

BRITISH WORKMAN



Joseph Paxton

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CELEBRATED GARDENERS.

JOHN ABERCROMBIE, a horticultural writer of some celebrity, to whose taste and writings the science of gardening is considerably indebted, was originally a working gardener, near Edinburgh. To increase his knowledge in the different branches of gardening, he came to London at the age of eighteen, and worked at Hampton Court, St. James's, and Kensington Royal Gardens. He commenced his literary labours by the publication of a work entitled "Mayer's Gardener's Calendar." The flattering reception which this experienced induced him to publish "The Universal Dictionary of Gardening and Botany," under his own name. This was followed by "The Gardener's Dictionary," "The Gardener's Daily Assistant," "The Kitchen Gardener, and Hot-bed Forcer," "The Hot-house Gardener," &c., &c. He died in 1806, in the eightieth year of his age.

WILLIAM AYTON, an eminent botanist and gardener—born in Lanarkshire, in 1781. Having been regularly trained to the profession of a gardener, he came to England in 1784, and was engaged as an assistant by the superintendent of the physic gardens at Chelsea. His industry and abilities recommended him to the Princess Dowager of Wales, and he was appointed in 1789 to manage the botanical garden at Kew, where he became a great favourite with His Majesty George III. Here it was that Mr. Ayton formed one of the best collections of rare exotico plants in the world, an account of which he published in 3 vols. 8vo., entitled *Floræ Kewensis*, the result of many years' labour. In 1795 his merit was properly rewarded with the lucrative office of managing the pleasure and kitchen gardens of Kew, which he was allowed to retain with the botanical department. Mr. Ayton's private character was highly estimable for mildness, benevolence, piety, and every domestic and social virtue. He died in 1856, and was interred amidst a large concourse of influential friends, in the churchyard of Kew.

WILLIAM FORBES, an able horticulturist, was born at Old Meldrum, in the county of Aberdeenshire, in 1757, and having been early initiated in the science of horticulture, came to London, in 1788. Shortly after he became a pupil to the celebrated Philip Miller, gardener to the Company of Apothecaries, at their botanical garden at Chelsea, and succeeded him in that situation in 1771. He was subsequently appointed by the King chief superintendent of the Royal Gardens at Kensington, and at St. James's, which appointments he held until his death in 1824. He invented a composition to cure the wounds and diseases of trees, and his two principal works are entitled "Observations on the Causes, Defects, and Injuries of Fruit and Forest Trees," and "A Treatise on the Culture and Management of Fruit Trees."

THEODORE DENIS EHRET, a celebrated self-taught botanical painter, the son of a gardener, was born at Durlach, in Germany, and died at London, in 1770. His greatest works are, "The Hortus Cliffortianus," and a Collection of Flowers and Fruits. He was a friend of Linnaeus, and a member of the Royal Society.

EMERED STONE, an eminent naturalist, son of the Duke of Argyll's gardener, was born in Scotland,

towards the close of the seventeenth century. Before he was sixteen he taught himself arithmetic, geometry, Latin, and French, without any assistance. He wrote a Treatise on Fluxions; and a Mathematical Dictionary; translated Bion on Mathematical Instruments; and published an edition of Euclid, with a Life. He died 1707.

lethargy he had sunk into for a century previously, and awakened the attention, and raised the astonishment of all Europe by his projects. He died in 1752, at the age of 67.

LANCELOT BROWN was originally a kitchen gardener, but raised himself to be the most eminent landscape-

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON One of the most interesting introductions of perseverance and success that our times can furnish is found in the history of Sir Joseph Paxton. The son of parents in humble life—one of *the people*, he now possesses a name known the world over, and a fame which history will be glad to chronicle. Not being born "with a silver spoon in his mouth," the instruments of horticulture were early put into his hands, and by the spade and mattock he earned subsistence as a working gardener. His way was opened, however, to the employment of the Duke of Somerset, at Wimbledon, as a landscape-gardener, from whose service he passed into that of the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth. Here he laid out those beautiful gardens, famous throughout England. The vast conservatory, which the King of Saxony graphically compared to a tropical scene with a glass sky, was contrived by him; and in 1848 his fertile mind originated the idea of the glass and iron building for the reception of the splendid plant called the Victoria Regia. This was of a light and airy appearance, and was in fact, the parent of the Crystal Palace. His grand and original conception for that wonderful palace was realized in 1851, and admired by the thousands from all countries who met under its extensive roof. It gained for him the honour of knighthood. Sir Joseph also added much to the glories of the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, by grace and beauty of which so well harmonized with its artistic contents, and the prescribed objects of his profession. Sir Joseph is a distinguished Fellow of the Linnaean and Horticultural Societies, and has produced a Botanical Dictionary of accredited worth, besides editing the "Flower Garden," and other botanical and horticultural works. He was elected a member of Parliament for the ancient and celebrated city of Coventry in 1854.

SIR CHARLES LINNÆUS, the most celebrated of modern naturalists, was born at a village in Sweden, in 1707, where his father was then vicar. He studied at the Universities of Lund and Uppsala, and between 1731 and 1736, explored Lapland, where he obtained the materials for his "Flora Lapponica." Like many famous men, however, he had always been in narrow circumstances, and in a tour through Holland, which he undertook for scientific purposes, found himself reduced to the necessity of labouring for his bread. Linnæus at once accepted the situation of kitchen gardener in the establishment of Mr. Clifford, under the simple name of Charles Linnæ, and while engaged in his duties there was one day recognized by Count Carlberg, the Ambassador of Sweden, as his teacher when a student at the University of Uppsala. Linnæus, after this, became an inmate of Mr. Clifford's mansion for some years, and published, with the assistance of his patron, his famous system of nature. After his return to Sweden, in 1738, he settled as a physician at Stockholm, and his subsequent career was uniformly prosperous. His fame spread through every part of the civilized world, scientific bodies eagerly enrolled him amongst their members, he was honoured by his sovereign, and acquired sufficient wealth to purchase a princely estate, on which he resided for the last 16 years of his life.

SIXTUS V., Pope of Rome, was the son of a gardener, and was born in Anagni. He died in 1590, and was employed as a wreath-bearer, but early showed a



JULIUS ALMERONI, the son of a poor gardener in the suburbs of Piacenza, was born in 1664, and by his great abilities rose from this humble station of life to the exalted post of prime minister of state at the court of Philip V. of Spain. He raised that kingdom out of the

prudence of his day; and also acquired reputation by his skill in architecture. He was born at Kukbarak, in Northumberland, in 1716. By his industry and talents he realized a handsome fortune, and was appointed High Sheriff for the county of Huntingdon; he died in 1778.

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with a hop, skip, and a jump, he scampered off towards the town. As Patty looked after him, she thought what a good thing it would be, if no strong and healthy boy would go to sea in a merchant ship, for she felt sure he would come to harm and she would be left with Tom had been a tyrant to her, yet she had a sister's love for him. But her love was also to help him when all her hard work scarcely procured food for him.

That night one of the children was suddenly awakened by Patty sat in the room with it until it fell asleep. The window looked into the street, and she saw her brother Tom waiting, and watching at the opposite corner. Soon after she noticed her master going with a haggard step towards "The Friend and Pitcher," and then Tom darted across and entered the shop, as she thought. Presently after, she noticed him carrying a heavy bundle, across the road, and go down the street opposite that led to the beach. Patty was certain that something very wrong was going on, and in her great grief for her brother she felt an impulse to run out of the house and catch him, but she must not run out without asking leave.

Mrs. Vinser was sorting some damaged stationery in the shed at the back, when she called Patty, she gave her a note and sent her to "The Friend and Pitcher," which it was a long run for her, and after she gave it, she stood waiting near the bar for a considerable time, and indeed, she thought herself forgotten; she observed a passage way at the side of the house that opened a short cut to the beach, and was, in consequence, a rough frequented thoroughfare. After a long waiting the post-boy came to her, and said, "There's no answer, your master sat a coming home here."

With this unsatisfactory result she set off home, and caught sight of her brother Tom running through the passage. He passed her in his haste, but she kept up with him, and saw him turn down a dark entry to a low court. She followed, and hid herself under the door-way of a house that opened into the court, and also noticed Tom peeping and looking up and down. Presently her heart beat quick, for Jasper Sinng stepped into the court, and stood just before her; she saw Tom put some silver into his hand and say "They've got paper and stationery enough, they've got any more—," and here the door-keeper left her motionless, behind the door. "Will that'll do, and now you be off,

there's a shilling for you, and mind you come and wait about at dusk, and I may often have a job for you."

"So saying, they departed, and Patty crept—of her hiding place, returned home, fully and well satisfied with her mistress about the key, and not knowing what the charge of the key and money her brother had charge of. She turned to her house at the back door, and noted that her mistress had been crying."

"How long you have staid, were's your mistress?"

"Patty told her unsuccessful errand, and cleared her hasty throat to tell the rest, but she was impatient to desire her to go to bed, and, as Patty turned to leave the room, she saw her poor mistress sink into a chair, bury her face in her hands and sob bitterly.

"During that night, sound as Patty slept, she was disturbed. She heard platoon words—and heavy sob—and a great struggling going on in the house; the next morning she noticed Mrs. Vinser had her arm in a sling, and her face did not, and also heard Jasper Sinng tell a customer that his hand had missed her footing, and fallen down stairs. Patty thought, however, that "The Friend and Pitcher," and the justice Mr. Vinser, who was such good company, had more to do with the matter than this stairs, and she was right. Yet, it's not the poor battered women who appear at police offices, that are the only, or the worst sufferers from the brutality of drunken husbands—many a broken heart never recovers its arrows, or its wounds; and Mrs. Vinser was one of those silent sufferers, of whom there is a great number. And the compassion it excited, drove the history of the street door key out of Patty's head, but she felt wretched; and when, as it was the children's half-holiday, she went into the fields with them, and they strayed about finding wild flowers, Patty sat at the side of the hedge and thought of the poor woman, and her sorrows, until the tears fell fast down her cheeks."

"Holla my lass! wida's the matter!" said the clergy voice of a stout respectable sea-faring man, who came into the field since Patty had been lost in thought. The manner of the stranger seemed to compel reply. "Please sir, I was crying about my brother."

"Wida's him, girl, is he sick?"

"No, sir; but he has no work, and no money to teach him to be good; and I am afraid sir, while he's left he'll do some bad thing." The secret of poor Patty's heart was now open, and she trembled and wept more than ever.

"Where's he? Would he go sea, sir, as he is a sturdy of a thing, like your brother, stranger."

"Oh sir! he's a deal bigger than me, and he's had five years younger, for if you'd take him I'm sure, sir, I think, he'd be good."

"Well, you're a brave little piece of goods," was the reply, as he fumbled in his pocket and gave her out a card. "I'll take it."

to come to me there, and I'll see what can be done."

To think of her crying, not about herself, but about her brother! Well, there's nothing in the world left, now, to shed a tear about Jasper Drift, I mustered the stranger as he wandered off.

In an hour after, the falling dew warned Patty to collect her things and return home. When she reached the shop, the first person she saw was the stranger who had spoken to her, and whose name on the card she saw was Mr. Drift. He was inquiring about two letters he had sent, directed to Mrs. Drift, Blue Anchor Cottage, that had been returned to him, and to neither of which he had ever received any reply. Now, he had been ever in and out the persons they were addressed to, for some new docks had been built on the houses where she lived, and all traces of her was lost. Jasper Sinng, however, said he clearly remembered a young farmer-blue coming for the letters, and taking them both away.

"That evening, Patty caught a glimpse of Tom loitering about in the dusk, and she told her mistress she saw her brother, and asked leave to speak to him. Taking him a little distance from the house, with an earnestness of entreaty that struck home to her, she told him of the offer, and gave him the card of Mr. Drift, who was master of the vessel that traded to St. Michael's for fruit. "Tom, you'll be raised if you stay here; that Sinng's a bad young man—he'll kill his lion, Tom—said so he can't be honest and right—now do go out of his wicked way, that's a dear boy, do, for poor mother's sake." Tom was moved, he trembled in his rags, and, as Patty hid the comfort of seeing him go off to Mr. Drift's lodgings.

On her return, a great surprise awaited her. A policeman and two gentlemen were in Tom's master's shop, and a cab was at the door, round which a crowd was gathered—she was just in time to see her master and his accomplice driven up to the police, and hurried off in the cab, on charge of robbing the post office. Before she recovered her spirits, the cab drove away—and the empty shop, and desolate house, rang with the shrieks of the heart-broken mother and her straggled little ones.

(To be continued.)

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PERSEVERANCE. OR, SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. G. B. BALDWIN. CHAPTER IV.

It was with a strange feeling, half of fear and half of exultation, that Patty left the workshop for her first place. She had heard terrible stories of cruel treatment to help the young servants, and yet the thought of earning her own living strengthened her heart as she rode along in her destination; for the grocer who had the contract for supplying the workhouse, had kindly given her a lift in his cart, and dropped her off at the door of her new abode. It was a numerous household that little Patty came to serve. There were six children under ten years of age, their father and mother, and a young man in the shop, the nephew of the master. Patty soon saw that the person who worked the hardest, both in the house and the shop, was the mother. From morning till night she was always toiling, and her looks were so worn and anxious, that it was easy to see she had some secret source of sorrow that preyed upon her and made life a hard struggle. The master was a very easy-going man, and much more generally liked than his wife. He seemed to have two distinct characters, like two coats, one for out-door and one for in-door wear. One, he was reckoned a cheerful companion, and much sought after by the choice spirits, as they called the scholars, of the town. Every evening this man, Mr. Vinser, was to be seen in the parlour of "The Friend and Pitcher," there he sang his jokes, his bits, and his opinion were sure to be well received by the group of dozers and smokers who took up their evening quarters. As home, Mr. Vinser was either dull or crafty, always complaining and never pleased; he loitered in the shop, and dozed at his desk, and his conversation, if such it might be called, was made of grumbling and grumbling. For an hour in the afternoon, when the letters had to be stamped, he put on a really made a great bustle, and wrangled with his wife. Meanwhile, Mrs. Vinser was scripping and saving with the right hand of toil, that her husband might scold with the left hand of waste. Jasper Sinng, the nephew, in reality managed the business, and as he knew the importance he was of, he contrived to let his mind feel that he was a very indispensable person. And while he exacted from her great and constant assistance in the shop, he planned to get the most important part of his business arranged should his wife. Mr. Vinser was not naturally frugal, but he had learned to be so, for he always had his breakfast and his newspaper at half-past nine, when four or five little sons were at home, and when Jasper Sinng contrived to be as busy in the shop previously, that he came in for his breakfast just as they had risen from breakfast, and lounged into the shop; so that Patty found a house, where, for any comfort, meals were served on the table, and yet, poor as she had been in the workhouse, it was worse than any she had seen, that neither who are full of kindness and consideration for their own children, and in the main, they were not so generous, to often forget that young servants are ever hired. Patty was up the first in the morning making the fire, and clearing up the house; then she had to wash the children and get them ready for school, and when the errands were done, and when all the day long, and until late in the evening, and when, at length, she sat down for a minute to rest, she found she was eating a bit of bread; and then it was found, during Mrs. Vinser's absence, that she had a very drowsy girl, and a great fault, you are sure to be doing in having someone to torment, gave her a nickname of "Humpty-doo," and thought himself so very witty in his name, that he repeated it incessantly to all his companions, who thoughtfully caught it up, and so our little Patty was not only a half-worked but a half-tormented.

The words of her old friend in the workhouse, came to Patty's mind. "Though you have no friend on earth you have a friend in heaven." This had taken root in her heart, and she thought of the "Father of the Fatherless," came into her lonely soul and comforted her.

When she had been about two months in her place, she was roused to observation by a strange circumstance. One night, when she was sleeping the heavy sleep of exhaustion, she was suddenly awakened by a noise in her little room, and as she opened her eyes, at first without any distinct cognitions, she gradually thought she saw Jasper Sinng got in at the window, and pass through the chamber out on to the stairs. As soon as she could recall her thoughts, she felt sure it was not a dream, and she rose in the night, and she noticed that there were footmarks on the mould of the little garden-patch that surrounded the shed, and sometimes in the wall as of some animal having climbed up. While she was looking at this, she was frightened to notice Jasper coming towards her with a spiteful look. "You careless creature," said he, "what have you done with the house door key? I have you taken out of your door last night."

Patty, sighing, said truly, "I never took out the key."

"You're so sleepy and stupid," he replied, "you must have your night watch done; if I'm sure I saw you take it, and I thought I must see you for it."

In vain she repeated she had never touched it; he still, while pretending to look for it, accused her. At length she said, quite innocently, "Please say you're looking for the key in the night, when you got through the window, it's my room!"

"What do you say?" exclaimed Jasper, coming close up to her with a savage expression of face. "I get through your room, you say that again if you dare, that's all!"

"Why I'm sure I saw you as I woke out of my sleep," said she, "only I want to go back to work."

"You've said he, harping into a taunting laugh," said she, "Humpty-doo; that's hardly awks now; you pretend that anything woke you, indeed! who's your friend? You've been dreaming—but mind, I advise you, don't you dream about the key, and pretend such stuff because you're led the house-key, or I'll have you turned out, you or I shall go."

So saying, he turned into the garden, and Patty saw him digging round some roots just where the foot-marks had been. She felt it was in vain; Patty protested her innocence of the loss of the key; the assertion of Jasper that he had seen her enter into his room; and Mr. Vinser, though she did not think and Patty meant to do anything wrong, believed that a drowsy way she had because she had put it in some place she had now forgotten. From that time, either Patty got used to the work, or the greiv stronger, or her faculties were rendered active by the belief that something wrong was going on, and a desire to find out Jasper's doing.

A fortnight after the incident related, Patty had been walking in the fields with the children, when she saw a boy crossing the field path, that she knew her brother Tom. It was a great pleasure to her to catch him, but Tom would not tell her what had brought him there. He was very dirty and ragged, but looked strong and well. He had younger children were ill, and that the father drank as much as ever, and then

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BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.

BY G. W. MORISON.

Yes you dreamt in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye are not of pride, and ye are not of scorn;
Ye want not our souls from the earth to rise;
Ye would bid us all exulting songs devise;
Ye would tell us all that is possible and true,
And ye would please us with the loveliest view;
Ye would be as kind with a poignant lesson,
That to him is bound to fix our sin in heaven.

Swift birds, that shine o'er the stormy deep,
The steady crew you have joined,
Who neither rest nor for slumber stay,
But pass still forward by night and day—

As in your unwearied course ye fly
Behold the clear and unobscured sky
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
And second Heaven's gift in melodious throng,
Ever rise with the earliest beams of day,
You morning birds of thanks to pay;

Ye who are full of devotion and zeal
The voice of devotion and zeal proclaim;
There's something about you, that points on high,
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky.

