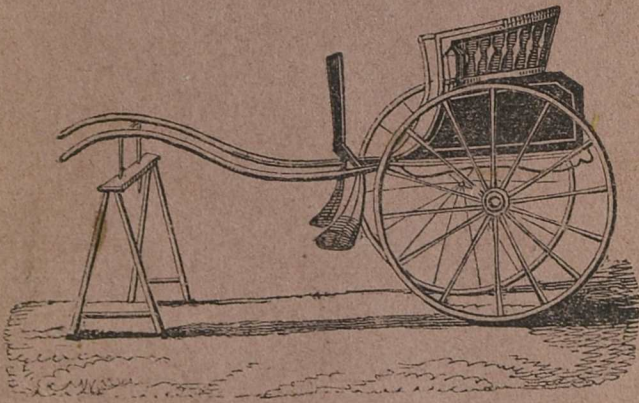


THE
WORK-SHOP;
OR,
USEFUL TRADES.



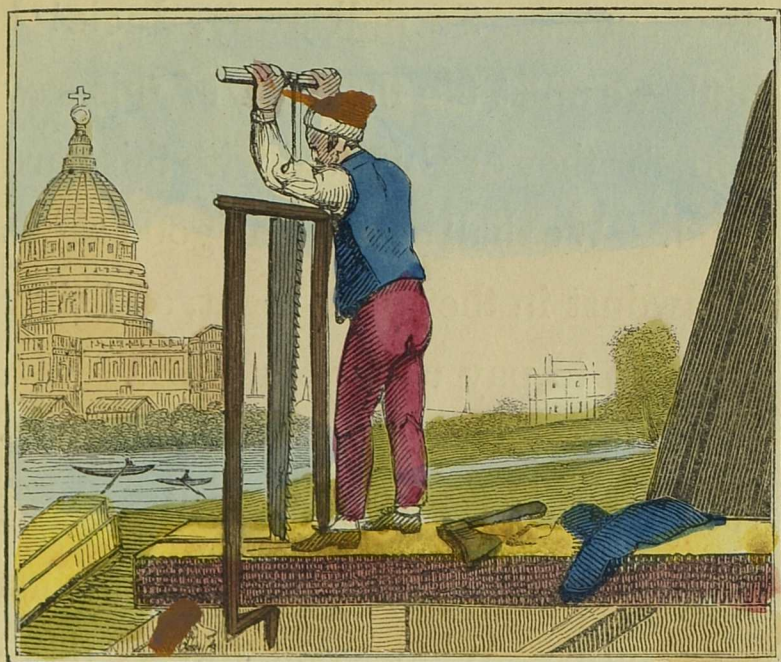
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1837.

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Handwritten text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page. The characters are faint and difficult to decipher, but appear to be in a cursive or semi-cursive style.

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THE SAWYERS.

UP and down! up and down! till this long piece of timber is cut up into planks, for Chip, the carpenter. I know he wants these planks for some of his work, and there is a little boy in great haste for a new play-box, which cannot be made till we have

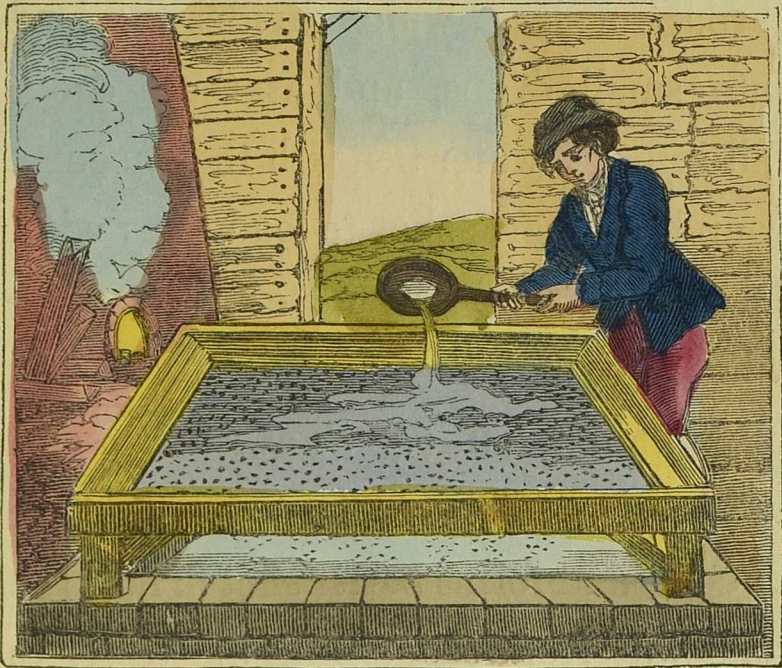
sawn some. So pull away, Jack ! I think we must file the teeth of this saw soon, for they are blunted with this hard wood. We shall have some good sacks of sawdust in the pit to-night, and they will help to pay us for our work. Mr. Smith has just got a ship-load of fir from Norway : I hope he will give us the job of sawing up some of it for his new house. What great forests there must be in Norway to supply so much timber !



THE CARPENTER.

“WELL, Master Chip, is my box made yet?” “No, Sir, I am sorry to say it is not. I have been waiting for some wood from the sawyer’s, but I have got some at last.” “And now, I suppose you are planing that plank smooth on purpose for me : what is done next?”—

“The next thing is to saw the plank into pieces of the right length. And then I must glue some together to make them wide enough.” “How many pieces in all? let me reckon:—four pieces for the sides, and one for the bottom, and one for the lid; that makes six pieces in all.” “The sides and bottom must then be nailed together. After that the top must be hung on with hinges, and the lock be fitted on, with the hasp and key-hole. And when the box is quite finished, and made neat and strong, it shall be sent home.” “There’s a good man! Why we want wood, and nails, and screws, and glue, and hinges, and lock, and key, and I don’t know how many tools to make one box.”



THE SHOT-CASTER.

“Do you know what happens to lead when it is made very hot indeed?”

“Yes, it melts, and rolls about like water. I saw the plumber melt some in his iron ladle to mend the pump: but what is that man doing?” “He is making shot. He pours out the melted lead

through a sieve, which divides the lead into small drops, and as these drops fall into the water beneath they become round, and form shot to load guns with. I hope the time may never again come when we make shot in order to kill other men in battle. Shot is often cast in high towers ; the lead has more time to cool, and forms better shot in falling a long way from the top of the tower to the bottom."



THE BASKET-MAKER.

HERE is the basket-maker hard at work : he seems to be making a hamper. “ Do you know what a hamper is ? It is a large kind of basket made of osiers ; and is much used for packing wine or glass, or any thing that may be easily broken. He has made the

bottom and part of the sides, and is now twisting the twigs in and out to make it firm and strong. Some baskets are made of straw, and some of cane, and I have seen some very pretty ones made of glass, but these must be more for show than for use. What should we do without baskets? How could the poor washerwoman carry her linen? or the baker his bread? or the farmer his butter and eggs? or the fisherman his lobsters and shrimps and herrings? and some little boys and girls find baskets very useful for carrying flowers from the fields, or shells from the sea-shore. What a useful man the basket-maker is!"



THE BLACKSMITH.

“ STRIKE the iron while it is hot, John ! I like to see a man work with some spirit.” “ Yes, master, and indeed it would not suit me or my business either, to be as slow and idle as some people are. The iron would cool while I looked at it, and all my work would have to be begun again. Now

Tom, my lad ! set the bellows to work, and let us have a good blaze."

"Come, Charles, we must not hinder John by talking to him, for he is very busy ; so let us look round his forge for a minute. There hang some horse-shoes, and on the ground are some pitch-forks and spades. In that corner, behind the forge, are some coils of wire of all sizes ; and what a bunch of rusty old keys hangs up there ! There are some of his tools,—his file, and his pincers, and two or three hammers ; and there is a dusty drawer half full of old padlocks and broken nails. Come, we must go now, or old John will think we are laughing at him and his treasures. He is a very honest fellow, but rather crusty sometimes."



THE PACKER.

“ ONE more good strong pull with this stout rope, and then *this* bale is packed. I hope I shall be ready in time for the ship, for it sails to-morrow night ; but I have several more to pack yet, so I must lose no time about them.” “ And pray where are they all going?” “ They are to

be sent to a land a long way off over the sea—to America.” “ And what do they contain ? ” “ Printed cotton goods. The cotton grows like small bags of wool on some trees in the woods of America, and is then sent over the sea to us in England. We Englishmen have cleaned it and spun it, woven it together and printed it of different colours, and now we are sending it back again to the good people of America, for them to make gowns and aprons of. Is not that curious ? And all this employs a great many people indeed ; some to gather it, and some to bring it in ships, and some to weave it, and some to print it, and many more that I cannot name just now.”



THE GLASS-BLOWER.

Now, then, let us go to the glass-house. How hot the place is! and we can hardly bear to look at the fire through the holes in the wall of that great oven, it burns so fiercely. Now watch that man in the leather apron! See, he puts a long stick through that

hole, and stirs it about in the scorching heat of that great furnace, and draws it out with some bright-red stuff at the end of it. That is glass—melted glass. Now he waves the stick about to let it cool a little, and then blows at the other end of it. The stick is hollow like a pipe, so that he can blow through it upon the melted glass, which puffs out like a bladder. And there, see, he waves it about again, and gives it another puff, and strokes the hot glass into shape, and in a very few minutes he has made a capital decanter. And if we could stay long enough in this hot place, we should see him make wine-glasses, and tumblers, and a great many other things, in that queer way.

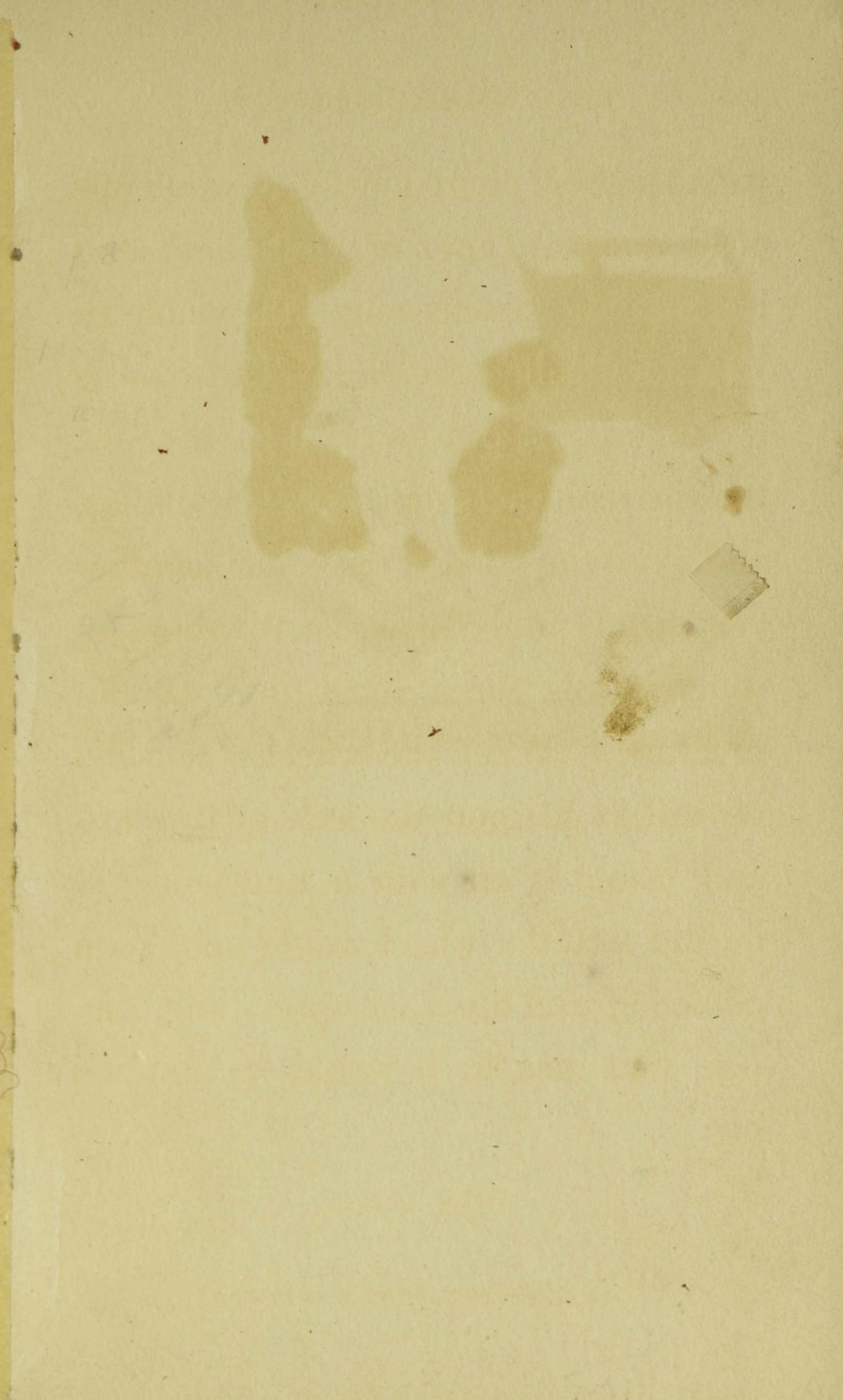



THE WHEELWRIGHT.

LET us step into this workshop and see what the man is doing. He is making wheels for that cart which stands close by. He has cut a piece of tough, hard wood, to form the centre or *nave* of the wheel, and now he is driving the spokes into it. The next thing will be


to fasten these curved pieces of wood upon the outward ends of the spokes ; and last of all he fastens round the whole an iron hoop called the *tire*. The iron is hot when first put on, and as it cools, the tire contracts or becomes smaller, and binds the wood of the wheel together very firmly indeed, so that it will go on rough roads for a long time without breaking. When the wheel is finished he will fit it upon the axle of the cart, and fasten it on with a linch-pin : if he did not, the wheel would very soon come off and the cart upset, and any one that was in it would be tumbled out.

THE END.





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