

# BRITISH WORKMAN



No. 22.]

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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CELEBRATED SONS OF FARMERS,

**ROBERT BURNS**, the chosen bard of Scotland, was born in a small rural cottage in the neighbourhood of the town of Ayr, and rose from his native obscurity through many difficulties. At the time of his birth, his father was employed as gardener and overseer by a neighbouring gentleman, besides having a small farm of his own, and two or three cows; he was, however, unfortunately, and the family were reduced to severe privations. Previously to this, his father had secured for Robert such an education as his means would afford, and had encouraged mental cultivation by conversing with him and supplying books, but it was in the green lanes, and when wandering alone on the banks of the Ayr, and when following the plough that Robert struck his sweet lyre to the harmonies of Nature, and awake vibrations which reached the ears of the noble and the learned, and were his introduction to the refined society of the metropolis of Scotland. Here, alas! he was drawn into a course of dissipation which he never broke off, and he died in 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

**The Rev. JOHN FOSTER**, the gifted author of the well-known "Essays," was the son of a small farmer near to Hebben Bridge. John was very studious and would retire into a barn to read, and then return to his work with fresh vigour. Composition was always a tedious process to him, but the works he has left are of standard value. The Essay on "Decision of Character" has probably benefited more individuals than any other work of its kind; many a wavering soul has caught its spirit, and has trampled doubt and difficulties under foot. He died in the year 1843.

**COUNT RUFORD**, whose original name was Benjamin Thompson, was born in 1752, of humble parents, who were engaged in agriculture. Animated by self-reliance, he studied amidst great difficulties, and became a schoolmaster in one, and then another, of the towns in the United States of America. He married at an early age a lady of large property, and at the commencement of the American Revolution, gave his mind to military studies, and entered into the contest. We afterwards find him a man of influence in the political and scientific circles of the metropolises

of England, where he was knighted; and then a political economist and philanthropist in the kingdom of Bavaria, by the elector of which he was created a count, and appointed ambassador to England. He was one of the leading men in founding the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and died in 1814, at the age of 62.

**THE REV. ROBERT NEWTON, D.D.**, one of the most popular, laborious, and successful ministers that this country has ever known, was the son of a farmer at Roxby, near Whitby, in Yorkshire. He died in 1834, and was interred in the churchyard of Easingwold, in his native county.

## THE ENNEALOGUE;\*

Prospective Dialogue between Thomas Smith, son of William Smith, and James Martin, grandson of Elizabeth Martin, on a Monday afternoon.

BY MRS. LUCY CAMERON.

**James.** "I am glad I have found you at last, for I wanted to ask you a question. I looked for you last night all over the books in the garden,

and the concert room, and in the theatre, but I could not see you anywhere."

**Thomas.** "Very likely not; do you not know that I have given up all these things on the Lord's Day."

**James.** "Lord's Day! I know you used to work for one of those old-fashioned Sabbatarians, but I thought that you had left him some time ago, and were going on as all the world goes on."

**Thomas.** "Not all the world even now James; but it is true I did leave my old master for a season, and I have bitterly repented of my sin in this matter; I am ashamed to say that I was enticed away with fair promises of high wages, and that I should never have to work on Sundays beyond the half day—but Englishmen do fair promises of high wages, and that I should never have to work on Sundays beyond the half day—but Englishmen do."

**James.** "How do you know that?"

**Thomas.** "I have heard your old grandmother say, when I was a little boy, that when she travelled abroad with some great family, an Englishman's word was believed wherever he went, but that is not the case now."

**James.** "Why, what did your master do to you?"

**Thomas.** When I got into my old grandmother's say, when I was a little boy, that when she travelled abroad with some great family, an Englishman's word was believed wherever he went, but that is not the case now."

**James.** "Yes, such as it was, but I had no rest to my body in the day, but that time rarely came."

**Thomas.** "But you got your Sunday holiday most commonly."

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**James.** "But you got your Sunday holiday most commonly."

\*Those who have not read "The Sunday Ennealogue" by Mrs. Cameron (Dialogue between Elizabeth Martin, Sarah Smith, and William Smith) should do so before reading the following conversation about the Ennealogue. See Nos. 15 & 16, pages 10 & 11.

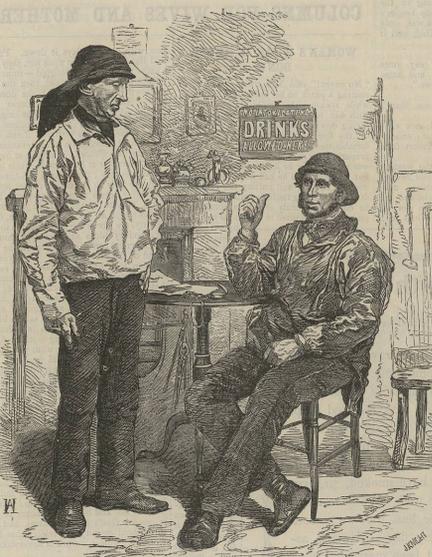


"I wonder what she would have thought of the people I was with when working in France."

A poor man who had heard the preaching of the gospel, and to whom it had been greatly blessed, was the subject of much profane jesting and ridicule among his fellow workmen and neighbours. On being asked if these daily persecutions did not sometimes make him ready to give up his profession of attachment to divine truth, he replied, "No; I recollect that our good minister once said in his sermon, that if we were so foolish as to let such people laugh us out of our religion, till at last we dropped into hell, they could not laugh us out again." *The fear of man bringeth a snare; but who putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.* Prov. xxix. 25.







"HE WANTED SOME DRINK AS USUAL, BUT I POINTED HIM TO MY CARD."

**VISIT TO THE HAGGERSTONE COAL-HEAVERS.**

(Continuation of JAMES SKINNER'S Testimony.) See August No., p. 85.  
By God's help I kept firm; my health and strength began to mend, and my appetite for good food increased, just as my risk for drink lessened, but it was no slight struggle, I assure you.

One thing that tried me very hard was my relations, coming to see me and wanting me to send for drink for them. But I said, "No, what's so bad for me, I'll not give to you." But some of them would have it, and to vex me, actually fetched drink from the public-house, and began to drink in my room. I said to myself, "This won't do!" but, how to manage rightly I did not know, particularly with my brother-in-law, Jack Hinton, for he could talk as fast and faster and better than me. After thinking a good deal about it, I went to a painter, and got him to do me a card, with "No intoxicating liquors allowed here," painted on it. I fastened the card over my chimney-piece, and the next time that Jack came, he wanted some drink as usual, but I pointed him to my card. He jerked and laughed at me, but it was all to no use. I stuck to my resolution, and I've lived to see the day when Jack Hinton thanks me for doing so. If I were to tell you what my family has endured through drink, and what temperance and industry has done for us, it would make tears come into your eyes. For my part, I thank God for his mercy to me in the past, and desire to trust Him for the future.

JOHN HENTON, of 45, Dove Row, Hackney Fields, states—

It is five years ago, the 28th of last June, since I signed. Blessed be God that I ever did so. I called Jem Skinner a shabby fellow when he would let me have drink in his house; but although I ridiculed him, I was forced to respect him in my heart for his consistency. The card over his chimney-piece made me think. I couldn't drink so comfortably after I had seen it. It was a silent lecturer, and at last I told Skinner that I would join the good cause.

On the first Saturday night after I had done so, I found that instead of giving fourteen or fifteen shillings out of my week's wages to the publicans as usual, I had it myself, went home, my wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and we went off to market together. I long cried, since we had done that! Everything has gone on since that day, and since I gave up drinking, and I

recommend my fellow workers to follow my example. Some people say that they cannot work without drink; but I have done without it as a coal-heaver for five years, and I am stronger and better now than I was when I took my beer. I am not so much fatigued now when my day's work is done, as I used to be then.

JAMES MADDOCKS, of 9, Clarence Terrace, Haggerstone, states—

"I have been upwards of seventeen years in the Temperance Society, and although I have had to work hard, I have never had the least cause to regret the step I took. I have found it to be a good thing. I had not been a drunkard previously; I was hardly ever drunk in my life. I began when twenty-five years of age. I think I've never better than cure. The result of my sobriety is, I have not been out of a situation for

by my children, a good father, by my wife, a good husband, and by my landlord, a good tenant."

(We have much pleasure in adding that the East of Sharnbury, on hearing of the temperance labours of the Haggerstone Coal Heavers, kindly presented to James Skinner, Jack Hinton, James Maddocks, and Wm. Pinn, copies of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.)

**JOHN POUNDS, THE COBBLER.**

HERE is a cobbler seated at his work, with a company of little boys and girls around him. "Who is he, and what is he doing for them?" The old man is John Pounds. He lived in Portsmouth some years ago, and these are poor little ragged children, whom he found in the streets running about outcast and forsaken. He is teaching them to

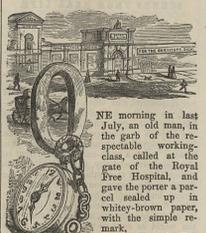
read, that they may learn about Jesus. This is the first Ragged School that was ever established in England, and it was formed by a British Workman. What an example for British Workmen! That man will not be less diligent in his own business who has a hand to help and a heart to feel for the wants and sorrows of others.

John Pounds was a clever man besides, and like Paul, if he could not win a poor boy any other way, he won him by guile. Many a time he was seen chasing a ragged boy along the quays, and inducing him to come to school, not by the power of a policeman's staff, but by the power of a potato. He knew the love of the Irish for this vegetable, and many a ragged urchin did he gain to his humble school by holding under the boy's nose a hot potato.

Dr. GERRARD, in one of his speeches, said, "John Pounds, a cobbler in Portsmouth, taking pity on the multitude of poor ragged children left by the rich to go to ruin in the streets, like a good shepherd, he gathered in these wretched outcasts. While earning his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, he rescued from misery and saved to society not less than five hundred of these children."

One man had that the honour and the happiness of saving five hundred children.

**THE OLD MAN'S WATCH.**



NE morning in last July an old man in the garb of the respectable workman, called at the gate of the Royal Free Hospital, and gave the porter a parcel sealed up in whitey-brown paper, with the simple remark,

"That's for the Hospital. I got nothing else to give."

Declining further conversation, name or address, the unknown donor went on his way to work, and none of us will probably ever be acquainted with who or what that

one man, who was a poor man and a working man too. Was not John Pounds a happy man, and would not you be happy men too, if you follow his example? Try it.

"He that winneth souls is wise." C. H.



JOHN POUNDS, THE PHILANTHROPIC COBBLER, AND FOUNDER OF RAGGED SCHOOLS.

Rec. J. B. Ocen, M.A.  
In our next number we shall record some noble contributions by working men to the Hospital at Poplar, near London.