and forlorn."

"He who hath builded the house hath more honour than the house. For every house is builded by some man; but he that buildt all things is God." Hebrews iii. 3-4.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. v. 1.

"He (Jacob) looked for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."—Heb. xi. 10.

A CELEBRATED "PADDY."

Bricklayer. Paddy, I say, did you ever know such a thing as a bricklayer's Paddy rising to eminence?

Paddy. Sure an' I do, and isn't it meself that's doin' that all the day long! And it's me that would be likin to know where a journeyman bricklayer ever rose so high on the ladder of *learning* as Doothery John Kitto, the great Bible scholar; and wasn't he once a brother Paddy? Sure enough an' he was! an' I'm afther thinkin that when your great Ben Jonson has long been forgotten, the good works of Dr. Kitto will live, and show what a Paddy can do.

MORAL MUSIC, OR THE SOUNDS OF LABOUR.

By THE LATE G. MORRISON, Esq.*

WHILE music of different kinds, from the simplest to the most complicated sounds,—from the soothing murmur of the Cello to the sublime diapason of the pealing organ,—is spreading its influence around, sometimes moral, sometimes immoral, there is a music of another kind, and this we would call *moral music*.

This music requires no orchestra of performers, nor gathered throng of enthusiastic listeners, for its display; and is in itself so simple and unobtrusive as almost to escape the notice of mankind in general.

It spreads a grateful influence round,
And plays its gentle part;
See honest industry to work,
And wakes the sluggish heart.

By this moral music we mean, no more no less than those sounds that of necessity accompany honest labour in its varied pursuit.

Let us, for example, illustrate this by the ringing of the

Bricklayer's Trowel.

Who has not awoke early on a summer's morning, and heard while lying in bed this pleasant music. Some buildings near are being erected, and the bricklayers are early at their work; the ear is suggestive to the imagination, and thus a busy scene is presented to the eye; we see a building before us, with its tall scaffold poles and the scaffolding; masons are making their mortar; and

Irish labourers

with their hods are ascending and descending ladders that bend beneath their weight; some workmen are using their plummet, while one high above the rest is shortening a brick with his trowel; loud and shrill is the ring that echoes from the building. The whole scene thus presented to the ear and the eye is full of life, animation and cheerfulness; it speaks of busy labour, and honest industry. Oh, there is much morality in the ring of the

Bricklayer's Trowel!

Again, walk abroad on a Spring morning, approaching Summer-time, and among other sounds that may reach the ear, listen to the whistling of the mower's scythe. What could be more unwelcome than the harsh discord of a rugged stone being rubbed against the rough edge of a crooked scythe? And yet the shrill sound, softened by the distance, becomes absolutely musical; and why? in a great measure because it is a necessary accompanying symbol of honest industry. It speaks of something being done and something to be done, and we think well of the distant labourer, and wish him God speed. Yes; there is morality in the music of the

Mower's Scythe!

* Now better known as "Old Emphany."



COLUMNS FOR WIVES AND MOTHERS.

SCOLDING.

A GREAT deal of injury is done to children by their parents' scolding... Many children are scolded or quite nursed by it, and often driven to waste, to become wanderers and vagabonds by their scolding.

NURSING MOTHERS.

"I HAVE seen with the deepest concern, several instances of women, otherwise amiable, who have fallen victims to the slow consuming poison of intoxicating liquors, secretly conveyed by nurses or servants, into the beds of bed-chambers of the patient, under the pretence of their being cordials."

THE LADIES.—The number of articles in the human frame amounts to less than six hundred million, according to the calculations of a French philosopher, who has estimated the diameter of each of these may be reckoned as the length of an inch, while, according to the more recent measures of Professor Weber, the diameter vary between the 70th and the 200th of an inch.

FOR WORKING MEN'S DAUGHTERS.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

POOR Margaret Tryp! who would have thought when she was playing about her father's garden, a merry, ray-cheeked innocent child, that she would live to be a sorrow and a disgrace, and end her days in a prison house. And yet she was no hardened offender. The steps by which she came to her present state were very gradual.

she invited her new friend to take a cup of tea; taking care to let her in at the back door; in consequence of which Bridget Crady, said, "the lodgers might be spies, and tell her parents."

A VERY clever physician asserts that the words, looks, and actions which are seen and heard in the first two or three years of their lives do actually form the grand essential outlines of their future characters, and their conduct in life.

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MARGARET had an essay, plain talent—lured to please and to be praised; and as long as she was with good people who led her right, she never went outwardly. She never remembered a bout God's eye being on her at all times. He was not in all her thoughts.

"Alas, only on Sunday evening to Church did she ever go out." Her scruples were soon quieted, and she agreed to meet Mrs. Crady the next Sunday night in the City Road, only she was to be there at five o'clock.

LOSSES BY RELIGION.

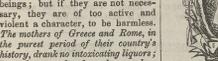
AN aged couple, in the vicinity of London, who the early part of their lives but poor, but by the blessing of God upon their industry enjoyed a comfortable independence in their old age.

THE LADIES.—A young lady writes that in proportion as the deaths of adults have increased, with the increased consumption of Intoxicating Liquors, and the number of years, have also increased; and that in the same proportion as the deaths of adults have increased, with the decreased consumption of Intoxicating Liquors, the deaths of infants have, in like manner, decreased.

A young servant left in charge of a house needs to be very prudent. The first thing she should do is to see that the house is in a state of repair, and that the furniture is in good order.

So she was the beginning of evil to Margaret. The first came very early. Her father, who was always good, died at an early age, and she was left with a large family to support.

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THE MOTHER OF SAMSON was commanded by the Angel of the Lord to abstain from wine and strong drink, and the Roman women were forbidden by law to taste these liquors.

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CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS, OR THE RUINED POSTMAN.

In the village of — there lived a steady industrious labouring man and his wife, whose cottage was noted for its clean and tidy appearance.

Before the postman had got half through his rounds, he was so tipsy that he fell into a ditch, and was carried home in a sial plight.

All went on well until Christmas Day, when on going his rounds, a lady handed him a shilling and a glass of rum, as his Christmas box.

He never looked up afterwards; he was so ashamed of his conduct that he took to constant drinking to drown his sorrow. Poor fellow, his heart-broken wife and child have often had to go out late at night to search for him, and on more than one occasion have found him laid by the road-side, so drunk as to be quite unable to move, and there is reason to fear that Robert went down to a drunkard's grave.

At many other houses, particularly the farm-houses, glasses were handed to Robert, and he was urged to drink them off.

Thousands of families are every year plunged into distress through our Christmas Drinking Customs. Reader! it will do you good to abstain from Drinking Customs.

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In affliction we obtain cheer from the insufficiency of all the earthly things. A dark shade is thrown over the sunning beams of hope, and we learn to estimate about all treasures as bubbles in the Christian's cup.

who, pale as death had been only a few minutes before found her in the parlor, and was treated as another lie. She named Bridget Crady, and a neighbour bore testimony to the same old woman enter the house; this only made matters worse, for this woman

