

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 neighboring gentleman, besides having a small farm of his own, and two or three cows; he was, however, unfortunate, 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 Hebbeln 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 travelled doubt and difficulties under foot. He died in the year 1843.

COUNT RUSPOD, 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 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 Whithy, 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 booths 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 not keep their promises now as they used to 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 it 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 it is not the case now."

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

Thomas. "Yes, such as it was, but I had no rest to my body in the new place, the foreman would sometimes come to us on a Saturday night, and say, 'Lads, you cannot have your half-holiday to-morrow, there is an order come, and it must be executed, it shall be made up to you another day, but that time rarely came.'"

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

Thomas. "Yes, such as it was, but I had no rest to my body in the new place, the foreman would sometimes come to us on a Saturday night, and say, 'Lads, you cannot have your half-holiday to-morrow, there is an order come, and it must be executed, it shall be made up to you another day, but that time rarely came.'"

*Those who have not read "The Sunday Excursion" by Mrs. Cameron (Disston) between Elizabeth Martin, Sarah Smith, and William Smith) should go to so-brere perusing the following conversation about the Ennealogue. See Nov. 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 neighbors. 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 is brought a mare; but whom putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe. Prov. xxix. 25.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR,

Derivative the time that Patty had been attending the sick, she had, of course, seen him. Her previous secluded life and early sorrows had increased the natural quietude of her disposition, but she was now a young woman, and new pleasure to have as a friend a young girl, who lived as servant at the draper's in Blankport, where Patty had been brought up, was a great advantage. What was called a good-natured girl; that is, she was merry and gay, and seldom gave a serious thought to anything but her own pleasures. She was a decent couple, who had a large family, and thought they did their own duty when they brought their children up to be good and useful. They were not the best of the world as soon as they could get places for them. Patty was interested by Jane's mirth and light-hearted laughter. The mother and father were good, but her friends had made her inclined to love her. If I had known no sorrow," said she mentally, "I should have loved her more." How low her heart—has been—long years afterwards, she admitted—was wrong. It was her sorrows that had produced the best qualities of her

There is something that young people need to be more careful about than the friendships that they form. Many things which Patty would never have allowed in herself, she did not think wrong in Jane. Thus, when Jane, who had little wages, spent all her quarter's money in clothes, many of them showy and useless, Patty thought her parents would be mortified by it, and she has no little brothers to provide for, and so she can afford to dress." Then, when Jane, somewhat reluctantly, went to church, and openly avowed to Patty, she "would rather go home during the time." That is her love for her parents, was Patty's conclusion. "Ah, if I had a home, and a good mother, I should want to go too."

Not quite so easy was it for Patty to excuse some lightness of manner that she once saw Jane manifest, when two young men came to the back entrance, during the pestilence, to ask about the health of the family. Patty ventured, in love, to tell her friend that what she had accidentally seen when looking from the bedroom window appeared to her wrong.

"Oh! that altered the case," Patty said, but still on this subject she felt uneasy, and wished Jane could see the shame, and ruin, and misery which she had seen young girls reduced to in the workhouse, through light and foolish intimacies with young men. Patty knew, for she had seen, that such wretchedness began in weakness, and ended in wickedness. But Jane fired up so at the mention of the workhouse cases, that Patty felt rebuked and silenced.

Patty's revival to her new situation, which proved such a comfortable home, though separating her from her new friend, did not abate her attachment to her. It was agreed that though they could not see each other, they could write; and as William Elight, Jane's eldest brother, worked at the mill, he often brought her letters. Patty now lived, he often brought and carried notes and messages between the two young women. For a long time it never occurred to Patty that the young man was very obliging, or that he was calling very frequently. At odd times, that she could fairly call her own, she had been doing a little needlework for Jane, and she neither quitted, at the mill, nor at home, and was natural to her that as William came to the house, he should take a message

parcel. Indeed, she was so conscious of being but homely in looks, and when she compared herself with Jane, felt so humbled by a sense of personal inferiority that the thoughts of courtship and marriage, which spring up like weeds in a neglected garden after a shower, in the minds of most girls, were very slow of growth in that of Patty. Besides, her contentment in her new home, her grateful attachment to her dearaged mistress, her cares for her brothers, gave her many subjects for thought and care, so that, she was preserved from an empty mind and wandering heart, the common sources of many English follies. Her frequent occupation

of reading aloud to Mrs. Drift, was another preservative, for the books selected were good, and now that Patty had reached maturity, and thought of all the way the Lord had led her, she was humbled by a sense of her own unworthiness and God's great goodness, and the desire to live the life of a sincere Christian was strong in her heart. Thus her sabbaths were very sweet and pleasant, leading her mistress to the neighbouring church, and listening to the truths that seemed the more precious the more she heard them, so that when Jane

urged her to ask for a holiday on the Lord's day, Patty never for a moment thought of it. Her kind mistress, however, often thought that it must be dull for Patty, living alone with a blind person, and so completely confined as she must needs be, and therefore, she permitted Patty to ask Jane to come, at any opportunity she had.

and as Jane liked to shew her new clothes to such an admiring friend as Patty, and moreover, felt that sort of liking for our humble heroine that gratified vanity inspires, she came as frequently as she could; and it was from her jokes about William's eagerness to take a message to "Sea View Cottage" that Patty first attached any importance to William's calls.

It must be owned that Patty having been so long an object of neglect and contempt, added to the depreciating observations on her personal appearance, so often made during her early years, caused her to listen with surprise and pleasure to the words of Jane. William was a fine young man—a good workman at a good trade; and could it be possible he entertained serious thoughts of her? For one entire evening after Jane had left, Patty's thoughts were in a tumult, then came the season of reflection as she read the evening's chapter, and heard her

aged mistress
 prey "that
 God might
 keep and di-
 rect them in
 all things."
 "What do I
 know of Wil-
 liam, or he of
 me, that my
 mind should
 dwell on
 Jane's foolish
 words, said
 self to her-
 self she
 was petted for
 the night. Never-
 theless, this
 thought once
 admitted, I
 frankness with
 which the last
 before
 seen
 and spoken to
 William. And
 a short time
 he could no
 longer doubt

the matter, for
 William called
 with a parcel
 from the dra-
 pers, that he
 ad volun-
 eered to bring
 Mrs. Drift,
 and while he
 was seated in
 the kitchen, he
 told her of
 the intended
 wedding of a
 young friend
 of his that was
 to take place
 the next week,
 and to which
 he was invited.
 Fatty knew
 something of
 the person, and

I hope they
will be hap-
py." "I hope
too," said
Mary Wil-
son, but half fear it
is a fighty
sort of girl,
and of plea-
sure and dress,
and not very
good for a work-
ing man's
life." After
this begin-
ning, the rea-

Sold in Sixpenny assorted postage stamps to the public.

rising at that accustomed hour, and she recollected that he was invited to the wedding of his friend, and had told her, he meant to make holiday; but he came not the next day, nor the next, and the week passed without her seeing him, and she felt fretted and uneasy, and for the first time as reproved by her kind mistress for some neglect, and thought herself harshly treated, and wept bitter tears, to the amazement of Mrs. Drift who wondered at the grief and impatience of her usually gentle, affectionate servant.

On Sunday her youngest brother came over her school time to see her, and after telling her how he was getting on, and hoped soon to be able to keep himself, he added, "Oh Patty! There's a deal of news in Blankfort. Mr. Vineer's come back from America, and people say Mrs. Vineer will be worse off with him than she was without him."

him. And there was a wedding in the town. Mrs. Wilson the beer-shop keeper's daughter—such a smart affair it was, on that day, there was a good deal of drinking, and ended in a row—quite a fight."

"A fight!" said Patty.
 "Yes, William Flight, they say, on
 wanted Mary Wilson himself, and some
 jeers going on, they came to blows."
 "They! who?" said Patty.
 "Why William, and Tom Wilson, Mary
 brother."

Not another word was said, not even about the return of her old master; enough had been heard to banish all comfort from Patty's heart.

During the following week, the weather being fine, Mrs. Drift walked out several times led by her faithful attendant; once they went to a hill that overlooked the boat builder's yard where William worked, and Patty caught a glimpse of him with

FROM THE DIARY OF A YORK SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

I ONCE visited a travelling tinker, who had become lame, and was unable to follow his daily labour. He was in distress, and required help. The pipe on the hob shewed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and wife have smoked, sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had more nor less, than a pen'oth of bacca' every day." Having asstimated they had been married, I took a calculation as to the amount spent since." Judge of the tinker's surprise, when I told him, "My friend, if you had placed your BANK, (where you would have had your money), instead of wasting it in smoking, you would have been able to pay half back *independent* of others, for you are amounted in your bank-book to FIFTY POUNDS!"

A WORKING MAN informs us that after smoking tobacco for about thirty years, he gave it up about five years ago. At that time, there was established in the town where he resides, a "Five Years Friendly Society," of which he became a member. Into this society he paid the amount which he had formerly spent in tobacco, and when the society was broken up last month, he had the gratification to carry home the five years' smoke, in the condensed form of FOURTEEN POUNDS & SEVENPENCE HALF-PENNY!—From the Adviser.

Sold in Sixpenny assorted packets. May be had through all booksellers, or *post free* on forwarding six postage stamps to the publishers, Messrs. W. & F. G. CASH, 5, Bishopsgate Street Without, London.

He was head tied up, and she knew that he would be bound by another road to prevent her seeing him in so disgraceful a state.

But the human mind, where the feelings are influenced, is very skilful in self delusion, and with all Patty's sound good sense, she was doing, what hundreds of well-meaning women are doing daily; she was making excuses for the object of her affection. No doubt she made up her mind that he had been the subject of a brutal attack. Ah! Mrs. Drift was not half so blind as poor Patty just then.

On her return home there was a letter from Mrs. Vineer, to ask Patty to obtain permission to come for an afternoon to Blankport. This could only be granted by Patty getting a substitute to mind the house in her absence, but as Mrs. Drift had heard of a great deal about Patty, the place, and the troubles of Mrs. Vineer, she consented, on condition that Patty's brother Ned at the neighbouring farm, could be spared to stay in the house while Patty was gone. This being arranged, Patty, after some month's absence, set out for the house where she had spent so many useful years. The scene she saw there helped to arouse her from her delusion.

(To be continued.)

He well contented and neatly put upon the table. A half-dressed middled meal she knew was never liked, and often he fasted. So dinner was a treat, and he had to have it. He was kind and nice against John came in to dinner. How, with her baby on her arm, she contrived to clear up so well, was always a wonder to us. She was so full of tact and she would rather than the two actors and her mother. And sometimes when the children tore their clothes, and she had to sit up a night to mend them, and when the buttons were so small, and she had to sew them, the buttons really seem to jump off on purpose, then good Mrs. Swift would say, with a bit of a sigh, "a woman's work is never done."

Do not sigh good wife and mother where you are. You are doing it. You are doing the work that is never done" than many who men I know whose work is never begun.

I know a woman; she is rich, (thank God, all the rich are not like her.) She lays down on a soft bed at night; in the morning, a servant comes to dress her. She feels tired when she gets up. She sits at her breakfast table, and though she eats her meal, she has no relish for it. If it is fine, she walks out—looks into the shops, or saunters in the park; she is soon weary, and returns home, she takes up a book, but

DONE.

No never!" said Mrs. Swift as she began putting a patch on her eldest boy's trousers while rocking the cradle of the young one with her foot, and every now and then laying down her work, to look to a saucepan on the fire, and stir its contents, a comfortable mess of onion porritch, that she was preparing for her husband's supper.

As at home, for he left work at six o'clock, but for two hours he had been mending the window shutter, and putting list round the door, and making the little cottage as snug as he could, and truly it was a comfortable place; what it wanted in smartness was made up for by its coziness.

up in chairs and
linens. The
was not much
furniture
it was all
kept, the de
table
without
spot. The
windsor chair
rubbed bright
the fire glow
and spark
on the
irons, and
white heat
was close
swept.
door opened
into an im
referred to
two children
were sound
sleeping, the
rough fence
the white p
lows looked
stuck the su
shook up
knew yes,
was very tr
the good w

who kept the little dwelling so clean and neat, and whose husband and children so respectable, as herself, come, in her decent street gown, with collar and cuffs must work hard and constantly. Every day and every hour of the day brought her cares. There was getting the breakfast

soon, with a yawn, lays it down. People,

[illegible]

Which is the happiest place in heaven?"

A Christian bard was asked to tell;
and they who hear the answer given,
Will own he met the question well.

The next he struck his lyre so loud,
 It startled all who heard the strain

Though wide o'er heaven joy's anthem roll,
And bliss may reign in every part;
The happiest place amidst the whole,
O! 'tis THE RANSOMED SINNER'S HEART!"

DR. HUIE.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH THEM?

SUGGESTION I.

culprit to be sent to prison, to be there kept

the public expense for several months, the Lordship said, "here is a case of absolute brutality, for which a fellow deserves to be put into an iron cage, and exhibited from one end of London to the other." (See *Times*, Aug. 19.)



Although we have various other plans and proposals from several correspondents, which would, we believe, be far more effective than the *iron cage*, we give precedence as a matter of courtesy, to the suggestion of the chief magistrate of the metropolis. We will duly notice the other plans in future numbers.

THE best pledge of woman's love is her attachment in poverty.

(To be continued.)



"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. 80.

By God's help I kept firm; my health and strength began to mend, and my appetite for good food increased, just as my stink 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 a deal 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 jeered 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 HUTTON, 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 saw that if 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. I went home, my wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and we went off to market together. A long time since we had done that! Everything has gone on better and better 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 prevention 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."

I have been pleased in adding that the East of Sharnbury, on hearing of the temperance labours of James Skinner, John Hutton, James Madocks, and Wm. Plank, copies of *Burgess's Foreign 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 there was a poor little ragged child, whom he found in the streets running about outcast and forsaken. He is teaching them

read, that they may learn about Jesus. This is the first Ragged School that ever was established in England, and it was founded 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. GURRIN, 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 both 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 working-class, called at the gate of the Royal Free Hospital, and gave the porter a parcel sealed up in white, 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

old 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?

"He that winneth souls is wise."

C. H.



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

Anonymous to us it is, and probably will be, but not to Him, whose message to the church of Ephesus was, "I know thy works, and thy labour, and thy patience." May He, to whose poor this lowly gift has sacrificed his gift, the chronometer of time, bless him with the grace and peace which are the earnest of a covenant interest in the things of eternity!

Rev. 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.