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[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

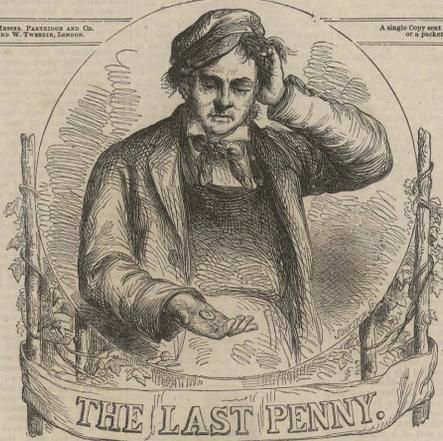
THE LAST PENNY.



THOMAS CLAIRE, a son of St. Crispin, was a clever sort of a man; though not very well off in the world. He was industrious, but, as his abilities were small, his reward was proportioned thereto. His skill went but little beyond half-soles, heel-taps, and patches. Those who, willing to encourage Thomas, ventured to order from him a new pair of boots or shoes, never repeated the order. That would have been carrying their good wishes for his prosperity rather too far.

As intimated, the income of Thomas Claire was not large. Industrious though he was, the amount earned proved so small that his frugal wife always found it insufficient for an adequate supply of the wants of the family, which consisted of her husband, herself, and three children. It cannot be denied, however, that if Thomas had cared less about his pipe and mug of ale, the supply of bread would have been more liberal. But he had to work hard, and must have some little self-indulgence. At least, so he very unwisely argued. This self-indulgence cost from two to three shillings every week, a sum that would have purchased many comforts for the needy family.

The oldest of Claire's children, a girl ten years of age, had been sickly from her birth. She was a gentle, loving child, the favourite of all in the house, and more especially of her father. Little Lizzy would



come up into the garret where Claire worked, and sit with him sometimes for hours, talking in a strain that caused him to wonder, and sometimes when she did not feel as well as usual, lying upon the floor and fixing upon him her large bright eyes for almost as long a period. Lizzy never was so contented as when she was with her father; and he never worked so cheerfully as when she was near him.

Gradually, as month after month went by, Lizzy wasted away. Her cheeks became paler and paler, her eyes larger and brighter, and such a weakness fell upon her slender limbs that they could with difficulty sustain her weight. She was no longer able to clamber up the steep stairs into the garret or loft, where her father worked; yet she was there as often as before. Claire had made for her a little bed, raised a short space from the floor, and here she lay, talking to him or looking at him, as of old. He rarely went up or down the garret-stairs without having Lizzy in his arms. Usually her head was lying upon his shoulder.

And thus the time went on, Claire, for all the love he felt for his sick child—for all the regard he entertained for his family—including his beer and tobacco as usual, and thus consuming, weekly, a portion of their little income that would have brought to his children many a comfort. No one but himself had any luxuries. Not even for Lizzy's weak appetite were dainties procured. It was as much as the



THOMAS CLAIRE'S SICKLY DAUGHTER GETS THE ORANGE PURCHASED FOR HER WITH THE "LAST PENNY."

WORSHIP OF IMITATION.

There are few ways in which the *British Workman* can be made more extensively known, than by presenting copies of the volumes to the Directors of Railway Companies for the Railway waiting rooms. We are glad to state that Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., has presented 119 of the volumes, bound in cloth, for the various stations on the London Brighton and South Coast Railway. Such presentations will bring the *British Workman* under the notice of tens of thousands of persons during the time they are waiting for the trains, and we trust that good will result therefrom.

* A complete edition, bound in cloth, may be had, price 2s.

WORKING MEN'S LIBRARIES.

An important Society has been formed in London which deserves the active support of persons of wealth and influence, and of all the friends of the Sons of Toil. We allude to the "SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF PURE LITERATURE AMONG THE PEOPLES," of which the Earl of Shaftesbury (justly styled "the Working Man's Friend"), is the President.

We have much pleasure in calling attention to the Catalogue of Books for WORKING MEN'S LIBRARIES, just issued by this Society. Through the liberality of a member of the Committee, numerous grants of Books are made at half-price.

Further particulars, together with a copy of the Catalogue, List of Pictures and Diagrams for Lectures, &c., may be had by enclosing a postage stamp to Mr. Richard Turner, the Assistant Secretary of the Society, 9, John Street, Adelphi, Strand, London.

L.L.D.

"I know what that means," I hear a schoolboy say, "it means *Doctor of Letters*," and perhaps he adds misusingly, "I hope it will some day be attached to my name." How fine it would sound! "Richard Williams L.L.D." Well, I won't soil my hands at a dirty trade, like Philip Smith, who is learning to be a blacksmith; but I'll stick to my books, go to college, study law, and then I shall have a chance for a great name in the world.

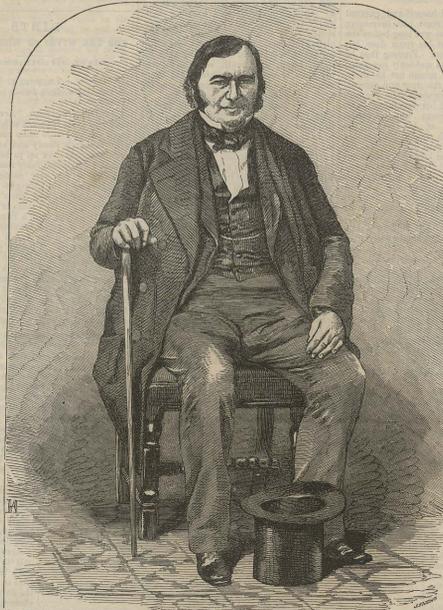
All that may be, Master Richard, though I warn you to look out for Philip Smith, that he does not become an educated, honest man before you, with all your high notions and hope of college training. His love of reading, and fondness for listening to the conversation of sensible men speak well for him, even though his hands and face are soiled with his trade. I read of an L.L.D. the other day, very unlike the kind you hope to become.

He never went to college, and worked hard most of his life, at the trade of leather-dressing; so that he was called L.L.D., or "the *Leather Dresser*." He scorned not to soil his hands at what you call "a dirty trade," and worked so well as it, that the leather he dressed was the best that could be obtained. Yet with all this, he became a truly educated, refined man. He found time at night to read and improve his mind, and when he died left a library to the Historical Society of Massachusetts worth ten thousand pounds. What was better than, if he did not buy his books for display, or to pretend to a literary taste, but read them himself, and as his native language was the only one he understood, selected principally English books. Yet to compensate for his lack of college training, he owned and read translations of all the Greek and Latin authors.

He died, leaving behind him the name of an honorable, refined, and truly educated man, and yet worked most of his life at a trade. So you see, Richard, the boys who are forced to learn trades have a chance to make as great attainments as those to which you aspire. You must study hard, and improve your advantages well, or some of them will outstrip you.

The sons of working men like Philip Smith, may receive great encouragement by the life of the "*Learned Leather Dresser*," and those who say they have no time for books, and no need of knowledge, as they are expecting to become mechanics, should blush as they read of his wonderful acquirements and faithful labours. I hope that if any who read this paper, sigh over their short-cut school-days and hard work, and envy their companions who have more liberal advantages, they will remember that there is more than one kind of L.L.D.

M. E. W.



PUNCTUALITY AND TEMPERANCE.

A LESSON FROM THE LIFE OF THE LATE J. BROTHERTON, ESQ., M.P.

NO MAN, whether rich or poor, can make, or retain, a good and useful position in life without the two valuable habits of punctuality and temperance. The first of these compels careful employment of time, and the second, careful employment of money. Health and wealth, under God's blessing, may be gained by these two principles being combined. The late M.P. for Salford, (whose name is given above), though born among those manufacturing classes whose wealth has so largely increased during the present century, was one of the most temperate and punctual of men.

On vegetable diet, adopted in early manhood, his health became perfect. A constant serenity of temper,

and even flow of spirits, made him, to use a common phrase, always in "good working trim." As a man of business he was prompt and ready. A time for everything, and everything in its time, was his plan. He had not only a strong brain, but a warm kind heart, and his benevolence will be gratefully remembered with gratitude in the populous town he so long represented in Parliament.

When Mr. Brotherton relinquished commercial pursuits, and commenced serving his country in the Senate, he was no longer a young man; but his sound health, vigorous mind, and regular business habits, made him one of the most valuable men in "the House." His punctuality was proverbial; whoever

was absent he was always in his place; on this account he was selected to be on all the Committees that had to transact the private business of the nation. Such as passing railway and canal bills, and all those matters that have to do with the social progress of the people. It was not only that Mr. Brotherton's judgment was sound, that he was thus occupied, but he was always to be relied on, true to his minute, ready as the day.

A punctual man is almost always a good tempered man. He is never irritated and fretted by being "just too late," a "little behind time." His occupations as they are taken in regular order, all progress regularly and calmly, without hurry and without anger. Thus as Mr. Brotherton advanced to great old age, his urbanity won him the respect of all and the warm affection of many. Those who differed from him in opinion always paid the tribute of sincere esteem to the aged water-drinker, who walked down to the House so regularly, sat so closely on Committees, did so much real hard work and yet always looked so bright, and had manners so urbane.

This truly good man was permitted to work to the last, and to die apparently without pain. Seated in an omnibus (for he did not scorn the conveyance of the people), a little languor crept over his kindly face, his head drooped, and on his friends hastily offering their aid, it was found his peaceful spirit had departed. In the words of the funeral sermon preached on the occasion, it is justly said:—

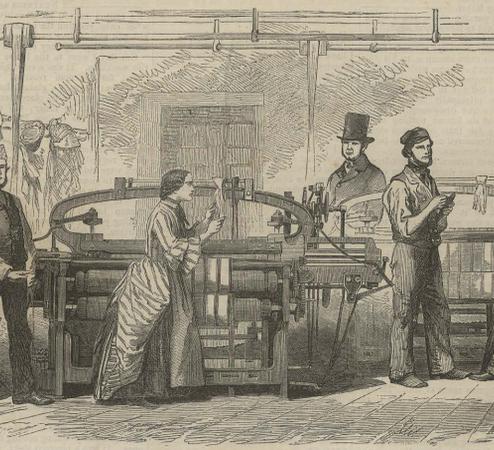
"A sudden death, if men could have their choice, is not generally desirable, because so very few of us are sufficiently prepared for it. But in him, the constant employment of whose life was the best preparation for death, so death could be sudden. Indeed, his removal, might, without impropriety, be termed a *translocation* rather than a *death*; and what was said of *Enoch* might be applied to the departure of our lamented friend: 'He walked with God, and was not, for God took him.'"
— Mrs. C. L. BARLOW.

VALUE OF MACHINERY.

There were many changes both in men and things, and the last thirty years have shown not a few instances where inventions in machinery, which at the time were regarded by the working classes as *injurious*, have in the course of time been found to be "*blessings in disguise*." Within the recollection of many persons, horses and even hand power were used at the Lambeth Potteries for crushing the clay; and the potters all used wheels, called "*kickers*," which were turned by the foot. When Mr. Green determined to introduce the new wheel into his manufactory, the *whole of the workmen struck!* All the men left except one, who was allowed to continue at his "*kicker*" until his death, a period of fifteen years, he earning 30s. a week, while the man with the improved lathe, who sat next to him, earned double that sum. So much quicker could the potter work at the new wheel than the man at the "*kicker*," that he could make as many stoneware ink bottles for 6d., as the other could throw off by his machine for 1s. 3d. Hence the day of the "*kicker*," the number of men and boys employed at Mr. Green's pottery alone, has increased fivefold!

What strikes and riots were witnessed in Lancashire and Yorkshire in bygone years on the introduction of power looms in hign machinery! Short sighted policy said, "These will injure the working classes, and reduce the number of hands employed." The result, however, has been very different—what the desponding and faint-hearted dreamed of. These very inventions which were regarded with such bitter hostility, have in the providence of God, been the means of extending the commerce of our nation to an extent previously unknown. Great Britain and Ireland are now the great markets for the world, and the products of our power looms are now to be found in nearly every part of the habitable globe. The old "*kickers*" could not possibly have supplied the present demand for pottery, neither could the old hand looms have produced one half of the cloth now required for the clothing of the people. Men and women are now employed by tens of thousands in the weaving mills throughout the manufacturing districts, and they can produce the more work and earn better wages than under the old system. What was thought to be a national evil, has proved a *massive* blessing.

We have to thank Messrs Dixon, of Carlisle, for kindly favouring us with a photograph of two of their power looms.



POWER LOOMS IN MESSRS. DIXON'S MILL, CARLISLE.