

# BRITISH WORKMAN



Mr. Atkinson finds Isaac with some Latin and Greek books at the side of his loom.

No. 28.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR BY MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co.; A. W. BENNETT; AND W. TWEEDIE, LONDON.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## CELEBRATED WEAVERS.

**THE TWO MILNERS.**—It was a gloomy day in the early spring of 1760, and Quarry Hill, Leeds, had a full share of the gloom. Though not so densely populated then as now, still the clouds hung low like an ill-spread awning of dirty blankets, and the steady rain fell on the muddy and ill-kept roads. But cheerless as was all within,

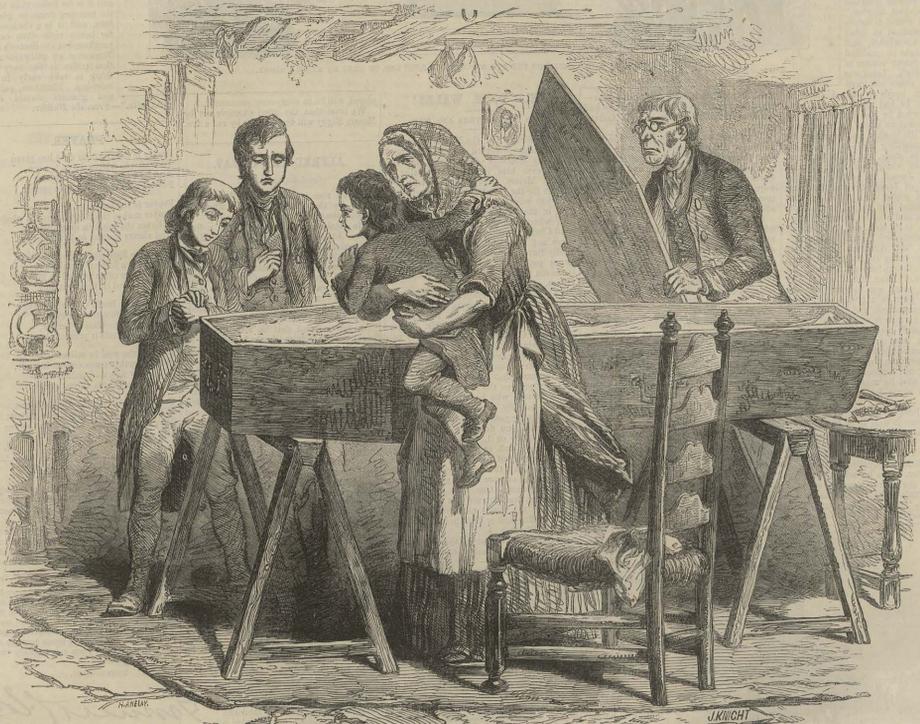
there was one dwelling on Quarry Hill far more cheerless within. In the centre of a large room, very clean, but very poorly furnished, stood the trundle that supported a coffin; a woman pale with grief sat near the head, and her three boys stood round taking their last tearful look of their dead father's face. The eldest son, Samuel, was nearly grown up, the next, Joseph, was a youth of about sixteen, and the youngest,

whose head was buried in his mother's lap, was a child of ten years old. The undertaker was there waiting to close the coffin; not a word was spoken, but just as the man bearing the lid approached, the mother rose with a convulsive effort, lifted her youngest boy in her arms, and holding him over the coffin, said, "Look, bairn, at thy father once more, and see to it that thou art like him, for he were a good man if ever there were a

good man on this earth." Then after a moment's pause, clasping the sobbing child to her bosom, she walked out of the room, followed by her eldest son, and a short time after, the widow and her children stood by the grave, and consigned their earthly stay and support to its keeping.

The family had long been struggling with difficulties, for the father had been unsuccessful in business; but amid all his

privations, he desired to get a good education for his boys. He had felt the want of learning, and he therefore the more earnestly craved it for his children. At that time, the Rev. Mr. Moore was master of the grammar school of Leeds, and Joseph and little Isaac, were among his scholars. How hard they studied—for every half year's schooling they feared would be the last they could have. But their father's



"Look, bairn, at thy father once more, and see to it that thou art like him, for he were a good man, if ever there were a good man on this earth."

sudden death rained all their prospects of further learning; with a heavy heart the widow had to take her two studious boys from school, and put them to learn some branches of the woollen manufacture in Leeds. Disappointed as they doubtless were, and desolate as they must have felt, they did not give up to murmuring and discontent. They thought of their widowed mother now advanced in life, and they resolved as they could not be men of learning, they would try to become men of industry. But their diligence was not sufficient. The school had attracted the attention of the good man, and after some time, Joseph, the eldest, was taken from his weaving, and enabled by the kindness of friends, to pursue the studies he so well began. Poor little Isaac felt the toll the harder now he had no companion, and if he had possessed one particle of envy in his nature, he might have felt his disappointment the more when his brother was enabled to present his studies, but he rejoiced in his brother's joy, and never thought of self, except as to doing his duty to his mother and his employer.

There came a day, a joyful day, when Joseph left Leeds and went to Cambridge University as a student. The little weaver had and so he saw the young scholar depart—and breathed many prayers for his welfare. He would be pardoned if he thought again, "will he forget his humble home, his illiterate mother, his poor toiling brother?" No! Joseph did not forget his father's home; he was worthy of his name. He worked hard and won honors at the University, and in a few years from his father's death, he left college, and became master of the grammar school at Hull.

As soon as Joseph found himself secure in his new position, to use his own words, "his bowels expanded upon his youngest brother," and he sent a friend to ascertain what remained to Isaac of his early knowledge, and whether he might be qualified to become a junior master in the school at Hull. Isaac was sixteen years old, and had not been inside a school since he was ten. But he had never allowed himself to forget what he had learned, and on all occasions added to his store of knowledge. His mother had been most diligent in counselling him to employ his little leisure in study, and so it happened that when the clergyman (Mr. Atkinson) sent by Joseph to examine into the acquirements of Isaac, entered the long work-room in which the youth was employed, he found him seated at his loom with TACTUS, and another volume of some Greek author, at his side, and the interview was most satisfactory. Isaac was an apprentice, and Mr. Atkinson immediately negotiated the terms of his release, when the master came up shortly after to the loom and said, "Isaac, lad, thou art off! the joy of the world is indescribable—he laughed and wept in a breath as he took leave of his companions and the loom, and accompanied his new friend to Hull.

He immediately became the usher of the better boys, among whom was one who will be ever remembered with gratitude—William Wiberforce, then a child of seven years of age, but whose reading was even then so good that he used to be put on a table to read aloud for the benefit of the school.

The good Joseph took his widowed mother to his home as soon as he had one, and when Isaac was ten years old he was sent by his brother to Queen's College, Cambridge. This generous kindness was most deeply felt by the poor mother, who, long years after, when he was an eminent dignitary of the church, used to say with tears of gratitude and love, "He made Isaac glad with his acts, and his memorial is blessed for ever."

Isaac was a star, and at that time some menial offices were required of the stars; and one day, when Isaac had been annoyed by some mistakes in performing his duties, he said "When I get into power, I will abolish this nuisance!" These words, when I got into power, caused great laughter—ho, the poor Yorkshire lad! But the words were prophetic, for he was ultimately president of his college.

His career was very brilliant. He became eminently pious as well as learned, and en-

which he cultivated a knowledge of anatomy. He learned the Greek and Latin languages; and also made himself intimately acquainted with French, German, and Italian. In 1752 he became an optical instrument maker, entering into partnership with his son Peter, who had been apprenticed to that trade. He invented the achromatic object-glass, the application of the microscope to reflecting telescopes, &c. He died in 1761.

(Notes of Waverley to be continued in next number.)

great reasons why you have this character, is that you in Wales, have been taught in the Sunday schools to respect the Sabbath, and to respect the Lord's Day is a *heavenly* to all the other virtues. Instead of treating it as a day of illness, and contaminating yourselves with drunkenness and dishonesty as you do, you respect it.

Let all working men respect the Sabbath, and let masters when they have their treat give beef instead of beer, and the happiness and prosperity of both employers and em-

**PERSEVERANCE.**

Lest not the failure of your first efforts deter you. Alexander's careful efforts for print was a contribution to the "Athenaeum," but the lady at whose request it was written, advised him not to do it. He wrote an article for "Blackwood," and it was declined; a host of others have tried, and failed; but where there is firmness, and a steady purpose to succeed, they have tried and tried again, and at the end have been successful.

Let not the unfavourable opinion of others deter you. Xenocrates was a disciple of Plato, and a fellow-student with Aristotle. Plato used to call Xenocrates "a dull ass that needed the spur," and Aristotle "a mettlesome horse that needed the curb." When, after the death of Plato, the Chair of Instruction in the Academy was vacant, the choice of a successor lay between Aristotle and Xenocrates, the honour was conferred on Xenocrates.

Industry is an excellent guard to virtue; the more active your life, the less opportunity have the passions to corrupt you.

A HINT FOR WORKMEN IN PAUPERS' CLASSES, who would rise early, and to walk a great distance before breakfast—into the bottom of a tumbler or sugar-bain put two ounces of water, and mix them up into a froth, with some powdered lung sugar or brown sugar, then dip the tumbler or basin with boiling coffee, and you will have a beautiful beverage. It is a king, and on the strength of which you may defy *writer*, or a tea-table waiter. Write this for the "delicats," as health is everything to them, for themselves and families; and it is far better than taking a glass of stout, or a glass of beer, and it is a cheaper and far better tonic than can be made. It is a valuable article. Engineers on railways agree that coffee is the very best thing to take early in the morning. Plumbers, painters and glaziers should drink good milk."

(From the Builder.)

**PRAYER.**

Prayer is the medium God has given To waft our wishes up to heaven; And he is prepared to appear For all who bow in humble prayer.

Prayer is the language of the soul— Prayer makes the wounded spirit whole— Relieves the mind in deep distress, And shows a solemn form of prayer.

When the Redeemer comforted here, He taught a solemn form of prayer; And who so often pray as he Who wrestled in Gethsemane?

When in the house of God we meet, And bow before the mercy-seat, We realize the bliss of prayer, For God himself is present there!

But, seek the soul in solitude, Where earthly pleasures intrude, With holy awe and ardent love, He supplicates the throne above!

Such is the Christian's Bethel-place, Where God is worshipped in secret prayer; He gives his choicest blessings there! O! blessed trims of closest prayer!

Nottingham. J. P.

**TESTIMONIES.**

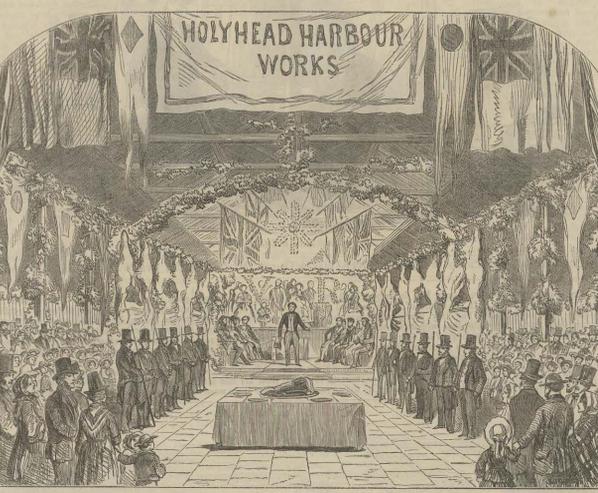
It is gratifying to us that on the same page as we publish the narrative of the *Waverley's* *Approved* and *Christian's* *Prayer*, we have to acknowledge the receipt of the following encouraging letter from the present Dean of *Canterbury*, the Council of Gloucester for the welfare of the working-classes will long remember.

Waverley, Canby, 22nd May, 1851.

My dear Sir, I have read with great interest and with much that is wicked, in the ephemeral publications of the day, it is refreshing to turn to the pages of the *British Workman*, and to be never forget their claims, nothing offensive to good taste, morals, or religion, — and such that is calculated to do good, and to benefit the human mind. It is especially wonderful that it has my grateful support.

Yours faithfully,

Frederick Lou  
Dean of Canby



MEETING IN HOLYHEAD TOWN HALL FOR THE DISTRIBUTION OF 5,320 LBS. OF BEEF BY MESSRS. RIGBY.

**WELL DONE, WALES!**

HINTS FOR MASTERS AND MEN.

Last Christmas Eve, the New Market Hall of Holyhead presented one of the most gratifying meetings of employers and employed ever held in the Principality of Wales. Messrs. Rigby, the eminent contractors for the Holyhead Breakwater, gave fifty 340 workmen, a novel, but excellent treat in the form of a substantial piece of beef, whereas the men might scarce a good Christmas dinner for themselves, their wives and their children. We have been kindly furnished with a sketch of this interesting gathering, showing the Hall, with the seven prime beefs suspended from the rafters.

The Hon. W. O. Stanley, M.P. presided on the occasion. Animating addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. J. Richards, Dr. Wm. Jones; Mr. Richard Jones, C. Rigby, Esq., Mr. Rigby paid the following tribute to the temperance of Welsh working men.

"I am most strongly, emphatically, and heartily aware, that not in any part of England, Ireland, or the British Isles, have I met with men who have shown that great regard to sobriety, as now in Wales; and not paying you a compliment, but I am saying what you deserve. I have had no less than 1000 or 1200 men employed on these works; and compared with an equal number employed by me in other parts in England, I say that few possess one virtue which is the essence of all good to workmen—sobriety. One fact I know from experience, that here not one in ten of you compared to those employed on other works in England or elsewhere, are drunkards." (Cheers.)

In the course of one of the best speeches ever delivered by a master to his men, Mr. Rigby further said—

"Send your children to school. I will give preference in employing boys on these works, to those who can read and write, without reference to religion or parentage. I intend to institute an enquiry, and record the names of those men who respect to send their children to school, and they must not complain if I put them next on the list of applicants for employment. Those who are the children of widows, or of men who wish to send to school at any expense."

Prior to the distribution of the 5,320 lbs. of good beef, the chairman, Mr. Stanley, said "It is a satisfaction to us Welshmen to hear a Saxon bear testimony to the fact that he never found better men, and men so well conducted, and that you are a sober, industrious and a saving people. One of the

beefed, will be in every way promoted. We trust that the good example set by Messrs Rigby will be followed by not a few.

**ALFRED THE GREAT.**

(Continued from p. 108.)

Alfred also translated a "Church History" by the Venerable Bede, who had lived in the eighth century. He established trial by jury on a firm basis. Ethelbert, the first Christian King of England, had instituted something like trial by jury, but it had never been fully carried out. It is an interesting fact that the good Queen Bertha, the wife of this Ethelbert, was the instrument in the conversion of her husband. She was a Christian, and loved the doctrine she professed, her piety and sweetness of temper so won upon her husband, that he was induced to inquire into the faith she had adopted; he thought it must be true, because Bertha was so much more gentle and compassionate than the Heathen Princesses. Oh! that Christians would always remember that their faith is not only a creed, but a life, and then many of our modern infidels would be converted. Alfred was determined to admit, and perhaps adopt that which was proved to be so lovely in the lives of its professors.

Under the sense of justice that Christianly inspired, there was thus established trial by jury—before then, a rich man could buy himself off, or an unjust judge pervert the law; but Alfred was so determined that the rights of the people should be maintained, that some of his sternest acts arose from a sense of justice. In one year he condemned no less than forty-four unjust judges, who had tampered with justice, or passed wrong sentences. Alfred was the friend of law.

He had compassion on the poor. He had lived in the days of his adversity in a poor man's hut in Somersetshire, and there he learned to know and feel for the labouring classes, and he never forgot their claims. Once he met a boy driving pigs in a wild part of Hampshire, he spoke to the lad, and was so pleased with his answers, that he had him instructed; and that pig driver became Bishop of Winchester. Alfred was the friend of the poor.

How was it that this monarch crowded so much into a life of only fifty years, that he was great as a land and sea, a ripe scholar, a wise ruler, a just judge, a true patriot? The question soon answered. He was a Christian. C. L. BALFOUR.



THE SCOTCH PIPER.

The Bagpipe is so generally represented as being played upon by a Highlander, in a full suit of tartan, that it is commonly believed to be an instrument of music peculiar to Scotland. This however is by no means the case. It is in truth one of the most ancient instruments of music known, and has been popular throughout Europe for more than ten thousand years. It was common amongst the ancient Scandinavians, when their country was invaded by the Romans; and, whether borrowed from them or not, the instrument was also popular in Rome, in the time of the Cæsars; for it is matter of history, that the emperor Nero, so celebrated for his crudity, and his skill in music, was no contemptible performer on the bagpipe!

In modern Italy and in Spain, the bagpipe is a favourite instrument amongst the peasantry. In England, except in the Northern counties, it is now seldom met with; but in former times, and especially during the reigns of the three first Edwards, it was very popular. In Wales it does not appear ever to have competed with the harp, at least to any extent; but it has long been, and still is, a favourite instrument in Ireland.

But though not peculiar to Scotland the bagpipe has been for ages, and still continues, a popular instrument of music there. In feudal times, the piper was an usual appendage to the household of a Highland chief. He performed at his birth, at his wedding, and at his funeral; and when he led his clan to battle, the piper always accompanied them, to inspire fresh courage by his martial strains. This hereditary connection between the warlike ardour of the Highlander and those of the bagpipe still continues in full force, or is believed to do so. There is accordingly a piper attached to all our Highland regiments; and not a few of our readers will yet remember, that on the occasion of one of the late Dukes of Wellington's victories in the Peninsula, the attack was commenced early in the morning, by the Highland brigade, while the piper played the well-known national air of "He Johny Coe, ere ye waken' yet!" May this happy day soon arrive, when the nations "shall learn war no more," and when the sweet strains of music shall no longer be associated with scenes of bloodshed and woe!

Among other uses, to which the Highland chieftains occasionally put their pipers, was that of making their pleasure known in the form of proclamation. Some of these had at times a pipe of royalty in their character. It is not quite a hundred years, for instance, since the proprietor of one of the smallest of the Western Islands, after dining in state, sent his piper out to the town, and there to proclaim with a loud voice, that "all

the kings of the world might now take their dinner as the great Me Neils of Barra had got his!" It is but fair to add, that, (in Urrick's, an illustrious neighbour, who spent much of his time in prayer, and in the study of the Scriptures. "Pray without ceasing."

Dr. HIVE.



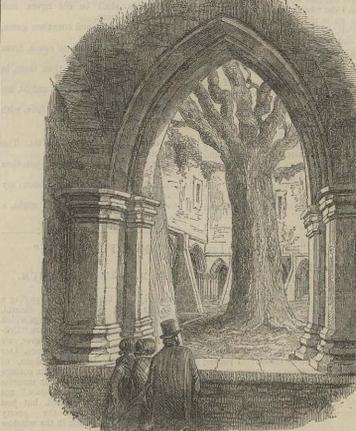
THE SABBATH BREAKING MANUFACTURER APPLYING AT THE HOUSE OF THE GUARDIAN FOR FAREWELL LETTER.

"HIS MIND HAD NO SABBATH"

Mr. Wessou was a manufacturer, who for years employed hundreds of workers in his mill, and was thought to be a very prosperous man. He had always a careworn look, and no one ever saw him in the house of God, or quietly reading in his dwelling, on the Lord's Day. Sometimes he would go off to his office, lock himself in for hours, and be busy with his account books; sometimes he would peep up and down his rooms lest he thought; and on Monday morning, he would tell his clerk he had planned some great business transaction on the previous Sabbath. Mark the issue of all this toil. He was seized suddenly with congestion of the brain. The physician who attended him, said very impressively, "he is over-wrought, his mind has had 'no Sabbath.'" He recovered the first stroke, but his faculties were so impaired, that he had to be placed in a lunatic asylum, where he remained six years. His affairs, meanwhile, were too confused for strangers to know how to arrange them, and though his wife made the effort of carrying on the concern, its failure added to her grief, and hastened her death in the fourth year of her husband's lunacy. At length he recovered his reason, and found himself a shattered man, alone in the world, with a slender constitution as his only inheritance.

Ah! to think of his applying for admission into the Union, at the house of the poor-law guardians, who lived within sight of the mill he once called his own!  
God's holy law of one day of rest, in seven, is good for body as well as soul, for as well as eternity. Mrs. C. L. BARLOW.

Gandsey, the blind piper of Killarney, accompanied and guided by his son, himself a famous Lakes of Killarney with his genuine humour, and the musical skill with



THE TOWER IN MUCKROSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.

which he executed the sweet and simple melodies of his native land upon the bagpipes. Those who have listened to his performances, and been amused with his smart repartees and good-humoured drolleries, will regret to hear that the old man is no longer of this world. He died a week or two ago at his humble cottage in the village of Killarney, at the advanced age of eighty, and in the full possession of all his faculties. Future visitors to the Lakes will encounter, as hunters, much originality of character among the guides, boatmen, and car-drivers, but such a piper as old Gandsey they are not likely to meet for many a season.

Killarney, the village in which poor old Gandsey passed his long life, is situated a mile to the north-east of the Lower Lake, and a road thence, skirting the domain of Lord Kinnaird, leads to Ross Castle, from which may be seen Innishkeen and Rabbit Island, with Tomies Mountain towering to the height of 2,115 feet on the opposite side. More southward, and bordering on the Middle Lake, is the domain of Mr. H. Herbert, M.P. for Kerry, on which

THE BLIND PIPER OF KILLARNEY.

Amongst the celebrities in human life whom English tourists have encountered in every Irish locality, famous for its scenery or antiquities, none will be remembered with more kindly or pleasurable feelings than old



TOMIES MOUNTAIN, LAKES OF KILLARNEY.