

BRITISH WORKMAN



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No. 4.]

THE WORSTED STOCKING.

FATHER will have done the great chimney to-night, went he, mother," said little Tom Howard, as he stood waiting for his father's breakfast, which he carried to him at his work every morning.

"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, "and that'll be a fine sight; for I never like the ending of those great chimneys, it's so risky; thy father's to be the last up."

"Eh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help 'im to give a shout afore he comes down," said Tom.

"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all the day amongst the woods."

"Hurrah," cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was engaged in, and then her heart sought his sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasure.

Tom, with light heart, pursued his way to his father, and leaving him his breakfast, went to his evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen, had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which, in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and was most tapering that had ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all round to see that every thing was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered him with a long, loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died



away, however, they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above, "The rope! the rope!" The men looked round, and called upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been passed over the top of the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by. The scaffolding had been taken down, without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough, or skilfully enough to reach the top of the chimney; or, if it could, it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silent dismay, unable to give any help, or think of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little more fearful, and the solid earth further and further from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes,—he felt as if, the next moment, he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children, in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was as white as ashes, and he could hardly get his words out: "Mother! mother! he canna get down."

"Who, lad? thy father?" asked his mother. "They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment, as if paralyzed; then, pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the terrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of horror. "He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He's going to throw him down."

"These munna do that, lad!" cried the wife, with clear, hopeful voice; "these munna do that. Wida a bit, Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me, Jim?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and, taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit of stone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither

cern. But she soon forgot the wintry atmosphere through which she was passing. A few doors away, was one of those man-traps, called taverns, into which, if any one goes, he is in great danger of being ruined, both in body and soul. To this place, Mary knew that her father went often, and thither she directed her rapid steps. A brilliant gas lamp burned just in front of the tavern, and there was a beautiful transparency in the window. Without, all looked attractive; and there was a promise of good cheer within to tempt the unwary. Before the door Mary stood for a few moments, and then entered stealthily, like one who felt that her presence would be unwelcome.

Mr. Marker, on leaving home, felt very much fretted in his temper. Something had occurred during the day to cause him to reflect, and the consequence was, that he had indulged his appetite for drink less frequently than usual. When he returned to his family in the evening, although he had been drinking, he was nearer to being a sober man than he had been for weeks. This, unfortunately, his wife did not perceive, and her harsh language came, therefore, upon certain good resolutions, like wind upon the chaff, and scattered them in the air.

On going from the house in a passion, Mr. Marker went, as his little daughter had supposed, to the tavern. On entering, he called for a glass of ale, and taking it to a table, sat down with a newspaper in his hand. After taking a draught of the liquor, he commenced reading. But he found little, if anything to interest him. His mind was disturbed; and there was a picture in his imagination, that, as possible, he would have shut out—a picture of home; but he could not. The pleasure that lit up Mary's face, when he gave her the book he had bought, he saw instantly fade before the unkindly spoken words of her mother, and with a certain bitterness of feeling he clenched his hands unthinkingly, and set his teeth tightly together. But even while he blamed his wife for her fretful temper, thoughts of his own evil doings and their consequences upon his family, came forcing themselves into his mind, and his feelings smarted under the self-accusations of his own conscience. He had, after running his eye hurriedly over the newspaper, reading a line here and there, but not perceiving any meaning in what he read, thrown it down, and was just lifting his glass to take another draught of ale, when he saw Mary enter the door and look timidly around. The glass, before it reached his lips, was returned to the table; so much surprised was he at the appearance of his child in such a place.

It was a moment or two before Mary saw her father; but as soon as her eyes rested upon him, she was "quicker eye" where he sat, and taking hold of his hand, "aid in a low but very tender voice,"— "Come, Papa!" Against angry words, the spirit of the man had instantly rebelled; but his heart turned towards his child, with her loving, gentle tones, as if led by an angel from amidst a company of evil spirits, he arose and followed her out into the pure cold air. Mary moved on towards their home, and he walked by her side, as passively as if no will of his own remained.

When they reached their cheerless dwelling, both entered, side by side. Mrs. Marker, who until that moment, was not aware that Mary had left the house, looked up from her work with surprise. She was about saying something, when Mary sprang towards her and whispered in her ear, in an earnest, imploring voice, yet so distinctly, that her father heard it.

"Oh! mamma—speak kindly." Mrs. Marker's form drooped over her work as if nearly all strength had left her. Her face bent low to her needle, but still, for the gathering tears she could not see. Her husband sat down a short distance from her, feeling very strange. For a few minutes all was silent. Suddenly Mrs. Marker let her sewing fall, and rising up, went over to where her husband sat with his eyes upon the floor.

"Edward," said she, in a low, serious tone, "Do what you will, I'll never speak unkindly again."

"And I'll never drink another drop!" he replied in an animated voice, springing to his feet. In a moment they were in each other's arms, and, in tears, gave pledges for a new and a better life.

Mr. Marker signed the temperance pledge on the very next day, and so faithfully has he kept it since. Than his, few happier homes are now to be found; and none in that home is happier than Mary.

Oh! there is a wonderful power in

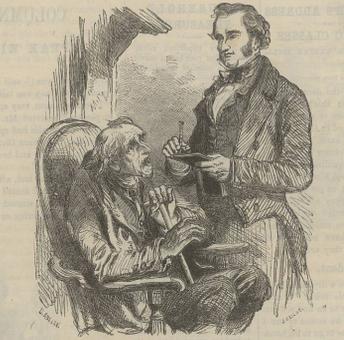
KIND WORDS!

SIXPENCE A DAY.

THERE is now an old man in an Alma House in Bristol, who states that, for sixty years, he spent sixpence a day in drink, but was never intoxicated.

A gentleman who heard this statement was somewhat curious to ascertain how much this sixpence a day, put by every year at 5 per cent. compound interest, would amount to in sixty years.

Taking out his pencil he began to calculate; putting down the first year's saving (365 sixpences) £9 2s. 6d., he added the interest 2s. 11d., and thus went on year by year until he found that in the sixtieth



HUDSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE INDIANS.



"Hudson first partook of the spirits, and then handed the cup to the Indian chief."

THE SMOKE IDOL; OR THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT, No. 2.



It is estimated that during the year 1854, the sum expended in the United Kingdom in cigars and tobacco, and afterwards "lost in smoke," exceeded £8,000,000 sterling. This enormous sum exceeds the gross amount levied for the Poor Rate of the entire nation, and is about ten times as much as all the Missionary and Bible Societies put together raised in the same period!

year the sixpence a day reached the starting sum of

£3,225 16s. 8d.

Judge of the old man's surprise when told that he had saved his sixpence a day, and allowed it to accumulate at compound interest, he might now have been worth the above noble sum; so that instead of taking refuge in an Alma-house, he might have comforted himself with a house of his own, costing £700, and fifty acres of land, worth £30 per acre, and have left the same as a legacy amongst his children and grandchildren!

Good counsel is above all price.

HUDSON'S INTERVIEW WITH THE INDIANS.

In the year 1609, Hudson the Dutchman sailed up the river in North America which now bears his name. He was anxious to trade with the natives for the fine furs which they collected in hunting.

In the first conference which the voyager had with the Indians, he produced a supply of that which has since proved the poor Indian's curse, FIAT WAZEA. Hudson first partook of the spirits, and then handed the cup to the Indian chiefs.

One after another the "red men of the woods" smelted, but refused to taste. Hudson drank again, and with a sneeze of the lips pronounced it "good." A second time he held the tempting liquor to the poor Indians; and at length, one of the chiefs, more daring than the rest, declared that it would be an insult to their guests, if, when he had partaken of it, they refused to do so; and accordingly, he drank off the fiery liquid. He shortly became dizzy and stupid, and his fellow chiefs thought that he would never awaken, but he at length came to his senses. He had scarcely done so, before he asked for more. The other chiefs, who were induced to follow, and his fellow chiefs thought that he would never awaken, but he at length came to his senses. He had scarcely done so, before he asked for more. The other chiefs, who were induced to follow, and his fellow chiefs thought that he would never awaken, but he at length came to his senses. He had scarcely done so, before he asked for more. The other chiefs, who were induced to follow, and his fellow chiefs thought that he would never awaken, but he at length came to his senses.

American Indians lay stretched at the feet of the tempter.

A melancholy tale remains to be told. From the fatal day when ardent spirits were thus introduced, the doom of the poor North American Indian seems to have been sealed. Ship after ship visited the settlement, each bringing supplies of the destructive drink, which were given to the natives in exchange for their furs and other commodities. Tribe after tribe has been reduced from tens of thousands down to hundreds, and several of the finest races are now almost entirely extinct.

Catlin, the celebrated traveller, gives a woeeful picture of the havoc produced by the cruelty of Americans and Englishmen who have tempted these poor aborigines to drink the poison cup. Mungwadda, one of the fine Red Indian chiefs who came over to this country a few years ago, said to us, "Before your countrymen did bring 'fire water,' many of our people did live a hundred years; but very few do now live even sixty years!" Was not him that giveth his neighbour drink. Hab. ii. 15.

TO THE BRITISH WORKMAN.

In life's broad journey keep within the fence
By serpents reared, and creviced by venomous scene.
Two roads I bid you, one the thorny path,
Where dromedaries go, and heaven expands its way;
The other smokes the safe, the sober way,
Which covers with healthful sleep the welcome day.

Tread you the first? At once your fame is gone,
Your friends forsake you, and your peace is flown.
These glasses no hope to cheer you at your toil,
No health pervades the breeze, no wealth the soil;
Burst of credit and your own excesses,
Your life's a fever, and your sense a dream;
Yet onward still the hapless drunkard reels,
Dissolve and die! and famish at his heels.

Tread you the last? Soon you learn with pride
The joys, the transports of your own fire-side,
There smile your partner, still intent to please,
There amble your children to their parents' knees;
A sober plenty crowns your fragrant board,
Your house with comfort and abundance stored;
In health confirmed, reclate in every glass,
You walk erect and feel yourself a MAN!

O, British Workman! can you fall to choose,
When there's so much to gain, so much to lose?
No! come at once, and join the patriot band,
Whose only object is to save the land.
With single aim a halloved war we wage
Against the master-mischief of the age,
Love is our watchword, temperance our rule,
Our sword the Bible, and our gun, as I should,
With us you're safe, our earnest call obey;
Be danger, say, destruction in delay!

DR. HUNT